

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

BP302.4

Harvard College Library



FROM THE

BRIGHT LEGACY.

One half the income from this Legacy, which was received in 1880 under the will of

JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT

of Waltham, Massachusetts, is to be expended for books for the College Library. The other half of the income is devoted to scholarships in Harvard University for the benefit of descendants of

HENRY BRIGHT, JR.,

who died at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1686. In the absence of such descendants, other persons are eligible to the scholarships. The will requires that this announcement shall be made in every book added to the Library under its provisions.

BP 302.4

BOUND MAY 1 1913

THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOLUME XXXVI

SEPTEMBER, 1912—FEBRUARY, 1913

"*I am a Bookman.*"—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
FOURTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
All Rights Reserved

1828-5

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXVI

SEPTEMBER, 1912—FEBRUARY, 1913

PART I.—INDEX OF TEXT

PAGE

Abbott, Edith. "The Delinquent Child and the Home" 193
A brief for the South (Chronicle)..... 494
Absurd Sex, The. H. W. Boynton..... 58
Adcock, A. St. John (Chronicle)..... 6
Ailing Author, The. Bailey Millard..... 634
Allen, James Lane. "The Heroine in Bronze".. 559
Allen, Dr. William H. "Modern Philanthropy". 455
"American Graphic Art." F. Weitenkampf..... 453
American Literary Shrines (Chronicle)..... 238
"American Mind, The." Bliss Perry..... 443
Amundsen, Roald. "The South Pole"..... 669
Andersen (Hans Christian) and His Tales. Georg Brandes 404
Andrews, Mary Raymond Shipman. "The Marshal" 198
Anglo-American Memories, Some. C. M. Francis 35
Another Anon (Chronicle)..... 116
Another Critical Visitor (Chronicle)..... 484
"Antagonists, The." E. Temple Thurston..83, 206, 292
Apparent Exception, An (Chronicle)..... 601
"Arm-Chair at the Inn, The." F. Hopkinson Smith 197
Art in Publicity. Louis Baury..... 128
Art of Lionel Johnson, The. Milton Bronner.... 179
Art Schools and Art Students, Some. Dorothy Furniss 60
"Art with a Capital A" (Poem). Gelett Burgess. 254
"As Cæsar's Wife." Margarita Spalding Gerry.. 313
"As He Was Born." Tom Gallon..... 461
Atlantic "Find," That (Chronicle)..... 593
"Atlantis." Gerhardt Hauptmann..... 677

Bangs, John Kendrick. Confidential Communication..... 650
Barr, Robert. How to Write a Short Story.... 369
" and Conan Doyle (Chronicle)..... 351
Barton (Mr.) Rallies (Chronicle)..... 3
Baury, Louis. Art in Publicity..... 128
Bazin, René. "Davidée Birot"..... 204
"Bella." Edward C. Booth..... 201
Belloc-Lowndes, Mrs. "Mary Pechell"..... 204
Bennett, Arnold. "Your United States"..... 440
" On American Sport (Chronicle)..... 106
" Sin of (Chronicle)..... 347
Benson, Edward F. "Mrs. Ames"..... 310
Berry, Graham. Review of "Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte"..... 667
" Review of "John Hancock"..... 321
" Review of "Modern Philanthropy"..... 455
" Review of "The Valor of Ignorance"..... 73
Bettany, F. G. Review of "History of English Literature" 660
"Between Two Thieves." Richard Dehan..... 186
Bookman for 1913, The (Chronicle)..... 473
Bookman's Mail Bag, From The.....32, 176, 335, 583

PAGE

Book Mart, The.....96, 217, 337, 464, 585, 681
Book Reviews Reviewed. Allen Murray Cumnock 52
Books, Best Selling.....104, 224, 344, 472, 592, 704
Books of the Month.....71, 186, 314, 440, 566, 658
Booth, Edward C. "Bella"..... 201
Boynton, H. W. The Absurd Sex..... 58
"Bozmarsh." Walter Jerrold..... 507
Bradley, William Aspenwall. Grim War..... 500
" Grundy and Grundyism..... 55
" Review of "Prints and Their Makers". 317
Brady, Cyrus Townsend. Review of "The Crime of 1812"..... 314
" Review of "The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley" 314
" Review of "The Making of Western Europe" 71
" Review of "A Polish Exile with Napoleon" 314
" Review of "Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus"..... 71
Brandes, Georg. Hans Christian Andersen and His Tales..... 404
Breckenridge, Sophonisba P. "The Delinquent Child and the Home"..... 193
British Taste-Battle: the Occasion (Chronicle)... 1
Bronner, Milton. The Art of Lionel Johnson.... 179
Brontë's (Charlotte) Alleged Affair (Chronicle).. 228
Budget of Novels, A. Philip G. Hubert, Jr..... 461
Bunner, H. C. The Great Swinburnian Hoax.... 425
" Review of "Later Poems and Ballads".. 425
Burgess, Gelett. "Art with a Capital A" (Poem). 254
Burnham, Clara Louise. "The Inner Flame".... 461
"Business of Being a Woman, The." Ida M. Tarbell 325
Butler, Ellis Parker. The Scarlet Orchid..... 80

Caffin, Caroline and Charles H. "Dancing and Dancers of To-day"..... 570
Call of the Soil, The (Chronicle)..... 487
Camp, Charles W. Review of "The Marshal".. 198
Campaign Vade Mecum, A (Chronicle)..... 19
"Carcer of Beauty Darling, The." Frank Danby. 564
Carrington, Fitz Roy. Sketch of (Chronicle).... 241
" "Prints and Their Makers"..... 317
Castle, Agnes and Egerton. "The Lure of Life" 679
"Causes and Effects in American History." Edwin W. Morse 328
Cawein, Madison. The Forest of Dreams (Poem) 79
"Cease Firing." Mary Johnston..... 438
Chambers, Robert. "The Streets of Ascalon".... 308
Chase, Arthur M. Review of "The Delinquent Child and the Home"..... 193
Chester, George Randolph. "The Jingo"..... 461
Chesterton, G. K. "A Miscellany of Men"..... 566
Chillicothe, Ohio (Chronicle)..... 365
Choice, The (Poem). Stephen Henry Thayer.... 403

PAGE

Chollop Tradition, The (Chronicle)..... 348
"Christmas." Zona Gale..... 680
Christmas Voyage and Picture Gallery. Algernon Tassin..... 391
Chronicle and Comment....1, 105, 227, 345, 473, 593
Chu-Chu and Others (Chronicle)..... 119
"Clara." A. Neil Lyons..... 439
Colbron, Grace Isabel. The Reading Zones of the United States..... 148
Colton, Forbes Turner. Review of "Engraved Gems"..... 449
Comedy of Atmosphere, The. Clayton Hamilton. 271
Complete Collector, The. Frederick A. King..510, 615
Comstock, Sarah. "The Soddy"..... 437
Confidential Communication. John Kendrick Bangs 650
Confusion of Combat: the Debris (Chronicle)... 5
Constantinople (Poem). Richard Butler Glaenzer 654
Cooper, Frederic Taber. The Magnitude of Themes and Some Recent Novels..... 558
" The Nature of Episodes and Some Recent Novels..... 675
" The Question of Full Value and Some Recent Novels..... 200
" The Social Structure and Some Recent Novels..... 64
" The Spontaneity of Youth and Some Recent Novels..... 305
" The Theory of Endings and Some Recent Novels..... 433
" Review of "As Cæsar's Wife"..... 313
" Review of "Atlantis"..... 677
" Review of "Bella"..... 201
" Review of "Between Two Thieves"..... 186
" Review of "The Career of Beauty Darling"..... 564
" Review of "Cease Firing"..... 438
" Review of "Christmas"..... 680
" Review of "Clara"..... 439
" Review of "Davidée Birot"..... 204
" Review of "The Financier"..... 435
" Review of "The Flaw in the Crystal"... 309
" Review of "The Flight of Faviel"..... 201
" Review of "The Golden Rose"..... 311
" Review of "The Golightlys, Father and Son"..... 65
" Review of "The Good Girl"..... 67
" Review of "The Happy Warrior"..... 678
" Review of "Hell's Playground"..... 565
" Review of "Heritage"..... 311
" Review of "The Heroine in Bronze"..... 559
" Review of "In the Vortex"..... 680
" Review of "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol"..... 307
" Review of "The King-Errant"..... 679
" Review of "Kirstie"..... 438
" Review of "Lifted Masks"..... 205
" Review of "Linda"..... 679
" Review of "The Lure of Life"..... 679
" Review of "A Man in the Open"..... 69
" Review of "Mary Pechell"..... 204
" Review of "The Moth"..... 203
" Review of "Mr. Achilles"..... 313
" Review of "Mrs. Ames"..... 310
" Review of "Mrs. Launcelot"..... 436
" Review of "My Little Sister"..... 564
" Review of "The Principal Girl"..... 70
" Review of "The Reef"..... 562
" Review of "Roddles"..... 312
" Review of "The Royal Road"..... 561

PAGE

Cooper, Frederic Taber. Review of "Scientific Sprague"..... 439
" Review of "The Sign"..... 68
" Review of "The Soddy"..... 437
" Review of "The Soul of a Tenor"..... 563
" Review of "The Squire's Daughter"..... 66
" Review of "The Street of the Two Friends"..... 565
" Review of "The Streets of Ascalon"..... 308
" Review of "The Tom-Boy"..... 70
"C. Q. in the Wireless House." Arthur Train.. 199
Craftsmanship of Begging-Letter Writing, The. Algernon Tassin..... 246
Crawford (Marion) Memories (Chronicle)..... 366
"Crime of 1812, The." T. Dundas-Phillans..... 314
Crosland (Mr.) Reappears (Chronicle)..... 240
Cross Reference (Chronicle)..... 346
Crushing Rebuke, The (Chronicle)..... 2
Cumnock, Allen Murray. Book Reviews Reviewed 52

Danby, Frank. "The Career of Beauty Darling". 564
"Dancing and Dancers of To-day." Caroline and Charles H. Caffin..... 570
D'Annunzio in the Air (Chronicle)..... 121
Darby, T. C. Review of "The Secret of the Pacific"..... 577
"Davidée Birot." René Bazin..... 204
Davis, Richard Harding. "The Red Cross Girl". 199
Dawn on the Bookshelf. Hildegarde Hawthorne. 457, 578
Dawson, Nell Perkins. R. L. S. and the Fontainebleau Trail..... 265
Deducing the Unwritten Parts of "Edwin Drood" (Chronicle)..... 6
Dehan, Richard. "Between Two Thieves"..... 186
" More about (Chronicle)..... 114, 595
"Delinquent Child and the Home, The." Sophonisba P. Breckenridge and Edith Abbott..... 193
"Diaries of William Charles Macready, The." William Toynbee..... 665
"Diary of Frances Lady Shelley, The." Richard Edgcumbe..... 314
Dodd, Ira S. Review of "A Short History of Scotland"..... 75
Doyle's Crowborough Home (Chronicle)..... 604
Dreiser, Theodore. "The Financier"..... 435
"Drummond (William Henry), Poetical Works of" 322
Dundas-Phillans, T. "The Crime of 1812"..... 314
Dust and Dream (Poem). Charles Hanson Towne 255

Earth Images (Poem). Herman Scheffauer..... 283
Edgcumbe, Richard. "The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley"..... 314
Eliot (George), Earnings of (Chronicle)..... 227
"Elizabethan Playhouse and Other Studies, The." W. J. Laurence..... 452
Ellis, Havelock. "The Task of Social Hygiene".. 573
English Etchers, Some Modern. Cleveland Palmer 623
"Engraved Gems." Duffield Osborne..... 449
Enock, C. Reginald. "The Secret of the Pacific" 577
Esher, Viscount. The Girlhood of Queen Victoria..... 673
Exchange, An (Chronicle)..... 11
Explaining an Anachronism (Chronicle)..... 11

Facsimile of H. G. Wells's Letter (Chronicle)... 237
"Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte." Constance Hill..... 667
"Fanny's Second Play"..... 284
Farnol in Kent (Chronicle)..... 498

PAGE

Fedden, Mrs. Romilly. "The Sign"..... 68
Felicitas (Poem). Louis V. Ledoux..... 638
"Financier, The." Theodore Dreiser..... 435
Fisher, Dorothy Canfield. "A Montessori Mother" 672
Fitch, J. E. Crawford. "Modern Dancing and Dancers" 570
"Flaw in the Crystal, The." May Sinclair..... 309
Fletcher, C. R. L. "The Making of Western Europe" 71
"Flight of Faviel, The." R. E. Vernede..... 201
Forest of Dreams, The (Poem). Madison Cawein 79
Fourth Generation, The (Chronicle)..... 112
France, Anatole. "The Gods are Thirsty"..... 190
Francis, C. M. Some Anglo-American Memories. 35
" Review of "A Miscellany of Men"..... 566
" Review of "Your United States"..... 440
Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. "The Golden Rose"..... 311
French, E. B. Review of "The Inn of Tranquillity" 445
Fuller, Edward. Review of "The Girlhood of Queen Victoria"..... 673
Furniss, Dorothy. Some Art Schools and Art Students 60

Gale, Zona. "Christmas"..... 680
" The Holy Place (Poem)..... 509
Gallon, Tom. "As He Was Born"..... 461
Galsworthy, John. "The Inn of Tranquillity"..... 445
Gatlin, Dana. Review of "The Wind Before the Dawn" 76
Gentle Reminder, A (Chronicle)..... 362
Gerry, Margarita Spalding. "As Cæsar's Wife".. 313
Girdle of the Christmas Puck, The. Algernon Tassin 523
"Girlhood of Queen Victoria, The." Viscount Esher 673
Gissing, New Lights on. George Middleton..... 655
Glaenzer, Richard Butler. Vale Terra Incognita (Poem)..... 20
" Constantinople (Poem)..... 654
Glaspell, Susan. "Lifted Masks"..... 205
"Gods Are Thirsty, The." Anatole France..... 190
"Golden Rose, The." Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann 311
"Golightlys, Father and Son, The." Laurence North 65
"Good Girl, The." Vincent O'Sullivan..... 67
Gourmont Chez Lui (Chronicle)..... 494
Great Swinburnian Hoax, The. H. C. Bunner.. 425
Grim War. William Aspenwall Bradley..... 500
Grundy and Grundyism. William Aspenwall Bradley 55

Half Way in Dickens (Chronicle)..... 6
Halifax, Robert (Chronicle)..... 12
Hamilton, Clayton. The Comedy of Atmosphere. 271
" Infirmity of Purpose in the Drama.... 164
" The New Realism in the Drama..... 639
" Themes and Stories on the Stage..... 372
" Where to Begin a Play..... 534
"Happy Warrior, The." A. S. M. Hutchinson... 678
Harden, Maximilian. Tolstoy and Rockefeller... 410
Harraden (Miss) and the Cause (Chronicle).... 116
Hart, Horatio. Review of "The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond"..... 322
Hauptmann, Gerhardt. "Atlantis"..... 677
Hawthorne, Hildegarde. Dawn on the Bookshelf. 457
578
" Review of "A Prelude to Adventure" 195
Hawtrey, Valentina. "Heritage"..... 311

PAGE

"Health Unto His Majesty, A." Justin Huntly McCarthy 461
Heath, Sidney. "Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages" 452
"Hell's Playground." Ida Vera Simonton..... 565
Henderson, W. J. "The Soul of a Tenor"..... 563
" Sketch of (Chronicle)..... 244
Henry (O.) in the Square (Chronicle)..... 240
Henry, Stuart. Andrew Lang—an Old-Fashioned Memory 38
" The Personal Loti..... 153
"Heritage." Valentina Hawtrey..... 311
"Heroine in Bronze, The." James Lane Allen.. 559
Herriot, Edouard. Review of "The Gods are Thirsty" 190
Hewlett, Maurice. "Mrs. Launcelot"..... 436
Hill, Constance. "Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte" 667
"History of English Literature." Andrew Lang.. 660
Holland, Clive. "In the Vortex"..... 680
Holman, Louis A. Old Pigments and New Found Faces 608
Holy Place, The (Poem). Zona Gale..... 509
Howe, Marie Jenney. Review of "The Business of Being a Woman"..... 325
How to Write a Short Story. Robert Barr..... 369
Hubert, Philip G., Jr. A Budget of Novels..... 461
" Review of "As He Was Born"..... 461
" Review of "A Health Unto His Majesty" 461
" Review of "The Inner Flame"..... 461
" Review of "A Jewel of the Seas"..... 461
" Review of "The Jingo" 461
" Review of "Meadowsweet" 461
" Review of "The Red Button"..... 461
" Review of "The Seer"..... 461
Hugo Story, The (Chronicle)..... 601
Hutchinson, A. S. M. "The Happy Warrior"... 678

Ibsen and Company on the Japanese Stage. Yone Noguchi 42
Indian Girl's Lament, The. J. G. Whittier..... 157
Infirmity of Purpose in the Drama. Clayton Hamilton 164
"Inner Flame, The." Clara Louise Burnham.... 461
"Inn of Tranquillity, The." John Galsworthy... 445
In the Courts of Memory (Chronicle)..... 496
"In the Vortex." Clive Holland..... 680
Irwin, Will. "The Red Button"..... 461

Jackson, Charles Tenney. "The Midlanders".... 196
Jerrold, Walter. "Bozmarsh"..... 507
" Two New Whittier Poems..... 155
"Jewel of the Seas, A." Jessie Kaufman..... 461
"Jingo, The." George Randolph Chester..... 461
"John Hancock." Lorenzo Sears..... 321
Johnson (Lionel), The Art of. Milton Bronner.. 179
Johnston, Mary. "Cease Firing"..... 438
Jones, C. F. Review of "The American Mind".. 443
"Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol, The." William John Locke..... 307

Kaufman, Jessie. "A Jewel of the Seas"..... 461
" Sketch of (Chronicle)..... 244
Kenton, Edna. The New Order of Dedication... 430
Kenyon, Charles. "Kindling"..... 78
"Kindling." Charles Kenyon..... 78
King, Basil. Sketch of (Chronicle)..... 496
"King-Errant, The." Flora Annie Steel..... 679
King, Frederick A. The Complete Collector..510, 615

PAGE

Kipling and the "Dimbula" (Chronicle)..... 106
Kipling's Blunders (Chronicle)..... 105
"Kirstie," M. F..... 438
Krehbiel, E. B. "Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus"..... 71

Labaume, Colonel. "The Crime of 1812"..... 314
La Follette, Fola. Review of "Dancing and Dancers of To-day"..... 570
" Review of "Modern Dancing and Dancers"..... 570
La Follette, Mrs. Robert M. Review of "A Montessori Mother"..... 672
Lang (Andrew), An Old-Fashioned Memory. Stuart Henry..... 38
" "History of English Literature"..... 660
" "Shakespeare, Bacon and the Great Unknown"..... 658
" "A Short History of Scotland"..... 75
" and Bunner (Chronicle)..... 9
"Later Poems and Ballads." Algernon C. Swinburne..... 425
Laurence, W. J. "The Elizabethan Playhouse and Other Studies"..... 452
Lea, Homer. "The Valor of Ignorance"..... 73
Leading Popular Books of the Past Year..... 477
Ledoux, Louis V. The Unknown Brothers (Poem) 147
" Felicitas (Poem)..... 638
Lee, Jennette. "Mr. Achilles"..... 313
" Sketch of (Chronicle)..... 347
Lesser Evil, The (Chronicle)..... 345
"Lifted Masks." Susan Glaspell..... 205
"Linda." Margaret Prescott Montague..... 679
Lineage (Poem). George Sterling..... 534
Literary Life in the Tennessee Mountains. Montrose J. Moses..... 47
Literary Munich. Amelia Von Ende..... 21
Living Treasure. Simeon Strunsky..... 332
Locke, William John. "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol"..... 307
London Literary Landmarks (Chronicle)..... 7
Loti (Pierre)—Academician. Arthur Bartlett Maurice..... 383
"Love Affairs of the Condés, The." H. Noel Williams..... 447
Luchain, Achille. "Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus"..... 71
"Lure of Life, The." Agnes and Egerton Castle. 679
Lynde, Francis. "Scientific Sprague"..... 439
Lyons, A. Neil. "Clara"..... 439

McCarthy, Justin Huntly. "A Health Unto His Majesty"..... 461
Mace, Griffin. Review of "The Arm-Chair at the Inn"..... 197
" Review of "Marriage"..... 328
Magnitude of Themes and Some Recent Novels, The. Frederic Taber Cooper..... 558
"Making of Western Europe, The." C. R. L. Fletcher..... 71
"Man in the Open, A." Roger Pocock..... 69
"Marriage." H. G. Wells..... 328
"Marshal, The." Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews..... 198
Marshall, Archibald. "The Squire's Daughter".. 66
"Mary Pechell." Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes..... 204
Matter of Ethics, A (Chronicle)..... 125

PAGE

Matthews, Brander. Review of "Shakespeare, Bacon and the Great Unknown"..... 658
Maurice, Arthur Bartlett. Pierre Loti—Academician..... 383
"Meadowsweet." Baroness Orczy..... 461
"Meredith (George), Letters of"..... 125, 286
Meredith's Literary Opinions. George Middleton. 286
Merwin, Samuel. Review of "Kindling"..... 78
M. F. "Kirstie"..... 438
Middleton, George. Meredith's Literary Opinions. 286
" "New Lights on Gissing"..... 655
" Review of "The Letters of George Meredith"..... 286
" Review of "The Midlanders"..... 196
" Review of "The Task of Social Hygiene"..... 573
"Midlanders, The." Charles Tenney Jackson.... 196
Millard, Bailey. The Ailing Author..... 634
"Miscellany of Men, A." G. K. Chesterton..... 566
Mistake in Identity, A (Chronicle)..... 359
"Modern Dancing and Dancers." J. E. Crawford Fitch..... 570
"Modern Philanthropy." Dr. William H. Allen.. 455
"Modernity" and Gooseflesh (Chronicle)..... 106
Monmouth, Geoffrey. Review of "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne"..... 331
Montague, Margaret Prescott. "Linda"..... 679
"Montessori Mother, A." Dorothy Canfield Fisher 672
Moore in Ireland (Chronicle)..... 479
Morse, Edwin W. "Causes and Effects in American History"..... 328
Moses, Montrose J. Literary Life in the Tennessee Mountains..... 47
"Moth, The." William Dana Orcutt..... 203
"Mr. Achilles." Jennette Lee..... 313
"Mrs. Ames." Edward F. Benson..... 310
"Mrs. Launcelot." Maurice Hewlett..... 436
Munday (Mr.) Recalls (Chronicle)..... 355
Munger, Dell H. "The Wind Before the Dawn". 76
"My Little Sister." Elizabeth Robins..... 564
Mystery Unveiled, A (Chronicle)..... 123

Napoleon III in America (Chronicle)..... 238
Nature of Episodes and Some Recent Novels, The. Frederic Taber Cooper..... 675
Neuman, B. Paul. "Roddles"..... 312
" Sketch of (Chronicle)..... 245
New Lights on Gissing. George Middleton..... 655
New Menace, A (Chronicle)..... 118
New Order of Dedication, The. Edna Kenton... 430
New Realism in the Drama, The. Clayton Hamilton..... 639
New "Who's Who," The (Chronicle)..... 602
Nicoll, W. Robertson. "The Problem of Edwin Drood"..... 662
Noguchi, Yone. Ibsen and Company on the Japanese Stage..... 42
Norris, Kathleen. "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne"... 331
North, Laurence. "The Golightlys, Father and Son"..... 65
Notes about Newell (Chronicle)..... 486
Noyes, Alfred. Tales of the Mermaid Tavern (Poem)..... 545

Old Figures Passing (Chronicle)..... 602
Old Legend, The (Chronicle)..... 228
Old Pigments and New Found Faces. Louis A. Holman..... 608
Old Problem, The (Chronicle)..... 364

PAGE

Ollivant, Alfred. "The Royal Road"..... 561
On the Wrong Track (Chronicle)..... 12
Orcutt, William Dana. "The Moth"..... 203
Orczy, Baroness. "Meadowsweet"..... 461
Osborne, Duffield. "Engraved Gems"..... 449
O'Sullivan, Vincent. "The Good Girl"..... 67
Other Side, The (Chronicle)..... 365
Our Friend Mr. Harris (Chronicle)..... 498
Our Friend the "Lampoon" (Chronicle)..... 15

Palmer, Cleveland. Review of "American Graphic Art" 453
" Review of "Une Nuit au Luxembourg". 575
" Some Modern American Etchers..... 255
" Some Modern English Etchers..... 623
Parallel Cases (Chronicle)..... 606
Passing Humbug, A (Chronicle)..... 18
Pennell, Joseph. The Triumph of Whistler..... 158
Perry, Bliss. "The American Mind"..... 443
Personal Loti, The. Stuart Henry..... 153
"Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages." Sidney Heath. 452
Pocock, Roger. "A Man in the Open"..... 69
Poe Mystery, The (Chronicle)..... 604
Poe Questions, Some (Chronicle)..... 355
"Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond, The" 322
Points in Common (Chronicle)..... 489
"Polish Exile with Napoleon, A." G. L. de St. M. Watson..... 314
Portraits and Sketches (Chronicle)..... 596
Practical Teacher, A (Chronicle)..... 356
"Prelude to Adventure, A." Hugh Walpole..... 195
Prince of Poets (Chronicle)..... 235
"Principal Girl, The." J. C. Snaith..... 70
"Prints and Their Makers." Fitz Roy Carrington 317
"Problem of Edwin Drood, The." W. Robertson Nicoll 662
"Punch, Brothers" (Chronicle)..... 236

Question of Full Value and Some Recent Novels, The. Frederic Taber Cooper..... 200
Quiller-Couch, A. T. "The Tom-Boy"..... 70

Ransome, Arthur. "Une Nuit au Luxembourg".. 575
Reading Zones of the United States, The. Grace Isabel Colbron..... 148
Real Fagin, The (Chronicle)..... 478
Real Rebecca and Her Story, The (Chronicle)... 9
Record of 1912, The (Chronicle)..... 474
"Red Button, The." Will Irwin..... 461
"Red Cross Girl, The." Richard Harding Davis. 199
"Reef, The." Edith Wharton..... 562
Renan on Balzac (Chronicle)..... 126
"Rich Mrs. Burgoyne, The." Kathleen Norris.. 331
R. L. S. and the Fontainebleau Trail. Nell Perkins Dawson..... 265
Robin in the Garden, The (Chronicle)..... 118
Robins, Elizabeth. "My Little Sister".....564, 603
"Roddles." B. Paul Neuman..... 312
Ross (Janet), Impressions of Tennyson and Carlyle by (Chronicle)..... 113
Rostand and 13 (Chronicle)..... 600
"Royal Road, The." Alfred Ollivant..... 561

Scarlet Orchid, The. Ellis Parker Butler..... 80
Scheffauer, Herman. Earth Images (Poem)..... 283
"Scientific Sprague." Francis Lynde..... 439
Searles, Stanhope. Review of "C. Q. in the Wireless House"..... 199

PAGE

Sears, Lorenzo. "John Hancock"..... 321
Seccombe, Thomas. Review of "The Problem of Edwin Drood" 662
"Secret of the Pacific, The." C. Reginald Enock 577
"Seer, The." Perley Poore Sheehan..... 461
Seymour, Ira. Review of "Causes and Effects in American History"..... 328
"Shakespeare, Bacon and the Great Unknown." Andrew Lang 658
Sheehan, Perley Poore. "The Seer"..... 461
" Sketch of (Chronicle)..... 242
Sherlock in the Films (Chronicle)..... 120
"Short History of Scotland, A." Andrew Lang.. 75
Shorter, Dora Sigerson. The Three Fates (Poem) 649
"Sign, The." Mrs. Romilly Fedden..... 68
Simonton, Ida Vera. "Hell's Playground"..... 565
Sinclair, May. "The Flaw in the Crystal"..... 309
Slightly in Error (Chronicle)..... 114
Smith, F. Berkeley. "The Street of the Two Friends" 565
Smith, F. Hopkinson. "The Arm-chair at the Inn" 197
Snaith, J. C. "The Principal Girl"..... 70
"Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus." Achille Luchain 71
Social Structure and Some Recent Novels, The. Frederic Taber Cooper..... 64
"Soddy, The." Sarah Comstock..... 437
Some Modern American Etchers. Cleveland Palmer 255
Some Modern English Etchers. Cleveland Palmer 623
Some Southern Shrines (Chronicle)..... 353
Son of Ibsen, A (Chronicle)..... 122
Sophie's Orthography (Chronicle)..... 345
"Soul of a Tenor, The." W. J. Henderson.... 563
"South Pole, The." Roald Amundsen..... 669
Spontaneity of Youth and Some Recent Novels, The. Frederic Taber Cooper..... 305
"Squire's Daughter, The." Archibald Marshall.. 66
Stahlmann, J. I. "The Golden Rose"..... 311
Staking a Claim (Chronicle)..... 480
Steel, Flora Annie. "The King-Errant"..... 679
Sterling, George. Lineage (Poem)..... 534
Stevenson (R. L.) Originals (Chronicle)..... 605
Stevenson's "Casco" (Chronicle)..... 227
"Street of the Two Friends, The." F. Berkeley Smith 565
"Streets of Ascalon, The." Robert Chambers.... 308
Strunsky, Simeon. Living Treasure..... 332
Swinburne, Algernon C. "Later Poems and Ballads" 425

Tale of Three Titles, A (Chronicle)..... 483
Tales of the Mermaid Tavern (Poem). Alfred Noyes 545
Tarbell, Ida M. "The Business of Being a Woman" 325
"Task of Social Hygiene, The." Havelock Ellis. 573
Tassin, Algernon. Christmas Voyage and Picture Gallery 391
" The Craftsmanship of Begging-Letter Writing 246
" The Girdle of the Christmas Puck..... 523
" Review of "The Diaries of William Charles Macready"..... 665
Tattler, The.....52, 332
Terré's Tavern (Chronicle)..... 593
Thackeray Among the Elements of Rhetoric (Chronicle) 358

PAGE

Thayer, Stephen Henry. The Choice (Poem)... 403
Themes and Stories on the Stage. Clayton Hamilton 372
Theory of Endings and Some Recent Novels, The. Frederic Taber Cooper..... 433
Théry, André. Review of "The Love Affairs of the Condés"..... 447
" Review of "The South Pole"..... 669
"Thoughts" on Declining Manners (Chronicle).. 126
Three Fates, The (Poem). Dora Sigerson Shorter 649
Thurston, E. Temple. "The Antagonists"...83, 206, 292
Tolstoy and Rockefeller. Maximilian Harden.... 410
"Tom-Boy, The." A. T. Quiller-Couch..... 70
Torrey, Ashford. Review of "The Elizabethan Playhouse and Other Studies"..... 452
" Review of "Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages" 452
To the Author of "The Improvatrice." J. G. Whittier 156
Towne, Charles Hanson. Dust and Dream (Poem) 255
Toynbee, William. "The Diaries of William Charles Macready"..... 665
Train, Arthur. "C. Q. in the Wireless House".. 199
Tremendous Youth (Chronicle)..... 108
Triple Extinguishment of Mr. Barton (Chronicle) 4
Triumph of Whistler, The. Joseph Pennell..... 158
Twain (Mark) as Publisher (Chronicle)..... 489
Tweedie (Mrs. Alec), Reminiscences of (Chronicle) 360
Two Lights on Tennyson (Chronicle)..... 598

"Une Nuit au Luxembourg." Arthur Ransome.. 575
Unknown Brothers, The (Poem). Louis V. Ledoux 147

Vale Terra Incognita (Poem). Richard Butler Glaenzer 20
"Valor of Ignorance, The." Homer Lea..... 73
Vernede, R. E. "The Flight of Faviel"..... 201
Very Versatile (Chronicle)..... 242
Von Ende, Amelia. Literary Munich..... 21

Walpole, Hugh. "A Prelude to Adventure"..... 195
Watson, G. L. de St. M. "A Polish Exile with Napoleon" 314
Weitenkampf, F. "American Graphic Art"..... 453
Wells, H. G. "Marriage"..... 328
" (Chronicle) 107
Wharton, Edith. "The Reef"..... 562
What Makes a Book Sell. Robert Sterling Yard. 419
Whay, R. A. Review of "The Red Cross Girl". 199
When They Were Twenty-one (Chronicle)..... 489
When "Trilby" Reigned (Chronicle)..... 230
Where to Begin a Play. Clayton Hamilton..... 534
Whistler Legend, The (Chronicle)..... 109
Whistler, The Triumph of. Joseph Pennell..... 158
Whittier, J. G. The Indian Girl's Lament (Poem) 157
" To the Author of "The Improvatrice" (Poem) 156
Whittier Poems, Two New. Walter Jerrold..... 155
Who Richard Dehan Is (Chronicle)..... 17
Williams, H. Noel. "The Love Affairs of the Condés" 447
"Wind Before the Dawn, The." Dell H. Munger 76

Yard, Robert Sterling. What Makes a Book Sell. 419
"Your United States." Arnold Bennett..... 440

PART II.—INDEX OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Aerial Experiment Association at Hammondsport, New York..... 121
"Affairs of Anatol, The." Scene from the play.. 378
Allen, William H..... 351
Amundsen, Roald 598
Announcement of the Life of Leo XIII..... 491
"Art and Art Critics." Proposed cover of..... 113
Art in Publicity.....128-146
Atherton, Gertrude..... 232
"Attack, The." Scene from the play..... 279

Baldwin, F. W..... 121
Balestier, Wolcott 597
Barr, Robert 351
Bell, Graham..... 121
"Bella Donna." Scene from the play..... 539
Björkman, Edwin..... 366
"Blackbirds." Scene from the play..... 647
Böhlau, Helene..... 27
Brady, Dr. Cyrus Townsend..... 11
Burnham, Clara Louise..... 243

Carrington, Fitzroy..... 242
"Case of Becky, The." Scene from the play.... 280
Chart Showing Leading Popular Books of the Past Year..... 477
Christmas Voyage and Picture Gallery.....393-401
Complete Collector, The.....513-520, 616-619

PAGE

Conrad, M. G..... 22
"Conspiracy, The." Scene from the play..... 645
Crosland, T. W. H..... 241
Curtiss, Glenn H..... 121

"Daughter of Heaven, The." Scene from the play 380, 384
Dehan, Richard 115
Doyle, Conan 350, 605
Doyle, Richard. Facsimile letter written to Janet Ross by..... 114
Dribble, Arthur..... 16
Drummond, William Henry..... 362
Du Maurier, George. House of, at Hampstead.. 234

Exchange of Compliments between Mark Twain and Augustus St. Gaudens..... 490

Facsimile of cheque drawn by Webster & Co. to Mrs. Grant..... 490
"Fanny's First Play." Scene from the play.... 275
Fraser, Mrs. Hugh..... 368

Gourmont, Remy de.....236, 495
"Governor's Lady, The." Scene from the play.. 280
Gratz, Rebecca 10
" Grave of..... 10
Graves, Clothilde.....115, 596
Grim War 501-504

PAGE

Halifax, Robert 12, 225
Hamilton, Mary Agnes 119
Harraden, Beatrice 118
Hauptmann (Carl), Home of 486
"Hawthorne of the U. S. A." Scene from the play 544
Héger, M. Constantin 228
Hegermann-Lindencrone, Madame de 497
Henckell, Karl 23
Henderson, W. J 244
Henry, O 116
" Old Home of, in Asheville, N. C 498
Heyse, Paul 22
"High Road, The." Scene from the play 538
"Hindle Wakes." Scene from the play 641
Hirth, Georg 28
Huch, Ricarda 26
Hutchinson, A. S. M 487

Ibsen, Dr. Sigurd 123
Ibsen and Company on the Japanese Stage 43-46

Jackson (Charles Tenney), The House Boat of .. 485
Janitshek, Maria 25

Kaufman, Jessie 244
King, Basil 497
Kipling (Rudyard) and His Creations 599

Lang, Andrew 9, 41
Lee, Jennette 347
Literary Life in the Tennessee Mountains 47-51
Literary Munich 21-28
"Little Church Around the Corner, The" 482
"Little Miss Brown." Scene from the play 167
"Little Women." Scene from the play 379
Lockhart, Caroline 367
London, Mr. and Mrs. Jack 13
London Literary Landmarks 1-7
Loti, Pierre 117
" of Yesterday 383

McCurdy, J. A. D 121
McCutcheon, George Barr 124
Mackaye, Percy 15, 499
"Man and Superman." Scene from the play 276
Martin, Wyndham 14
"Master of the House, The." Scene from the play 166
Memory Sketch by Whistler of the Carlyle Portrait 109
Meredith, George (at three years of age) 228
"Milestones." Scene from the play 277
"Mind-the-Paint Girl, The." Scene from the play 273
Mitchell (Donald G.) Bookplate 363
"Model, The." Scene from the play 165
Modern American Etchers 257-264
Modern English Etchers 625-632
Morse, Commodore Edwin W 229
Munger, Dell H 15

"Ne'er-Do-Well, The." Scene from the play 168
Neuman, B. Paul 245
"New Sin, The." Scene from the play 377
Newell (Peter) at Work 485
Norris, Kathleen 243

Old Lady Who Works in White Kid Gloves 63
Old Pigments and New Found Faces 608-613

PAGE

Orcutt, William Dana 345
"Our Wives." Scene from the play 543

"Peg o' My Heart." Scene from the play 646
"Perplexed Husband, The." Scene from the play 165
"Piccadilly," Cover of, by George Du Maurier .. 112
Playbill of a Parody of "Trilby" 233
Players Club, Plan for Organising the 492
Pocock, Roger 12
Poe's Fordham Cottage 481
Poe's Room, University of Virginia 352
Post, Augustus 121

Racketty-Packetty House." Scene from the play. 648
"Ready Money." Scene from the play 168
Repplier, Agnes 230
Robins, Elizabeth 483
Rosmer, Ernst 24
Ross, Janet (at five years of age) 114
" Facsimile of a letter written to 114
Rostand, Maurice and Madame Edmond 600
Rowland, Dr. Henry C 120
"Rutherford and Son." Scene from the play ... 642

Scott, Frank Hall 488
"Scrape o' the Pen, A." Scene from the play ... 278
Selfridge, Lieutenant 121
Sheehan, Perley 242
Simone (Mme.) as the Heroine of "The Paper Chase" 542
Simonton, Ida Vera 483
Sketching in Surrey 61
Sketching in the Bronx 62
"Snow White." Scenes from the play 540, 541
Stevenson's "Casco" in Victoria Harbour 227
Street of the Little Cobbler, The 226
Strong, Austin 601
Sudermann's Schloss, Entrance to 486

Terré's Tavern 594
Tessan, François de 484
Tiara 16
Tinayre, Marcel 231
Train, Arthur 14
"Trial Marriage." Scene from the play 378
Twain's (Mark) First Attempt at typewriting" .. 493
Tweedie, Mrs. Alec 361

Vanessa's House 595

Walpole, Hugh 245
Webster, Jean 346
Wells, H. G. Facsimile of a page of a letter from 237
"Whip, The." Scene from the play 544
Whistler Legend 109-111
Whistler, Memory Sketch by, of the Carlyle Portrait 109
Whistler, Sketch of, by Mr. Way 111
Whistler, Triumph of 161-163
Widener, Harry E 616
Williams (Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch), Home of. 349
Wilson, Harry Leon 122
"Within the Law." Scene from the play 279
Woodrow, Mrs. Wilson 365

"Yearning Point, The." Illustration from 17
"Years of Discretion." Scene from the play 648
"Yellow Jacket, The." Scenes from the play .. 381, 537
"Your United States." Illustration from 348

XXXVI. No. 1 SEPTEMBER

AUG 1912

THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Journal of LITERATURE *and* LIFE

Literary Munich
Andrew Lang
Ibsen and Company on the Japanese Stage
Literary Life in the Tennessee Mountains
The Tatler



"That's the Cloth"

AN unfinished worsted, made right, is one of the finest fabrics ever put in a man's suit. Always appropriate for business or semi-dress, it is dignified, rich, tailors splendidly and wears well.

Your guide to the best unfinished worsted is this name stamped on the back of the cloth—

A.W.Co
WASHINGTON 1789
UNFINISHED WORSTED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WASHINGTON 1789 is a highest-grade style fabric for men who appreciate thoroughbred clothes. It is pure wool, has a beautiful surface and does not wear shiny. London shrunk, 56 to 58 inches wide

OSWEGO SERGE for Fall and Winter wear is a distinctive blue serge of superb quality. Tailors splendidly and retains its smart appearance through long wear.

Ask your tailor or clothier to show you WASHINGTON 1789 and Oswego Serge. They are featured by good custom tailors and used by manufacturers of high-grade ready-to-wear suits. If you cannot find them, send us check or money-order for quantity required (3½ yards for man's suit), at $3.25 per yard for Washington 1789, and $3.00 for Oswego Serge, and we shall see that you are supplied through regular channels, as we do not sell at retail.

American Woolen Company
Wm. M. Wood, President.

Selling Agency: American Woolen Company of New York,
American Woolen Bldg.
18th to 19th Street on 4th Avenue, New York

THE BOOKMAN

An ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE *of* LITERATURE *and* LIFE

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT PAGE

A British Taste-Battle: The Occasion—The Crushing Rebuke—Mr Barton Rallies—Triple Extinguishment of Mr. Barton—Confusion of Combat: The Debris—London Literary Landmarks (with illustrations)—Half Way in Dickens—Deducing the Unwritten Parts of "Edwin Drood"—Andrew Lang and H. C. Bunner (with portrait of Andrew Lang)—The Real Rebecca and Her Story (with portrait and illustration)—Explaining an Anachronism (with portrait of Cyrus Townsend Brady)—An Exchange—Robert Halifax (with portrait)—Roger Pocock (portrait)—Mr. and Mrs. Jack London (portrait)—Wyndam Martin (portrait)—Arthur Train (portrait)—Dell H. Munger (portrait)—On the Wrong Track (with portrait of Percy Mackaye)—Our Friend the "Lampoon" (with illustrations)—Who Richard Dehan Is—A Passing Humbug—A Campaign Vade Mecum . . 1–20

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Literary Munich (illustrated)	AMELIA VON ENDE	21
Some Anglo-American Memories	C. M. FRANCIS	35
Andrew Lang—An Old-Fashioned Memory (illustrated)	STUART HENRY	38
Ibsen and Company on the Japanese Stage (illustrated)	YONE NOGUCHI	42
Literary Life in the Tennessee Mountains (illustrated)	MONTROSE J. MOSES	47
Some Art Schools and Art Students (illustrated)	DOROTHY FURNISS	60
The Scarlet Orchid	ELLIS PARKER BUTLER	80

FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG . . . 32

THE TATLER

Book Reviews Reviewed	ALLEN MURRAY CUMNOCK	52
Grundy and Grundyism	WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY	55
The Absurd Sex	H. W. BOYNTON	58

VERSE

Vale Terra Incognita	RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER	20
The Forest of Dreams	MADISON CAWEIN	79

THE ANTAGONISTS: A NOVEL E. TEMPLE THURSTON 83

THE SOCIAL STRUCTURE AND SOME RECENT NOVELS—

The Golightlys, Father and Son—The Squire's Daughter—The Good Girl—The Sign—A Man in the Open—The Tom-Boy—The Principal Girl FREDERIC TABER COOPER 64

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I	"The Making of Western Europe"	CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY	71
II	"Social France at the Time of Phillip Augustus"		
III	Homer Lea's "The Day of the Saxon"	GRAHAM BERRY	73
IV	Andrew Lang's "A Short History of Scotland"	IRA S. DODD	75
V	Dell H. Munger's "The Wind Before the Dawn"	DANA GATLIN	76
VI	Charles Kenyon's "Kindling"	SAMUEL MERWIN	78

THE BOOK MART

Books Received	96
Sales of Books During the Month	97
The Best Selling Books	104

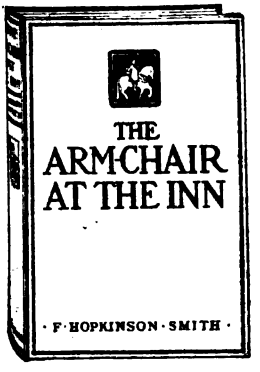
Published monthly by DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, New York City.
Copyright, 1912, by Dodd, Mead and Company. *All rights reserved.* Entered at New York Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter. *Manuscripts submitted to* THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editor of* THE BOOKMAN."

PRICE, 25 CENTS A NUMBER; $2.50 A YEAR

F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S

NEW NOVEL

THE ARM-CHAIR AT THE INN



ILLUSTRATED BY
THE AUTHOR, HUBERT WARD and A. I. KELLER

Any one who read "Peter," "Kennedy Square," or "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn" will recognize this as a most characteristic Hopkinson Smith novel. Never was the author's power of depicting big human characters so strongly evinced. Never was the breadth of his sympathy for the honorable, brave, and large-minded so compellingly expressed. Its principal scene is a picturesque old Normandy inn; a most interesting love-story dominates a narrative several of whose episodes are so vivid and distinct that while the reader is eager to know the end, his attention is so fixed by each of these in turn as to prevent his hurrying to it.

Now on sale at every book store in the country at $1.30 net; by mail $1.45

The Fourth Generation

Reminiscences

By JANET ROSS

Daughter of the Famous Egyptian Traveller, Lady Duff-Gordon

Illustrated. $3.50 *net*

Carlyle, George Meredith, J. A. Symonds, G. F. Watts, B. W. Kingslake, Richard Doyle, Tom Taylor, Mark Twain, Rogers, Guizot—the facts that the writer knew well all these and other shining characters; that her style is light, intimate, and expressive; that she gives hitherto unpublished letters of Meredith, Watts, Lord Leighton, and others, make this one of the decade's most valuable memoirs.

The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley 1787-1817

Edited by her Grandson RICHARD EDGCUMBE

The Diary of a brilliant social woman who knew intimately Wellington, Byron, Metternich, Talleyrand, Scott, and Peel.

Illustrated. $3.50 *net*

Recollections of a Great Lady

Being More Memoirs of the Comtesse De Boigne. Edited from Original MS. by M. CHARLES NICOULLAUD.

$2.50 *net. Postage extra*

Lord Broughton's Recollections of a Long Life

6 *volumes.* $18.00 *net*

"We cannot do anything like justice to books which contain a pen picture on practically every page. One of the richest of gold mines."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Charles Dickens As I Knew Him

By CHARLES DOLBY, Charles Dickens's Secretary and Manager. *With 14 portraits and other illustrations.* $1.00 *net.*

The Story of the Dickens Reading Tours in Great Britain and America (1866-1870).

A popular edition of one of the best biographical works on Dickens by one of his most intimate friends and associates, giving most intimate reminiscences.

Charles Dickens in America

By W. GLYDE WILKINS. *Illustrated.* $2.00 *net.*

A complete and very intimate account of Dickens's visit to America, quoting the impressions he made on the Press and on distinguished men in this country.

Some Pages of My Life

A Volume of Reminiscences. By the Rt. Rev. W. BOYD CARPENTER, late Bishop of Ripon. *Illustrated.* $3.75 *net.*

A fascinating biography of this famous man, who was so delightful a personality, and knew so many leading characters, and took part in such notable events.

By AUGUST STRINDBERG

Miss Julia—The Stronger

Translated from the Swedish by Edwin Bjorkman

75 cents net; postpaid 83 cents

Miss Julia is more often acted on the German and Scandinavian stage than any other Strindberg play. Masterful construction and gripping theme make it intensely dramatic; whether you like it or hate it, you can't leave it. Strindberg's preface to it, a sort of dramatic creed, given here for the first time in English, is almost as famous abroad as the play.

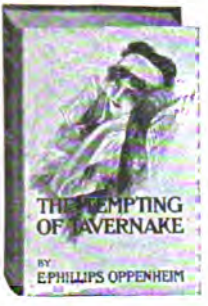
You could read The Stronger in eighteen minutes and you would comprehend the life stories of three people. The play has almost no action in the ordinary sense, but has the effect of fierce, continuous action—it makes a mental conflict as vivid as if a physical conflict.

The Scott Originals

By W. S. CROCKETT

An account of Notables and Worthies, the Originals of Characters in the Waverly Novels. *With many portraits. With 45 illustrations in collotype* $2.50 *net.*

Charles Scribner's Sons  **Fifth Ave., New York**



POPULAR AUTUMN FICTION

The Tempting of Tavernake

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

In which an unromantic young Englishman learns a few things about women. *Illustrated. Cloth.* $1.25 *net; by mail* $1.36. (Oct. 12)

The Gift of Abou Hassan

By FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT

A rollicking, up-to-date Arabian Nights tale in modern New York, by the author of "The Haunted Pajamas." *Illustrated. Cloth.* $1.25 *net; by mail* $1.36. (Ready)



The Destroying Angel

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

A rapid-fire story of a beautiful woman's love, by the author of "The Bandbox." *Illustrated. Cloth.* $1.25 *net; by mail* $1.36. (Oct. 5)

All the World to Nothing

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

A realistic tale of a man's fight against great odds. *Illustrated. Cloth.* $1.25 *net; by mail* $1.36. (Sept. 7)

A New Novel by the Author of "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus"

A CRY IN THE WILDERNESS

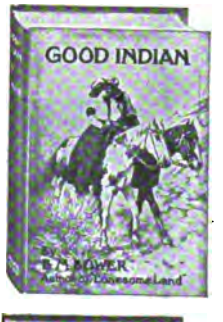
By MARY E. WALLER

A powerful story of present-day life in New York and French Canada. *With frontispiece by Arthur I. Keller. Cloth.* $1.30 *net; by mail* $1.42. (Oct. 19)

Good Indian

By B. M. BOWER

Another popular Western ranch story by the author of "Lonesome Land." *Illustrated. Cloth.* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.36. (Sept. 14)



The White Blackbird

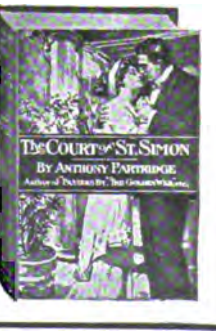
By HUDSON DOUGLAS

An amazing adventure story with a charming heroine. *Illustrated in color. Cloth.* $1.25 *net; by mail* $1.36. (Sept. 14)

The Court of St. Simon

By ANTHONY PARTRIDGE

Just the right sort of a compound of love, mystery and adventure. *Illustrated. Cloth.* $1.25 *net; by mail* $1.36. (Ready)



A Little Book of Christmas

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Stories of Christmas eve in New York. *Illustrated in color. Cloth.* $1.00 *net; by mail* $1.08. (Sept. 28)

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

By the Author of THE RIVERMAN, THE BLAZED TRAIL, Etc.

THE SIGN AT SIX

The popular author of "The Blazed Trail" has never written more plausibly, more forcibly, more entertainingly

The story of a man who thought he owned New York and of another who undertook to convince him of his error

THE NOVEL BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Pictures by Bracker Price Net $1.25

NEW YORK
Union Square

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

INDIANAPOLIS
University Square

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S New Novel



Pictures by
F. Vaux Wilson

Jacket by
Coles Phillips

Price, $1.30 net

By the Author of
"When a Man Marries,"
"The Circular Staircase,"
"The Man in Lower Ten."

COLES PHILLIPS

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

The story is pure comedy. The bubbling of fun is as fresh and plentiful and easy as the popping of champagne. The satire is true, but it is never bitter. The wit is effervescent, but there is a firm framework beneath it. Every requirement of sustained interest is promptly met.

New York **THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, Publishers** **Indianapolis**

J. B. Lippincott Company's September Fiction

If you have met Me—Smith you will want to meet

The Lady Doc

By CAROLINE LOCKHART

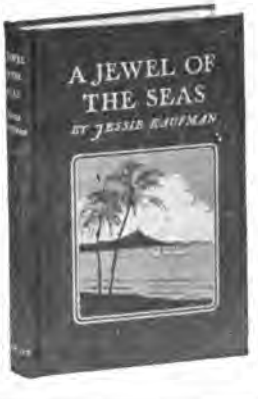
This new Western novel is certain to be another literary triumph. It is a powerful romance in which the humor and tragedy of Western life go hand in hand. The Lady Doc is a woman physician graduate of one of the "diploma mills," and she soon becomes the storm center of lively happenings in the little "cow-town" where she settles. There are also the local Ward McAllister, who has his own troubles when he attempts to draw social lines,—Essie, the merry little "biscuit-shooter" with an unusual history,—and Von Lennop, the young Easterner, who arrives just when things are beginning to get interesting.

Illustrated in color and wash by Gayle Hoskins. 12mo. Decorated cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

By the Author of
ME—SMITH
(Seven Editions)



"The Lady Doc"



A Jewel of the Seas

By JESSIE KAUFMAN

This enchanting novel is a perfect picture of Hawaiian social life. The author has spent much time in Hawaii, the Paradise of the Pacific as it is so aptly called, and has found it a most suitable fresh setting for a story. When Commodore and Mrs. Chandler arrive at Honolulu on their yacht, Gelda, they are entertained lavishly and arouse not a little curiosity among the natives. At one of the native fetes, which is given in their honor, a famous jewel disappears. Thereupon follow a number of other curious incidents. Altogether this is one of the brightest stories of modern Hawaiian Colonial life.

3 illustrations in color by Gayle Hoskins. 12mo. Decorated cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

To be Published Shortly

The First Hurdle and Others

By JOHN REED SCOTT

Author of "The Last Try," "The Colonel of the Red Hussars," etc., etc.

Written in Mr. Scott's inimitable style, this collection of stories will please his readers immensely. They are full of the dash and go, witty dialogue, and clever character drawing which have made his longer novels so popular and such big successes.

Illustrated in color by James Montgomery Flagg. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

The Ordeal

By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

Author of "The Raid of the Guerilla"

An impassioned romance of a strong man's reawakened love for the woman who jilted him, now the widow of another man. The scenes are laid in the Great Smoky Mountains, and the story centers around the disappearance of the widow's son and subsequent search for him.

Frontispiece in color by Douglas Duer. Cloth, $1.20 net. Postpaid, $1.32.

First Printing One Half Million Copies

¶ The best work—by far—yet done by the author of That Printer of Udell's, The Shepherd of the Hills, The Calling of Dan Matthews, The Winning of Barbara Worth, etc.

Harold Bell Wright's

New Story Exalting Life and Love

THEIR YESTERDAYS

¶ Tender with sentiment, pathos, realism. Honors the home, supremely glorifies the wife and mother—delightfully wholesome.

Illustrations in Colors by F. Graham Cootes. Cloth, 12mo. $1.30 Net

Bound uniform with "Barbara Worth"

Harold Bell Wright's Latest and Biggest Novel
The Most Popular Book in All the World

THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH

"A book that will mould and make nations."

A Present-Day Story of Reclamation and Love

Illustrations made on the scenes of the story by F. Graham Cootes

Cloth, 12mo. $1.30 Net

¶ **Boston Globe**—"To the reader the characters will appear as real as friends they know—all of their aims, and likes and hatreds being portrayed as true to life as snapshots caught by moving-picture cameras."

¶ **Cleveland Plain Dealer**—"'Dan Mathews' was a fine tale. 'The Shepherd of the Hills' was an inspiration. And now he sends us 'The Winning of Barbara Worth' * * a twentieth century epic."

Other Novels by Mr. Wright Uniform With Above

That Printer of Udell's, The Shepherd of the Hills, The Calling of Dan Matthews

Harold Bell Wright's Famous Allegory of Life **The Uncrowned King**

¶ **Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch**—"The secret of his power is the same God-given secret that inspired Shakespeare and upheld Dickens."

¶ **Grand Rapids Herald**—"It is the greatest story since Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

Illustrations by John Rea Neill. 16mo. Cloth 50 Cents Net, Full Leather $1.00 Net

SOLD BY JOBBERS EVERYWHERE

Publishers' Selling Agents to the Trade in the United States

THE REILLY & BRITTON COMPANY

1006 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

Publishers, THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY

E. W. REYNOLDS, President **231-233 W. MONROE STREET, CHICAGO**

Over Three Million Harold Bell Wright Books Have Been Sold



UNIQUE, ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL

This Beautiful

CLOCK-WATCH

FREE

For Ladies' Dressing Table, Secretary, a Home or Office Desk or carried separate from clock-casing as Pocket Time-piece

The watch has nickel case, open face, white dial, with Arabic figures, stem wind and set, with gilt finish movement. Each watch is run and regulated six days before leaving the factory, and then with a guarantee for one year. Clock-case may be had in nickel, brush brass or gun metal finish.

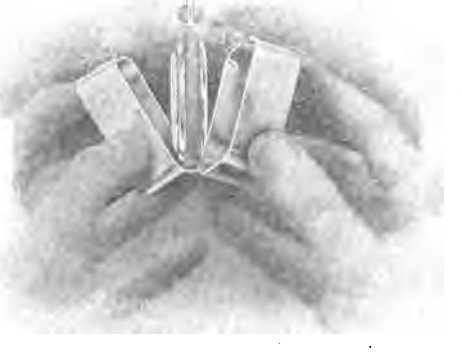
We give you this beautiful time-piece

FREE

with one year's subscription to

Lippincott's Magazine

A monthly pre-eminent among the leaders of periodical literature. Its complete novel monthly, its many short-stories, pleasing poems and interesting articles will please you absolutely. Subscription $3.00 a year.



LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, ... Date
East Washington Square, Philadelphia.

Enclosed find Three Dollars, for which send Lippincott's for one year beginning with.....issue to

Also CLOCK-WATCH FREE

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON'S



Latest Success

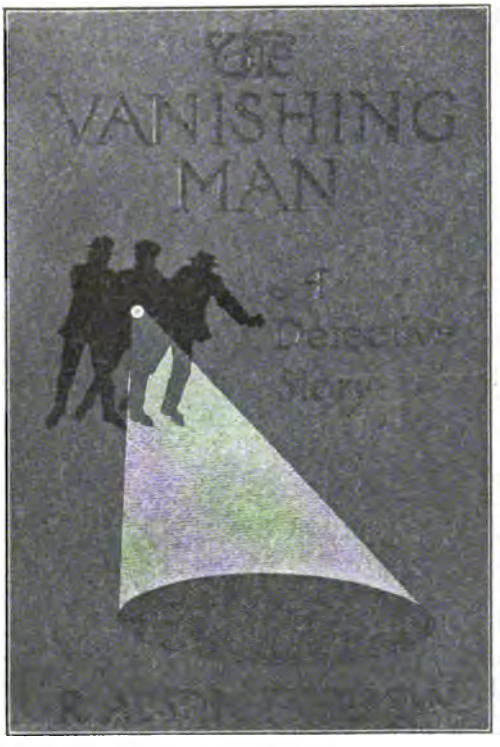
"The Hollow of Her Hand"

In the hollow of her hand a beautiful widow holds her husband's family—wealthy New Yorkers of the most exclusive set. And she holds, too, the fate of a charming girl—one of those delightful, lovable heroines that the author of "Graustark" knows how to draw so well—and a big, confident, irresistibly attractive hero of the type that the author has already made vastly popular. For a year or more, the slender, white hand of the fascinating widow holds the strings of their lives. And we venture to predict that thousands of absorbed and enthusiastic readers are going to be held by the *best novel that George Barr McCutcheon has ever written.*

Full page illustrations in color by A. I. Keller. 430 *pages.* $1.30 *net; postage* 13c. *extra.*

Publishers **DODD, MEAD & COMPANY** **New York**

Noteworthy New Novels



THE VANISHING MAN

A Detective Story

By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN

A real mystery story is one that remains a mystery right to the very end. "The Vanishing Man," therefore, is a real mystery story. For it is a story to pique the reader who is a good guesser and takes pride in that fact. In the last analysis one of the oldest of human industries and one of the newest are brought into juxtaposition—an idea so bold in conception and so perfectly worked out that "The Vanishing Man" deserves to be called the exceptional detective story.

$1.25 *net.* *Postage 13 cents extra*

ROSE ROYAL

By E. NESBIT

An extremely ingenious and daring treatment of a theme which has exercised the mind of man for generations. A clever young English chemist suddenly inherits not only a title and fortune, but a venerable, strange and startling family history. What effect the latest discoveries in chemistry exert upon a romance of a bygone age; how a husband is blessed with a wife who is unable to grow old, and the resulting complications; and how true love triumphs over science make "Rose Royal" an unusually bright and entertaining novel.

$1.25 *net.* *Postage 13 cents extra*

ONE OF THE MULTITUDE

By GEORGE ACORN

With an Introduction by ARTHUR C. BENSON.

This book is, exactly as the title implies, about one of the multitude. It is a story, but not fiction; on the contrary, it is the veracious chronicle of the man who, from poverty and ignorance and early neglect, is always just one of the crowd. It is the life history of a product of a London slum, the confessions of a cockney Owen Kildare, a human document that compels attention from its grim fidelity to the life it describes.

$1.25 *net.* *Postage 13 cents extra*

Publishers **DODD, MEAD & COMPANY** **New York**

NOTEWORTHY NEW NOVELS





The Epic of Ebenezer

A Christmas Story. By FLORENCE TINSLEY COX

Illustrated by JOHN RAE

A big part of the reading world does enjoy a life-like story about a live, lovable, *human* kind of dog. Ebenezer, who trotted into Hillcrest looking for a master; who, after many tribulations, found old Mr. Green, whose "one obstinacy was a settled belief in the goodness of every one in the world"; who got his master into endless trouble, but none so great as to disturb one whit of that old gentleman's loving trust in him; and who at last paid nobly the debt of gratitude he owed; this Ebenezer is that rarest of canines, a *real* dog in fiction. And his master is the salt of the earth.

The story of these two and their Christmas celebration is charmingly spontaneous, wholesome and sweet. A better little book to carry a Christmas message of love and good-will would be hard to find.

16mo. 50 cents net. Postage 6 cents extra

The Sign

By MRS. ROMILLY FEDDEN

(Katharine Waldo Douglas)

Through the eyes of three artists who are spending the summer there we see Brittany, with its beautiful young girls, its toil-hardened, prematurely aged men and women, its stored-up wealth of legend, quaint superstitions, and the elusive beauty of its landscape. The story arranges itself about a beautiful young peasant woman, who, believing herself to be inspired, calls upon the dissolute village folk to repent. In its dramatic strength and in its wonderful interpretation of the very souls of a foreign race, "The Sign" is the sort of novel that rouses the enthusiasm of those who welcome the best in modern fiction.

$1.25 *net. Postage 12 cents extra*

The Squire's Daughter

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

Author of "Exton Manor," "The Eldest Son," Etc.

Mr. Marshall has a method and an atmosphere of his own, leisured, mellow and eminently agreeable. English country life, and the characteristics, foibles, peculiarities and personalities of what are called "country people," form the basis of his novels. So delicate is his characterization, so vivacious his sense of humor, and so sympathetic his attitude that he deserves the encomium of a well-known English critic as "one of the most pleasantly human of living novelists." Admirers of "Exton Manor" will find a new field of enjoyment in the author's later story, "The Squire's Daughter," which deals with the same people among the same scenes, in the same finished and delightful way.

$1.25 *net. Postage 12 cents extra*

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

IMPORTANT FALL PUBLICATIONS

A Short History of Scotland

By ANDREW LANG

Mr. Andrew Lang is just the man to write a surpassingly good history of his native land; which is what he did some years ago. This work, widely hailed as his masterpiece, has been condensed from four bulky volumes to one of moderate size. And "A Short History of Scotland," picturesque, accurate, and delightfully written, is within the means and ought to be possessed by every Scotsman; and by every one who has a bit of Scottish blood in his veins, or a particle of interest in the land of Bruce and Burns.

$2.00 *net.* *Postage* 15 *cents extra*

The New
Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff

From Childhood to Girlhood. Translated from the French.

By MARY J. SAFFORD

A human document which will command unusual attention in the present day, when the mental development of children is an important topic of thought and discussion. The frank, brilliant and amusing comments, remarkable in a child of twelve, the age when the "Journal" begins, are the earliest productions of one who was a literary prodigy, and are fully as interesting as the later, published self-revelations.

$1.00 *net.* *Postage* 8 *cents extra*

The New China

By HENRI BOREL

Official Chinese Interpreter in the Dutch East Indies

As a result of extended visits and much travel in China, the author has written a book in which he brings before the reader what is now going on in the oldest and most populous of all nations—a revolution so subtle, so swift, so complete, and so tremendous in its far-reaching influences upon the whole world that no event within the memory of any now living can equal it in importance.

Illustrated. $3.50 *net.* *Postage* 17 *cents extra*

Michael Heilprin and His Sons

By GUSTAV POLLAK

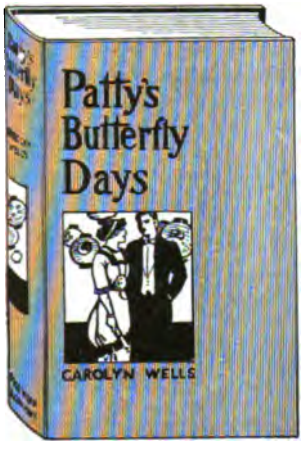
Author of "Franz Grillparzer and the Austrian Drama," etc.

This is an important biography of three remarkable men. Michael Heilprin, the father, who died in 1888, was one of the foremost scholars and critics of his day. Professor Angelo Heilprin, the younger son, was a scientist and explorer of great renown. Louis Heilprin, who died but two months ago, was beyond doubt the greatest encyclopædic expert this country has produced. The lives of these three men furnish abundant material for a biography of unique interest.

Illustrated, 8vo. $3.50 *net.* *Postage* 30 *cents extra*

Publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company, New York

NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN



Patty's Butterfly Days

By CAROLYN WELLS, author of "Patty Fairfield," and the other "Patty" books.

Patty, heroine of the "Patty" books and darling of thousands of young readers, makes a long visit at "Red-Chimneys," the home of her friend Mona. The two girls entertain a house party, where sunshiny Patty is every one's favorite and friend. Her escapades; her first taste of society; her flights in "Camilla," the motor car which has lasted over from an earlier volume; and her merry appreciation of attentions from young men, make Patty still as ever one of the most wholesome and delightful heroines of recently written books for girls.

Illustrated. $1.25

In the Same Series:

Patty Fairfield. $1.25.
Patty in the City. $1.25.
Patty in Paris. $1.25.
Patty's Success. $1.25.
Patty at Home. $1.25.
Patty's Summer Days. $1.25.
Patty's Friends. $1.25.
Patty's Motor Car. $1.25.
Patty's Pleasure Trip. $1.25.

Kitty Love

By ANNA ALICE CHAPIN, author of "Wonder Tales from Wagner," "Humpty Dumpty," etc.

Gentle and lovable little Kitty Love typifies the triumph of amiability. In her home life, in her school work, in her friendships, and in whatever troubles or difficulties she meets, she is loving and unselfish. Now, this is no tale with a moral, but is a sweet and entertaining story, which aims to prove to young readers indirectly, and therefore most effectively, how strong a factor love should be in making themselves and others happy.

Good news for the friends of Kitty Love, and may there be thousands of them, this is only the first in a series of books, all about love and Kitty Love.

Illustrated. $1.25

The Goldenrod Fairy Book

By ESTHER SINGLETON, author of "The Wild Flower Fairy Book," etc. Full-page illustrations in color by C. B. Falls.

The book was originally published at $2.00 net. Its attractive appearance, striking illustrations in color and clever selection of the world's best fairy stories made it a wide favorite. At the new and greatly reduced price it is splendid value.

$1.25

The Little Fairy Envelope Books

Why mail picture cards to children when you can buy a beautiful book full of stories at about the same cost. The card is looked at once and thrown away. The book gives hours of pleasure. In the artistic volumes of this series are some of the best fairy stories that have ever been written, carefully selected and tastefully printed. Most books for children are big; in fact, too big; but these books are adapted for small people. You can slip one into an envelope and mail it for two cents.

Each volume daintily bound in a handsome cover, printed in four colors. Price per volume 25 cents net. Postage 3 cents extra

The Series:

The Pansy Fairy Book
The Daisy Fairy Book
The Violet Fairy Book
The Rosebud Fairy Book

Publishers **DODD, MEAD & COMPANY** **New York**

OLD DOMINION LINE

VACATIONS

MOST DELIGHTFUL TRIPS TO

OLD POINT COMFORT, NORFOLK, RICHMOND OR WASHINGTON, D. C.

Round Trip tickets, including meals and stateroom berth on Old Dominion Steamers.
NEW YORK TO NORFOLK AND OLD POINT AND RETURN
$14.00



Round Trip tickets, including meals and stateroom berth on old Dominion Steamers.
NEW YORK TO RICHMOND OR WASHINGTON, D. C. AND RETURN
$15.00

The Only Direct Line to OLD POINT COMFORT and NORFOLK Without Change

Hot or cold Sea Water Baths can be procured on Steamer without charge.
Steamers are all equipped with the United Wireless Telegraph System.

STEAMERS SAIL EVERY WEEK DAY AT 3 P. M.

Tickets and Stateroom Reservation, Pier 25, North River, Foot of North Moore Street, New York

Phone 3900 Franklin *Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, Desk B.*

W. L. WOODROW, *Traffic Manager* **J. J. BROWN,** *General Passenger Agent*

THE MOSHER BOOKS

¶ There are books—and books, but The Mosher Books are books to love, and I am sure that I am not the only one that considers them the choicest of the books of to-day.

¶ Permit me to compliment you again on your exquisite catalogue. I do not know of a better Book that you could issue than a selection of these catalogue gems under one cover. Privately, I have made such selection for my own use, but as that practically includes them all, it is no selection at all.

¶ Your books have arrived, and are exquisitely satisfactory in every way. You certainly are a literary philanthropist. I shall be glad when I can send you a larger order.

¶ Don't forget to let us have your latest catalogue and all other advertising matter you get out. We think there is nothing published in this country to-day just like *"Bibelot."*

¶ I have now a complete set and enjoy not only the possession, but the unusual range of beautiful English that *The Bibelot* affords in its quaint and elegant form.

¶ For two years this little volume has been a gift to me, but this year it will have to be a gift from myself. Its contents have always given me so much pleasure that I do not ever want to miss a number.

¶ From year to year Catalogues have been issued with the view of making known, as no other form of advertising could make known, The Mosher Books and what they represent in up-to-date bookcraft. All possible value has been put into these books by their publisher; so that to-day they are the only style of genuine hand-made paper editions at popular prices in America. Sent without charge to all who are interested in choice editions at moderate prices.

THOMAS B. MOSHER, Portland, Maine

SONG POEMS WANTED

YOU may be able to write a big seller. Hundreds of dollars have been made in successful songs. Send us your WORDS or MELODIES. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Washington only place to secure copyright. H. KIRKUS DUGDALE CO., Desk 739, Washington, D. C.

Young college graduate desires a limited number of pupils for early fall tutoring. Particular attention paid to backward pupils who are planning to enter college this fall. Two years experience. Address TUTOR, care The BOOKMAN

PICTURE PLOTS *and* SHORT STORIES
adaptable to motion photography WANTED
Address, KINEMACOLOR COMPANY OF AMERICA
Dept. E, 48th St. and Broadway, New York City

Sell Your Stories

The Editor of Lippincott's Magazine, Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, in his Short-Story Course of forty lessons, will help you to give your stories the correct form and detail which only training makes possible.


Dr. Esenwein

Story-writers must be **made** as well as **born**: they must master the **details** of construction if they would turn their talents to account.

May we send you the names of students and graduates who have succeeded? And the success their letters prove is **practical.** It means recognition, accepted manuscripts and checks from editors. Let us send you our 250-page Catalogue.

(Mrs.) Sallie P. Harrison of Tazewell, Va., says: "My first effort at short-story construction, done as a part of a lesson in the Home Correspondence Course, was accepted by a leading fiction magazine and I have been asked to do more along the same line. I am greatly indebted to The H. C. S."

We also offer a course in Journalism, taught by Ernest Newton Bagg, formerly literary editor of the Boston Globe; and in all over One Hundred Home Study Courses, many of them under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and leading colleges. 250-page Catalogue free. Please address

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 295, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

TELEPHONES 1823 AND 1824 BRYANT
WILLIAM R. JENKINS CO.
Publishers, Booksellers, Stationers, Printers
FOREIGN BOOKS
We have purchased the old established business of F. W. Christern (Dyrsen & Pfeiffer, successors), foreign booksellers of this city, thereby increasing the supply and variety of our books in French, German, Italian, Spanish and other languages, broadening the scope of our already extensive foreign book business.
851 AND 853 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
(N. W. COR. 48TH STREET)

F. M. HOLLY
Established 1905
Authors' and Publishers' Representative
Circulars sent upon request. 156 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

WRITERS

I agree to find a publisher for every manuscript that I deem worthy of publication. Manuscripts are critically read and revised by me, and typed and otherwise properly prepared for the publisher by my experts. Translations in all languages.
MODESTE HANNIS JORDAN
615 W. 136th St., New York City.
Send 10 Cents for Writers' Leaflet of Instruction.

FRANK HENRY RICE
Authors' Agent
50 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK
Terms, 10 Per Cent
No Reading Fee — I Do Not Edit or Revise MS.

LOUISE E. DEW
LITERARY REPRESENTATIVE
Manuscripts wanted. Criticism, revision, placing. 18 years' editorial experience. Circular upon request. Send 25 cents for
"FROM THE EDITOR'S VIEW POINT"
156 Fifth Avenue — New York.

A LARGE LIST

Of magazines and motion picture manufacturers and the kind of matter they are in need of, for a dime. Revised each month. MSS. typed for twenty cents per 1,000 words. Write today for full particulars.
HOMER H. KNODLE, Decatur, Indiana

DOROTHY PRIESTMAN
LITERARY AGENT
27 East 22d Street, New York
MABEL HATTERSLEY, A.R.C.S., Associate
WRITE FOR CIRCULAR

COSMOPOLITAN COPYRIGHT BUREAU 569 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK.
SECURES COPYRIGHTS FOR AUTHORS, COMPOSERS, ARTISTS.
WRITE FOR CIRCULAR 4D.

AUTHORS' ECLECTIC SERVICE — HELPS WRITERS GET STARTED AND MAKE MONEY, CONSTANTLY IN TOUCH WITH PUBLISHERS. WRITE FOR CIRCULAR
614 MORTON BUILDING, NEW YORK, N.Y.

HIGGINS'
DRAWING INKS
ETERNAL WRITING INK
ENGROSSING INK
TAURINE MUCILAGE
PHOTO MOUNTER PASTE
DRAWING BOARD PASTE
LIQUID PASTE
OFFICE PASTE
VEGETABLE GLUE, Etc.



Are the Finest and Best Inks and Adhesives
Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the *Higgins' Inks and Adhesives.* They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean, well put up, and withal so efficient.
At Dealers Generally
CHAS. M. HIGGINS & CO., Mfrs.
271 NINTH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
BRANCHES: CHICAGO, LONDON

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa

Is of Unequaled Quality



Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

For delicious natural flavor, delicate aroma, absolute purity and food value, the most important requisites of a good cocoa, it is the standard.

Trade-Mark On Every Package

53 Highest Awards in Europe and America

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.
Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780

SUFFOLK ENGRAVING & ELECTROTYPING CO.,
30 and 32 East 21st Street

TELEPHONE NUMBER : : : 930 GRAMERCY



KREMENTZ

THE STANDARD OF COLLAR BUTTON PERFECTION

UNBREAKABLE FROM USE

A new one free in exchange for any genuine Krementz Button damaged or broken from any cause

Made in Rolled Gold Plate — 14 K and 10 K Gold

At all leading jewelers and haberdashers — Booklet showing all shapes and styles free

KREMENTZ & CO., 76 Chestnut St., NEWARK, N. J.

Mfrs. of Bodkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons, and largest manufacturers of high class jewelry in the world

For Your Vacation

Tours Inc. Hotels, Shore Excursions, Lowest Rates

Go To **Bermuda** $10 Up Round Trip from New York

TWIN SCREW S. S. "BERMUDIAN," 5,530 TONS. Bilge Keels; electric fans; wireless telegraphy. Fastest, newest and only steamer landing passengers at the dock in Bermuda. Temperature cooler than in the Middle Atlantic Coast Resorts. Tennis, Golf, Fishing, Bathing, Sailing and Cycling.

Midsummer Trips Go To **Quebec** via Halifax, N. S.

Most delightful cruise of 1,500 miles. Magnificent scenery; Northumberland Strait, Gulf, and River St. Lawrence and **far-famed Saguenay River.** S. S. "Trinidad" from New York July 8th and 22d, August 5th and 19th, and Sept. 2d, 10 A.M. Returning from Quebec July 14th and 28th, August 11th and 25th, and Sept. 8th.

For illustrated pamphlets with full information apply to A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., General Agents, Quebec S. S. Co., Ltd., 29 Broadway, New York; THOS. COOK & SON, 245 Broadway, 649 Madison Ave., 563 and 264 Fifth Avenue, or any Ticket Agent, or QUEBEC S. S. CO., Ltd., Quebec.

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

VOL. XXXVI SEPTEMBER, 1912 No. 1

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
AUG 30 1912
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Chronicle and Comment

A British Taste-Battle: the Occasion

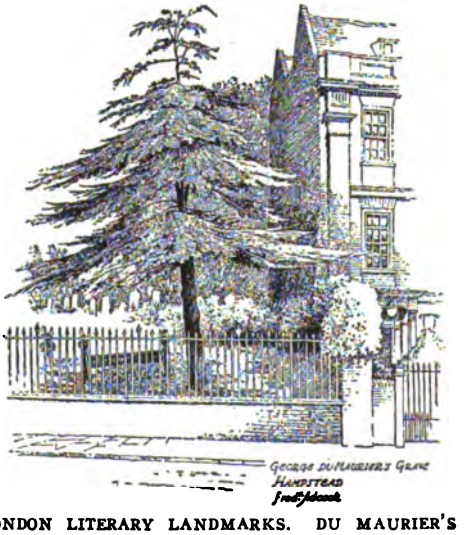
It is not our fault that so long a time has passed since we recorded in these columns any sort of literary scrimmage. To all who take a sportsman's interest in these affairs it is evident that of late years belles lettres have lost their bellicosity. Time was when an insult really insulted and the hot words flew back and forth and you could watch the display of the ugly but entertaining passions through several issues of a magazine. Nowadays bad names merely make an author grumpy and "dignified." Even in the best British literary periodicals taste-battles are growing rare. Hence the value of a little rumpus among minor poets that broke out in the London *Saturday Review* in May and sputtered along for many weeks waxing the warmest in July. Its origin was perfectly natural and simple. Two minor poets became exceedingly indignant because a reviewer spoke well of a third. The reviewer, a Mr. J. E. Barton, treated with some seriousness the verses of Mr. John Masefield and concluded his article with a mild commendation. He was careful to call them verses and did not venture to settle any question of high poetic rank. He was quite aware of the coarseness and brutality of many passages. He admitted, for example, that his sense of beauty was unsatisfied when Mr. Masefield wrote such lines as

> Come and see Jimmy have his belly bunted.

But at the same time he refused to be so scandalised by these things as to deny Mr. Masefield any merit whatever. For if Mr. Masefield wrote of gin and prostitutes in a manner to bring the blush to the cheek of a middle-aged poetic competitor, he wrote also passages like the following:

> Perhaps when man has entered in
> His perfect city free from sin,
> The campers will come past the walls
> With old lame horses full of galls,
> And waggons hung about with withies,
> And burning coke in tinkers' stithies,
> And see the golden town, and choose,
> And think the wild too good to lose,
> And camp outside, as these camped then,
> With wonder at the entering men.

Which seemed to the reviewer, as they will seem, we think, to many casual



LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. DU MAURIER'S GRAVE



LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. HOODS'S HOUSE

readers of current verse, to emerge distinctly from the dead level of what is known as the "poetical output." And since the damnation of Mr. Masefield would logically involve the double damnation of hosts of blameless beings now toiling in rhyme, he lays no curse upon him, but even breathes a prayer that he may somehow contrive to work out his own salvation. In short, an even-tempered, open-minded review of a minor poet in relation to minor poetry—not measuring his distance from the top but from the very bottom of Parnassus.

The Crushing Rebuke

But when one minor poet hears another minor poet praised—or even pardoned—it is natural that he should say to himself, "How about me?" And it seems that a certain person who signs himself T. W. H. C. writes verses also and is known to certain British readers (who probably carry reading to excess) as "no mean poet." The kindness of Mr. Barton toward Mr. Masefield is therefore offensive to T. W. H. C., and he writes a letter to the *Saturday Review* for the purpose of annihilating both reviewer and reviewed. He disdains all argument with Mr. Barton. With superb gesture he brushes Mr. Barton aside, merely saying "This is the end of him." But to the crushing of Mr. John Masefield he applies himself with considerable heaviness.

Now we may read both these so-called poems in cold blood and put them to a simple test. Let us subtract from each work the very commonplace and hackneyed expressions of religious emotion with which both of them are garnished and rounded off, and what remains which would be called "great" even by Mr. Masefield's publishers, or which would be worth discussing over nearly two pages of the *Saturday Review?*

The answer is not hard to find.

If we could bring ourselves to Mr. Masefield's view of poetry, religion and commerce we would undertake to produce inside a fortnight two poems similar in length and quality to "The Everlasting Mercy" and the "Widow in Bye Street" out of the late Dr. Crippen and the beautiful amours of the Baptist minister who has lately been electrocuted in New York.



LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. SHERIDAN'S HOUSE

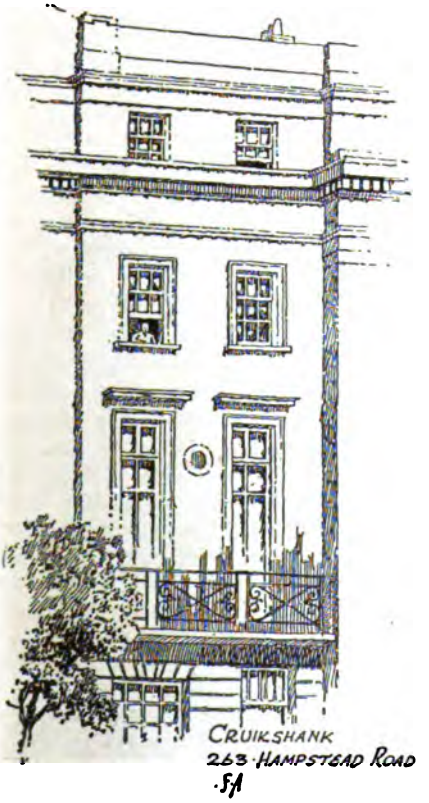
That of course let the cat out of the bag and gave Mr. Barton his chance. When one man says that he could write all another man's poetry for him in two weeks, if he were willing to stoop to that low business, the point at issue immediately becomes almost indelicately plain. It is whether Mr. T. W. H. C. is a better writer than Mr. Masefield. Mr. T. W. H. C. is perfectly sure that he is. He feels it in his bones. Where, outside of tight little British weekly literary Bumbledom do we find these candid public revelations of strictly private grandeurs? This sudden and incautious exposure of T. W. H. C.'s inner assurances naturally invites Mr. Barton's attention—

Mr. Barton Rallies

Incidentally it may be observed that the hypothetical "undertaking"—to match other writers with ease on their own ground, if only one could degrade one's high soul to the level



LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. HOGARTH'S HOUSE



LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. CRUIKSHANK'S HOUSE

of such competition—is a sort of thing we have heard once or twice before. It is not likely to convince the plain man. Here, as in most of his critical lucubrations, T. W. H. C. invites us to take him on trust. He is always ready and anxious to assure us that so-and-so has not "the smallest claim to consideration as a poet," but since he invariably fails to indicate the general lines on which poetry should be judged, and in fact offers no constructive or positive point of criticism whatsoever, his indiscriminate slashings beat the air.

At this point the discussion begins to warm up appreciably. Mr. Barton calls for T. W. H. C.'s credentials as a writer. He admits having read papers by him distinguished by "their blend of pontifical complacency and vacuous bluster." But what does he amount to after all?

For all I can tell he may privately possess abilities and character before which, if we only knew them, we should all bow the head. His published output in prose, however, reveals no specially solid attainment, as warrant for savage contempt of other men's work. As for his published verses, his sonnets and his political diatribes in metre, I can hardly suspect even T. W. H. C. of the egregious vanity of setting these up by implication, as the standard of poetry for the modern world.



LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. SAMUEL ROGER'S HOUSE

He concludes with the remark that T. W. H. C.'s usual tone and temper is "compact of petty spleen and colossal bumptiousness."

Triple Extinguishment of Mr. Barton

Although T. W. H. C.'s reply appeared in the very next issue of the *Saturday,* the delay must have seemed to him intolerable. The idea of that creature Barton going about unimpaired for an entire week, and perhaps thinking well of himself! Five days before the magazine was printed, T. W. H. C. was ready with his rod for Barton—five whole days to wait ere Barton should be in pain! It seemed years. The reply began in the style so often assumed by British sarcasm, with the familiar words, "Poor dear Mr. Barton." Why is "poor dear" so valued as a weapon of offence in British literary battles? The combatants rush for it; each tries to use it first. Poor-dear a man in a British literary weekly and the fight apparently is nearly won. So sometimes with Hoity-toity, Tilly-fally, and like exclamatory terms—they are employed there with the most sinister intent, and, for aught we know, fatally. "Tilly-fally, Mr. Barton," says T. W. H. C. in his merciless conclusion and then sternly "makes an end" of the whole "wretched and disgraceful business," meaning of course an end of Mr. Barton and of Mr. John Masefield and all their works. And even if Mr. Barton rose again after T. W. H. C. had twice declared him ended and pronounced "Tilly-fally" over him, it seemed unlikely that he could long endure, for now another minor poet was upon him. Lord Alfred Douglas had, it seems, written a review of Masefield's poetry in which he called it "muddy doggerel," leaving in his opinion no more to be said, but the editor of the *Saturday* had chosen to reject it. Lord Alfred Douglas now interposes on behalf of T. W. H. C.

"It is perhaps my misfortune," says he, "that until I read in your columns Mr. Barton's signed review of Mr. Masefield's poems, *I had never heard of Mr. Barton.*"

Thus is Mr. Barton not only for the third time ended, but it is even hinted that he never began, for not to have been heard of by Lord Alfred Douglas is, virtually, not to have lived at all. But though obliterated, Mr. Barton is severely admonished in a passage which is perhaps the best in the entire controversy and which we commend especially to the attention of those who believe that Charles Dickens exaggerated or burlesqued the traits of human character:

As to the last-named gentleman [T. W. H. C], he is well able to take care of himself and will probably not thank me for blowing his trumpet; all the same, I shall take the risk of reminding Mr. Barton that T. W. H. C., whose initials and style Mr. Barton considers it would be an affectation not to recognise, was for nearly three years joint editor with myself of the *Academy,* and that he is the author of some of the finest poetry that has been written during the last twenty years in this country. And if Mr. Barton is inclined to think that such a recommendation coming from me is one that he can afford to sneer at, let him turn back and read what the *Saturday Review* has had to say at various times *about me and my poetry,* and about this very T. W. H. C. and myself when we gave up the *Academy* about two years ago, *and let him, further, if*

it be possible to him, learn to cultivate humility and modesty and a proper respect for his betters.

The italics are ours.

So much down to the end of June. In July the excitement of all concerned grew more intense but, unfortunately for the purposes of this chronicle, more incoherent. Mr. Barton did contrive to answer, but he lost his head. It was bad enough to learn that he had not been heard of by Lord Alfred Douglas. He suffered keenly under the sense of his own non-existence. But what really beat him down was the term "Tilly-fally." After they said "Tilly-fally," Mr. Barton was never quite the same man again. To be sure, he held to his main contention, but at times his mind wandered strangely. He became humble. He referred unnecessarily to his own inferiority in education and "immaturity as a writer." In his cowed state the figure of T. W. H. C. became many times its actual size.

Confusion of Combat: the Debris



LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. BENJAMIN WEST'S HOUSE



LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. WHISTLER'S HOUSE

I fear that your readers may be overawed in this matter by T. W. H. C.'s general authority in the world of letters.

And now and then he lost himself in utter irrelevancies, as, for example, the fact that T. W. H. C. had once said that the Bishop of London was too busy to be a saint, and that German women were "abdominal." He seemed unaware of the first rule of British literary warfare which is that you shall insist openly and by implication that you tower immeasurably above the foe. At this point nobody thought any more about the poetry of Mr. Masefield. It was all a confusion of gibes and gloatings, assertions of literary prestige and loud though unaccountable cries of victory. By the middle of July Lord Alfred Douglas and T. W. H. C. stood shoulder to shoulder remarking how very far below both of them the wretched Barton lay, and T. W. H. C. had told Barton never again to discuss poetry without consulting Lord Alfred Douglas; and Lord Alfred Douglas was saying to Barton, Henceforth on any poetical question, hush, Barton, till you have heard from T. W. H. C. And at that time T. W. H. C. was incidentally

explaining how he came to have the "authority" he now possessed in the "world of letters"—

Of that authority it is unnecessary for me to pretend to be unconscious, and while I hope I may never appear to misuse it, still less do I propose to be bullied, browbeaten, slandered or misrepresented out of it by critics of the stripe of Mr. Barton. It is an authority which has cost me everything that the average man of my profession might consider worth having; it has profited me absolutely nothing but objurgation, distress and uncongenial toil; and if letters are the worse for it, let Mr. Barton



LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. MARRYAT'S HOUSE

and his fellow bolsterers-up of what they so sweetly call "the debatable" show me where and how.

And here the present narrator must leave them, not from any lack of interest but from an increasing dizziness of brain.

A. St. John Adcock

Arthur St. John Adcock, the author of *Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London,* which has just been published in this country by E. P. Dutton and Company, is the present acting editor of the English *Bookman,* a position in which he succeeded Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Although he had been designed for the law, early in life he drifted into the atmosphere of the new Grub Street. At twenty-one was writing on a comic paper of a chequered career. Mr. Adcock, the Editor, and a single cartoonist practically turned out the entire numbers of the publication. It was the first step in a profession in which Mr. Adcock has proved himself an astonishingly prolific worker. His publications include *An Unfinished Martyrdom,* 1894; *Beyond Atonement,* 1896; *East End Idylls,* 1897; *The Consecration of Hetty Fleet,* 1898; *In the Image of God,* 1898; *In the Wake of the War,* 1900; *The Luck of Private Foster,* 1900; *Songs of the War,* 1900; *From a London Garden,* 1903; *More Than Money,* 1903; *In Fear of Mun,* 1904; *London Etchings,* 1904; *Admissions and Asides,* 1905; *London from the Top of a Bus,* 1906; *Love in London,* 1906; *The Shadow Show,* 1907; *The World that Never Was,* 1908, and *Billicks,* 1909. *Famous Literary Houses* is illustrated by his brother, Frederick Adcock.

Half Way in Dickens

In his surmises as to what the unwritten part of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* was to contain, "Claudius Clear," in the *British Weekly,* hits upon the idea that the finished portion was approximately just one-half of the book, and compares it with the first half of the other Dickens novels. *Edwin Drood,* as we have it, runs in round numbers to about 100,000 words. When completed it would have been 200,000 words. This would have made it slightly longer than *Great Expectations,* which may be estimated at 160,000 words. *A Tale of Two Cities* runs to 143,000 words. *Edwin Drood,* while slightly longer than this, would have been very much shorter than the larger works of Dickens. *David Copperfield* has about 306,000 words; *Bleak House,* 308,000, and *Our Mutual Friend,* 297,000. All these are practically the same length. *Barnaby Rudge* is about 264,000 words.

To begin with *Bleak House,* which is one of the latest and most elaborate of

Dickens's stories. In the first half the characters arrive in crowds. There are in the first chapter ten or eleven. The second chapter brings My Lady Dedlock, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Mr. Tulkinghorn, and others. The third brings Esther Summerson and John Jarndyce, besides half a dozen more. The fourth brings us the Jellybys, with Mr. Guppy, and others. Krook and Nemo are the fresh arrivals in Chapter V; Mr. Harold Skimpole arrives in Chapter VI with the Coavinses. In Chapter VII there are six arrivals at least. Chapter VIII gives us the Pardiggles, Mr. Gusher, the brickmaker and family, and Jenny, his wife. In Chapter IX Mr. Lawrence Boythorn arrives alone; Chapter X gives us the Snagsbys, their predecessor, Peffer, the two prentices, and Guster, the servant. Miss Flite comes with Chapter XI, and along with her appear the young surgeon, the beadle, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Anastasia Piper, and a few more. Chapter XII brings Mlle. Hortense, maid to Lady Dedlock, Lord Boodle and his retinue, the Right Hon. William Buffy, M.P., and his retinue. Chapter XIII we have Mr. Bayham Badger, Mrs. Badger, and the former husbands of Mrs. Badger are recalled. Chapter XIV brings Mr. Turveydrop and his son, also Allan Woodcourt, the young surgeon, and we have mentioned the "old lady with a censorious countenance," and the late Mrs. Turveydrop. In Chapter XV we have Mrs. Blinder and the Neckett family; Chapter XVII Mrs. Woodcourt, mother of Allan; Chapter XIX Mr. and Mrs. Chadband; Chapter XX Young Smallweed and Jobling, alias Weevle; in Chapter XXI the Grandfather and Grandmother Smallweed, Judith Smallweed, Mr. George, trooper (Uncle George, Chapter VII), and Phil Squod of the Shooting Gallery. The great Mr. Bucket appears in Chapter XXII; Captain Hawdon is in Chapter XXVI. In Chapter XXVII we have the Bagnet family of five; in Chapter XXVIII there comes Volumnia Dedlock; Miss Wisk in Chapter XXX, and Liz in Chapter XXXI.

The end of the first half is now reached and the arrivals after that are few and unimportant. In Chapter XXXII no new character is brought on the stage, though there is talk about the noted siren, who assists at the Harmonic Meetings, and is announced as Miss M. Melvilleson, though she has been married a year and a half. In Chapter XXXIII it is mentioned that the "Sols Arms," a well-conducted tavern, is licensed to a highly respectable landlord, Mr. J. G. Bogsby. After that we have no new character till Chapter XXXVII, where



LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. DE QUINCEY'S HOUSE

we are introduced to Mr. W. Grubble, the landlord of that very clean little tavern, "The Dedlock Arms." Vholes is introduced by Skimpole as the man who gives him something and called it commission. Mr. Vholes has the privilege of supporting an aged father in the Vale of Taunton, and has a red eruption here and there upon his face. He has three daughters—Emma, Jane, and Caroline—and cannot afford to be selfish. In Chapter XXXVIII we meet Mrs. Guppy, "an old lady in a large cap, with rather a red nose, and rather an unsteady eye, but smiling all over." Then in Chapter XL

there are the cousins of Sir Leicester Dedlock. In Chapter XLIII Mrs. Skimpole and the Skimpole family are introduced, and in Chapter LIII Mrs. Bucket. It will be observed that some of these can scarcely be called new characters, and that not one is of any real importance, that is, so far as *Bleak House* is concerned. Dickens in the middle of his story had practically put every actor upon the stage. The story was to be developed by the characters to whom the reader had been introduced. It may be calculated that in the first half there are about one hundred and six characters of greater or less importance. In the second half there are, on the most generous computation, only sixteen, and not one of them plays a vital part in the development of the tale.

Our Mutual Friend may be dealt with more briefly. The book is remarkable for the profusion of characters in the first half. In the second chapter there are sixteen at least, including Mr. and Mrs. Veneering, Mr. and Mrs. Podsnap, Mortimer Lightfoot, Eugene Wrayburn, and John Harmon. The Wilfers come in Chapter IV; in Chapter V Silas Wegg and the Boffins, and almost every chapter adds to the company till we get to the middle. After that there is an abrupt cessation. There are not more than half a dozen new characters named in the second part, and all of them are wholly insignificant, the Deputy Lock, Gruff and Glum, the Greenwich pensioner, the Archbishop of Greenwich, a waiter, Mrs. Sprodgkin, the exacting member of the fold, and the Contractor of 500,000 power. In *Our Mutual Friend* every character of any significance has been introduced when the first half ends. The few stragglers who come later have practically no effect on the story. In *Little Dorrit* we have the old profuseness of characters; in the first half nearly one hundred and in the second half there are practically no new characters at all. Mr. Tinkler, the valet to Mr. Dorrit, and Mr. Eustace, the classical tourist, can hardly be counted. In Chapter XXI, "The History of a Self-Tormentor," we have Charlotte Dawes, the false friend, who vanished instantly and counts for nothing. Thus it may be said, taking the three long books of Dickens's greater period, that in each it was his manner to introduce no new characters of the least import in the second half of his books. But it may be worth while to glance at his practice in the shorter tales, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations*.

In the second half of the former book there are practically no new characters that can be traced. The epithet can hardly be applied to the President of the trial at the Conciergerie. It is now agreed that one of Dickens's most perfect books is *Great Expectations*. It is known also that Dickens complied with a suggestion of Lord Lytton's, which modified the plot—not seriously nor disagreeably. Here again in the second part we have very few fresh characters. We have the Colonel in Newgate introduced by Mr. Wemmick, but he is "sure to be assassinated on Monday." Let us not forget Miss Skiffins, a good sort of fellow, with a high regard both for Wemmick and the Aged. There is the retrospective Provis, but the characters introduced belong to the past. Finally, in Chapter XLVI, we have a pleasant glimpse of the Barley family and of Mrs. Whymple, the best of housewives and the motherly friend of Clara and Herbert. It is she who fosters and regulates with equal kindness and discretion their mutual love. "It was understood that nothing of a tender nature could possibly be confided to Old Barley by reason of his being totally unequal to the consideration of any subject more psychological than Gout, Rum, and Purser's Stores." These are all the books of which Claudius Clear made a close personal examination. He believes that the general result will be the same in all save two or three exceptional works, such as *Barnaby Rudge*, where the Gordon Riots are brought in contrary to Dickens's original intention. Whether he consciously acted on the principle that no new characters should be introduced after half the story was told Claudius Clear thinks it is impossible to say. It seems certain, however, that he acted upon it.



THE LATE ANDREW LANG

Andrew Lang and Bunner

"A gentleman among *canaille,*" was the way in which Andrew Lang referred to Edgar Allan Poe in one of his *Letters to Dead Authors.* He was always rather proud of the characterisation and believed honestly in its truth. There is an old story to the effect that once, in a London literary club, Mr. Lang was expressing himself vigorously to the late Henry Cuyler Bunner on the subject of American letters and men of letters. Bunner was not the man to take these remarks placidly. He had developed symptoms of a rabid Anglophobic nature, and the Englishmen he met seemed to be stepping on every sensitive nerve in his system. Having a pretty caustic tongue of his own he gave quite as good as was sent. Finally Lang, surprised and ruffled by the sturdy counter-attack, asked: "Well, Bunner, are there no Englishmen whom you like?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "there are three large classes. Those born in Scotland, those born in Ireland, and those who stay permanently in Westminster Abbey."

The Real Rebecca and Her Story

Not exactly new, but always worth while retelling, is the story of Rebecca Gratz, from whom Scott drew the portrait of that Rebecca who is possibly the most enduring of all his women characters. W. S. Crockett narrates it in *The Scott Originals,* a book which has just been issued in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. In one way, the origin of Rebecca is an exception to the general rule, for Sir Walter seldom went far afield for his characters. To confine oneself to *Ivanhoe,* the name Ivanhoe was suggested by an old rhyme: the tragic death of the Templar was founded on a death which took place in Scott's presence in the Edinburgh Parliament House. The name of Front-de-Bœuf was borrowed from a roll of Norman warriors occur-



REBECCA GRATZ

ring in the Auchinleck Manuscript. But Rebecca's *alter ego* belongs to America, a land seldom mentioned in the Waverley novels, and the story of that *alter ego* was told to Scott by the first great literary ambassador of the new world to the old, Washington Irving.

Irving went to Abbotsford in the autumn of 1817, and there spent several of the most delightful days of his life, rambling about the hills and streams, and listening to old tales told as no one but Scott could tell them. Scott was then forty-six, and in the brilliancy of his early fame; Irving was thirty-four, and just rising in his literary reputation by the favourable reception of his *Salmagundi* and the Knickerbocker *History of New York*. To the speedily ripening friendship between the two is owed the character of Rebecca. During one of their many talks on personal matters Irving confided to Scott an account of the great tragedy of his life—the death of his fiancée, Matilda Hoffman, and the beautiful devotion of her friend, Rebecca Gratz of Philadelphia. Matilda Hoffman was seized with consumption, and faded away in a single winter, dying in 1809 at the age of eighteen. Irving was then twenty-six. He lived forty-four years longer, treasuring her memory, sleeping with her Bible and Prayer Book beneath his pillow. After his death there was found in his home at Sunnyside a little repository of which no one but himself knew the secret. It was opened; a memorandum told the story of his sorrow, and there lay the picture of his betrothed; a braid of her golden hair, and a slip of paper, on which he had written "Matilda Hoffman."

Matilda Hoffman's closest friend, the ministering angel at her sick bed, was Rebecca Gratz. She was the daughter of Michael Gratz, a native of Upper Silesia, who had emigrated to America when a mere youth, and engaged in the business of supplying Indian traders with merchandise. Michael Gratz grew wealthy, married Miriam Symons, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and of his eleven children Rebecca was born on March 4, 1781, and lived to complete



THE GRAVE OF REBECCA GRATZ IN THE JEWISH BURIAL GROUND IN PHILADELPHIA

her eighty-seventh year. It was the story of her love romance and sacrifice as told by Washington Irving that captured Scott's imagination. She loved, but her religion rose up a barrier between her and every boon that the world could bestow. Loyal to the ancestral faith, she could not conscientiously marry one of a different creed. Like Irving, Rebecca Gratz lived the life of a celibate. She wedded herself to the most varied acts of philanthropy, and the rest of her career became one long chain of golden deeds. The whole spirit of the life of this noble Philadelphia Jewess is summed up in the words with which the daughter of Isaac of York bids farewell to Rowena in the last chapter of *Ivanhoe*.

Explaining an Anachronism

With very few exceptions it may be taken for granted that an author is never quite satisfied with his illustrator, or sure that the illustrator has given the proper attention to the text of the story. Dr. Cyrus Townsend is no exception to this rule. Some time ago he was shown a rare copy of the Bible illustrated with steel engravings. One engraving in particular was pointed out to him. It represented the children of Israel crossing the desert, the warriors wearing armour of the sixteenth century. "How could that have been?" was the puzzled question. "Very easy," rereplied Dr. Brady, sweetly. "As usual, the artist had not read the book."

An Exchange

It is very seldom that a contributor has anything to boast of after an encounter with Mr. Robert H. Davis, of *Munsey's*, but the other day we heard of a man in Memphis who recently exchanged shots with Mr. Davis and seems to have had rather the better of the exchange. This man submitted a story to *Munsey's*, and asked for a quick decision. A glance showed the tale to be an old friend. It originally appeared in the *Overland Monthly* under the title "The Luck of Roaring Camp." So Mr. Davis wrote:

My Dear Sir: We should be very glad to use this splendid story, but unfortunately Bret Harte had it copyrighted when he first wrote it, and his publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, who now own the copyright, would object, we fear, to your receiving money for it.

Naturally Mr. Davis thought that this would effectually close the episode. But he did not know the man in Memphis. Back came the reply:

Dear Mr. Editor: I have looked that matter up and I find that the story was first wrote



DR. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

in 1886 and the copyright has run out and you have a perfect right to pay me for it, and I hope to receive check by return mail.

This rather staggered Mr. Davis, but he tried again:

My Dear Sir: We are very glad to hear that the copyright on *The Luck of Roaring Camp* has expired. How very careless of Bret! However, I regret that it seems still impossible to pay you for this story, because I now recall that, when Bret Harte lay on his death bed, he made me promise that I would never, never buy and print a story of his that



ROBERT HALIFAX

had been previously bought and paid for elsewhere. I am very, very sorry.

There was a brief silence and then came this on a postcard: "You ought to be sorry. For making such a promise you are a damn fool."

Robert Halifax

Two or three American publishing houses are talking of a new discovery in the person of Robert Halifax, whose *Low Society* and *The Borderland* appeared in August, and whose *The Whistling Woman* is announced for this month. Mr. Halifax is described as one of the few novelists writing of low life who is not too busy writing and talking about that sort of life to see anything of it. "I can," he recently wrote, "go safely down London streets where policemen go in pairs and where a burglar, active or potential, stands on nearly every doorstep." Within a few minutes, in a London slum, Mr. Halifax saw a woman too eager to get her gin to notice the detail that the heavy swinging door of the saloon had crushed her baby's head like an egg-shell; then saw a man sell his boots for sixpence to guarantee the fee of a cheap doctor who, without the fee, had declined to visit the bootless man's neighbour.

On the Wrong Track

Mr. Percy Mackaye has published under the title of *Yankee Fantasies* five one-act plays concerning which the newspapers have had a good deal to say. The point which had been emphasised is their "literary quality." Most reviewers of Mr. Mackaye's plays speak of their "literary quality" in an awestruck manner, and hint that the only difficulty in the way of their production is that they overshoot the sordid standards of the present American stage. We have already offered in these columns our explanation of the matter. As a playwright Mr. Percy Mackaye seems to fall betwixt two stools, being too literary for the multitude, and too self-conscious in his "culture" to please the few. Moreover, of late years he has strangely confounded his aspirations with his abilities in attempting to write humorous plays. The woman—it must have been a woman and one with a very tender heart—who encouraged his playful beginnings, has much to answer for. No man would have achieved the awful kittenishness of *Mater* for example, if he had not been over-indulged in private life, if the home circle had not spared him the usual number of home thrusts. A good wife could have done much to prevent it. A



ROGER POCOCK, THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAN IN THE OPEN"

good wife would never have allowed Mr. Percy Mackaye to appear in public with so much as a twinkle in his eye. It is hard to define the embarrassing effects of his playfulness. A fellow-scribe has said that the impression it left on him was of a "sort of male archness." Perhaps this is near enough and it applies very well to a large part of *Yankee Fantasies,* as may be seen from the following passages in the play called "Chuck" in which Abel, the New England vagabond, leads his bride to the mound of a woodchuck who is to take the part of parson:

ABEL. Ain't he proper 'nough?

LETTY. Him? What for?

ABEL. Why, for the ceremony. He's the most expensive prophet in the county; when he jest stirs out and looks at his shadder, the market-folks tremble in their boots. But we ain't sparin' expense to-day, Letty. I've spoke our license from *him.* So now for the ceremony!

LETTY (*laughing for the first time—a happy,*



MR. AND MRS. JACK LONDON

hysterical young laugh). Ain't you funny, Chuck!

ABEL. Ssh! Not so loud. He'll stay and jine us, if we behave. He 'preciates my comin' without no gun. Now, do as I do. (*He tiptoes forward; she follows, holding his hand.*)

LETTY. Chuck, ain't you funny!

ABEL (*with a profound bow and boy-like flourish, addresses the woodchuck*). Reverend Mr. Wood—of the renowned family of Chucks—we, male and female, of your honour's own kin and communion, bein' nat'ral born sinners (and glad of it), poachin' in your honour's parish (off and on), for some twenty seasons (more or less), and havin' published our banns (from time to time), in the presence of chipmunks, woodcocks and water-wagtails, duly assembled therefor, do now respectfully petition your experienced worship to unite us, one t'other, in the blessin's of wedlock, accordin' to the ancient rites and ceremonies of orchard communities. Yours truly—Amen.

(*Abel now turns about, and assumes a low, guttural tone.*) Do you, boy, kiss this gal because ye love her?

(*In his own voice*) I do.

(*He kisses Letty. Then speaks again, guttural*) Do you, gal, kiss this boy because ye love him? (*He nudges Letty.*)

LETTY (*shyly*). I do (*She kisses Abel. Through the orchard the church organ begins to roll.*)

ABEL (*guttural*). Will you, boy, stick to this gal so long's ye love her?

(*In his own voice*) I will.

(*He hugs Letty, then speaks again, guttural*) Will you, gal, stick to this boy so long's ye love him?

LETTY (*in a low voice*) I will. (*She draws closer to him.*)

ABEL (*guttural*). Then do I now pronounce you, man-chuck and woman-chuck, *mates!* Kiss and be kind to the little chucks—Amen!

ABEL and LETTY (*together*). Amen.



WYNDHAM MARTIN, AUTHOR OF "ALL THE WORLD TO NOTHING"



ARTHUR TRAIN, AUTHOR OF "C. Q., OR IN THE WIRELESS HOUSE"

Mr. Mackaye professes a strong belief in the future of the one-act drama, instancing, on the one hand, the growing demand for one-act plays in college and school dramatics and, on the other hand, the growing popularity of the vaudeville "sketch." Moreover they afford a good chance for "creative experiment." He urges the founding of a "Studio



DELL H. MUNGER, AUTHOR OF "THE WIND BEFORE THE DAWN"

Theatre," which shall be devoted entirely to experiment in dramatic art.

Without such a specific working shop, fully equipped with the tools and interpreters of his art, and independent of immediate sales for his work, the scope and growth of the dramatist's art must remain limited by the conditions of speculative demand.

When, however, intelligent initiative shall have established such Studio Theatres, the American dramatist will be free to sketch and execute many quiet, quaint and lovely interpretations of our native environment now ignored.

He defines the five one-act plays in the present volume as "Yankee interpretations in the spirit of fantasy," and in the character of "Chuck" whom we have above quoted he tells us he has tried to "suggest through fantasy, the quaintness and surprisingness of truth." What they do suggest, however, is merely that their author is strangely unaware of his natural limitations. No Studio Theatre—nothing short of re-birth—can fashion him to airy and fantastic purposes.

Our Friend the "Lampoon"

We have had in mind for some time to call attention to the issue of the *Harvard Lampoon* of May 25th, which is designed in imitation of some of our most widely exploited magazines. Its cover, which is astonishingly familiar in its commonplaceness, carries a boast of "more than seventy million circulation weakly," and the back of the frontispiece is adorned with "A Prayer" by Old Mother Hubbard. The first article of the number is appropriately of a muckraking nature. It purports to deal with "The Truth About the Caviar Trust" and is written by Ray Under Taker. The editor's note at the beginning reads as follows:

Do you like to picnic in the woods? Are you a Sandwich Man? If so, you should read



PERCY MACKAYE

this plain, undiluted arraignment of the Caviar Trust. Mr. Taker has given here an incomprehensible view of the situation as he sees it. It is a serious one. The bull must be grasped by the horns. This Octopus has reached forth his talons to suck the life blood from the souls of the Ultimate Consumer. It has taken the bit in its teeth, and dealt a death blow to the Common People. It has ventured into the field of Politics, and there sown its wild oats. Mr. Voter, what are you going to do about it? Read this article and find out.

Passing over the poem "Pro Bono Publico," we come to the first instalment of a serial *Billings and Stover at Jail*, by Owing Johnson, with illustrations by Frederic R. Nouga. Then there is a poem entitled "Why," an architectural article with instructive plans on "A California Bungalow of Charm and Originality," a travel paper "Through the Eustachian Canal with Gun and Camera," and then another serial *The Yearning Point*, a "Story of Love and Absolutely Nothing Else," by Robert W. Sameness, illustrated by Dunster-Dana-Drayton. *The Yearning Point* is apparently in its second or third instalment and the editor has seen fit to give us the following delicious synopsis of the early chapters:



ARTHUR DRIBBLE, THE ONLY MAN TO PROSECUTE THE CAVIAR TRUST. HE IS NOW IN JAIL



TIARA

Jim Edgeless, a fascinating and well-dressed but penniless and useless aristocrat, has fallen in love successively with Coquette, Mrs. Amiss, Sliquette, and Tiara. Tiara is deeply entranced in turn by four millionaires, who are even more useless than Jim; but all this time there is really nobody but Jim. Any girl will explain how this is done. Sliquette loves young Pivott and one or two others. Mrs. Amiss loves anybody she can get her hands on. They are all on an endless house party, and do nothing but drink too much, gamble too much, write love letters to each other, and make love too much. This has been going on a long time. Nothing particular has happened yet.

The *Lampoon* apparently believes in the potency of names, for the next feature is "Burning Beeswax," a gruesome short story of the far north from the pen of Jack Undone. Then the drama has its turn with "A Chat with Tilly Touraine," by Gallon Ale, and other regular departments follow. We learn with interest that among prize winners in the "St. Nicholas League" are Theodore Roosevelt and William Bryan. Three surprising half-tones make the department curiosities an exceedingly attractive one; while "Under the Spreading Peanut Tree" contains anecdotes of the late Dr. Edward Everett Bumdoodle, Oliver Cromwell, Senator La Roulette and Mark Twain. The last anecdote has

all the marks of reality and verisimilitude.

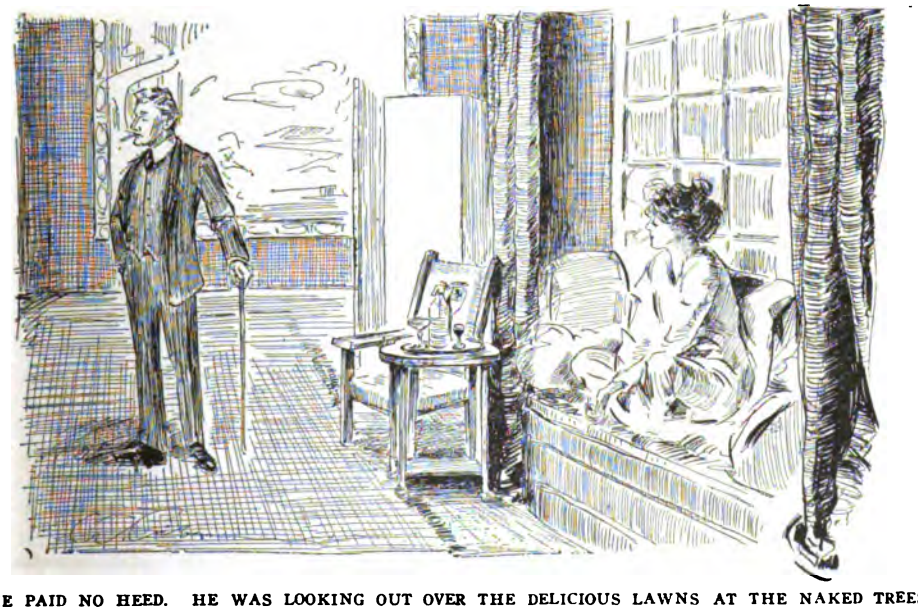
Mark Twain tells an amusing anecdote about himself, which happened while travelling through the southwestern part of Nevada. A lady came across the aisle and took a seat beside him. "Are you the great Mark Twain?" she asked. He looked at her with withering scorn for several minutes and then replied, "No, madam, I am not."

She blushed furiously and attempted to hide behind a seat, little dreaming of the joke which the famous humorist had played on her.

Who Richard Dehan Is

Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde who was, or were, so frequently reminded of the disadvantages of being two persons scarce had a harder time than Miss Clotilde Graves is having. For Miss Graves, long known as an Irish dramatist, is Richard Dehan, as it is now officially announced. Following the publication of Richard Dehan's *One Braver Thing* (*The Dop Doctor*). there was much speculation as to the identity of the author. Miss Graves was suggested by several journalists who have a habit of knowing whether authors write with machines or pens and other like bits of inside information. But not till the present, with the publication of *Between Two Thieves,* which is to be issued in September, has it been officially known that Miss Graves is also Mr. Dehan. *Between Two Thieves* is described as by far the largest and deepest thing the author has ever done. A leading character is Florence Nightingale, under the name of "Ada Merling."

Now, apparently, the theory of Miss Graves-Dehan is that Graves are Graves and Dehans are Dehans, and never the twain shall meet; but some of her former publishers think otherwise. A small English publisher has been threatening to bring out *Maids in a Market Garden,* —a minor book signed with Miss Graves' own name, and published some years ago,—as a book "by Richard Dehan." Miss Graves has written to the English press sharply protesting against any such proceeding. Miss Graves, as herself, is known as a capable playwright; author of such plays as *Nitocris;* the Drury Lane Pantomime *Puss in Boots; A*



"HE PAID NO HEED. HE WAS LOOKING OUT OVER THE DELICIOUS LAWNS AT THE NAKED TREES WATCHING MISS PIVOTT, MRS. AMISS, AND SILQUETTE, WHO HAD LAID ASIDE THEIR SMOKING AND DRINKING FOR THE MOMENT TO WANDER OVER THE EXPANSIVE TURF. AND AS HE STOOD THERE, FLUSH AFTER FLUSH SWEPT HIS FACE. HE LOVED THEM ALL, BUT HE WAS PERFECTLY USELESS—AND HE KNEW IT."

Mother of Three; A Tenement Tragedy, and others. Miss Graves's father was the late Major W. H. Graves of the Eighteenth Royal Irish Regiment; and she numbers admirals and deans among her ancestors.

A Passing Humbug

Beautiful as is the life of the average millionaire, he seldom shows to advantage when explaining to the young how they too may attain greatness. A few years ago that sort of advice constituted rather a formidable body of printed matter. Nowadays it seems, happily, to have shrunk and one seldom finds a whole book of it, though occasionally it flourishes in the magazines when rich folk "in the public eye" or people "in the forefront" tell their interviewers how by their mighty wills and hardy virtues they came to be the men they are. It looks as if our traditional books of success were passing. The book addressed to young men "on the threshhold" by some presumably successful elder, usually a compound of Polonius and Sam Slick, seems to have lost its charm. The time may come when even a country boy will no longer care to learn how John D. Rockefeller made himself. Yet only a few years ago there was apparently an eager demand for the autobiography of every goose who laid a golden egg. Some attribute this change to the prolonged assaults of the muckrakers, impairing the public confidence in millionaire homiletics. People now like to read the story of a millionaire's success told by some one other than himself. It may be less edifying but it is apt to be more piquant.

As one looks back on these success-books now they seem rather quaint than harmful. Probably they did not turn so many young men into scoundrels as might have been supposed, though if they turned them into anything it must have been into scoundrels. "Be practical, young man," these self-made writers used to say, and cut away everything in life that has no money in it. They were always drawing lessons for the young from their own early disadvantages. Start early at your job, young man, remain raw, illiterate, stone-blind, stone-deaf to everything that does not pay. Remember that great motto of success—All's well that sells well. It was the literature of the diamond shirt-stud and it gathered fast in our periodicals and in our books, especially in the goody-goody ones. Along with this frankly immoral advice, to be sure, went many pious platitudes, but they were usually of the limpest generality, freely admitting exceptions if the exceptions paid. Christian principles, said one old success-book we happen to recall, can often be used even in business, and with great moral boldness the writer added, "It may be better to deserve success than to attain it." Strive upward toward the light, young man, said another, choose the right and not the wrong. What you need, said a third in his helpful, concrete way, is individuality; grasp the handle of your being and you will get it. "Self-control is the first rung in the ladder of success." True words, but what hope in this world for the sort of young man who needed them? It is doubtful of course if young men took this advice seriously, for after all, the mind, if one has any, begins to sprout at an early age, and there are plenty of young things of twenty-one or so who are more than half-witted. Yet it did have some bad effects and few will regret that this particular body of humbug has diminished.

In the first place young men must have inferred the haphazard nature of the great rewards when they saw them falling to people who wrote in that manner; and in the second place their cocksure and flatulent old age must have shaken the faith of youth in the wisdom of years and experience. The contributions of the millionaire seemed to fall below even the modest standards of this literature, nonsense from him having the eloquence of his millions. Young men soon began to see that if they would get on in the world they had better waste no time in reading him. Lovable as the rich man always is, we did undoubtedly call him in too often to address the Sunday-school, and let him publish overmuch.

A Campaign Vade Mecum

In a small volume on *Reconstruction and Union,* published in the *Home University Library,* Dr. Paul Leland Haworth has performed with skill the dangerous feat of making our recent political history interesting. It runs from Appomattox straight down to the fateful moment when Colonel Roosevelt replied in February, 1912, to the appeal of the "seven little governors" that he would accept the nomination for the Presidency; and though compressed within two hundred and forty-five pages the narrative seems in no wise cramped, but freely written and easy to read. Of course the suspicion arises that if a present-day American historian is easy to read he does not know his business, for ever since Bishop Stubbs remarked that "the useful part" of his work was "hard reading" and "the readable part trifling," historical writers have carefully avoided any literary entanglements. Often the only sign by which a layman can tell a genuine bit of American historical scholarship is by its outward resemblance to the style of Stubbs. According to the high standard of the modern scientific historian, historical fact should be "as colourless as a fact of physics" and the writing of history should be free from all "taint of subjectivism"—meaning, we suppose, that the duty of an historian is to imagine he is a telescope and to write as if he were dead. Dr. Haworth falls far short of this. There is in him, we fear, the "taint of subjectivism," for in treating the history of the last ten years, he seems in his sympathies mildly Progressive. But if it is not history, it is very far removed from the fuss and fidgets of current journalism, and it would be a wise measure for any one who is at all inclined to take seriously the newspaper discussion of political issues to steady himself on the eve of the presidential campaign by reading it carefully. Not that it will fully satisfy the more ardent spirits on either side. For example, this passage on the Panama Canal will hardly please a thick-and-thin Rooseveltian—

> Grave difference of opinion existed as to our course in the matter. President Roosevelt justified his action on the ground of Colombia's mercenary conduct and her inability to preserve order. He contended that Colombia had no right "to bar the transit of the world's traffic across the isthmus" and argued that "intervention was justified by the Treaty of 1846, by our national interests, and by the interests of civilisation at large." To many his arguments were not conclusive, but Colombia had behaved in so unneighbourly a fashion and the prospect of a canal was so fascinating that the great body of Americans applauded the accomplished fact and did not care to scrutinise too closely the means by which it had been brought about.

On the other hand those who talk of the insolence of the labour union and tell how Roosevelt once basely surrendered to the demands of labour agitators will not approve this account of his mediation in the coal strike of 1902—

> Popular indignation flamed high against the monopolists; some ordinarily conservative men even advocated the seizure of the mines by the Federal Government under the right of eminent domain. A widespread appeal was made to the President to take some action that would give relief. Although realising that he had no legal authority in the matter, Roosevelt summoned representatives of both parties to Washington and appealed to them to sink personal considerations for the public good. Mitchell promptly offered to submit the issues to a tribunal which the President should name. The operators haughtily refused, and denounced the President for not having stopped the strike. Public anger and disgust proved so intense, however, that the operators soon found it expedient to reconsider and accept arbitration. Work was at once resumed in the mines, the suffering for the want of coal was quickly relieved, and the arbitration tribunal brought in a decision favourable in the main to the miners. The outcome greatly enhanced the President's influence among the people, but it did not increase his popularity among the representatives of predatory capital.

Nor will the brief unimpassioned account of President Taft's attitude toward the Progressives, "for the most part followers of Roosevelt," be at all pleasing

to those excellent but iterative citizens who never weary of saying, "The one thing for which I cannot forgive Roosevelt is the way he has treated President Taft." In short, a very useful summary, and taken in time it might arrest that intellectual putrefaction to which, as the political campaign approaches, most of the New York editorial writers are otherwise foredoomed.

VALE TERRA INCOGNITA

A Ballade of Adventure

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

Ptolemy's chart has long been spanned:
Shoulder to shoulder are East and West;
Few are the acres of No Man's Land;
The sea is a storm-cleansed palimpsest.
Venture's magical alkahest
Resolves to fact each mystic zone.
Where are the Islands of the Blest?
Where shall we seek the Great Unknown?

Earth yields her secrets to brave demand:
Since Magellan first her girdle possessed,
Rare is the desert, peak or strand
Which Daring's name does not invest.
Columbus, Drake, La Salle attest
That Mystery some time has flown
Far from her awesome western nest—
Where shall we seek the Great Unknown?

Peru still bears Pizarro's brand;
Da Gama made of the Cape a jest;
Stanley has pierced beyond the Rand;
Cook made port on Hawaii's breast.
The guarded Poles could not arrest
Peary and Amundsen; now prone
Are the last prized Grails of Interest—
Where shall we seek the Great Unknown?

Prince of Adventure, name us a quest!
Tell us your Knights of the Rolling Stone,
Slaves of your Overlord, Unrest,
Where shall we seek the Great Unknown?



LITERARY MUNICH

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

WHEN a city becomes the centre of an intellectual interest some strong personality of national ambitions is usually the nucleus around which other forces crystallise. Bavaria had such a personality some sixty years ago in King Maximilian II. Inspired by the ideal of a modern national art, he not only encouraged architecture, sculpture and painting, but summoned to Munich some of Germany's most prominent writers. An interesting group they were: Paul Heyse, poet and novelist; Emanuel Geibel, the mastersinger of innocuous sentiment in insinuating word music; Friedrich Bodenstedt, who gave the Germans a taste of Omar and Bidpai, Hermann Lingg, the last in whom the tradition of the great epic survived; Franz Dingelstedt, clever opportunist, drifting from court to court; Adolf Friedrich, Count von Schack, poet and art lover, to whom Munich owes its best collection of modern paintings, and others.

The group bore the stamp of an aristocracy of letters, and with the exception of some novels of Heyse, and lyrics by Geibel, its work did not penetrate the people's consciousness. They are all dead now, except the octogenarian Heyse, recently the subject of friendly and unfriendly comment as the recipient of the Nobel prize. He still on Saturday afternoons receives in his home in the Luisenstrasse. There, at the tea-table, presided over by his handsome matronly wife, the writer met him, somewhat fatigued from the celebration of his birthday, which had brought him letters and guests from far and near. He chatted pleasantly about those friends, among them Paul Lindau, the literary gamin of his generation, Ludwig Ganghofer, and



M. G. CONRAD

others. Some phases of the modern literary development were touched upon: the theatrical experiments of Reinhardt, the pseudo-classicism of Hofmannsthal, the decline of the poetic drama, as the actors neglect the art of poetic diction. There was a delightful simplicity and dignity in his manner. The writer had once been under the spell of "Kinder der Welt" and "Im Paradiese," in which he struck a note new at the time, and understood the charm his personality must have exerted in the period of his prime. But there was the feeling also that a different epoch and a different environment would not appreciate it.

For the aloofness of Heyse and his colleagues from the great mass of humanity struggling about them, determined the narrow confines of their influence. The new wave of thought that swept over Germany thirty years ago brought with it a democratic ideal. The young generation discovered the æsthetic possibilities of the "common people" and clamoured for a vitalisation of art through close contact with the realities of life. In 1886 Michael Georg Conrad founded in Munich the first periodical seceding from the old traditions: *Die Gesellschaft.* Young independents who had heard the voice of Nietzsche and had read Zola, flocked about him and set out to revise the Mosaic decalogue and the Aristotelian æsthetics. Conrad was the battering-ram in the fight against a literature skimming only the surface of polite society and ringing with a pathos based upon ready-made rhetoric.

The fight was won and is now a matter of history. Many of Conrad's fellow-champions have since succumbed to the stress and the pace of the new life, among them Hermann Conrad, whose *Songs of a Sinner* were the most passionate and sincere expression of the disastrous conflicts of the period; Ludwig Jacobowski, Conrad's successor on the *Gesellschaft;* Heinrich Hart, who did not live to complete his colossal epic, *Lied der Menschheit,* and more recently Otto Julius Bierbaum, whose Rabelaisian humour and naked insolence were relieved by a touch of Anacreontic grace. But Conrad survived them and when he comes from his home on the outskirts to some public gathering in Munich his



PAUL HEYSE

robust figure with the strong head still dominates his environment. No one can see him in his velvet coat and soft slouch hat at a lecture by Berhaeren in the "Neue Verein," without recognising a personality towering far above that conventionally elegant audience which was hardly ready to appreciate the Belgian's message: "La Culture de l'Enthousiasme." For the attitude of Germany's intellectuals is either *nil admirari* or mutual admiration within national and racial boundary lines. Yet what could the new generation thirty years ago have accomplished without the enthusiasm of men like Michael Georg Conrad and Karl Henckell?

For Henckell, too, was in that audience, he who coined for those modernists the term "Gründeutschland"—most appropriate since they were mostly men barely out of the university. As the au-



Portrait by Adolf Eckstein

KARL HENCKELL

thor of one of the prefaces to their first collective lyrical utterance, *Moderne Dichter-Charaktere,* he was as closely identified with the movement as any of them. But Henckell is essentially an eclectic appreciator and never allowed himself to be dogmatically guided by their programme. At the head of a publishing business of brief duration but ideal policies, he brought out admirably comprehensive collections of the world's poetry, *Sonnenblumen* and *Buch der Freiheit,* in which he introduced to German readers Ada Negri and other foreign poets mostly through translations of his own. He has never courted more remunerative literary work and has remained true to his calling and his ideals. Not a native, though a thoroughly naturalised citizen of Munich, he forms an independent link between extreme factions and keeps aloof from petty personal



Portrait by Adolf Eckstein

ERNST ROSMER

squabbles and professional jealousies that have taken the place of the greater issues of the past. A little portly of figure and bearing, Henckell has an air of perennial youthfulness and a touch of refined sybaritism. His latest books of verse, *Im Weitergehen* and *Ein Lebenslied,* reflect his well-poised personality and a temperament susceptible to subtleties of mood and manner.

Like Henckell, the woman most intimately affiliated with "Gründeutschland," Frau Anna Croissant-Rust, is not a native of Munich, but has lived there for many years. Heartily approving of the movement, she was an early contributor to its periodicals. One of the first in whom the social conscience was awakened to an understanding of the vital problems that daily confront the "common people," she applied the naturalistic principle in her stories of Bavarian peasants and Munich factory workers. She outgrew its extreme manifestations, for she has true artistic feeling, poetic sentiment and an exquisite sense of humour. But her personal relations with the new school are as close as ever. The writer



MARIA JANITSHEK

found her in her delightfully quiet rural home in Pasing, opposite the house once occupied by Bierbaum and his Italian wife. Her well-shaped head with the finely chiselled features was familiar to me through the portrait by Kreidolf, one of Munich's most interesting artists. But neither brush nor camera can convey the expression of her eyes. They are the eyes of one who has seen the suffering of mankind and from her wide experience has gleaned profound understanding and sympathy. She had just been reading that monumental novel by Grete Meisel-Hess, *Die Intellektuellen,* and before long we plunged into a discussion of the relative merits of Ellen Key, the Swedish, and Frau Meisel-Hess, the German champion of sexual reform through maternity protection, whom she considers by far the more logical and lucid thinker of the two. For it is impossible in the intellectual circles of Germany today not to touch a topic that barely looms upon the horizon of the Anglo-Saxon world, but is the subject of scientific investigation and economic interest in the empire which needs a large population for its colonial and military schemes and sees its birthrate at a stand-



RICARDA HUCH

still. Moreover, the problem of love and marriage had entered largely into the private life of members of the group who attempted to live their vague theories of reform, and the hostess gave glimpses of the sordid tragedies which the unwritten history of that generation holds. But she has also a rich store of amusing reminiscences of the tumultuous period when even harmless meetings of the literary secession were not safe from interference by the police.

For however strongly the individualistic trend of German thought tends toward segregation, the Germans love to congregate and organise for various purposes, from the Turnverein and Männerchor, dear to the German in America, to the innumerable societies with a varying intellectual programme which prove what the Germans themselves call their "Vereinsmeierei." Munich has had and still has a fair share of them. Josef Ruederer, Munich-born and bred, whose racy, trenchant pen traces the portrait of his city in a most illuminating little book, gives vivid pictures of these features of its literary life. From the time when Heinrich Ritter von Reder, colonel in the Bavarian army and singer of stirring lyrics was tippling with Geibel in the "Krokodil," a number of places where people meet over a glass of beer or a bottle of wine have become famous as the haunts of Munich poets. There were the "modern evenings" in the "Isarlust," the "Nebenregierung" in a resort of the Adalbertstrasse, the "Elf Scharfrichter" in the Türkenstrasse, the "Boul' Mich'" of Munich's Latin Quarter, and others. But what is more plastic and subject to change than Bohemia? Even since the publication of Ruederer's book in 1907 its physiognomy has changed. The "Simplizissimus" in the Türkenstrasse is still toward midnight the rendezvous of writers and artists, especially of Roda-Roda and others of the staff of the weekly of the same name, but there is less genuine, whole-hearted abandon to the spirit of play, which made the gatherings of Munich's intellectuals so delightful in former times even to the stranger and mere onlooker. The famous Café Stephanie in the Ludwigstrasse presents as great a variety of racial and professional types as one can meet under one roof, but it is more a centre of poseurs than of producers. The Neue Verein has pretty nearly succeeded in gathering into its fold the numerous groups, but its meetings are rarely of an unceremonious social character and their apparently placid surface is sometimes disturbed by nagging and squabbling, the besetting national vices.

Perhaps Josef Ruederer is one of the victims of the spirit of petty intrigue rampant in the literary world of Munich —as other places. Although his art is deeply rooted in the native soil and comes under the head of the now so



Portrait by Louis Held

HELENE BÖHLAU

popular "Heimatskunst," his stories and his plays are not as popular as they deserve to be. His "Schmied von Kochel," based upon an episode in the city's history, had only a brief run and an earlier work, *Fahnenweihe,* which was to be played last season, was withdrawn after dress rehearsal when a dispute caused "illness" of a leading man. Perhaps Ruederer knows his Munich too well and the mordant satire and grim pathos of his book are only too well justified.

Other dramatists of the new school were more successful. Ernst Rosmer, whose name the writer first met in the *Neue Musenalmanach* edited by Bierbaum in the nineties, had written some problem plays before the poetic drama *Königskinder* established her position in German letters and the opera by Humperdinck made her the most widely known of women dramatists. She is of Austrian descent but a child of Munich. Her father was Heinrich Porges, the ar-



Portrait by Von E. O. Hoppé

GEORG HIRTH

dent champion of Wagner, and her husband is Dr. Max Bernstein, a prominent lawyer and himself a playwright. In her attractive apartment in the Briennerstrasse, the writer had an interesting talk with her, and the literary personality became a human reality. It was the author of *Dämmerung,* that intensely gripping and intimately subtle drama of father, daughter and the "other woman," who said:

It is the indefinite and inexpressible that has the greatest influence upon us, even as in education what merely dawns upon our subconsciousness and cannot be said is of utmost importance.

Her interest in music has doubled since her daughter has decided to make it her profession and promises to become an excellent violinist, and speaking of women composers she had known, she remarked:

They all lack something—perhaps counterpoint. But they are only the humus preparing the soil for those to follow.

Frau Bernstein is a tall, well-built blonde with a rather pale, sensitive face, dresses with exquisite taste, and made a charming picture at the tea-table, at which were assembled Countess Baudissin, a gifted novelist, Baroness Gumppenberg, wife of the brilliant satirist Hanns von Gumppenberg, Fräulein Studeny, an Austrian violinist, and Mrs. Galston, the handsome Russian wife of the English pianist, who is to tour America this season, herself an excellent musician. Frau Bernstein is a bright talker and a sympathetic listener, and understands the art of making others talk. This gift no less than her varied interests have made her home a centre of intellectual life in Munich.

If the home of Ernst Rosmer, the dramatist, has a touch of worldliness about it, that of Helene Böhlau, the novelist, has an atmosphere of world-remoteness. Far out in Schwabing near the Englische Garten lives that remarkable woman, whose quaint humour has endeared her to the readers of her stories of old Weimar, and whose spiritual insight has given her problem novels a haunting vitality few works of fiction possess. Matronly in figure, simple in dress, natural and genuine in manner, her appearance agreed perfectly with preconceived notions of that broad-minded, whole-souled woman. She has told the singular romance of her life in her last book, *Isebies,* how she, the daughter of a family since the days of Goethe prominent in the intellectual life of Weimar, left home and parents when a mere girl to follow the man of her choice to Turkey, where he, unable to obtain a divorce from his Catholic wife, was naturalised, and as Omar al Raschid Bey became her husband. A scholar deeply versed in Eastern thought, he devoted himself to a philosophy of life based upon old Sanscrit wisdom and when he had finished his work, died. The book has just appeared under the title *Das hohe Ziel der Erkenntniss* and is considered a valuable contribution to a monastic reading of life.

Frau Böhlau's wide human sympathy soon gave our conversation a spontaneity and intimacy usually reached only after some acquaintance. Even before she knew my international antecedents and cosmopolitan leanings she remarked:

"It should be an ideal position to stand outside of all boundary lines and feel cosmopolitan."

She has a country home and would live there all the year around but for the education of her son is putting off that move; and when she was told that not a few professional men and women of America are haunted by the *Three Acres and Liberty* ideal, she said thoughtfully: "Yes, even the international cosmopolitan, apparently at home everywhere, is fundamentally a home-creature."

The startling similarity of certain strata of society all over the world was discussed, and she remarked that differentiation really begins with those who live outside of the narrow confines of Philistia. The subject of the drama turned up and called forth remarks which sound like rank heresies in our stage-struck days; Frau Böhlau calls the actor's art the crudest of all, make-up, costume, pose, everything about it being still in a barbarous stage.

Ricarda Huch, whose historical and critical studies of German romanticism

and the Italian Risorgimento have given her a reputation as a scholar, while her fiction and her poetry have won a small circle of warm admirers, lives with her daughter in a "Gartenhaus" in the Kaulbachstrasse of literary tradition, just back of the university. It is so far removed from the street that its atmosphere reflects her own aloofness from the commonplace traffic of the week-day world. Her personality, too, suggests the elusive qualities of her stories: intellectual distinction and poetic grace. If one did not know that she was twice married and twice disappointed in her choice—Munich being small and even the stranger promptly initiated into the private history of its celebrities—one would not credit her with a deep emotional life. For her North-German temperament holds her in leash and has given her a reserve which forms something like an armour about her real self. It is her poetry, concentrated in essence, condensed in form, yet revealing hidden sources of emotional and imaginative fervour, that most directly mirrors her character, unless one chooses to trace it in her heroines, like herself patricians by birth and breeding, but poets at heart.

Few women writers of Germany equal Isolde Kurz in a liberal reading of life, mature judgment and refined taste. She keeps aloof from the contemporary current of German life. She regrets the change that has come over her country since the Franco-German war. She said that the delirium of military glory and material power have bred conceit and dimmed the critical judgment. Talent is abundant in the young generation, but it is undisciplined. The organs of creative production are there, the tools—but the result is hopeless floundering. People are too willing to discard old cultural values for political victories. Yet there was no touch of pessimism in these melancholy reflections. The author of the *Florentinische Novellen,* masterpieces of fiction, and of the narrative poem *Die Kinder der Lilith,* impressed one as a thoroughly modern woman of a philosophical turn of mind, humanitarian sympathies and an uncompromising character.

No personality identified with modern German drama has been more widely discussed than the actor-author Frank Wedekind. With *Frühlings Erwachen —Spring's Awakening*—the tragedy of puberty which has been badly translated into English and is to be played in New York this season, began the long line of his works, showing such tendency toward exaggeration of matter and manner, that it was difficult to fathom his ethical point of view or his æsthetical motives. At times he seems a Teutonised G. B. S., at others a cynical Mephistopheles, and at all times a poseur. After the meeting in the "Rathskeller," arranged by Henckell, who has little in common with him and yet is his close friend, the writer revised her notions of the man and even her opinions of his work. For his manner was serious, entirely unaffected and of a spontaneous frankness which sometimes seemed almost naïve. He plies one with questions which show an open and alert mind, and whatever he says bears the stamp of sincerity. An ardent believer in the "cultural mission" of the Germans, he ascribes to their influence whatever America has achieved, especially in literature. Under the impression that the Germans outnumber all other foreign elements in the United States, he was amazed when he heard of the enormous proportion of Jews and Italians. He admitted that the antagonism between Germany and America, artificially bred by a part of the German press, is due to Germany's unwillingness to recognise in America a rival, just as it resents recognising merits in a Frenchman, because France is the arch enemy. That Verhaeren and Maeterlinck have a certain measure of success in Germany he attributes to their Flemish origin. But he did not fail to add: "After all, what is there in the works of either that has not been said before by German poets?"

All this was said quietly and simply, with no attempt at smartness or at cudgelling by argument. The greatest surprise came when his wife, who appears with him in his plays, turned the conversation to woman suffrage. Judging from the characters he gives his heroines one expected him to be a rabid anti-feminist, and yet he listened with defer-

ence, even when Frau Erika said woman suffrage would eventually come and bring great changes, not the least among them the curbing of man's craze for military conquest.

Many more men and women of national repute make Munich their residence. At the home of Karl Henckell and his wife in Bodenhausen the writer met Norbert Jacques and his bride. Jacques has only two or three books to his credit, but is considered among the most promising of late arrivals. He is now on a voyage around the world and is likely to write a fascinating book of travel, for he is an individual observer and has an admirably plastic style. Schwabing, the Latin Quarter beyond the Academy, is the home of Friedrich Freksa, the author of *Sumurûm,* and the husband of Margarete Beutler, who some years ago in a volume of verse gave eloquent utterance to the message of Ellen Key and Grete Meisel-Hess. Tutzing is now the home of Maria Janitschek, whose poetry, full of a strange symbolism and rich colour, struck a new note, and whose early stories of lives engaged in the struggle of the soul against the bondage of the senses still occupy a place by themselves. Lily Braun, too, is a resident of Munich: once identified with Ethical Culture, then Socialist propaganda, she now writes memoirs of documentary value. There is also Max Halbe, the dramatist, whose *Youth* and *Mother Earth* have been announced for American production. There is Alexander von Gleichen Russwurm, a descendant of Schiller and student of social customs and manners. There is Hanns von Gumppenberg, dramatist and satirist, who has written the most clever parodies upon contemporary German verse and is editing a black-and-white magazine, *Licht und Schatten.* There is Ludwig Thoma, the portraitist of the Bavarian peasant and the Munich bourgeois. And there is Dr. Georg Hirth, brother of Columbia's professor of Chinese, the founder of *Jugend,* a magazine which revolutionised the art of illustration in Germany and influenced even American cartoonists. Dr. Hirth himself is an embodiment of youth and a strong personality. He entertains lavishly and on his birthday—the seventieth I think—presented every contributor with his photograph and autograph.

Lastly there is the phalanx of redoubtable pens which Albert Langen, the publisher and son-in-law of Björnsen attached to the staff of his periodical of protest, *Simplizissimus.* Its fearless denunciation of political, moral and other conventional lies of the government and of society, its audacious heresies in every domain of thought, made it the mouthpiece of a radical opposition. Confiscation of the paper and incarceration of the editors were frequent in the earlier years of its existence. But it could not be "squelched." Its cartoonists still furnish a commentary of contemporary history in daring caricatures. Its writers represent the same spirit. When Gustav Meyrink, whose symbolical, whimsical, unique sketches were first published by Langen, says, that he wishes to own a letter-box that can be "flushed," he drastically characterises the work of Thoma, Roda-Roda, Dr. Owlglass and his own. For their robust humour and acrid satire act like a strong disinfectant, offensive and perhaps corrosive, but radically cleansing. The brain "flushed" by their writings can harbour no mold or dust, cobwebs or microbes.

It is a far cry from these outposts of present-day radicalism to the well-poised, pacific survivor of a conservative past. But "in our Lord's zoo" (which is the title of a clever book by Anna Croissant-Rust), there is surely room enough for the Hevses as well as the Mevrinks.



FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

An extract from a personal letter bearing an Indianapolis postmark

Every month Riley frets and stews because he can't get his BOOKMAN on time.

Now this is a bouquet which we think very worth while printing. The memory of it should cheer and stimulate through the pleasant autumn days "when the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock."

II

Couched in a somewhat less enthusiastic tone is the letter from Rahway, New Jersey, on the familiar stationery of Miss Carolyn Wells. Last month we printed a good natured little paragraph to the effect that an anecdote that was being used by the publisher of Miss Wells's latest book—latest at the exact moment of writing—was not exactly new. Miss Wells writes:

Do you suppose for a minute that I am responsible for that old story's continued cropping up? Do you suppose I like to pay my clipping bureau five cents every two or three days for a copy of that fool yarn in the Jay Corner's Battle Cry of Freedom? And don't you suppose that I hold Dodd, Mead and Company solely responsible for its ubiquity. For they are the only ones who ever received my MSS. that way, and they started it! So there now! Now then, to get even. I've contracted to write a serious, wise, sapient and exhaustive treatise of instruction as to how to write a detective story. This is no foolery, but the real thing, and will be published with due gravity. I am studying all the pertinent lore I can find, but of your courtesy, won't you tell me of any book or article you may know of that would interest me. Also, do you know of any worth-while detective authors in French or German (or other tongue) who have never been translated? Also, is *The Woman in White* a detective story? And have you a complete index of THE BOOKMAN that would show any helpful articles on this subject that may, can, or must have appeared in its often erudite pages?

First we offer the *amende honourable*, and then proceed to a consideration of the questions which Miss Wells asks. We fear that we can give Miss Wells no practical assistance whatever in the matter of good detective stories of continental origin that have not yet been translated. Judging from the bulk of translations of recent years we should say that any European author who escapes must be superlatively bad. In our opinion Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White* is most emphatically not a detective story. By a stretch of the imagination *The Moonstone* might be called one. In reply to the last question we beg to call Miss Wells's attention to an article entitled "The Detective in Fiction," which appeared in THE BOOKMAN for May, 1902.

III

The following letter comes from Buffalo, New York:

You had one keen reader in Buffalo of your article "H. C. Bunner and His Circle" in the June BOOKMAN. Bunner is an especial passion of mine. His short story, "The Third Figure of the Cotillion" is a positive gem, and Bunner seems to me to have been ten years ahead of his time in the short story art.

In his *Made in France* he speaks of the dearth of good translations of Maupassant. He mentions one Sturgis as the best at that time. Would it be too much trouble for you to send me the name or names of translators of the Frenchman whom you regard as the best. I hope some time to buy all of Maupassant, and do not want to get hold of such a book, for instance, as I struck about a year ago, purporting to be a translation of Daudet's *Tartarin of Tarascon*. It was positively incoherent.

If there has been any discussion of the matter of translators of the Frenchman in the past, will you kindly refer me to it if conveniently possible.

In one way or another we have heard a great deal from that article about "H. C. Bunner and His Circle." The article was planned because we felt that Bunner had never had his full meed of appreciation, and because we believed that there existed a very discriminating though perhaps a small audience that would be keenly interested in the paper. Since publishing it, however, we have come to the conclusion that the audience

is a much larger one than we had supposed. Guy de Maupassant has not yet had a Jeremiah Curtin, a Frank Vizetelly or a Catherine Prescott Wormeley—in other words, a translator of distinct personality—to present his books to the English reading world. As a matter of fact it was only a few years ago that the first attempt was made to present a complete edition of De Maupassant in English. Before that there were, of course, Bunner's highly sympathetic adaptations and various translations of such well known tales as "The Necklace." There are now one or two editions of De Maupassant in English that are not positively bad, but on the other hand they are nothing astonishing. In March and April, 1911, THE BOOKMAN published papers on "The Best Translations," by Mr. Calvin Winter. In the second of these papers our Buffalo correspondent will find something about translations of the modern Frenchmen including Guy de Maupassant.

IV

From the United States Navy Pay Office at Manila, Mr. David Potter, the author of *The Eleventh Hour,* writes to take up the cudgels in behalf of certain neglected fellow-novelists.

I cannot tamely submit to the silences of your "Invasion of Africa," in the September BOOKMAN. That number has only just come under my eye, and thus a certain invidious suppression has only now become known to me.

Sir, why forbid to Dr. Mayo and his *Kaloolah* that section of the map north of Mr. Harold Bindloss and east of Captain Marryatt—inclining whither the Mountains of the Moon once loomed portentous in our "jogerfy" books? Surely, pre-emption dating not merely from the last generation, but from the one before that, gives Mayo some right to "prove up" his claim!

Kaloolah? Why, sir! without that charming daughter of the Framazug and her redoubtable "Jon'than" Romer, the stories of Rider Haggard—those inimitable "extravagances" you refer to—would never have been possible. If you don't think so, re-read *Kaloolah* and see for yourself.

Alas! I'm used to having the idylls of my youth not only shattered, but forgotten. Where is "Frank Forester" and where "Frank Fairleight"? And where are the Melvilles—American Herbert of the South Sea Isles, and British G. Whyte of Melton-Mowbray and the Midlands? These may disappear, if they must, but when it comes to African orientation, I cannot consent to allow William Starbuck Mayo to be "wiped off the map"!

From Chicago comes another attempt to reopen a once more or less celebrated case. We do not in the least question the sincerity of Mr. Samuel Eberly Gross and his supporters, but from the proofs submitted to us we certainly have seen no evidence of that rare talent which created *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *L'Aigon* as they were presented to the world.

About two years have passed since previous correspondence concerning the status of Edmund Rostand in the literary world. Your publication still salutes him as a true poet, and an ornament of literature.

He is, in fact, a perhaps insane philogist, playwright, symbolist and an out-and-out plagiarist.

I possess adequate proofs of his plagiarism. His "Cyrano," "L'Aiglon" and "Chantecler" teem with the literary and dramatic expressions of Samuel Eberly Gross.

Two years ago you examined the showing made by an attorney of Mr. Gross. (This attorney never knew any French.) You courteously declined to examine proofs which I offered to send. You exculpated Rostand—as all the American *literati* have done. It still remains, I believe, that all these expose their lack of true knowledge of the case.

Should you, at any time, yourself desire to *know* that Rostand is a literary pirate, pure and simple, I shall be able and willing to place sufficient proofs under your observation.

1. I have an extended critique of Rostand.
2. An article accompanied by 100 parallels—of words, characters, situations.
3. A quadruple showing of 65 examples extending through the three French plays.

I studied the case three years. It may remain, outside of Shakespeare, the *cause célèbre* in literature.

VI

The following came some time ago from a writer whose address is 40 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris, France:

Having assimilated the article entitled "'Twice-Told Tales' of the Magazines" in the January number of THE BOOKMAN, I have

induced myself to tell for the first time an anecdote which shows clearly, to me, at least, that there are two sides to the story-robbing fence. This letter is not written with any vaporous hope of seeing it in print; it is written to ask whether you or the author of your article are aware that cases like that which I am about to relate spring up in the writing world as a sort of counter-poison to the cases given in your article.

When I was at the ambitious but green age of sixteen I conceived the idea that I could write stories. I was imaginative; plots flocked through my head which I ached to put upon paper and publish. My short-story technique was just about what might be expected of your average schoolboy of sixteen; however, as my ignorance of technique was accompanied by an equal ignorance of the fact that technique was necessary, I put my plots upon paper and had them typewritten. The one which, in my opinion, was the best, I sent to one of the greatest "popular story" magazines in New York—and awaited results.

Now the plot of this story was original, fantastic, highly imaginative—a plot of value, as I now realise. Its presentation on paper was formless—something in the nature of a detailed story-synopsis. Two weeks passed, and it was returned (quite naturally) with the usual rejection slip. Three or four months passed. One day I chanced to buy the latest copy of that magazine. Lo! an alluring title, a garniture of introductory dialogue and colouring with crime and cross-purposes, and then my story—not word for word, please understand, but my plot—detail for detail! And that magazine was (and is) one of the great magazines admitted to the most select company on the newsstands.

Like the writer of your January article, I am inclined to look askance at coincidence in these cases. I am far more inclined to look squarely in the face the fact that there are, even in the editorial rooms of the reputable magazines, readers who also write—*and revise*.

No proof of the foregoing statements exist, or ever has existed, except my undated manuscript, and the number of the magazine in which the published story appeared. The manuscript was never, before or after, submitted to another magazine; and the only other person who had seen it was the uneducated girl who typewrited it in my presence.

Will you admit that there are two sides to the story-robbing fence?

VII

In his article on "Kentucky and Tennessee" in "The South in Fiction" series Mr. Isaac F. Marcossen made the curious mistake of alluding to James Lane Allen's King Solomon of Kentucky as "this black hero." That was a good many months ago, and yet hardly a week passes in which the mail bag does not contain a letter calling attention to the error, a tribute to the enduring qualities of Mr. Allen's little story. Some of the correspondents have been older residents of Lexington and recalled King Solomon himself and his house on South Limestone Street. Here is one of these letters in part.

King Solomon was not a negro. In the dramatic story which has preserved the fame of King Solomon and written his name high on the roll of heroes is this description of the vagrant who was sold as a slave: "He was apparently in the very prime of life—a striking figure, for nature at least had truly done some royal work on him. Over six feet in height, erect, with limbs well shaped and sinewy, with chest and neck full of the lines of great power, a large head thickly covered with long reddish hair, eyes blue, face beardless, complexion fair but discoloured by low passions and excesses—such was old King Solomon."

The writer has often seen the portrait of King Solomon painted from life by General S. W. Price, and its memory adds form and colour to Mr. Allen's description.

It is part of the pathos of the story that a white man who had buried his wife and child, in his loneliness and heart hunger, began to drink and gradually sank lower and lower until he was sold for vagrancy to a "free nigger."

VIII

Some time ago a correspondent signing the initials C. W. J. wrote to ask about the origin of the familiar line "He that runs may read." C. W. J. ascribed it to Tennyson. Amelie Troubetskoy (Amelie Rives) has since written to THE BOOKMAN tracing the line back to the following verse of Habakkuk:

And the Lord answered me and said, write the vision and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.

SOME ANGLO-AMERICAN MEMORIES

BY C. M. FRANCIS

Mr. Smalley's Memories—American Speech-makers

There is a passage in Mr. G. W. Smalley's new series of *Anglo-American Memories* which will go far toward justifying those British satirists who burlesque the oratorical habits of Americans. He thinks the instance he cites is so extreme that his English friends will find it incredible, but if they have read their own writers on America they will hardly be surprised. From *Martin Chuzzlewit* down to the very latest book of Max Beerbohm's and G. K. Chesterton's American characters in British fiction are apt to display a fondness for speech-making in inappropriate circumstances. Mr. Smalley describes a dinner given at the house of Mr. Carnegie in honour of Mr. Morley —"not large enough to be called public, but yet not private." Twenty-two persons were at the table, among whom were several who had distinguished themselves as writers and editors. Mr. Carnegie being ill, his wife took his place but rose when the dinner was over and asked Mr. Richard Watson Gilder to preside.

In front of each guest lay an engraved extract from some book or other writing of Mr. Morley; each quotation different, but each with an engraved request that the guest would take the passage before him as the text of his speech. Mr. Gilder and Mr. Morley alone were free to talk on what they liked. Mr. Gilder—as if he were Mr. Charles Frohman—presented Mr. Morley in a few words chosen with the scholastic care characteristic of Mr. Gilder. Then Mr. Morley, not wholly free from embarrassment, spoke rather briefly but, as ever, weightily and, as ever, expressing the thought which was his own in that language of literature from which neither politics nor society ever wholly withdraws him.

I know not how to go on. I will do nothing beyond chronicling the fact that of the twenty-two men present seventeen spoke. But for once the exuberance of American after-dinner oratory was kept in check. There were men present of a distinction such that in ordinary circumstances they would have thought themselves entitled to not less than half an hour apiece. With a tact for which no praise could be too high they contented themselves with a modest five or ten minutes. . . . Every now and again I looked at Mr. Morley. He had no notion what he was to expect, and as it presently dawned upon him that Mr. Carnegie had required a speech from almost every one of his guests there came over Mr. Morley's face an expression of pleased bewilderment which had about it something of religious beauty. The Christian virtues, for that night at any rate, were his.

It was a scene which could have occurred nowhere but in America and perhaps nowhere in America except under Mr. Carnegie's roof. I have never told the story in England. I was sure no Englishman would believe me.

Excuse for American Oratory

This is one of many little signs that Mr. Smalley has become more English than the English. Time out of mind it has been our custom to deluge with oratory the distinguished foreign visitor whether in public or in private. The English man of letters ought by this time to be fully prepared for the ordeal that awaits him in this country, and should not be surprised when on the morning after his arrival his host rises at the breakfast-table and, with "We have with us to-day one who," sets the ball rolling. In the early days there was some excuse for his not knowing how to take it. The grandiose introductions, the succeeding tributes, glowing but vague, must have seemed at first ironical, till he learned that our available public speakers had probably never heard of him in their lives but were primed with oratory to fit any man. Matthew Arnold was bored by it all miserably and let the fact be known. After one of his public lectures for which tickets were sold, members of the audience would rise as in prayer-meeting. In Washington, for example, he was introduced by a United States Senator who apparently did not know him from Bunyan, and

after the lecture he was compelled to sit, fidgety and perspiring, for an hour and a half, till every leading citizen in the audience had welcomed him to our shores in a speech which, slightly altered, would subsequently serve just as well in a nominating convention. But that was back in the early eighteen eighties, and nowadays the distinguished stranger should be familiar with our ways and know that we mean no harm by them. And bad as the practice is, there is, in the case of the British visitor, a good excuse for it. On first acquaintance with a Briton conversational difficulties are, as is well known, often insurmountable, and the situation is very trying to American nerves, unaccustomed as they are to the long, silent propinquity of a fellow-being. The occasion seems to demand words of some sort and so finding it impossible to talk to a Briton we deliver addresses at him. That is the real reason for the tremendous deluge of oratory that distresses our honoured British guests. Privately they seem monumental, so we cease our attempts at conversation and begin to treat them as statuary, preparing a long series of speeches as for unveilings and layings of corner-stones. If they would hold up their own end better in talk, they would not so often find themselves, like commemorative tablets, exposed to oratory.

British Memoir Writers

Mr. Smalley's *Memories* are a conspicuous exception among those volumes of reminiscence which have lately fallen so fast from British presses and which contain, chiefly, what Thackeray celebrated as "fashionable fiddle-faddle and feeble court slip-slop." He is unduly impressed, to be sure, by the grandeur of his own experience, but he has observed the great-folk he has met, whereas the usual memoir-writer has merely rolled up his eyes at them. When an American is out of sorts with his own vulgarity, worn by the gabble of the yellow journals, nasality, expectoration, William Randolph Hearst and our other national vices, let him see what the British sense of class can do to quite respectable intellects. Let him dive into some golden treasury of distinguished commonplace, sold at $3.50 net, with a frontispiece of Bouncester Castle (pronounced Buster) and pictures of the Duke and Duchess taken as fast as they grew up, and a facsimile of Lord Algernon's first letter to his mother. Let him read even the *Neville Memoirs* published last year, for they are rated highly as very intimate, and learn that Lord Something though of a kind heart was somewhat testy and about the year 1870 said "Damn," and that the third Duke of Wellington had a pretty wit and let him try and guess from the specimens the author gives of it in what it consisted. For now in the twentieth century titled folk and those who know them are printing huge volumes every year given over largely to things like this from the *Vicar of Wakefield:*

> Well, this I can say, that the duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as fact, that the next morning my lord duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, "Jernigan! Jernigan! Jernigan! bring me my garters."

In Goldsmith's day that was burlesque. To the present reader of British memoirs it seems like a literal transcript from their pages.

Mr. Smalley on Mr. Balfour

Mr. Smalley has the gift of pleasant narration and his feeling for rank or social importance has not destroyed his sense of proportion. His sketches of well-known people are uncommonly good. Take, for example, this of Mr. Balfour:

> He will go down in history as a great member of Parliament, as Prime Minister, and much else which is purely political. But there is a Balfour behind all that, of whom the public sees little and knows little; yet, for all that, the real Balfour. If you meet him you will have glimpses of the real man, or of one or more sides of him. A single sentence will show how wide and deep is the gulf which divides him from politics. I used once, in a

group of men which included Mr. Balfour, an impatient expression about the Psychical Society and its so-called investigations of psychical phenomena. He broke in at once: "I think your scepticism carries you too far. There is nothing in political life as I know it which can be compared to the interest, the profound interest and significance, of psychical research."

Yet I am not aware that he has ever given in his adhesion to the beliefs which that society was founded to establish. It was simply that on all subjects or on most he has an open mind; and that to present to him a problem of any kind is to challenge his attention. And that of itself is almost enough to explain his defects as leader of a great political party. He shares with Pascal the distinction of being a devout believer, yet possessed with an invincible longing to apply scientific methods to matters of faith. He is a saint in the skin of an agnostic. There is an intellectual and spiritual kinship between him and the great Frenchman. Of the *Provincial Letters,* he might have written the first four. . . . If he has not Pascal's genius—and who has?—he has the Port Royalists' habit of seeing both sides, and of stating both. It is a useful habit in the realms of speculation. It is almost fatal in party politics. . . .

During the debate on the Parliament Bill Mr. Asquith asked him across the table whether, if or when the Conservatives came back into power, they would repeal the Parliament Bill. Peel would have said, "It is my purpose." Palmerston would have answered in a word, "Yes." Disraeli would have uttered a flashing sentence: "We exist only for that." Even Mr. Gladstone might have declared that the logic of circumstances would impose on him that high duty. But Mr. Balfour began to distinguish. There were clauses which would have to be modified. Others, no doubt, must be expunged. If any part of the Act remained on the statute book it would not be the mischievous part. And so on. His followers sat aghast. The ground on which they were fighting the Bill as a measure of revolution was slipping from under them as Mr. Balfour went on refining. If he had met the challenge with a "Yes, certainly we will," he might have remained leader of the party, and the blue sky that bends over England would have been a good deal bluer than it is now.

Safe and Sane

Mr. Smalley, like the author of that other lively volume on *England and the English,* Mr. Price Collier, takes to the "best people," as a duck to water, the best people being always by a singular coincidence the socially important; and the British scale of social values has sunk into his soul like a message from on high. He is probably a stauncher Conservative than any duke. Of ancient intellectual lineage —the New York *Tribune* on one side, the London *Times* on the other—he is by nature a Tory, if not a Jacobite, and his point of view in political and social matters is that of a Vere de Vere. Both Mr. Collier and Mr. Smalley illustrate the truth that there is no more sturdy product of Old England than an eviscerated American with new British insides. The native aristocrat seems lax and careless beside him. Both have written more entertainingly about the English than any other American of recent years. It may be because they have surveyed them with rounder eyes. Naturally the House of Lords is to Mr. Smalley the last bulwark of constitutional government, and the Lloyd-George Budget, the super-tax and the death duties are abominations, bound to lead to the vulgar subdivision of estates, so that a gentleman can scarcely own his square mile to shoot over. "The American who cares to see England as it has been for centuries, in all its charm, must not wait too long." However, it may be that old English conditions can be established in America if Theodore Roosevelt does not come to the throne.

When Mr. Lloyd George's first Budget spread alarm among men who had something to lose, Mr. Astor acted in his usual decisive way. We were discussing at Hever the exit of capital from England to safer homes. Stories were current of fleeting millions. I asked Mr. Astor whether he thought them true.

"I know of one that is true. Within the last three months I have remitted to New York a million and a half sterling ($7,500,000), which but for Mr. Lloyd George's Budget I should have invested here."

"May I say so?"

"Repeat it to whom you will. I care not who knows it."

So there is a tribute from this expatriated American to the financial security of the country that once was his.

If all goes well, the United States, which is already sixty years behind the countries of western Europe in the field of social legislation, may still be the safe refuge of all "stern, unbending Tories" who seek escape from the dangers of innovation.

Mr. Carnegie and King Edward

Considering Mr. Smalley's acute sense of the proprieties, he tells this shocking tale of Mr. Carnegie with surprising *sang froid:*

It was here [in the library at Skibo] that Mr. Carnegie had lately received King Edward, who had been staying at Dunrobin and had motored over for luncheon. It was here that Mr. Carnegie welcomed the King by reciting to him the poem which Mr. Joaquin Miller had composed on the occasion of Mr. Carnegie's birthday. I was shown the poem, emblazoned in colours on stamped cardboard. All about the countryside the story had been told, or several stories had been told. The King, it was said, did not like Mr. Joaquin Miller's effusion. In truth, these verses of the Poet of the Sierras were not conceived in a courtier-like spirit. They began with invocations to the German Emperor, to President Roosevelt, to the King, "Hail fat Edward"— "That's you, sir," said Mr. Carnegie to the King—and then swept aside all these great personages with Mr. Joaquin Miller's personal assurance that he had rather shake Mr. Carnegie's strong hand than all the others, as if they were all outstretched to him, which they do not appear to have been.

It is true the late King was fat, which did not prevent him from carrying himself with a distinction that proved how little mere physique has to do with dignity and personal charm. His mother had proved it before him. But it is not the custom to dwell on these matters with royalty. There is a story of a man in a shooting party who said to the King as he missed two or three pheasants flying over his head: "Sir, you are too fat to shoot rocketers." But he never was asked to shoot with the King again; nor perhaps would Mr. Joaquin Miller have been.

ANDREW LANG—AN OLD-FASHIONED MEMORY

BY STUART HENRY



ANDREW LANG scarcely loved Americans. There is where we had a slight advantage over him. We were truly fond of him, and have spoken sweet peace and regrets to his worthy and felicitous name with something of a real heartache. We were too new to suit his antiquarian tastes. Our letters were too young to present before him any of those lovely, mellow perspectives that beautify the literatures of his dead centuries.

It is quite true, however, that he never referred to us as "canaille." By that somewhat careless old allusion of his, he merely designated the "low literary hacks" surrounding Poe at bay—that "gentleman" of his time. But, necessarily a people of the present and the future, we could not be expected to interest a man to whom the future was a blank and the present a sort of regrettable bread-and-butter makeshift. In his eyes the past, with its glories of decay, was the manifest wonder on earth.

Born a shrewd and mildly uncanny Scot of, anciently, an English strain, and complicated with Oxford which he ever lauded and never forgot, Andrew Lang belonged quite genuinely to St. Andrews. It is a town enveloped under the mists of the North Sea, and famed for its classic university and its supremely classic golf. There would seem to be a kindred halo of polite snobbery about both college and game in their aristocracy. Harmonising with his surroundings, there hovers about him, too, a certain aloof-

ness. He belonged to the élite of letters, and to his intelligence the term meant consecration of age.

In Richmond's portrait the world is most familiar with his facial appearance. Therein that gentle, whimsical countenance possesses something delicate and womanly. It is strikingly like Stevenson's. And, indeed, the two men are pendants in literature, representing in several kindred ways different aspects of the same things. But Stevenson will be the more prominent and enduring figure because more unique in his art and more serious in his attitude toward style. Lang was professedly negligent in his bearing in this latter respect, as if fearing the responsibilities of being an original master or a pedant. This is not meaning to neglect a whit of praise of his skilled and beautiful English, especially as exhibited in the translations.

Characteristically, in the Richmond canvas, the critic of St. Andrews appears seated in the chiaroscuros of his library. For it is there one thinks of him. A man of belles lettres, living amid tomes and inked sheets, inhaling the dust of old shelves in a shadowy retreat of leather bindings, he never emerges clearly to the light of day. Fresh air, heaven's sunshine, the fragrance of flowers, the flesh and blood of men and women, were never really present to the senses in any of his countless pages. His was truly an academic life, removed from the loving and sweating world of actuality. As one of the most completely literary men of his epoch, his very breath and happiness came from books. He troubled little in trying to square affairs with the every-day realities. He desired to be "old-fashioned." There was nothing of the prophet or pioneer about him.

His shadowiness, spun of his pent-up study room twilights and the shades of gone ages ever thickening around him, blended richly with the existences of all the fairies and ghosts whom he dwelt with and loved. The women whom Andrew Lang adored were dead; he never took up a live author if there were a good deceased one at hand. He would not have written or believed in the line,

There are some of the dead who ought to be killed.

He would have resurrected them all. So, living ideals were, to his mind, of less consequence than dead ideals.

A historian of all the elves in all the colours of the spectrum, a dreamer of the ancients, lingering over the inhalations of his "Enchanted Cigarettes" of multitudinous literary projects in his nocturnal atmosphere, the real, to him, was merged in the unreal, and life was a kind of pastime of memory and retrospection. Curiously enough, though he has done as much as any one to keep alive many of the superstitions and quackeries that afflicted as well as beguiled our ignorant, frightened ancestors, he was a professed hater of humbugs.

As to women, might it not have been expected that he would succumb to precisely the earliest heartbreaker known to history? His love for the vagrant and flagrant Helen of ancient Troy was quite pardonable. One rather suspects that Lang's proficient and profitable interest in Homer and those times was somewhat due to the ravishing bride of Ilium, from whose breasts, as he reminded us, were modelled cups of gold for the service of the gods.

But one cannot be immoral in a previous century. It might have been a dubious proceeding for such a conservative individuality to exalt the beauties of the Liane de Pougy or Sarah Brown of our day. But we wink at his toying with the feminine and glad plasticities of that "Strife of Love in a Dream" which he was pleased to unearth from the Hypnerotomachia of one of those celebrated unknown Colonnas of the late middle ages.

In such tributes to the sex—for he could sing charmingly of love—he was quite French. This was true, too, of his extreme versatility and dexterity as a light, handy-man of belles lettres. His obvious forte was a wonderful legerdemain, amazing and engaging in its variety and choice tastes. In his adroitness we often fear he may be laughing to himself at our expense. He was, perhaps, like the juggler who is secretly amused at his baffled, open-mouthed spectators in their efforts to trace his agilities. Agreeable fooling was, indeed,

not a little part of Lang's literary career. Those who met him in the flesh testify to laughing with him at his fun, and readily pardoning him his lively antipathies.

Besides, there were his prevailing Gallic qualities of lightsomeness, grace, and the desire to please lucidly and, in a way, femininely. He represented that odd fondness, sympathy and understanding which the Scots have for things French. He contributed, in fact, a characteristic of grace to the English body of literature of his time. For grace is, of course, not a distinguishing British quality.

But while the Romantic poets sang of their loves in tears, and the first Parnassians—those of the generation ahead of Lang—perpetuated theirs in stanzas courting the prime materials of marble and bronze, he reflected a certain decadence in employing the minor medium of blue china. The flintness of heart of the Parnassians was fittingly associated with the hardness of the substances their fancies preferred fastidiously to labor in. Furthermore, to be æsthetic as well as brilliant as was Lang, is to confess to a degree of induration. Pleasant, humorous, dapper, he was, as hinted, not greatly moved by the joys and sorrows of his generation. His nature had something like his beloved blue china about it. Crystal gazing, one of the kaleidoscopic topics he treated of, was an appropriate way in which he contemplated the world.

Very adept and clever as was his poetic muse, it was wholly imitative, acknowledging Austin Dobson as its master. Little significant, too, was his fiction, attaching itself likewise to decadent features. It fancied the lower border lines of sensational incident and detective forms. His stories, with their ingenuity and skill, merited a mild *succès d'estime*. The "Great Gladstone Myth" and "Prince Prigio" would please but those who love a bookish existence.

He could not be considered a great, a prime man of literature. He preferred to coddle and worship what some one else had done better before he was born; to imitate the ideals of others; to play the accompaniment to some larger soul. As a minor man of the first class, his figure, in any of the domains of original letters, has faded quickly into the dust. He is already lost behind the commanding figures. As he paid little heed to the future, the future, in revenge as it would seem, will pay no heed to him in those demesnes.

But in the realms of folklore and fairyland, in the beautiful translations associated with his name, in the lighter fields of keen literary appraisal, Lang has left a highly valuable and valued reputation. He appreciated belletristic artistry, and reflected the magic of charm. In his propagation and enhancement of the literary spirit, he has left the English empire of belles lettres enriched in attractiveness. In his manner in this, however, he was not true to his time. Our distinctive critics do not look exclusively at the printed page before them, but also at the book of teeming life around them. He is almost as foreign to these characteristic compeers as if he were of Swift's day.

Not too much of anything at a time suited his sprightly, easily-winded talents. The long serious tasks of his admired translations were accomplished with the well-known aid of collaborators. One infers that he would never have essayed them alone. He modestly called his masterly little *Letters to Dead Authors* merely "exercises in the art of dipping." Instead of exalting critics (himself among them) into the heights of formidable and oracular wisdom, he termed them "the sandwich men of literature." He could sparkle freely like champagne, as his innumerable leaders in the London journals attest. His tinctures of acidities left, for the most part, little bad taste. Typical of his abundant levities may be recalled his remark that the worst thing he ever heard of our Dr. Holmes was that he could never say no to an autograph hunter.

Literature was for Andrew Lang an anodyne and not an analysis of life. He regarded books as rather tools and toys of beguilement in our frail human existence. His weak stomach for analysis and the inductive processes served him poorly in his conflict with Anatole France over Joan of Arc. He could scarcely match the dialectics of the Frenchman. Logic was too lean and exacting a school-



"DID I KEEP A SERAGLIO, AS DR. JOHNSON CONTEMPLATED DOING (A SERAGLIO OF THE FANCY), IT WOULD CONTAIN ELIZABETH BENNETT, MARIANNE DASHWOOD, ANNE ELLIOT OUT OF MISS AUSTEN'S LOT. FROM SCOTT'S LOT ROSE BRADWARDINE, DIANA VERNON, CATHERINE SETON. I DO NOT WANT ANY OF DICKENS'S YOUNG PEOPLE; BUT OF COURSE BEATRIX ESMOND IS ALWAYS THE QUEEN OF THESE GATHERINGS, WITH BECKY SHARP, THEO LAMBERT AND BETSINDA. MISS BARBARA GRANT IN 'CATRIONA' AND MISS ROSE JOSCELYN IN 'EVAN HARRINGTON' REPRESENT MR. STEVENSON AND MR. MEREDITH; AND MLLE. DE MONTALAIS STANDS FOR DUMAS."—*Andrew Lang.*

mistress for his impatient liveliness, and especially difficult to bear with in the baffling case of the French Maid.

For that matter,—parenthetically,—is not the trouble about her due to the fact that she ought not to have been born in France? She did not belong there. As a result she has always worried the French to distraction, much as a duckling troubles a mother hen. Can any one ever satisfactorily understand her as a child of France?

Nevertheless, to continue, Lang was a controversialist at times nimbly mordant and to be feared. In the region of folklore he came atilt at Max Müller with credit. And in the matter of his "John Knox and the Reformation," some of his unsympathetic views roused up the good St. Andrews neighbours in high dispute, much to his glee, one suspects. He was not averse to war in this way, carried on with polite and seemly vehemence. But he was no man for the

coarse, rough world as it is out in the open. He wore too fastidiously an air of excellent daintiness. As has been neatly expressed, "he would rather be old-fashioned decently, than enlightened with rude violence."

What activities he displayed out in the world were pleasantly associated with sports and pastimes and only with such as lent themselves to literary allusion and treatment. He was an authority on angling, cricket, and golf. While it may possibly be true that these diversions interested him as much as the unity of Homer, one fancies he did not pay so much heed to the actual catch or score as to the traditions. He rather suggests those hunters who forever read new catalogues of articles of equipment and forever acquire better weapons, but concern themselves relatively little about killing any game.

Consistent with his antiquarian instincts, Andrew Lang—first of all conspicuous for writing on "everything" and laughably encyclopædic in his interests—was unsympathetic (it must be emphasised) with the great currents of thoughts, contests and aspirations which, in his generation, swept through the lives of men and bookdom. While powerful writers have risen up, travailed, revolutionised, added new horizons to the universe of things; while naturalist, realist, impressionist, symbolist have in turn fought, bled and triumphed; while unique giants like Tolstoy, Ibsen, and Materlinck have accomplished their miracles,—Andrew Lang still kept his library windows closed, and went on with his engaging feats of bookish skill.

Or, to vary the figure, he angled in the pleasant streams and golfed across the fine landscapes of serene literatures, and was little conscience-stricken that other men were carrying on the big original business of letters. Science (except anthropology), the drama, problem fiction, and a hundred forces that are puissantly shaping our progress, were almost as nought to him.

But, as we have sought to indicate, Andrew Lang was a very desirable and delectable link with the past. During all his lifetime, while men and women were more absorbed than ever in the problems and promises of the present, he kept pointing gracefully a doting hand backward to the old centuries with their dear foolish dreams, their beautiful myths, errors, art.

It is true he took life by an easy handle, though very busily and charmingly. It is far less difficult to accept and approve the past than disprove it; to deal with old-time legends than present-day facts; to edit twenty books than write a powerful masterpiece; to study sports than be an authority on the evolution of literature. But, on the other hand, to be talented and quite worth while as was Andrew Lang in several branches of an art, has been possible to surprisingly few men.

IBSEN AND COMPANY ON THE JAPANESE STAGE

BY YONE NOGUCHI



HEN the Liberty Theatre, of Tokio, was inaugurated three or four years ago with Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman,* the manager enjoined: "Forget your old art or stage tricks. Make a fresh start. The new art is not mending the old, but building the new. The ground has to be levelled, leaving not a trace. Entirely new plans have to be drawn; every timber must be new. Are the carpenters ready?" What he suggested was revolution. It was difficult then to say whether the play was a success or a failure; but it was the fact that it was the first time in the long history of Japanese theatrical art for us to see on the stage such sombre colour, such self-analysis, such intensity of emotion. For the last ten or fifteen years, the minds of the



SCENE FROM IBSEN'S "NORA." MISS MATSUI AS NORA



SCENE FROM HAUPTMANN'S "THE LONELY LIVES," PLAYED BY SADANJI ICHIKAWA AND COMPANY

younger generation have been more or less under the influence of Western individualism, which awakened them to subtle consciousness, and brought vividly before them vital questions of actual life. Not perhaps that they are less patriotic, but they have begun to think more of themselves. There were not a few who declared like young Erhart in Ibsen's play: "For I am young! That's what I never realised before; but now the knowledge is tingling through every vein in my body. I will only live, live, live!"

Borkman was followed by Wedekind's *The Royal Opera Singer,* Hauptmann's *The Lonely Lives;* and a one-act play by Maeterlinck. With these dramas the new theatrical movement was launched. The lost art of our old Japan began to rise fresh and more vigorous. Indeed, the actors participating in the movement, and also the audience who encouraged them, were ambitious; they even flattered themselves that they were not so far behind the dramatic reform which had gained a strong foothold in the West. In addition to the Liberty Theatre, the Bungei Kyokwai or the Society of Arts and Letters, with Dr. Tsubouchi as its head, began to propagate the artistic intelligence and general Western knowledge from behind the footlights. *Hamlet* was played in complete form for the first time in Japan at the Imperial Theatre a year or so ago. When the Society brought out Ibsen's *Nora* last autumn before a Japanese audience, it was meant to strengthen and endorse the movement. The young actors and playwrights who wished to realise a far quicker dramatic reform inaugurated a little while ago "Doyo Gekijo" or The Saturday Theatrical Company, and the company's idea was to play a Western play every Saturday evening at the Yurakuza Theatre. It was there that the Irish plays of Lady Gregory were first staged.

Now turning to the Japanese actors in Western dramas and plays. They soon found out that to forget the old classicism and extravagant theatrical images of the Japanese stage was not enough; in fact, a finer art, an art of which they never dreamed before, was to be mastered. It was difficult for them to act in a play which has comparatively no action, and in which at any moment the curtain might drop; it did not take long to discover that it was the most difficult art to utter impressively and meaningfully the lines given to them. What at first seemed easy, began to look hard and almost menacing; with each new play which they essayed their trouble grew deeper. And there was another matter to consider in the new dramatic movement; that was about the actresses.

"To be natural" came to be considered the first and last necessity of stage art with the Western invasion; in truth, there was nothing more natural than that women should take the women's parts. Students of the Japanese play understand that the actors rarely appear on the same stage with the actresses, the female parts being taken by male impersonators. Of course, however, there are a few exceptions such as Sada Yacco and Madam Kumehachi Ichikawa, who always play with the men. Besides, the number of Japanese actresses is small; and to become a stage artist was not held to be a legitimate profession for women. The Japanese often confuse the characters of their impersonations and their own personalities. On the other hand, the art of women impersonating among the actors, beautifully developed and perfectly completed, is an old Greek art which has borne in Japan wonderful fruit; it is not a creation of one time and age, it has a history of at least a few hundred years. But with the new dramatic movement the women were much encouraged for the stage; even schools for actresses were opened, for instance, that started by the Imperial Theatre Company.

Strangely enough, the actresses Okuni and Otsu were the founders of the Japanese stage, and the joint performance of both sexes was even encouraged for some time at the beginning. When the women were once barred from the stage, the playwrights were obliged to create woman rôles peculiarly fitted for the woman impersonator. The voice and manner of the art came, in time, to appear natural. On the other hand, the woman rôle or "Oyama" as it



SCENE FROM MAXIM GORKY'S "THE LOWER DEPTHS." SADANJI ICHIKAWA AS PEPEL



SCENE FROM FRANK WEDEKIND'S "OPERA SINGER"



SCENE FROM CHECKOFF'S "DOG." SADANJI ICHIKAWA AS STEPPAN

is called, would be perfectly impossible for a born woman, if she wished to undertake it, as the rôle requires a man's physical strength to wear the heavy brocade, and to be active through eight or nine hours of the usual performance. It is not too much to say that the Japanese play rises and falls with the man player; but the Japanese women constitute the best audience. It was the old Oriental ethics and Bushido if it ever existed that drove woman indoors, to speak figuratively, made her lose art for humanity, made her build her own castle on a little mat and a half room with her firebox as a queen of the nursery. The Japanese woman under the Tokugawa feudalism only studied how to make unnaturalness appear natural. In one sense, she was an actress with quite an opposite development from the stage art. If the woman of the Tokugawa age which came to an end only forty years ago had any freedom, it was in the theatrical houses, the kingdoms of women, where she could find on the stage the personifications of her own ideals.

Mr. Kaworu Osanai chose Miss Horikoshi to take the part of Mrs. Fanny Wilton in Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman*. The chief female part in Wedekind's *Opera Singer* was given to Yenjaku, the well-known woman-impersonator, which was staged after Ibsen's play. But no actress was admitted for the third play of the enterprise, and there will be no woman in the fourth or fifth. On the other hond, The Bungei Kyokwai appeared more hopeful of the actresses; the society had a young woman act the part of Ophelia in *Hamlet*. It was the same woman, Miss Sumako Matsui by name, who played *Nora* with some success, and women participate in the ventures of the Saturday Theatrical Company. After all, the Japanese actress is still an experiment. The most serious question is this: "How can the new dramatic movement succeed with no real woman upon the stage?"



BRESLIN TOWER

LITERARY LIFE IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

THE South has ever been anxious for a literary centre, and the students of ante-bellum history point with pride to Huntsville, Alabama, where during "flush times," Joseph G. Baldwin, author of that estimable *Party Leaders,* used to adjourn from the court to the Choctaw House across the way, and talk over the state of the literary market. In Augusta, Georgia, Richard Henry Wilde, whose chief claim to remembrance is the lyric, "My Life is Like a Summer Rose," gathered a coterie of writers around him. Charlestonians recall with abnormal pride the circle amidst which William Gilmore Simms reigned supreme. As Professor Trent declares, people used to say: "So you had Simms with you last night. We could hear him declaiming as far as my house."

But despite the local pride of these towns, and the foreign attractiveness of New Orleans and Mobile, the real literary centres of the South, since the day William and Mary College ceased to be the only home of culture, have been around the University of Virginia and the University of the South.

It is surprising how much Sewanee has contributed to the intellectual vigour of the South. Of all institutions of learning, it seems to be the most isolated, in a region of Tennessee made familiar in part through the writings of Charles Egbert Craddock. The University of the South rises on a table land, two thousand feet above sea level; its views may be had from rifts and steeps—a sheer drop of woodland beauty on all sides. Here among the clouds, Sewanee adds its fair share to the idealism of the South.

The literary vigour of the University began with its three founders, Bishops



BRESLIN TOWER, FROM THE CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, SEWANEE

Otey, Polk, and Elliott. Their letters are true examples of the old style of writing, and present an excellent view of educational theory as held by the Southern gentleman. Polk, the fighting Bishop of the Confederacy, wrote copiously to Elliott—and the latter, English to the core in tradition, and in literary taste as well, to judge by his *stately*—the only word to use—library, impressed upon Sewanee an English atmosphere which instantly strikes the attention of the visitor, even before he has seen the Library with its Breslin Tower, modelled after Magdalen Tower, Oxford, and before he has even heard the Westminster chimes.

Being an Episcopal institution, with numberless graduates among the bishopric, the University of the South is largely associated with the lives of bishops. In the *Memoirs of Polk and Elliott:* in the letters of Kirby-Smith, the Confederate general now buried in Sewanee Cemetery, the University is an object of personal pride and special chapters. After the war, the Southern soldier turned to teaching. Many were the times General Kirby-Smith was offerred large sums to write up his war experiences, but he preferred to talk about them in the class-room or at the Professor's Club, and to ride about Sewanee, studying the flora, fauna, and geology of the mountains. Bishop Quintard, to whom credit is given for re-establishing the University after the war, left behind him some excellent memoirs of the war, edited by a Sewanee man to be considered later.

Another name treasured by the University was that of George Rainsford Fairbanks, who was a contemporary worker with Bishop Quintard in the interests of the University. He was a prominent politician in Florida, and served as major (C. S. A.) in the war. He lived in Sewanee, associated with the University from 1867-1880, and at various times wrote a *History of Florida* and *The Spaniards in Florida*. He was identified with the church, and with the Florida Historical Society.

Older students of the University remember the prime of Dr. William Porcher DuBose, who, since 1870, has



FROM MORGAN'S STEEP, SEWANEE, LOOKING TOWARD COWAN, IN THE DIRECTION OF MURFREESBORO

been the pride of Sewanee. He served as chaplain in the Confederate Army and was wounded several times. Coming to the University, he has served in various capacities from professor of ethics to Dean Emeritus of the theological department. Some say that in his writings he has supported every heresy since the early times of the Church. However that may be, he is the author of such volumes as *Soteriology of the New Testament,* and the *Gospel in the Gospels.* His works are better known in England than in America. As he is to-day, Dr. DuBose has the fire of youth in his eyes, and speaks with the glowing eloquence of the Old South.

Older students will likewise recall the figure of Dr. Cashie Harrison, fresh from the University of Cambridge traditions, and Professor of Ancient Languages at Sewanee from 1870-1882. His dictatorial attitude was stronger than the weak verse of his Horace's *Odes*, and the older generation might be able to rescue from oblivion his versified invitations to university functions written in Greek. Dr. Harrison's son, Henry, now figures before the public as the author of *Queed,* and was born in Sewanee

A gentle dreamer along the streets of the Tennessee village used to be Edward Lovell Johns, professor of the exact sciences, and author, under the pseudonym "Evan Ap Coel," of a poem, "The Silver Wedding," severely lampooned by the press. For a time he kept the supply store, which to-day is run as a university enterprise.

One of the best known books of "reminiscences" dealing with ante-bellum life, is *A Southern Planter,* by Mrs. Smedes, sister of Virginius Dabney (who wrote a novel, *Don Miff*), recounting the experiences of the Dabney family in the Black Belt, when, as Dabney himself wrote, "It took two [negroes] to help one to do nothing." The author of this book now resides in Sewanee; some one described her as "cute" in the bric-à-brac sense. There is a feeling at the University that an unruly student only has to be brought into the presence of one of these gentle ladies, to be tamed. The figure of the librarian of the University, Mrs. E. H. Shoup,



IN HER GARDEN AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE, AMIDST OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS, PLUM TREES, AND GRAPE VINES, MISS ELLIOTT GIVES WEEKLY RECEPTIONS

not only links Sewanee with post-bellum days, but recalls the name of the Reverend Francis Shoup, a former Brigadier-General (C. S. A.), who wrote *Mechanism and Personality.*

Much educational work in print has been done by the Sewanee faculty since the days of Charles McD. Puckette published his *First Latin Book.* The tradition is kept up by the University's present professor of Latin, W. B. Nauts. Sewanee recalls the person of Silas McBee during 1874, a man who in 1891 drew plans for the University buildings and who in 1896 became editor of *The Churchman* in New York. Another Sewanee writer joined McBee in 1899. This was Benjamin W. Wells, who was professor of Modern Languages in the University from 1891-1900, in which capacity he became the editor of about twenty text books. He is the author of *A Century of French Fiction, Modern French Literature* and *Modern German Literature.*

Mr. Wells's name is linked with that of Professor Trent in the editing of a very striking series of books, *Colonial Prose and Poetry.* From 1888-1899, Trent was closely identified with Sewanee and to him is due the founding of *The Sewanee Review,* assisted as he was by Vice-Chancellor Benjamin Lawton Wiggins, himself a writer of miscellaneous abstract papers. While at Sewanee, Professor Trent did some of his most distinctive work, writing the *Life of Simms* (in which fearless criticism brought down upon him the wrath of the sensitive South), *Statesmen of the Old Régime, Lee,* besides various text books of a literary character.

Sewanee of the present has many literary names of which it may well be proud. The daughter of Bishop Elliott is Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott, whose charming back garden, with its sloping lawn, is largely the literary meeting-ground of the University. Two things about her she knows the Old South would never have countenanced: one, that she actually writes for money; the other that she believes in suffrage as a means of escaping a certain kind of Southern chivalry. Among her many books will be recalled *The Felmeres, Jerry, The Durset Spirit,* and *Sam Houston:* a biography. For Lewis Waller, the English actor, she wrote the roman-



THE RESIDENCE OF DR. KIRBY SMITH

tic play, *His Majesty's Servant*. But that Miss Elliott maintains the ideals of the Old South is seen in her attitude toward the scientific movement in nineteenth century fiction. She says of the scientific spirit, "The Holy of Holies in religion, in politics, in morals, has been invaded, investigated, turned inside out, dusted and wiped with an antiseptic rag."

The successor to Professor Trent in the English Department was John Bell Henneman, a scholar of high attainment, and a teacher of ideal scope. His untimely death left incomplete his work on that excellent encyclopædia, *The South in the Building of the Nation,* to which many Sewanee men contributed. And *à propos* of literary collections, the University of the South points with some pride to a series of papers read before the Sewanee Club in 1885, and gathered together in a volume, *Matthew Arnold and the Spirit of the Age,* edited by Greenough White.

Professor White, biographer of Bishops Cobbs and Kemper, held the chair of ecclesiastical history and polity in 1894; and later was appointed acting professor of the history of art. In many papers he has considered at length the philosophy of English and American literature, and has written on the church.

The name of William Norman Guthrie has been identified with Sewanee since 1889, though now he is rector of St. Marks in New York. His authorship extends from plays and poems to essays on *Modern Poet Prophets.* He is interested in university extension work, and in drawing the church and the theatre closer together. While at Sewanee, he conceived the idea for two periodicals, *The Forensic Quarterly* (now defunct) and *The Dramatic Quarterly.*

One of the soundest thinkers Sewanee has produced is Edgar Gardner Murphy, author of *The Larger Life, Problems of the Present South* and *The Basis of Ascendency.* Forsaking active work in the ministry, Mr. Murphy became closely identified with two movements in the South: Child Labour and the Racial Problem. In both fields he has won distinction. His poetry is of no mean quality, and his interest in astronomy, as a side activity, has resulted in some scientific recognition.

Rev. Arthur Howard Noll, engaged in church and university affairs, is one of the most versatile writers now in Se-

wanee. He entered the ministry after he had served in the law, and in the railroad business of Mexico. The latter association was the cause for his writing the *History of Mexico, From Empire to Republic, The Life and Times of Costilla,* and various other books of historical interest. Being the historiographer of the diocese of Tennessee, there is good reason for his editing the memoirs of Quintard, Greg, and Kirby-Smith. Dr. Noll's wife is the daughter of Thomas Dunn English, of "Ben Bolt" fame, and Dr. Noll has himself edited a volume of stories by English, entitled *The Little Giant, and Other Wonder Tales.* His wife has mastered the art of book-binding while he is no mean adept at bookplate designing and lettering.

Everywhere one turns in Sewanee there are literary recollections. The name of Archie Butt is now on the lips of every one who knew him as a boy student at the University. His stories are remembered and treasured. They mention student Thomas Buchanan, known to New York theatre audiences by his *A Woman's Way, The Cub, The Rack,* and *Lulu's Husbands,* and as a balance to such ephemeral matter, they point to Reverend Arthur Gray's *Sewanee Theological Library,* published at the Press.

The people of Sewanee could also quote varied annals concerning journalism at the University, the experiments finally culminating in *The Sewanee Review*—one of the best among college magazines, noted for its timeliness and for its scholarship obtained throughout the South, not solely from Sewanee. They have cause likewise to point with pride to the Sewanee Press, distinguished for its sympathetic work in typography.

Even as an isolated centre, the Sewanee lovers are not over-anxious to praise mediocrity simply as a matter of record. For example, the varied literary attempts of the Tucker family and of Joseph H. Armstrong, published largely because friends—the curse of authorship—have requested copies! Of the present faculty, creditable writing is being done by Dr. McBryde, who maintains a high standard as the editor of the *Sewanee Review,* and by Mr. George Townshend, of the English Department.

Thus, literature flourishes on the mountain tops of Tennessee. There is no self-centred smugness about the work; Sewanee is critical of itself. And besides, literature is only one phase of the activity of the University of the South. There is a social problem, greater even than letters, and all of Sewanee is conscious of it: the problem of the mountain white. But that is another story.

THE TATLER

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED



WHEN one who is for the first time author of a best-seller, or of a near best-seller, or even of an ordinary, every-day novel that has achieved the distinction of being published, examines the first batch of reviews which his publishers or his clipping bureau have sent him, he is likely, if he be reasonably observant,—and what author reading notices of his own book is not observant?—to be struck by a curious phenomenon. Picking up a slip from the Belleville, Wisconsin, *Bugle,* he reads:

> If any one wants a spirited tale of action and danger, full of thrills, full of surprises, full of healthy, red-blooded excitement, let him read *When Love Leaped Forth.* There is no slipping by degrees into this novel, no gradual awakening of interest, no slowly developing realization on the part of the reader that here is an unusual story, a compelling story, an absorbing story. Instantly, from the start, from the first gripping situation—tense, dramatic, unique and powerful—you realise that this is away head and shoulders above the average novel.

Fine, hearty words of commendation from the literary reviewer of the *Bugle,* whoever he or she may be, having an unmistakable ring of sincerity about

them too. With a smile of gratification the author of *When Love Leaped Forth* picks up another slip, from the Sapphire Springs, Texas, *Sentinel,* and reads:

If any one wants a spirited tale of action and danger, full of thrills, full of surprises, full of healthy, red-blooded excitement, let him read *When Love Leaped Forth.* There is no slipping by degrees, etc.

The *Bugle's* review verbatim; an extraordinary coincidence. With a puzzled frown the author runs his eyes hastily over two or three brief and unflattering notices from big metropolitan dailies, and then, the Watertown, Maine, *Tribune* greets him with:

If any one wants a spirited tale of action and danger, full of thrills, full of surprises, full of healthy, red-blooded, etc., etc.

And directly after, from far away California, the Santa Clara *Call* remarks:

If any one wants a spirited tale, etc.

Well!

To only two classes of men, publishers and authors, is it given to observe this remarkable phenomenon of literary editors who are attached to newspapers remote from each other, in all the four corners of the country, perhaps, reacting in precisely the same manner on the same book, and not only bursting into spasms of praise about it, but voicing the spasms, all of them, in identical words. Publishers take this calmly, without surprise; and authors likewise, after a little experience, accept it calmly, without surprise. But one to whose attention this matter is brought for the first time is likely to take note of it, and after a little wondering and conjecturing, and dismissing the theories of remarkable coincidence and thought transference, to settle upon a syndicate as the probable answer. But no, a syndicate is not the answer. These notices are inserted in different papers by different people, none of whom, it is probable, even knows of the existence of the others. How then?

If one should examine a copy of *When Love Leaped Forth,* he would find, printed on the front of the paper wrapper, or on the back of it, or on the inside, or perhaps on a slip cunningly inserted between the leaves of the book, words that would run somewhat as follows:

If any one wants a spirited tale of action and danger, full of thrills, full of surprises, full of healthy, red-blooded——

And so on to the stirring end, not omitting a single adjective,—"compelling, absorbing, gripping, tense, dramatic, unique and powerful,"—which create such a favourable impression when they appear in the columns of the *Bugle,* the *Sentinel,* the *Tribune,* and other papers. And when a copy of *When Love Leaped Forth* is sent by the publisher to the literary editor of the *Bugle* for review, the literary editor, who is also the managing editor, the advertising manager, the head of the subscription department and the reporter, transfers with scissors and paste those fine, hearty words of commendation with the unmistakable ring of sincerity about them from the book to his make-up sheet. What more can he do? How can he take the time from editorials, politics, personals and soliciting to read a book and tell what he thinks about it? Therefore, he prints his ready-made review, and thus squares accounts with the publisher who has kindly sent him a book. After that Mrs. Editor gets the book, and there's an end to the matter. Except—that publishers keep on and on sending such honest but imitative reviewers books for review. Why? Ah, they are a wise set of men and know their business.

Thus there is a class who, so to speak, have reviewing thrust upon them. There is another and numerous company who try vigourously to secure recognition as literary critics. Almost daily a publisher will find in his mail a letter, betraying all the known signs of mechanical preparation, which says:

A rapidly growing clientele of readers, representing the cultured and intelligent elite of the community, renders the Belmont *Leader* peculiarly fitted for presenting your books to our public. We shall be glad to receive, etc.

And their willingness to receive is not confined to one book at a time, or two, but to a dozen. Or the letter may baldly declare:

Having recently established a book review

column, we are writing to ask for your co-operation. We shall be pleased to receive, etc.

Or again, the letter may be of an extremely intimate nature, to the effect that the writer has been, or expects to be literary editor of such and such a paper; and ending:

"Please send me lots and lots of books, and *don't* send them to the newspaper office. Send them to my home address, as follows."

There are certain lady critics who strive to add a pleasant personal touch to their work by frequent letters to the publishers. "I hope you read what I had to say about ——"; or, "I am sending you my review of ——; I do *hope* you will like it." Such naïvete is equalled, in the book reviewing world, only by that of some college professors who write to inform a pubisher that they are ready to review for the local paper, and will accept, rather as a favour, as many books as the publisher will send, and the more the better.

There is an unfortunate tendency on the part of many newspaper proprietors and managing editors to regard book reviewing in a basely utilitarian light. Publishers spend money in advertising, they tell themselves; what better way is there to get some of that money than by running a good book page? And a good book page they run, the goodness too often consisting in saying only those things that publishers would be supposed to like.

"Seen what we've been saying about you?" Such an one, or his representative will say to a publisher when they follow up the bait with a little personal solicitation. "Pretty snappy stuff. Well, I guess."

Snappy it is, out red-blooding, out stirring and out gripping the publishers' own tense language until even he, or his advertising manager has qualms.

It is but a short and easy step from using book reviews as a bait for advertising to a conviction that book reviews ought to be rewarded by advertising. And this is a conviction that managing editors are prone to adopt. It is in vain publishers argue that books are a legitimate subject of public interest; that many newspaper readers like to be informed about books and authors; that the activities of financiers, ball-players, politicians, murderers, divorcés and a host of other people are chronicled at great length without representation in the advertising columns. The *quid pro quo* idea, in the matter of books, has taken strong hold in the newspaper world. It crops up in numerous ways.

"My goodness," a newspaper advertising man exclaims, "here we've run that book page for two years, and we actually haven't got a line of advertising!"

Sometimes the newspaper's sense of injustice leads to threats of discontinuing the book page. Sometimes the book page is discontinued, for lack of a little substantial support. And there is a case on record where a literary editor was sent out to hustle for advertisements, having clearly in mind the knowledge that if he did not secure them his job would cease.

Not all journals, however, demand that their interest in literature be subsidised. Nor are the reviews that really count furnished by the unfit, the misfits, or the grasping. There are newspapers in this country, in which new books are conscientiously, impartially and ably reviewed. But candour impels the confession that they are few, so few in fact that their literary editors are almost overwhelmed with the quantity of books sent them for criticism. One newspaper of this type reviewed in one year recently sixteen hundred new books.

A question frequently asked in certain circles is,—what effect do reviews have on the fortunes of a book? It is a question to which authors are inclined to attach an exaggerated importance, and about which publishers usually betray some haziness of opinion. The answer would seem to be,—What effect can they have? There were published in the United States in 1911, twenty-four thousand two hundred and thirty-five periodicals of all kinds,—magazines, newspapers, and class and trade journals of all sorts and degrees. Of this number, not more than two hundred and fifty, or about one per cent., regularly review books. If then, the readers of only one per cent. of the total number of periodi-

cals issued in this country have an opportunity to see book reviews; and many of these readers fail, for various reasons to read the reviews that are put before them; is it reasonable to suppose that book reviews can have great influence in affecting the opinion of the mass of the reading public?

Allen Murray Cumnock.

GRUNDY AND GRUNDYISM

Mrs. Grundy, as a social institution of the first importance, is so well established among all English-speaking peoples, that one is inclined, on *prima facie* evidence, to attribute to her a prehistoric origin and to seek some explanation of her sway over the minds of men and women in the earliest legendary lore. From her name, the amateur philologist might infer that she was of Teutonic and therefore of remote Sanskrit origin, and try to connect her with Gundry of the Nibelungen epic, in order to prove that Grundyism was introduced into the British Isles by the Angles and Saxons; while the representative of another school might argue with equal plausibility that it was indigenous there, and adduce evidence to identify our modern social arbitress with one of those early British queens, who, like Boadicea and Guinevere, played so important a part in British history. Guinevere—Grundy—that would seem a likely lead when one considers Arthur's consort under the Tennysonian aspect. It has never been the rôle of Grundyism to impose its restrictions too severely upon its own advocates, and everybody knows that the royal mistress of Lancelot was a great stickler for propriety in others.

But, alas! for all such alluring speculations! It can only too easily be demonstrated that, although the idea for which she stands may be of immemorial origin, Dame Grundy herself is but a comparatively recent creation. Like Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Gamp, Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Partington, and a host of other famous British matrons, she sprang from the fertile brain of British literary genius. Thomas Morton, a forgotten London playwright, is her authentic sponsor, and she made her début on the boards of a London theatre in 1798, the vehicle of her maiden appearance being a comedy of some theatrical effectiveness entitled *Speed the Plough*. To say, however, that she *appeared* on that occasion, is to be guilty of a slight inaccuracy. It has always been a part of Mrs. Grundy's power that she has *never* appeared, and that, invoked in hushed whispers, she has made herself mysterious and awe-inspiring, by keeping discreetly in the background. No more in Morton's play than at any time since, did she actually ~~show~~ herself. Though constantly referred to, she remains throughout the veiled Isis of our modern rites, and makes herself felt, not through any overt act, but through the secret forces at her command.

In the play, Dame Grundy is the wife of a rich and successful farmer. Dame Ashfield, another farmer's wife, for whom she is the object of innocent envy and idolatrous adoration, can do nothing but talk of her and quote her and invoke her approval on every occasion and with reference to every subject. When she returns from the market, she tells her husband that Mrs. Grundy's eggs and cattle are the best she has seen there, and when news comes that their daughter has married a nobleman, she exclaims: "Our Nelly married to a real Baronet! I wonder, Tummas, what Mrs. Grundy will say?" Her husband betrays great irritation at every such reference and finally breaks forth: "Be quiet, woolye? Always ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—what will Mrs. Grundy say? What will Mrs. Grundy think? Can't thee be quiet, let un alone, and behave thyself, Matty?" But the good dame is not to be silenced.

It is true that the lineaments of Mrs. Grundy are none too clearly defined in her initial portrayal. For example, along with what we call Grundyism to-day, there is in her a note of social vanity or snobism, and this even predominates. As we first encounter her, she is less the champion of conventional morality and decent appearances, than she is the symbol of social emulation. The establishment of a new ethical idealism, or even the recognition of one long tacitly accepted, seems to have been wholly absent from the mind of her creator. But

like many another chance creative suggestion—instance Don Quixote and Sancho Panza—Mrs. Grundy was seized upon and carried to completion by the common creative effort of the multitude. A place was waiting all ready to receive her in the pantheon of popular divinities, and a soul was floating in space prepared to find lodgment in her ample matronly bosom.

The country did not need her, and the town did. So Dame Grundy, the farmer's wife, became, in short order, Mrs. Grundy, the leader of London fashion, with no very definite fixed habitation, but with unquestioned jurisdiction over duchesses, marchionesses, the ladies of earls and barons and baronets, as well as the ladies of plain gentlemen.

> And many are afraid of God,
> And more of Mrs. Grundy,

wrote Locker-Lampson in *London Lyrics*, and many another writer famous in the literature of the nineteenth century bore witness to her supremacy.

It has made little difference that all these literary allusions are of a slurring and contemptuous sort. This is a mere polite fiction. Everybody attacks Mrs. Grundy and disclaims acquaintance with her, but everybody accepts and worships her at the same time, and not least of all the majority of those writers who are loudest in her dispraise. They know that they cannot do without that lady's good graces, if only as a matter of sound business sagacity; and so, however much they may appear to challenge her standards and her authority in a casual, desultory way, they take good care to conform in the conduct both of their fiction and of their own lives. That is, the successful ones do, and the others are of little concern one way or another. It would make an interesting study to determine just how the most apparently audacious novelists make their sacrifices to Mrs. Grundy, who welcomes nothing more than an *appearance* of audacity, since nothing affords her a better opportunity to meet the charges of her adversaries, and to prove her innate liberality. A whole system of moral melodrama, with its happy endings and its high ethical purposes, has thus been devised to accord with the demands of Grundyism, in which anything may be said and done so long as the lines of demarcation between vice and virtue are clearly indicated.

It follows that few writers have ever attempted to confront Mrs. Grundy face to face and subject her to a firm and impartial analysis. In France, where they base a philosophy of life upon every psychological discovery with the same ease with which they tack an "isme" to any noun or proper name—thence "arrivisme," "snobisme," "dandysme," "Bovaryisme," et cetera—they would long ago have formulated "grundysme," and raised it into a rationale of human conduct. In England, however, Grundyism is a religion rather than philosophy, as has been correctly stated by the only English writer who has had the courage to write freely and frankly of an institution grown venerable in little more than a century. This is Samuel Butler, who, in his *Erewhon*, devotes a whole chapter to what, according to the transparent and grammatical system adopted throughout, he calls "Ydgrun and Ydgrunites." Speaking of the official religion of the Erewhonians, Butler writes:

> Now I suspected that their professed faith had no great hold upon them—firstly, because I often heard the priests complain of the prevailing indifference, and they would hardly have done so without reason; secondly, because of the show which was made, for there was none of this about the worship of the goddess Ydgrun, in whom they really did believe; thirdly, because though the priests were constantly abusing Ydgrun as being the great enemy of the gods, it was well known that she had no more devoted worshippers in the whole country than these very persons, who were often priests of Ydgrun rather than of their own deities. Neither am I by any means sure that these were not the best of the priests.

Here speaks the pragmatist, who is implicit in nearly every English philosopher, and who is apt, rather patronisingly, to test the value of any creed by its good effect upon others. Butler's attitude toward Grundyism is friendly on the whole. Nor is he really singular in this. He but speaks what is in the mind of any average Englishman, and his whole originality lies in his willingness to speak it

freely and frankly and without any of the irritating assumption that it is necessary to keep up a high spiritual pretence. Yet this in itself is the kind of audacity looked on least favourably by Mrs. Grundy. "I greatly doubted," he goes on to say, "whether the Erehwonians were yet prepared for any better religion and . . . I could hardly contemplate the displacement of Ydgrun as the great central object of their regard without admitting that it would be attended with frightful consequences; in fact, were I a philosopher, I should say that the gradual raising of the popular conception of Ydgrun" —"enlightened public opinion"—how much we have this elevated form of Grundyism with us now!—"would be the greatest spiritual boom which could be conferred upon them, and that nothing could effect this except example. I generally found that those who complained most loudly that Ydgrun was not high enough for them had hardly as yet come up to the Ydgrun standard, and I often meet with a class of men, whom I called to myself, 'high Ydgrunites,' (the rest being Ydgrunites and low Ydgrunites), who, in the matter of human conduct and the affairs of life, appeared to me to have got about as far as it is in the right nature of man to go."

These "high Ydgrunites" "seldom spoke of Ydgrun, or even alluded to her, but would never run counter to her dictates without ample reason for doing so: in such cases they would override her with due self-reliance, and the goddess seldom punished them; for they are brave, and Ydgrun is not." Then follows an encomium of English gentlemen. Butler does not go on to define and distinguish the Ydgrunites and the low Ydgrunites, though it is tolerably clear how these are to be assorted. The former, doubtless, are those who, being born under the ægis of respectability, are bound to support what is for them a veritable *raison sociale.* They embrace Grundyism—to give it its right name—not necessarily as a personal faith, but as a state religion, the best possible guarantee of their position and power. The low Ydgrunites, on the other hand, are those who have not as yet arrived socially but who, anxious to arrive, find the surest way to success in the strict, almost methodistical, observance of all the decrees of the goddess of whom they stand in almost superstitious reverence and awe. For them it is a vital faith fraught with all the hopes of salvation and all the fears of damnation, in this world, if not in the next.

Perhaps still a fourth category should be added of those who, if they may be called Grundyites at all, are so only in the formal act of observance and adhesion. Members of the other three classes agree in regarding society as something good in itself and in accepting it at its face value. These, however, hold it in contempt. But, unable to forego the amusements they find there, or even taking a deliberate pleasure in leading a double life, they pay the outward deference, which is all that is required of her devotees by Mrs. Grundy, and which makes them free of all her frequentations. Very few men and women are of sufficient imagination or force of character to become Grundyites in this sense; hence most egoists and individualists either let themselves be drawn along by the mere conventional Grundyism until they gradually deteriorate into the mere mechanical commonplace of social routine, or else withdraw from the temple altogether, and descend to the ranks of the openly disreputable and dissolute. Of those rare individuals who ostentatiously give to Cæsar what is Cæsar's, laying their barleycorn upon the altar that they may be the more free to follow the devices of their own hearts, and also from some innate love of duplicity, M. Maurice Barrès gives an excellent example. For, although Mrs. Grundy is by no means a recognised French divinity, certain phases of her worship are observed there, and the best statement of this esoteric form of Grundyism has been made by the French writer who, in his youth, inclined to the delightful, self-indulgent, stoicism of Seneca.

Le secret merveilleux—le sérieux qui couvre et permet toutes les fantaisies—M. Barrès calls that power which sustains the false Grundyite in his difficult double rôle. He found it exemplified in the person of a debauched Italian prelate whom he met in a Roman salon. Everybody

knew and talked of the scandals connected with his name, and the writer observed him with interest as he entered the room. Still young, yet sickly, strange-eyed, and with a general sense of a handsome beast of prey spoiled by the restraints of life imposed upon the open satisfaction of his violent appetites, the signs of the double life were strong upon him. "Surely," exclaims M. Barrès, "in this existence, there were all the movements of passion, the worst disorders, yes, but under the best ordered surface!" And he goes on to moralise: "To present to opinion such an image of one's self that it can, without sacrificing its habitual principles, maintain its consideration for us; to make it easy for the austere to be our dupes; that, I certified on the instant, was the science that he possessed, and that is indispensable for any one who wishes to make use of men."

Such is the veritable mystic way of Grundyism, and such is the rigorous self-discipline imposed upon themselves by its saints in their progress toward perfection.

William Aspenwall Bradley.

THE ABSURD SEX

The ladies who want to vote say this is a man made world. Well, perhaps it is. Nobody can deny that the male creature has had a good deal to do with modern civiiisation and all that. It seems to have been his fate to mess with such things, for lack of anything better to do. But as for the notion that he takes himself too seriously—what nonsense! If he undertakes to rule the earth, it is simply dertakes to rule the earth, it is simply because that strikes him as the least he can do to make up for his clumsiness in other and more important matters. He does discover in himself a knack at the childish game of politics. He is able to see to it that people do not plunder or murder each other without authority. And he plumes himself a little on his skill at boiling the pot. But that is all. Far from taking himself seriously, he has chosen, from time immemorial, to be his own chief butt and funmaker. Other arrangements might have been made. A kind Providence, in furnishing him with a companion, might have seen that he had a more convenient object of ridicule than himself. Nothing of the sort. He was doomed to take her seriously from the first moment:

> Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye. . . .

It never occurred to him to apply his masculine rule of thumb to so superior a being. He knew by instinct that she could not be submitted, physically or otherwise, to mere anthropometric tests:

> Wisdom in discourse with her
> Loses discountenanced, and like Folly shows;
> Authority and Reason on her wait.

And so it has always been. Man may be smilingly aware of the foibles of his helpmate, but his roars of laughter are for his own egregious figure. To save his life he cannot manage to look down on her or up to himself. The backward pursuit of the comic spirit discovers no age in which man did not play the part of buffoon on his own stage. As for his attitude toward the other sex, there are authorities which assert that the woman-worship of Christendom is nothing better than a toy invented by the troubadours. The theory would account well enough for certain existing forms of ritual; but that man awaited those forms before learning painfully to respect woman—you might as well suggest that woman did not learn to love her mate till the eighteenth century provided him with swallow-tails! Nor is it reasonable to suppose that the West merely conceals under these forms a contempt which the East makes no bones about. It is time we forgave the Orientals this Occidental slander. If a Hindu or a Turk cannot see his way to pretending that woman is a goddess, he can and does grasp the respectable and even awful fact of her—and goes duly in the fear of her, according to his lights. As for the Hebraic attitude toward the sex, when you have said all you can in disparagement of it, you have still the thirty-third of Proverbs to deal with. Even the satirists, the bitterest and most ruthless of them,—Juvenal or the mediæval friars, or Swift, or whom you will,—it is clear enough what ground they really stand on. With all their scornful negatives, they are only

able to bear witness that woman is a substantial and considerable being. They do not succeed in making her contemptible, nor can any man born of woman ever do quite that.

Even in her simplest moments, we know she isn't to be disposed of with a horse-laugh. There is poor Clarissa Harlowe—simple enough, in all conscience, but what man can pretend to be altogether insensible to her charm. Pretty Sophia Western is a little fool if you like, but it is Mr. Thomas Jones who writes himself ass—that monosyllable without feminine equivalent. Even a Mistress Tabitha Bramble survives laughter in one's memory, not because it is proper to feign regard for her as a woman, but because she *is* a woman, and therefore, *in esse* worthy of regard. And the Mistress Tabithas know this instinctively. Normal woman is perfectly aware that she can afford to view herself with complacency as mirrored in the eyes of the other sex. This abundantly explains her attitude toward fashion in dress. Biologists have made ungallant play with the fact that, among animals and the lower human races, it is the male who is fancifully decked, while in civilised life, being the rarer bird and sure of a mate anyhow, he leaves it to the female to put on the trimmings. I don't think this theory holds water at all. It is clear enough that women do not pursue the extravagances of fashion in the hope of attracting men. They know such extravagances are at best an object of good-humoured toleration on the part of all healthy males. Of course, if man really despised woman for these follies, there would be an end of them in a jiffy. But he doesn't take the trouble to do that. Feminine fashion is a matter that does not concern him: it is out of his bailiwick altogether. If the dear lady chooses to arrange her bodily presence after the similitude of a section of drain-pipe surmounted by a coal-scuttle, the honest man is not outraged, but mildly diverted. Therefore she can afford to listen with the indifference of security to his casual gibes. Since she does not array herself for the purpose of charming him, what matter if he be not charmed? Let her be sure of his regard, and she does not care the snap of a finger for his opinion. Fashion in dress is merely a game played by women among themselves, for its own sake. Men, on the other hand, attire themselves in dull drabbish colours, and in garments of two or three inoffensive shapes, not in protective mimicry (as the cynic might infer), but in fear of forfeiting the respect of his womankind—so much less stable is the foothold of the male upon this shifting ball.

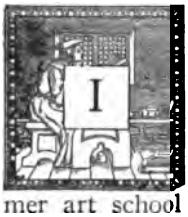
As for himself—as for keeping a straight face when he discovers himself in a glass—it is more than the poor fellow can manage. He perceives that, when you come down to it, he is nothing but a bungler. His chief merit is in making the best of a ridiculous situation. He dwells with joy upon the spectacle of his own domestic inefficiency and chuckleheadedness. He beamingly recognises the fact that he is a social nincompoop and barbarian. And he observes, with ill-concealed respect, that admirable fellow-creature which controls so easily and so unerringly the real machinery of life.

Think of the popular attitude (a man-made attitude) toward fatherhood and motherhood—there you have the whole thing in a nutshell. Did ever villain in melodrama dare take the name of mother in vain? Something of dignity clings to the word even as it is mauled and pawed over in the sentimental ditties of "vaudeville." On the other hand fatherhood has always been "featured" as a farcical situation rather than a function—theme of delicious jests since jests began. From the doddering and deceived Old Gobbos of old comedy to the ridiculous young Mr. Newlyweds of the current Comic Supplement, the father has always cut a ludicrous figure in the public eye. That same world which never wearies of worshipping the picture of the mother with her child, cannot laugh enough at the image of a father holding a baby. We do not see how the melancholy Jaques can have meant to leave this image out of his famous gallery of male caricatures. Only one feminine figure appears in it: can it be that "father's" should be read for "nurse's" in that not least famous line of the travesty?

H. W. Boynton.

SOME ART SCHOOLS AND ART STUDENTS

BY DOROTHY FURNISS



IT has been the writer's good fortune to attend an art school immortalised by the pen of Thackeray, and another where Sargent gave instructions to the students. The former art school is said to be the oldest in London and boasts of a long roll-call of well-known men and women. When Thackeray studied there it was known as Leigh's Academy. A description of it will be found in the first volume of *The Newcomes*. There is a tradition among the students that Thackeray being refused as an illustrator of Dickens showed his generosity of mind by asking his successful rival, Buss, and a few other kindred spirits to an impromptu meal "to celebrate the momentous occasion" at the little inn round the corner. Leigh's probably had no memento other than this charming and characteristic anecdote of the great writer.

Fred Walker studied at Leigh's, a tiny pale-faced little boy in a short jacket and round collar, a precocious youth even for those days, when Millais passed his Royal Academy examinations before he was twelve years old! Charles Keene, another "master" of black and white, and Kate Greenaway of nursery fame are a few of the names recalled at this moment.

Fred Barnard, the celebrated delineator of cockney life, perpetrated a delicious skit on his fellow-students consisting of an alphabet written in doggerel verse and illustrated with graphic caricatures.

Leigh's Academy shifted its quarters several times, and on the last occasion but one the students caused some agitation by carrying the smaller plaster casts through the streets. Imagine the embarrassment of the early Victorian ladies as the little procession wended its way from one side of Oxford Street to the other.

Sir William Richmond, who decorated St. Paul's Cathedral, spent some of his youthful days at Leigh's, and a few years ago a petition was drawn up protesting against some movement or work of Sir William's, and being presented to the school for the signature and support of the students, was refused on the grounds "that Leigh's signed no protests against the work of a former student." Leigh's prided itself on being able to supply the needs of advanced students as well as be-beginners. It boasted of an extensive wardrobe, over two hundred costumes containing valuable mediæval, Stuart, and Georgian properties, and one or two fine tapestries. Many a time the writer has seen a portrait being painted, the victim posed on one side of the antique room with the artist hard by and an embarrassing crowd of students gathered around. On one occasion a testy old colonel found himself in a queer predicament. He arrived fully attired in gorgeous regimentals, hat, gloves, and medals all complete. The artist posed the soldier on a platform and commenced his work. Suddenly he stopped, recollected something and fled away with a hurried, "Don't move! I won't be half a second," leaving a petrified colonel glued to his chair. At this moment a number of students drifted in from the "life room" and discovered, as they thought, "Jones's new model."

"Queer old bird Jones has dug out," said one student.

"Not such a bad uniform if it weren't so ill-fitting," said another.

"His sloping forehead suits the military type," said a third.

They criticised his hat, his gloves, and his sword, the colonel getting more apoplectic every second. At last a student remarked, "that he guessed Jones had bought the medals in Ludgate Circus," which brought the enraged colonel to his feet, and wildly spluttering furious exclamations, he swung himself into the centre of the astonished students,—in a whirl of "unwarrantable insolence!" and

"confounded puppies!" left the school, alas! for the poor artist, never to return.

Leigh's attracted a cosmopolitan studentship. There were many Americans, both men and girls; there were Germans and Italians, Scandinavians and Poles, Australians and Swiss; there was an ex-minister of state who arrived every day on an official-looking red-enamelled bicycle, and a "lunatic" doctor of great repute who showed little intelligence by drawing ancient Greek goddesses in a book two inches square. There were a number of quaint old ladies; one spent the greater part of her time wiping away hysterical tears with her paint rag, and lamentable results; and another curiously testified her dislike of "messy paints" by working in white kid gloves.

There was "old Chuffey," a superannuated clerk dressed in shiny broadcloth, who was realising the dream of his life by copying execrable German prints in tremulous water-colours; having spent sixty odd years at a desk he insisted on his easel being placed in a correspondingly oblique angle, with the result of tripping up every passerby. The consequence was that the entire class occupied themselves in picking up "old Chuffey's" easel, "old Chuffey's" paints, and "old Chuffey's" prints, until "old Chuffey" himself was mercifully plucked away.

Are art students appreciated in America? Personally I found strangers generally encouraging. "Stick to it, and you'll get right there," said an old gentleman as the writer stood sketching in the



SKETCHING IN SURREY

National Gallery of Washington. "Don't give it up," was another's somewhat dubious comment. On the other hand, she was studying an intricate doorway in a little Southern English town, which attracts many transatlantic tourists and is haunted by countless artists, and a little regimen of Americans swept round the corner. They had seen five artists in as many yards and their patience was exhausted. Never to be forgotten was their icy glare, and an exceedingly pretty girl exclaimed in withering tones, "Guess *she's* only doing it for e-ffect."

Sketching on the continent is looked upon as a national and not altogether unpleasing characteristic of the English nation. Little boys certainly press round rather closely, but one generally manages to disperse them by turning round and sketching their faces. This ruse, however, is of little use in Bronx Park, New York City. "Gee! she's sketching you, Charles G. Jefferson. Mind you keep still. Put in his ugly jaw, ma'am, and don't forget the G. when you write his name."

During the writer's brief time in the Royal Academy Schools, the most popular Academician among the stu-



SKETCHING IN THE BRONX

dents was the great Sargent. It is the rule of the Academicians to teach the strung to one side of a long corridor, and tion, a questionable method, as every artist invariably advances different methods and ideas. But imagine the flutter among the students when Sargent's month arrived! It was not so much the dazzling light of the celebrity that won the students' hearts as the infinite patience with which he laboured to explain his ideals to the students. Despite the fluency of his brush, perhaps because of it, Sargent seemed to experience the greatest difficulty in clothing his ideas in words, but once he took the brush in hand, lo, and behold there was the meaning before you. The class-rooms are strung to one side of a long corridor, and on the day Sargent's month expired, his progress could be traced by the cheers of the students as he quitted the various class-rooms.

Alfred Gilbert, our most famous sculptor, and probably best known to American visitors by his delicately poised statue in Piccadilly Circus, has an astonishingly ready flow of language. He will hold forth on the abstract qualities of art and its relation to music for hours; at the Royal Academy lectures he will take up a piece of chalk in either hand while discoursing in the most picturesque language and draw an exquisite design with both hands at the same moment. Like the great master of still life, William M. Chase, Alfred Gilbert revels in an artistic audience.

"*She* thinks that is a Whistler," remarked a sneering tourist as he passed a student copying at the Metropolitan Art School in New York. Evidently an art student must stand up to a certain amount of chaff on both sides of the Atlantic. The writer met Solomon J. Solomon, the Royal Academician, in the corridor of the schools one day.

"Hullo," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"Copying one of Rubens's paintings," was the diffident reply.

"Come along, and let's have a look at it," he said in all genial friendliness, and in spite of protestations, he swept into the class-room and up to the easel. He stood for a long time in complete absorption, his keen eyes travelling from Rubens' to the canvas, and back again, then he heaved a big sigh and said:

"O poor, *poor* Rubens!"



THE OLD LADY WHO WORKS IN WHITE KID GLOVES

THE SOCIAL STRUCTURE AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



QUESTION that you may often hear discussed by professional manuscript readers is, why the quality of English novels, even of the second and third class averages so much higher than the corresponding type written by Americans,—higher, that is to say, in the mechanics of its structure, the carefulness of its style, the avoidance of those glaring faults that show at a casual glance that for the purposes of publication the manuscript is frankly impossible. One reader in particular said, not long ago, that he had a grudge against English manuscripts because of the amount of time they made him waste, that even when he knew at the start that he was going to reject a story, its interest often held him so that he read to a finish.

Now, there is a good deal of unfairness about this assumption of British superiority. To begin with, American publishers and editors receive only the better grades from the other side, after the chaff has been carefully winnowed out. In the great majority of cases the books offered to the American market have already found a publisher at home; and because the business dealings are necessarily at long distance, a far larger percentage of them go through the hands of agents familiar with the special needs of certain magazines and certain houses. The question narrows down very largely to a difference of popular taste between the American and English reading public,—and in nine cases out of ten, the trouble with an otherwise well written and readable book is that it is just a little too British in its theme and handling, too local in colour to be interesting, or indeed wholly intelligible to a reader not well versed in the social, political and business world of the British Isles.

Nevertheless, in the long run, a veteran reader comes to realise that there is something more than a grain of truth in the claim of better workmanship of novels "made in England." It may be that the weeding-out process is carried on with a little more brutal candour, that the preliminary apprenticeship is harsher, that the hopelessness of slovenly and untrained work is more forcibly driven home. At all events, whatever the cause, the net result is that, other things being equal, the English book, while less inspired, less original than the American, is a little better in structure, in style and in the impression it conveys of a certain definite social atmosphere.

There is, of course, a certain danger of kindling resentment, and arousing a patriotic championship of our native writers by a discussion of this sort. Some one is sure to exclaim, "Why, what nonsense! Doesn't Mr. Howells or Mr. James write as correct English as Mr. Kipling or Mr. Galsworthy? Aren't the plots of Meredith Nicholson as cleverly worked out as those of Max Pemberton or Phillips Oppenheim?,—and the comparisons, well founded or otherwise, may run on, floodlike, until the speaker is out of breath. But all this is quite beside the real issue. The question is not whether among the authors who have, in their several classes admittedly "arrived," the advantage is with us or with our English cousins, but which of the two has the advantage among the crowd of beginners, the novices who are still, so to speak, on the waiting list. And here, it is respectfully submitted, the English do have slightly the best of it.

This brings us to the point which it is the purpose of the present paper to make: that the English writer of fiction starts with one advantage which is not of his own making, because it is not a matter of training or practice or literary school, but simply of existing social conditions. A much larger part of the daily life of the English man or woman is ordained and

controlled by convention and established custom. The types of the different social strata are more crystallised; the things that people don't say and do on certain occasions and in certain circles are more rigidly proscribed. In short, without forcing the comparison unduly, the difference between the English and American novel of manners is the difference between filling in the shading, the finer lines of a drawing, where the general design has been roughly blocked in for you, and drawing an independent picture on a blank page.

The natural result is, that this difference tends to produce finer pencil strokes, a keener delight in subtle differentiations of character. For instance, in an American family of modest means, the cook or maid or "general house-work" may be anything, from a Scandinavian to a Porto Rican mulatto; she may show any degree of inefficiency, and her mere casual entrance into a room, in the performance of the most trivial service, may inject into the story an unintentional touch of caricature, an element of the grotesque, that breaks the continuity, like a splash of violent colour in a monochrome. An English novelist has no such difficulty to face. Given an English household of a certain defined class, a certain income, in a stated neighbourhood, and the type of the servant or servants follows as a matter of course; the one difficulty is to make them something more than types, to give them certain deft little touches that will leave the stamp of individuality, and change the stolid butler of convention into something more human than an automaton.

This line of thought was suggested this month by a group of English novels which fall quite distinctly under the sub-division, "the Novel of Manners," and all of which have to a high degree that sense of a rigid and ubiquitous social structure, that atmosphere of a world in which nine-tenths of daily life is comfortably prescribed in advance. Easily the best of these books is *The Golightlys, Father and Son,* by Laurence North,—a title that sounds as though it heralded a burlesque, but suddenly, at the turn of the last page, reveals an unsuspected and momentous double meaning. Briefly stated, it is the life chronicle of a middle-class Englishman of limited culture, but endowed with a phenomenal ability to discover what the public wants. And the particular commodity that he undertakes to supply is sensational fiction.

"The Golightlys, Father and Son"

> See, here's an errand boy, with a ha'penny in his pocket. . . . Give 'im a paper 'e'll like, and his ha'penny is yours. See! Then next day or the day after 'e'll 'ave another ha'penny. Shove another paper under 'is nose. Balance in favour of you, penny less ex'es, of course, but that's the 'ole thing in a nutshell. Think o' the thousands of errand-boys in the country.

Thus the "Wholesome Tales of Wild Adventure" have their inception, and prove to be such a prodigious, undreamed of success that they are soon followed by another series of "Healthy Tales For Young Ladies," "Golightly's Scrap-Book," and finally, biggest venture of all, a flamboyant yellow journal, the *Beacon.* Golightly is launched on a wave of prosperity that carries him steadily upward; he marries one of his faithful and overworked contributors, a woman of social pretentions and a sentimental nature that had enabled her to turn out endlessly, tales of dukes and duchesses that were the delight of the servant's hall. Under her skilful tutelage, Golightly loses some of his native vulgarity, although he obviously will never acquire even a veneer of refinement. He is, however, a man of clean life, and but for one brief irregularity before his marriage, has nothing with which to reproach himself. And this irregularity was smoothed over with the help of his solicitor. "Fix it so that I shall never hear of the child again," were his instructions, and the solicitor obeyed them to the best of his ability. One irregularity and one blunder of judgment are not many in the course of a long and busy life; but they sufficed for the undoing of the carefully laid plans of Golightly, and brought the towering structure of his publishing business tumbling in a mighty crash about his ears. His blunder was this: When he launched on his biggest venture, and bought the ownership of the *Beacon,* his first step in converting it from the inconsequent

sheet it had previously been into something that was to startle all London, was not unnaturally to make a clean sweep of the old staff. But he ought to have discriminated. Among this group of journalists who suddenly found themselves thrown out of a "job," there were two men of so exceptional ability that Golightly should have exercised more care before antagonising them. One of the two was Dorian Stepney, an Oxford man, well dressed, good mannered, a man of birth and breeding. Instead of outwardly resenting his discharge, Stepney takes a subtler revenge. By a daring stroke, he induces Golightly not only to take him back, but to make him editor of the *Beacon;* he proves himself second only to Golightly himself for scenting what the public want; he sends the circulation bounding up to fabulous figures, induces Golightly to make him one of the directors in the Company. Incidentally, he quietly buys in the company's stock, until his holdings are second only to Golightly's own, and with equal secrecy appropriates Golightly's wife. The second man whom Golightly should not have antagonised was a certain Hay, James Alexander Hay, an impecunious young man who made the colossal mistake of thinking the precarious pay of a journalist a safe margin on which to marry. His loss of position and the poverty that ensued, coming at a critical time, cost his wife her life and left him implacably bent on vengeance. Being endowed with something of Golightly's own genius, he forms the daring project of beating him at his own game, so he seeks out certain capitalists whom the *Beacon* has been remorselessly hounding, persuades them to back him, and forthwith establishes the *Torch.* Golightly is not as young as he was, and he has had his troubles: his wife does not seem to give him her old affection, though he does not guess the reason; his son, Osric, for whom he has slaved and on whom he has counted to carry the house of Golightly up to social heights that he himself can never scale, has turned out to be a milk-sop, a dilettante, a spendthrift, has got himself banished in disgrace from Oxford, and ended by marrying a girl with no money and no position. What is more, Golightly has for years been too fond of the good things of life; the sparkle of champagne is his undoing and paves the way to apoplexy. The final overthrow of his life's work, when the directors all betray him, and in the face of his bitter opposition, vote to accept the offer of consolidation with the *Torch,* the paper run by his hated young rival, James Alexander Hay, deals his death blow. He lingers on, moribund, for some weeks; and his last thought in life is a troubled memory, a twinge of conscience: he sends for his solicitor and broaches the long forbidden subject; he asks what became of the boy of whom he had wished never again to hear,—is he living and under what name is he known?

"Now, Serrett, out with it. I never knew you to forget a name. It will be a kindness to a dying man; for that old fancy torments me."

"I beg you, Mr. Golightly—" said Serrett.

"Out with it. It's to ease my mind."

Either way was hopeless.

"His name;" said Mr. Serrett, "is James Alexander Hay."

"God Almighty!" Golightly gasped, and fell back.

"The Squire's Daughter"

The Squire's Daughter, by Archibald Marshall, deals, in a way, with conditions of English country life that call to mind rather vividly *The Country House,* by Mr. Galsworthy. The despotic rule of the squire, the things that his wife and daughters must not do, the dead level of monotony, the dull, colourless lives passed by the women of the family, excluded from the hunting and shooting—all this is pictured by Mr. Marshall in a quiet, sane manner that carries conviction. It enables us to understand how it happens that Cicely, the Squire's daughter, who has never in her life had more than a single taste of the whirl and glitter of social London, should finally commit the mad, reckless, ruinous step that very nearly wrecks two lives. It happens that there is a certain man, Jim Graham by name, who has loved Cicely with a single-hearted devotion for five years. At the outset she was still too young for her parents to approve; and since then, being

a slow, deliberate person of the kind that takes things for granted, he has bided his time, attending to his interests in various parts of the world, waiting until his fortunes have mended and all the while feeling quite sure of Cicely's unchanged affection. One day, while passing through the Bay of Biscay, he makes the mistake, in a moment of unwonted loneliness, of taking a casual travelling companion into his confidence and telling him about Cicely and his long-delayed courtship. Now this recipient of his confidence, Mackenzie by name, is a man lacking in all the finer perceptions. He has passed his life in a hand-to-hand grapple with fate; he has found that the way to get what you want in this world is to take it, if you happen to be the stronger, and not to allow little matters like honour and friendship stand in the way. So, when in the course of events, he meets Cicely, before slow-moving Graham has found a chance to offer himself, Mackenzie takes the girl by storm, dominates her by his rugged self-assurance, hypnotises her into an oblivion of his ill-breeding and a passive obedience to his command. Although conscious that she is not in love with him, that on the contrary she is actually afraid of him, the girl nevertheless agrees, when she has known him for barely twenty-four hours, to leave home, join him in London, be secretly married, and accompany him to whatever out-of-the-way corner of the world his roving disposition may lead him. It is in a London lodging house, before there has been time to have the ceremony performed, that Cicely's brother and Graham track her down; and in the contest of wills which follows, the thing which defeats Mackenzie and destroys his influence is not the brother's indignation nor his reminder of her mother's grief; it is, first of all, her realisation of the gulf between the two men who love her, the tenderness of the one, the boorish roughness of the other; and more important than this, the discovery that Jim, through all the years, has remained loyal, has wanted her, and in spite of her folly wants her still. All this makes a strong appealing love story; yet to the reader who takes fiction at all seriously, there is an even keener interest in the home atmosphere of the book, its presentment of customs and of prejudices,—above all, the anxiety felt on the part of every member of the Squire's family to hush this unfortunate episode carefully up, to go to all sorts of ingenious devices and evasions to prevent even a faint inkling from reaching the Squire's ears. For if there should, it is made very plain that nothing less than a domestic cyclone would be let loose.

"The Good Girl"

It is seldom that a reviewer has the good fortune to run across a piece of work by a practically new writer which has the sterling qualities of deep understanding that are shown in *The Good Girl*, by Vincent O'Sullivan. At the same time it must be admitted that the specific story in this book is distinctly repellent and morally unclean. It deals with the sudden infatuation which overtakes a certain young Englishman, Vendred by name, for an unknown woman whom he casually happens to hear sing one night at a concert. In his attempts to establish the lady's identity and to make her acquaintance, fate is kind to him. She proves to be the wife of one Captain Dover, a person of questionable morality and dubious methods of livelihood. The description of Vendred's first experience in the Dover household, the gloomy, tawdry, uncared-for-look of the whole place, the impression of an abode where bills are not paid, where new and incompetent servants appear and disappear with the succeeding weeks, and where a motley crowd of various social eccentrics, long-haired poets, rabid socialists, all the various types of reformers and revolutionists, congregate nightly,—all this is touched off with an absolute assurance of line and colour that bespeaks a mature power. There is also one other feature which deserves a special word of praise. It is common enough to find infatuations of this sort depicted in novels; and it is the rule rather than the exception, for the author to go to considerable pains to assure us that the woman is beautiful. But it is very rare to find a book in which the heroine is not merely described, but is set before us so that we too feel the charm of her physical allurement; so that

we can actually see the slow, languid grace of her movements and hear the compelling echo of her low, clear compelling voice. And this is precisely what Mr. O'Sullivan has succeeded in doing. We find it almost as difficult as Vendred did to believe that Mrs. Dover had any share or knowledge in the schemes by which her husband won a precarious existence. As for him, there isn't a shadow of a doubt, from the start, that he is a smooth-tongued, utterly unscrupulous trickster, that he would stop neither at blackmail nor theft nor cheating at cards, and that what makes him most dangerous of all to himself and others, is his blind confidence in his own luck, his delight in taking prodigious risks and his life-long failure to make any of his financial schemes pay. From the moment that he discovers that his wife's new-found friend is a man of substantial property, Captain Dover fastens himself and family upon him like a human leech. Vendred is not deceived; he is simply too deeply in love to care. His money flows like water; it is he who settles the bills, pays the servants, buys Mrs. Dover a motor-car, which her husband promptly appropriates for his own use,—and for all this and a thousand favours of the same sort, he receives as his reward the privilege of occasionally feasting his avid eyes upon her face, listening to the music of her sweet, low voice, taking her to some restaurant and the theatre afterwards, and perhaps imprinting a discreet kiss upon her rather large, and shapely hand as he bids her good-night at her door. In this way the months drift by with Vendred alternately in heaven and in hell, miserable when away from her, tortured with jealousy when with her because of her easy friendliness with other men who, like himself, have been useful to her husband in the past, or are likely to be useful in the future. Now during these months there are frequent occasions when Vendred, calling, finds his divinity not at home, and whiles away the tedium of waiting by making friends with Louise, the Captain's half-grown daughter by a previous marriage. Louise is something of a hoyden, slangy, out-spoken, but a good, honest little soul, hating sham and subterfuge. Quite innocently she plays into her father's hands by falling in love with Vendred; and one luckless day, when an indiscretion has placed him and Mrs. Dover in an utterly false light, and gives the Captain just the hold he needed, Vendred, almost before he realises what is happening, finds himself encumbered with a child wife whom he is ashamed to introduce to his friends. From this moment the bleeding of Vendred goes forward at inhuman rate. With the knowledge that if only for the sake of his family name Vendred will be bound to come to the rescue, the Captain commits unimaginable follies. Again and again he is found out and arrested for fraud, for embezzlement, for forgery; and each time Vendred makes his sacrifice, lops off some new part of his estates, pays damages and hush money, running to thousands of pounds,—and all this he does without a serious protest. And the reason for this is that he is temporarily drugged by his own emotions, because since his marriage with Louise, Mrs. Dover has been more prodigal with her rewards and favours than in the past. Such a situation can drift nowhere else than into tragedy, and the end of the book is rather grim and rather grey, and leaves a feeling that although fate is sometimes slow in setting things even, it gives full measure at the last. But, unpleasant as the book is, it leaves an insistent memory of a woman utterly unmoral, utterly sensuous, yet possessed of an abiding charm.

"The Sign"

The Sign, by Mrs. Romilly Fedden, deals in a measure, with the Bohemian world of artists, but in every other respect is a diametrical contrast to the book we have just been considering. The stage setting is the small isolated Breton village of Le Kloar, the main theme is the vision, the hallucination, the conviction,—call it which you will,—of a young peasant girl that she is ordained to sacrifice herself as an atonement for the wickedness and infidelity of her neighbours. But the book is a great deal more than this; it is an interesting and observant study of the manners and customs of modern Brittany; it is saturated with quaint superstitions and picturesque folk-lore;

and through it all, like the recurrent *leitmotiv* of a Wagnerian opera, we are made to hear, now growing louder as it draws near, and again dying away in the distance, the shuffling, halting tread of the Beggars, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, passing piously to and fro down Breton byways, happy for all their poverty, in their retention of the Faith. All this we are shown with delicate artistry, through the eyes of three English painters, who put in an industrious summer at Le Kloar, housed comfortably in the hospitable inn of the Croix d'Or, under the kindly ministrations of its big-hearted proprietress, Madame Tallak. These three artists Walden, Gower, and Sturd, are admirably contrasted; if we do not press the comparison too far, they may be said to represent in themselves and in their art, the flesh, the mind, and the spirit. Walden paints when the impulse moves him; he paints under the spur of a new fancy for a pretty face or a graceful form; and when the novelty wears off he waits until some fresh beauty casts her spell over him. Gower paints by rule, as though art were a matter of mathematics, so many hours in the day, so many days in the month, so many square feet of canvas to the year,—careful, accurate canvases, inoffensive, uninspired, academic. Sturd is slow in getting a start, he is one of those who feel their responsibility; he suffers from the misery and the injustice of society; he would like to paint pictures that would be a revelation, pictures that would awaken the conscience and lead to a regeneration. To trace the specific influence which each of these men in turn exerts upon the simple-minded peasantry of Le Kloar, would simply be to rewrite the book,—and to rewrite it far less effectively. There is sin and there is sorrow in its pages; but there is also much beauty and much poetry. It leaves an abiding impression that so long as there is a corner in the world where the spirit of faith and of sacrifice lingers so strongly, there is hope for better things for humanity. And, more unforgettable than all the rest, is the broken rhythm of the march of the Breton Beggars, reminding us that we are "beggars all for happiness—yet heirs of life."

"A Man in the Open"

With *A Man in the Open,* by Roger Pocock, it seems advisable to apply an unusual form of critical treatment. Here is a book which the present reviewer approached reluctantly, in a moment of jaded weariness; and before half a dozen pages had been read the weariness was all forgotten, and for the time being life contained just one important motive, and that was to read straight ahead. That is why it seems that the best service that can be done to this very exceptional book is to try to awaken a contagious interest out of these same opening pages. You open at Chapter One and you read:

Dictated by Mr. Jesse Smith.

Don't you write anything down yet, 'cause I ain't ready.

If I wrote this yarn myself, I'd make it good and red from tip to tip, claws out, teeth bare, fur crawling with emotions. It wouldn't be dull, no, or evidence.

But then it's to please you, and that's what I'm for.

What sort of a tale this would have been if Mr. Jesse Smith had been allowed to write his part of it himself, it is rather hard to imagine; because, just as it stands, it is red enough, with teeth bare enough, in all conscience, to suit most healthy tastes. And it isn't always "evidence," either, if by that he means a tale the details of which he is willing to vouch for under oath. The setting of this story is up in the Hudson Bay region, and the narrator's childhood was passed in a home improvised "from an over-turned schooner, turfed in, and father was surely proud of having a bigger place than any other on the coast. There was the hold overhead for stowing away winter fish, and room down-stairs, for the family, a team of seven husky dogs, and even a cord or two of firewood. We kids used to play at Newf'nlanders up in the hold, when the winter storms were tearing the tops off the hills, and the Eskimo devil howled blue shrieks outside. The huskies make wolf songs all about the fewness of fish, and we'd hear mother give father a piece of her mind. That's about the first I remember, but all what mother thought

about poor father took years and years to say. . . . Father's always in the wrong, and chews black plug baccy to keep his mouth from defending his errors. 'B'y,' he said once, when mother went out to say a few words to the huskies, 'I'd a kettle once as couldn't let out steam—went off and broke my arm. If yore mother ever gets silent, run, b'y, run!'"

There were six children at the start in this unsanitary upside-down abode; but one by one they fell victims to consumption, "and mother would get gaunt and dry rocking herself: 'The Lord gave,' she'd say, 'and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'" It is his father's rather tardy self-assertion that saves the narrator. "There was only Pete and me left, and father wagging his pipe acrost the stove at mother. 'They'll die, ma'm,' I heard him say, and she just sniffed. 'If I hadn't taken 'em outdoors they'ed be dead now, ma'm.'" He takes Jesse with him on his next trip for furs, "hitched up the huskies, and mushed, way up the tickle, and through the soft bush snow, and at sunup made his winter tilt on Torngak Creek." When they came again, "mother was alone. 'The Lord gave,' she says, 'and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord, but it's getting kind of monotonous.'"

The scene shifts through a few years, and Jesse is a boy of ten. The three are living in the snow-covered desolation of the fur region; and one day, when the father has gone out to inspect his traps, the huskies come home alone, dragging an empty sled. To quote, would take too much space; to retell briefly the experiences of that ten-year-old boy, tracking his father through the snow, finding a dead hand projecting stiffly above the surface, heroically endeavouring to struggle against nameless dread and physical nausea and dig the snow away, and then suddenly, becoming aware of the presence of a huge white wolf, ominously biding his time, would be simply to spoil a piece of work far too good, far too rare, to be taken at second hand. And this is merely a peep into the outside lobby; the "real show" is all yet to come.

"The Tom-Boy"

The Tom-Boy, by A. T. Quiller-Couch, is, by contrast, a book of pleasant trifling, containing a series of slenderly related tales, describing the adventures of a rather conventional young man, whose mild attentions to one or more young women are awkwardly broken in upon by an irrepressible, fun-loving, wholesome young hoyden. On one occasion she is responsible for the upsetting of a row-boat, thus giving him and his fair companion a summary and dispiritng bath; on another she induces, not only him and his companion, but various other persons of assorted ages, to catch the youthful contagion of her enjoyment in sliding down a steep and curving stretch of frozen path, omitting to warn them of the slushy pond awaiting them around the corner, and the necessity of "rolling off into the snow" before reaching the finish. The Tom-Boy herself does not figure in all the stories, but they are all of the same relative frothy unimportance.

"The Principal Girl"

The Principal Girl represents Mr. J. C. Snaith in one of his blythest, most irresponsible moments. He is always doing the unexpected, never by any chance repeating himself, or producing a book of which you can even say, This is a companion volume to *Broke of Covenden,* a second *Araminta,* another *Fortune.* He seems to have an inexhaustible fund of new plots, new styles, new and whimsical devices that are clamouring for a chance to express themselves. Of all his books, if comparison must be made, *Araminta* bears closest resemblance to the dominant tone of the new volume, a tone of light-hearted satire, free from guile and malice. The setting is London of to-day, the chief characters are the pompous Mr. Shelmerdine, of Potterhanworth, called by his wife, to his great annoyance, Wally; his son, Philip, who is expected to marry "Dear Adela,"—Lady Adela Rocklaw, daughter of Lord Warlock, and owner of a "pure-bred, rough-coated Himalayan Dust Spaniel; and last but not least, Mary Casper, the Principal Girl in a Christmas pantomime, and granddaughter of Mrs. Cathcart,

who had "once played Lady Macbeth to John Peter Kendall." If Philip had not promised to take a number of children,—for children were a hobby with him,—to the pantomime, he would not have had to break a luncheon engagement with the Lady Adela, and probably would never have laid eyes on Mary Casper. But there must be something in predestination after all, for he did go to the pantomime, he did meet Mary Casper, he did pluck up courage to defy the rather forbidding grandmother, friend of John Peter Kendall,—who was not really forbidding at all, when you came to know her, but just a clever, match-making old dear, behind her Lady Macbeth manner. And when we take leave of Mary and Philip, we have the comfortable assurance that, however much Mr. Shelmerdine, called "Wally," may fume, and his wife lament at the lost opportunity of an alliance with the daughter of Lord Warlock, not forgetting the pure-bred rough-coated Himalayan Dust Spaniel, the audacious young man and his Principal Girl are destined to be as happy as though life were one long, uninterrupted performance of a Christmas pantomime.



I. The Making of Western Europe.*

II. Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus.†

We Americans love to deal in the superlative. Any discussion of it is sure to engage our attention. The Roman Empire was undoubtedly the biggest thing on earth while it lasted; and it lasted long enough in vigorous life to give everybody a good look at it. Indeed, in one shape or another it dragged on a sort of an existence for nearly two thousand years. Like Charles the Second, it was "an unconscionable time a-dying." It transcended the life period of any human organisation. Therefore a new book about it finds us with a prejudice in its favour, in this country at least. And this in spite of the fact that there are many books on the same subject and the number grows. The boldness of an author who rushes in where the immortal Gibbon trod also awakens our admiration.

Mr. Fletcher's valiant attempt to trace the fortunes of *Roma Eterna*, as a world power, to indicate the birthdays of the national children of that empire, and to lead us to view the struggles and vicissitudes of their early years, is worth our respectful attention and does indeed compel our admiration. His book is distinctly worth while. He has said, as it were, to the Dark Ages, *"Feat Lux,"* and the light has shined on the printed pages. His study of the most complex, confused, incoherent, inchoate period of history is clear and illuminating. He has untangled the tangled threads so far

*The Making of Western Europe. The Dark Ages. By C. R. L. Fletcher. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

†Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus. By Achille Luchain. Translated by E. B. Krehbiel, Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

as any one can untangle them, and in brief yet conprehensive compass presents his conclusions to the reader.

And the book is not only clear, complete and satisfying, but it is interesting as well. The style of the writer is most pleasing, sometimes it verges on the colloquial—in that respect reminding one not a little of Fiske,—and not infrequently are the serious pages enlivened with touches of genuine humour. It is hard to imagine any one being humourous at the expense of the Roman Empire! It has probably never before been done, unless by the immortal Wegg, but Mr. Fletcher has not hesitated on that account, and he has not sacrificed dignity or seriousness to his pleasant humour, on the contrary.

Reading these pages we do not wonder that the great Empire fell, and that black darkness followed its fall. Ethically, economically, socially, and one can add morally, it could look to no other end. Not even the vigour and pious devotion of an early church, whose career is most ably set forth, could save it.

The most illuminating comment ever passed upon Napoleon was, perhaps, Lord Rosebery's remark (in substance) that the human frame was not calculated for omnipotence and the same remark could be applied to Rome. No human organisation is calculated for world-wide dominion, and Rome's doom sentence was written, like Alexander's, when there were no more worlds to conquer—after that came tears! The wonder is not that it finally fell when it did, but that it lived so long; and that it could in any way give birth to such lusty children as its first born France and Germany, whose origin and early history are succinctly and clearly set forth. Two maps accompany the text, there should have been at least a score. And it would have helped the reader if another chapter could have been devoted to the Eastern Empire before bidding it good-bye.

The title of the book indicates a series of which this is the first volume. The reader having finished this preliminary study, will await eagerly the concluding books. A very charming and human chronicler, this.

Quite different in scope and character is the other volume the unerring prescience of the Editor has coupled with this one. Fletcher's book deals with history in a large way. He chronicles reigns and rulers, the course of events, the development of religion, the rise and fall of nations; individuals are subordinate to masses, a thousand years of one era are comprehended in a single volume. Luchain has another plan. He fixes his attention upon a single period, for a date let us say 1200 A. D., or two hundred years after the end of the Caroling Empire and the beginning of Capetian France where Fletcher left us.

Philip Augustus is reigning in France. Gaul has grown in size, in importance and in organic coherency in that two hundred year period. The centuries have been full of progress, and we are given a long look at that state of being at which that section of the world has arrived. That was perhaps the most romantic period in history. Philip himself had one of the most dramatic of human careers, quite worthy to be placed by that of Richard the Lion-hearted or Frederic Barbarossa, or any of the other mail clad heroes. But Luchain has nothing, or but little to do with these worthies. The people in their various grades, society as it was organised, the functions of orders of various sorts; how men lived and moved and had their being in their relations one with another now engage the attention. It is humanity as individual not as mass that Luchain sets before us. How men, poor wretched, common men, not kings, nobles or prelates lived, he shows us.

Were it not for the vastness of Fletcher's attempt one might argue that Luchain's ambition were the higher. But comparisons are indeed odorous. It is harder, probably, to discover and disclose the common lot of man at any given time, than to treat of his progress through the centuries. For one thing the ancient chroniclers are much more interested in re-telling the large story of the past, or in fixing attention upon the great events of the present, and the great men, than in setting forth the common daily life of the men and women about them. Everybody, the chronicler might argue, knows the life of his time, he lives

it and generally finds it deadly uninteresting. Why discuss it? The colour of a surcoat on the breast of a king, the wiles and witchery of a leman, the detail of a miracle, the story of a great battle—these are worth while. But the digger and delver, who cares for him? The children of Gibeon are not popular savé for indefatigable genuises like Luchain. But, wonder of wonders, he makes them popular and interesting beyond expression.

He has pictured the daily life and conversation of the whole people; the poorest of the poor, the wretched peasantry, the villagers, the burghers, the minor clergy, the abbots and Bishops, the nobles, the feudal system, the Church. All these are set forth with amazing fidelity and great amplitude of detail. Yet there is restraint rather than exaggeration in his pages, some customs there are to which little or no reference is made. Bad as things appear in some instances, conditions were worse, if such a thing be possible, than are set forth.

The book is invaluable. For one thing whatever may be your present station, it makes you devoutly thankful that you were not born in the age of Philip Augustus, or any other age but your own. The thanks of all lovers of good books, of all students of history, of all sociologists, of all men interested in the development of the human race from the incredibly miserable conditions into which it fell, are due to the author, and particularly to Mr. Krehbeil, the translator, alike for his design to give the book to the English speaking world, and for the way in which he has done it. The book is a joy to read and as interesting as a story, a good story that is, indeed, the pages are full of wit, humour, pathos, tragedy—as full of these things as lives were in that terribly tragic age, still dark, alas, in 1200 A. D., and not to be light for so many centuries, but brighter now and growing brighter all the time, how bright it takes a book like this to show us.

Now may the reviewer permit himself a little blame after the praise? No doubt the ancient chroniclers wrote wretched Latin, which would have anguished the souls of the Roman Lindley Murrays, if such there were; but who is responsible for this, the annalist of Auchin, or Krehbeil or Luchain? "No one except Him or His ministers can reveal the future."

And if Luchain were still alive we might ask him to visit "the American Catholics of the South," meaning our Southern States, and there revise his resembling of them to the parochial clergy of the twelfth century as he exhibits them in his pages. The reviewer holds no brief for the Roman church, but he is compelled gravely to question that analogy. All of which shows that a man may have an amazing knowledge of the twelfth or thirteenth centuries and yet have something to learn about the twentieth! *Cyrus Townsend Brady.*

III

Homer Lea's "The Day of the Saxon"*

The author of *The Valor of Ignorance* is, as might be expected, still an association of ancestral voices prophesying war. Ancestral but magnificently modern also, for with a Hugo-esque and philosophical accent he gathers the world and its history into a synthesis and hurls it at the reader.

The book, solidly planned and stupendous both in detail and reach, is no small achievement. One may without admitting any of his gigantic conclusions, follow with widening horizon the steps by which he reaches them. The impression of amplitude in design, however, is hurt as much as helped by a wearisome trick of enumeration. Principles, laws, and axioms are always being enunciated in pairs and trios and quadruples and quintuples. This, as well as the stentorian quality of its style, makes it read like a protracted oration. There is overmuch of the empurpled phrase which since Kipling seems inseparable from Imperialistic talk. Though sometimes genuinely eloquent, the sentences often merely reverberate. One asks occasionally what they mean, and not infrequently they seem a trifle silly in their straining thunder. But it cannot be denied that in sheer weight this style is impressive.

*The Valor of Ignorance. By Homer Lea. New York and London: Harper Brothers.

Nor is it ever inert—it advances imperturbably toward its object. Yet the argument seems overplayed. The author hopes the Saxon may rise at his clarion, but to an outsider he seems to have presented his case so overpoweringly that he might well have borrowed his title from Bulwer.

The origin of national disintegration is the slackening of a nation's effort at self-preservation, says the author, and a nation must always be specifically prepared for war in proportion to its strongest enemy. War is the basic principle in national progression, for a nation can become great and remain great only through physical power. It was because Holland imagined that trade constituted a national asset which freed it from the necessity of military expansion, that it now sits in the shadow of other kingdom's footstools—a jester in the motley of universal peace.

Though the immediate causes of war alter from age to age, its basic reason remains the same. This is the clash of convergent interests. There are four nations whose military potentiality is greater than that of the British Empire; and on account of her geographical distribution, none of them can follow their lines of national expansion without clashing with her. Therefore since the circle of Saxon dominion must be broken down or the greatness of other nations restricted, from any one or all of these four greater military powers is war inevitable; and the struggle will be long and terrific. Meanwhile, the Saxon army, numbering less than half a million men, stretches like the old wall of China over a dominion it can no longer defend —not now a wall but a monument to a spirit that has all but departed; and the Saxon race, given over to the fat somnolence of commercial satisfaction, denies the absolute certainty of war from powers which must also expand; and fatuously confides in a navy which though far inadequate to defend the exterior lines and bases of the Empire, is useless for ultimate safety at home. The Saxon's military comprehension has become dulled and his public mind nonmilitant. The author hopes by quickening the one to revive the other before it is too late. For this reason he takes up one by one, the Empire's points of contact with the expanding world in America and Asia and Europe.

Canada, having, like the United States, ceased to be Saxon racially, may like her cease to be Saxon politically as her interests converge with those of the Republic or of the rest of Europe. The domination of both Americas by one or a coalition of European peoples is in sight, and will actually arrive when the British Empire is broken down. For it is England and not the United States which guarantees the independence of the American nations. In India similarly, the Saxon intervenes to keep back Europe. Next to the seizure of the British Isles, the loss of India would be the most vital blow that could befall the Empire, because of the vast gap it would make in the British circle. Yet the Empire in making no provision for India's natural expansion and in refusing to recognise that racial amalgamation is impossible, stupidly ignores its relationship with the world and its character as the basis of the British Dominion. Had it not been where it is, there would have been no Empire. Yet the Anglo-Japanese Alliance which made Japan an empire but increases the vulnerability of India. The Japanese war was for Russia only one of her many inconsequential repulses, but for the Saxon race it was a disaster. When Japan forced Russia back from the North Pacific, she but hurled an ever-expanding empire upon India. Kept from the Bosphorus by Germany, she must follow thither through Persia her basic line of expansion. The fundamental importance of India, furthermore, is much increased when it is seen that she is the first principle of Australasian defense. The natural expansion of Asian nations must in course of time begin on Australasia; and since the brown and yellow races can double their number in a fourth of the time it takes the white race, Australasia must cease to be racially and politically Saxon unless military supremacy prohibits Asian immigration. Home defense for Australasia is an illusion on account of its insularity; and its permanent defence must be naval. Australia itself has its population restricted to the seaboard on account of

the interior desert, and thus land defence against invasion is rendered impossible by nature since there is no interior centre. The degree of naval power requisite for defence can be attained only by a unified British Empire. In the Pacific the results of the Russo-Japanese war and the error of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has given Japan a stronger position than England and greatly threatens the future interests of the Empire, which has overlooked that with the birth of Japan comes a second insular power to live as she herself has lived—by looting the highways of the sea. As for Germany, the convergence of her interests with those of the Empire is at a more vital point than the convergence of Japan and she moves along this convergent line at a greater rate of propulsion than does Russia toward India. As there is now no part of the world open to Teutonic extension without encroaching upon the Saxon, Germany must involve the British nation in a final struggle for political existence.

It is in relation to the German struggle that the author reaches the main point toward which he has been so massively marching. But as if aware of the magnitude of his proposition, he no sooner states it than he shies off and closes the book without further ado. Having established the fact that the navy could not defend India from Russia, he seeks to show that in a conflict with Germany it would be of secondary importance. Though the destruction of the British fleet would mean ruin, the destruction of the German fleet would not be one step nearer the annihiliation of German power and its potentiality for expansion. England must possess a land force capable of resuming the conflict in the theatre to which the enemy has retired. Now, history has shown that the nation able to determine the theatre of war has seven chances of success to three of failure, while even a victory in the theatre forced by the other country has little or no effect upon the final outcome. Thus, the only decisive victory obtainable by the Saxons must be fought on or near German soil; and thus England must seize Denmark and the Netherlands if it would really be prepared for war, by this means initiating the war herself.

The book seems based on the assumption that any curtailment of expansion means absorption. But national existence does not in civilised states depend on the power to become or remain supreme over other political entities whose interests are convergent. Portugal, Spain, France, Holland still remain on the map in spite of their interests having disastrously converged with England's, nor do they seem the worse for having ceased to be empires. Japan, Russia, and Germany seem likely to endure even if their expansion continues checked by the same power. But there is another assumption, as natural perhaps for the author to make as for many readers to refuse. Since the author says that the United States has ceased to be Saxon racially as well as politically, an American may wonder if any one in his country or the rest of the world is the worse for it. A de-Saxonised reader may not be blamed for hoping it is a mere assumption that all who are not Saxons possess "befouled and stubby noses." And if the natural expansion of all other races is to be checked (by entire delocalisation of all parts of the dominion in favour of the Empire!) in order that the supremacy be maintained, it remains to be established for what reason the Saxon race should at such cost survive. It is delightfully insular that the examination into this forms no part of the author's programme. One is blasphemously reminded of the tale of the chorus girl who had passed her usefulness, and the manager to whom she applied for work. "I must live," expostulated the lady. "Why?" said the manager.

Graham Berry.

IV

Andrew Lang's "A Short History of Scotland"*

If the Scotchman is "dour" we have to remember that a dour history has gone to the making of him. And if he is "canny" this, too, may find its explanation in the fact that for several centuries, not only his "saxpences" but his liberty and his very life often hung upon his ability for shrewd calculation amid per-

*A Short History of Scotland. By Andrew Lang. New York. Dodd Mead & Co.

plexing cross currents of civil and religious strife.

Andrew Lang's *Short History of Scotland*—made short by a severity of condensation which sometimes renders his narrative a little hard to follow—gives, as a first impression, the picture of a land and people in a state of chronic anarchy. The Scottish Kings seem more like chieftains of a loose confederation of discordant clans than like modern monarchs.

The confusion disentangles itself as the years go by: a semblance of order emerges from the chaos: but with more or less intensity the tumult continues down to 1745, the year of Prince Charles's invasion and the field of Culloden, so fatal to the Stuart dynasty.

In fact the troubled waves are finally calmed only by the union of Scotland with England under the supremacy of the British Crown.

It appears incredible that the Scotland of Hume and Adam Smith and Robert Burns and Walter Scott—the Scotland when Edinburgh was the modern Athens—should have sprung with scarce a visible transition time out of Scotland torn with bloody feuds between rival partisans in church and state; harried by border raids, and by Jacobin insurrections, immersed in a sea of troubles. Perhaps the explanation may be found in another impression which this *Short History* leaves upon us. The men of Scotland appear as strong personalities: individualists of the most pronounced type. Not perhaps great men; but men strong of hand or brain were too many and too wilful to make the dominance of any one man possible. And the prevalence of intense individualism, while it worked against civic order and social consciousness, developed personal character and personal qualities. Out of the storm and stress the material for the peopling of the modern Athens was evolved. Andrew Lang does not idealise the characters which appear in his history. The real Macbeth is shown in tamer guise than the Macbeth of Shakespeare's tragedy; yet he is every inch a chieftain. Wallace, though stripped of the glamour with which song and story have invested him, is still a true hero. The treacheries and double dealings of Bruce are pitilessly exposed and yet Bruce is no weakling.

Mr. Lang does not love John Knox nor Melville; he has no affection for the Presbyterians in general; persecuted Covenanters do not excite his enthusiasm. But through his very prejudices—or his passion for cold impartiality, whichever one may call it, one cannot but feel that his picture of these often fierce religionists is that of characters of more than ordinary strength and individuality.

Mr. Lang deals tenderly with the hapless Mary Queen of Scots; even when he decides that she was not guiltless of Darnley's death. But the men about her, friends and foes—what fierce, what wilful friends and foes they were!

Scotland produced no Cromwell, no one great outstanding man, but the procession of strong personalities does not cease. Even the Earls of Argyll with all their shiftiness are no non-entities. They were men who did things sufficiently important and sufficiently wilful to involve the loss of their heads.

Montrose is the one character in this history whom the historian permits himself to love; almost the only one who is pictured as a knight without fear and without reproach. And yet, severe as his judgments are, Andrew Lang has the master touch which makes us love him, and will make him long remembered. His characters even in this condensed history are very human.

Ira S. Dodd.

V

Dell H. Munger's "The Wind Before the Dawn"*

Mrs. Munger does not long keep the reader in suspense: and before the last page has been turned, the book has shown many points. Chief among them, perhaps—in this throbbing hour when Woman takes a long step forward each second—is that it portrays how the prairie-woman, better-half of the enduring pioneer, has played her part in building up new empires, and how, inevitably, she must demand her half of the kingdom. The writer has touched a pulsing

*The Wind Before the Dawn. By Dell H. Munger. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

segment of the woman movement amongst "the people"—and that is enough to make the book important.

But, over and beyond this point of timely interest the book is truly an "epic of the Kansas prairies"—a vivid picture of the stretches of blazing prairies one generation ago; of the series of hardships, seemingly Providence-sent in their succession one after another, which occasioned that all-too-true dubbing, "bleeding Kansas"; of the stubborn-souled folk, rough and uncouth because they had to be, who grew to accept privation and calamities as matters of course and stubbornly persisted nevertheless; of the hard-handed men and body-bent women; of the continuous lack of opportunity which drove men and women to make opportunity for themselves.

There was little that was romantic in the growing-up days of the prairie country. Drouth and flood and cyclone and insect pest—one thing after another added itself to the natural hardships of conditions and climate. There was little that was romantic—it seems a pity that so much of it appeared ridiculous to a scoffing outside world—but there was much that was dramatic in those scenes of never-ending struggle and ever-chastening Providence.

All this, which, not in the living of it but in the simple telling of it holds so much of the dramatic, Mrs. Munger has put into *The Wind Before the Dawn.* She tells it simply, with no high passages of rhetoric, no artifices of style, no flourishes. She tells it as one who has lived through it all, the heart-breaking and back-breaking days, and, from a happier height looks back and tells what she sees.

Mrs. Munger opens her narrative with a description of that Bible-like visitation, the scourge of grasshoppers. She tells how they were seen coming, one sultry, brassy August afternoon, a silver, snowish cloud obscuring the sun, coming nearer and nearer the wondering inhabitants until, in separating, glistening, stinging billions the creatures reached earth and settled; settled wherever there was anything green and edible and, with their billions of scissoring mouths devoured until, by sunset, there was not a vestige of green the length and breadth of the Kansas prairies.

> The teeming cloud of insects was a pest equal to that of the lice of Egypt. They overflowed the Kansas prairies like the lava from Mount Vesuvius, burying vegetation and causing every living thing to flee from their path. A turnip patch had been green that afternoon . . . The ground was dotted all over the patch with small holes where the hungry swarms, not satisfied with the tops, had followed the stems down into the earth, eating out the bulbs to the very taproots . . .
>
> The wind blew a gale throughout the next day, sweeping remorselessly over the unobstructed hillsides. Unable to fly, the helpless insects hugged the earth while the gale tore over the Kansas prairies with a fearful velocity. With feminine instinct, every female grasshopper burrowed into the dry earth, making a hole which would receive almost her entire body back of her wings and legs. The spring sod, half rotted and loosened from the grass roots, furnished the best lodgment. In each hole, as deep down as her body could reach, her pouch of eggs was deposited.
>
> By night the sod presented a honeycombed appearance never before seen by the oldest settlers. Not a spear of anything green was left. The next morning the wind had fallen . . . by ten o'clock they were away in swarms, leaving ruin and desolation to show that they had sojourned in the land.

Where the plague went no one ever knew; but it had done its work. Nearly all living creatures in Kansas died of starvation that winter save the human beings, and they nearly starved. They nearly froze to death, too, for the "fodder" which was such an item of fuel in an unforested country had gone to the grasshoppers. But they were destined to survive, the Kansas pioneers, and they survived this and other visitations. Mrs. Munger's characters endure them all—cyclones, locally known as "twisters," and blizzards and "short crops" and "hard times" and "mortgages"—all those Kansas symbols.

This, in general, is the big thing she does in *The Wind Before the Dawn.* In particular she tells the story of Lizzie Farnshaw who became Elizabeth when she went up to Topeka to school and became a district school teacher; of her harsh, barren childhood, of her hard-handed, domineering, reasonless father and overrun, overworked, fretful mother;

of her marriage to John Hunter and her overwork, in turn, and submission to a petty-tyrant husband; of her tragic love affair with her husband's sympathetic friend who, dying, opens her an avenue to freedom by leaving her a legacy. This is the crux of the book:

. . . a small, narrow book that opened endwise and had the name of the Bank of Colbyville on it was all. It was a fitting end to her considerations. She had never owned a checkbook till recent years. Because of its presence she might yet be able to answer John Hunter as he wished. She thought long on her situation. There was no sleep in her. The larger, the universal aspects of the question began to crowd in upon her mind.

"There is no other way," she said. "A woman, to be free, must have money of her own. She must not be supported by a man."

She stepped out on the porch and stood looking toward the east. The refreshing breeze which had sprung up cooled and invigorated her.

"The wind before the dawn! The beginning of a new day!" she said aloud. She turned toward the kitchen.

Elizabeth Hunter separated from her husband as soon as she got her checkbook; and, in time, because she had the checkbook, she consented to live with him again.

There is much of churning and cooking dinners over hot stoves for harvesters and putting out washings in this book; and it presents vivid pictures. The book rings true. The characters live and breathe and talk ungrammatically and make sacrifices and drink noisily from their saucers and are sweet or sour or peppery or bitter, as the case may be; but they live and breathe. Mrs. Munger has given readers a real document. She has written out of her experience, out of her heart. She had never written a book before; whether she can write another equal remains to be seen.

Dana Gatlin.

VI

Charles Kenyon's "Kindling"*

One approaches this book with something more than the usual interest in "novelisations" of current plays. Not within the memory of the present writer has an American drama had so odd and attractive a history as Mr. Kenyon's *Kindling*. It will be recalled that the play, after a brief and not over happy life on Broadway, suddenly attracted the attention of a group of some thirty or forty novelists, playwrights, editors and critics, who promptly set themselves at the altruistic task of forcing the public to take notice of the play. So much was said and written by these enthusiasts that the effort succeeded and the play has since toured the country with success.

To the management and others interested in the production it probably seemed inevitable that the simple and powerful story of the play should be recast in novel form. It cannot be said that the result is happy. The story is a brief chapter from the life of Maggie and Heinie Schultz. Heinie is a worker on the docks in New York, poverty stricken at best and at the moment out of work because of a dock-workers' strike. Maggie is soon to become a mother. Her peasant mind has been so worked upon by Heinie's indignation over the unsanitary nature of their tenement home that she is afraid to tell him of her condition. His words, that to bring a child into such a world as their's would be "worse than murder," prey upon her. Finally she steals money enough to take them out to a government homestead in Wyoming where, in pure air and with good food, her child will "have a chance."

The story is essentially tragic. That in the particular case the playwright hit upon a plausible and fairly satisfactory "happy ending" for his characters took little from the force of the play as a vehicle for conveying the new concept of "social justice." On the one hand were shown rich landlords through the forms of legalised injustice, robbing the poor of health and of life. On the other hand were shown the poor, blindly, perhaps misguidedly, striking back, stirred by the most elemental of emotions. It was a big theme, and, everything considered, a big play.

But in its play form the story was brief, condensed, profoundly suggestive. We lived through the time of terrible

*Kindling. From the Play by Charles Kenyon. By Arthur Hornblow. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

trial with Maggie. We felt with her, saw with her; and the grim tenement atmosphere was illuminated at moments with the brooding beautiful mystery of motherhood. The last line in the play, "Heinie, maybe they *is* roses in Wyoming!" would have wrung salt tears from a stage doorkeeper; for Maggie, the confessed thief, was thinking about flowers!

Now Mr. Hornblow's task in expanding this story into a three hundred and seventy-page book has been beyond him. Very likely it was an impossible task. Expanded, the beautiful little play becomes a crude melodrama, alive with burglars, detectives, saloon basements, and in general with the unpleasant literal details of slum life (or what the author imagines to be slum life) with the instinct for humanity left out. Here and there among the pages are embedded solid chunks of dialogue from the play which, of course, lose much of their interest and virtually all their power in such surroundings. We no longer feel and think with Maggie in her pitiful gropings through the technically wrong toward the eternally right. We merely see her, here and there, as an over-elaborated character in a depressing story, hastily built up out of material designed for another sort of structure. *Kindling* was a good deal of a play. But it hardly seems to the present reviewer to be much of a book. *Samuel Merwin.*

THE FOREST OF DREAMS

BY MADISON CAWEIN

Squaw-berry, bramble, Solomon's-seal,
And rattlesnake-weed wild the place—
You seem to feel that a Faun will steal,
Or leap, before your face.
Is that the reel of a Satyr's heel,
Or the brook in its headlong race?

Yellow-puccoon and the blue-eyed grass,
And briars a riot of bloom—
And now from the mass of that sassafras
What is it that shakes perfume?
A nymph? who has for her looking-glass
That pool in the mossy gloom?

Mile on mile of the trees and vines,
And rock and fern and root—
What is it pines where the wild-grape twines?
A dove? or Pan's own flute?
And there!—what shines into rosy lines?
A flower?—or a Dryad's foot?

White plantain, bluet, and, golden clear,
The crowfoot's earth-bound star—
Now what draws near to the spirit ear?
A god? or a sunbeam-bar?
And what do we hear with a sense of fear?
Diana? or winds afar?

If we but thought as the old Greeks thought,
And knew what the ancients knew—
Then beauty sought of the soul were caught
And breathed into being too—
And out of naught were the real wrought,
And the dream of the world made true.

THE SCARLET ORCHID

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER



CENE, a periodical publisher's office in New Zealand. It may be the office of a daily paper, or of a weekly chronicle, or of a monthly magazine. On the wall is a rottenly bad drawing, once used as an illustration in the periodical, framed, and a photograph of the President of New Zealand, signed. Desks, chairs, shears, blue pencils and other signs of sedentary occupation.

The characters are The Retiring Critic, who has just got a better job driving a horse-car on the Wellington Rapid Transit Railway; The Incoming Critic, not called Incoming because of any grossness of Income; The Advertising Solicitor, who has lines of joyful grin around the mouth and lines of carking care around the eyes, and Gladys, the stenographer. In the highly literary atmosphere of the office Gladys represents the World (not the *New York World,* but table d'hôte dinners with wine, forty cents), the Flesh (the shirt waist cost $2.40, holes and all), and the Devil (at least that is the expression used by the Retiring Critic when looking over her typewritten transcriptions of his carefully dictated criticisms. And I don't blame him. How would you like to dictate "Miss Swan's bevy of six songs," and have it typed "Miss Seven's bury of sick sons"? The Incoming Critic is discovered seated at a roll top desk, the edge of which is burned brown. The Retiring Critic is seated beside him in a chair, smoking a cigarette.

RETIRING CRITIC (Scornfully)—Rats on your college educaton! What you want to know in this critic business is where to eat cheap. Bing's Dairy Lunch is good. Pie, five cents; six graham crackers and a bowl of milk, five cents; coffee, five cents. If you cut out the pie, you save thirty cents a week, and if you wear plain bosom shirts instead of plaited bosom you save ten cents a week more. That's forty cents, and you can take Gladys to Caffetti's for dinner Saturday night. A literary man has to have some excitement, and Gladys will expect it. I'll bequeath Gladys to you. She's Bohemia.

INCOMING CRITIC (*Anxiously*)—But the—the serious criticism—the—the——

RETIRING CRITIC—Say, boy, this isn't a morgue. This is a live periodical. All you want to remember is what I told you. Every book that comes in is one of two kinds. It is either a coming Best Seller, or a Lemon. It gets a boost or a knock. In that left hand pigeonhole is the boost list, and in the right hand hole is the knock stuff. We have to be literary as the deuce in this critic game. It don't do to go on saying, "This book is a Lemon" and "This other book is a Lemon" and "This book is a Lemon." That ain't literary. You've got to vary. (*He takes paper from right hand pigeonhole*) Listen. All you need to do is to apply these to the books that need knocking. The boss stands for all of these. "Unfortunately this book lacks the necessary appeal——" "Much as it distresses us to do so, we can only predict failure for this effort——" And so on, And here —(*He takes paper from the other pigeonhole*) "Sparkling and vivid, this novel is sure to be one of the season's leading——" "Written in a masterly style, around a thrilling plot, this novel will find instant approval——" So on.

INCOMING CRITIC—But my studies in criticism? My ideals?

RETIRING CRITIC—Put 'em away in moth balls, son.

INCOMING CRITIC—But—but what is the use reading the books that come for review if I am to use only the stock phrases.

RETIRING CRITIC—Read the books! Listen to this, Gladys—he thinks he has to read the books! Why, son, do you think any man could stand the strain of reading books for the wages you'll get?

GLADYS (*Chewing gum vigorously*) Huh!

INCOMING CRITIC (*With suspicion*)—

You don't mean—It can't be—I've heard that sometimes all the criticisms of books published by advertisers are good and all published by——"

RETIRING CRITIC—(*Looking toward the boss's office*)—No, sir! Not in this office! We treat all alike. That is a rule of——

VOICE (*From Boss's office*)—Henderson!

RETIRING CRITIC—See what he wants, Gladys. Tell him I'm busy. (*Exit* GLADYS.)

INCOMING CRITIC—But, if you don't read——

Enter GLADYS.

GLADYS (*Throwing a book on desk*)—Boss says review it. (INCOMING CRITIC *takes the book in his hand, turns it over.* GLADYS *stands chewing her gum.*)

RETIRING CRITIC (*Taking the book. He reads title*)—*The Scarlet Orchid,* by Susan Sans Gene, Dobwell and Grutch, New York. (*To* INCOMING CRITIC)—This is the way we do it. (*To* GLADYS)—Take this dictation, will you? (GLADYS *takes her note book, pulls a pencil from her mass of hair, cocks one knee over the other, and takes dictation.*)

RETIRING CRITIC (*Putting the book on his desk and looking at the cover. He dictates*)—"Of the making of new authors there is no end. When we opened *The Scarlet Orchid,* by Susan Sans Gene, and had read the first twenty pages, we wondered why. Susan Who-ever-she-is—for we take Sans Gene to be a *nom de plume*—does well to hide her family name——" Got that, Gladys?

GLADYS—"Does well to hide her family name——"

RETIRING CRITIC—"for the only merit in *The Scarlet Orchid* lies in the cover of it. Lucky the reader who only looks at the cover and does not dip inside." That doesn't sound too much like praise, does it?

GLADYS (*Looking at her finger tips*) You might say that the colour comes off on the hands, Jacky. You haven't said that for several weeks.

RETIRING CRITIC—That's right. Take this—"But even the cover is not free from blame. It might be well enough in the mountains on dry days, but readers sojourning at the sea-side, or stay-at-homes in our damp New Zealand climate, should handle *The Scarlet Orchid* with care. The publishers might well have selected a cloth that would not stain the fingers and ruin gowns." How's that?

INCOMING CRITIC—But you have not looked inside the book!

RETIRING CRITIC—Oh, tush! As the prophet says "Mush—mush—mush!" They are all mush. Now, as——

(*Enter* ADVERTISING SOLICITOR, *hurriedly and happily*)

ADVERTISING SOLICITOR (*Joyously*)—Hey, what! Is little Willie some ad. man, or ain't he? Six hundred lines, nonpareil, on a muggy day and all is well! And a new one for us, at that. Going some? What?

RETIRING CRITIC—Can that, Joe. Can't you see I'm breaking in the cub?

AD. SOLICITOR (*Insistently*)—But I won't can it. Six hundred lines of book ad.

RETIRING CRITIC (*In a different tone*)—Oh, book ad! That's different.

AD. SOLICITOR—Different? I guess it is. And it is Dobwell and Grutch I got.

RETIRING CRITIC (*Reaching for left hand pigeonhole*)—Dobwell and Grutch? Ah, Gladys, just cross out that dictation. (*The* INCOMING CRITIC *stands open mouthed.*) Take this, Gladys: "The tired critic, who, after wading through hundreds of inane novels, often thinks the position of street car driver would be preferable to that of guiding the public taste, sometimes has his happy days. One of these is when such a book comes to hand as the masterly novel by Susan Sans Gene, *The Crimson Orchid*——"

GLADYS—It is "Scarlet" ain't it?

RETIRING CRITIC (*looking at cover of book*)—"Scarlet Orchid." What did I say?

GLADYS—You said "Crimson."

RETIRING CRITIC (*To* INCOMING CRITIC)—You want to be careful about that. You might queer a deserving novel if you got the title wrong. (*To* GLADYS) Ah—"Miss Sans Gene vainly seeks to hide her charming identity under a pretty *nom de plume,* but we have guessed her secret. We will not divulge it, however, but there will be some surprise when it is solved by the hundreds

of thousands of readers we can safely predict for (*refers to list of phrases*) this cleverly written and ably composed novel. (*Refers to list again.*) Sparkling and vivid, this novel is sure to be one of the season's leading books, and (*Refers to list*) we venture to say that a month will see it at the head of the Six Best Sellers."

AD. SOLICITOR—That's great stuff.

RETIRING CRITIC—It ought to be. It's my swan song. Take this, Gladys: "If anything was needed to make the book a fortunate favourite the cover has added it. The brilliant scarlet in which it is bound will make a vivid spot against thousands of white summer dresses at sea shore and in mountain resorts. We predict——"

INCOMING CRITIC—Don't you predict rather often?

RETIRING CRITIC—It's good stuff. It shows we like the book. Go ahead, Gladys: "We predict that the scarlet cover of *The Scarlet Orchid*—and what an unusual title that is!—will long be remembered as the most vogueful sight of 1911." I rather like that "vogueful."

INCOMING CRITIC (*Doubtfully*) — I hardly think there is such a word.

RETIRING CRITIC—Who cares? If there wasn't, there is now. Take this wind up, Gladys: "So we heartily recommend *The Scarlet Orchid* to those who like a novel with well drawn characters, swift action, truth to nature and—and ——"

GLADYS—"A telling heart appeal?"

RETIRING CRITIC—Yes—"And a telling heart appeal." There you are. That's the way to fix 'em up. Suit you, Joe?

AD. SOLICITOR—Bully! Can you get it in the next issue?

RETIRING CRITIC—Last wad of copy is just going to the printers. I'll drop this in the box as I go out. (*He digs up a cigarette and lights it.* GLADYS *pounds out the copy on her typewriter, jerks the paper from the machine and hands it to* THE RETIRING CRITIC, *who has put on his hat and coat.* GLADYS *pats her hair, slaps her hat on her head, jabs a hat pin into it, sticks her gum on one corner of her typewriting machine, and is ready to go. A clock strikes the noon hour.*)

RETIRING CRITIC—Joe, I'm blowing Gladys to a farewell feed. Come along. (*To* INCOMING CRITIC) Will you come? Glad to have you.

INCOMING CRITIC (*In a dazed, troubled manner*)—No, thank you, I—I——

(*Exeunt* RETIRING CRITIC, ADVERTISING SOLICITOR *and* GLADYS)

THE INCOMING CRITIC sits and stares at the desk. From time to time he jerks spasmodically as his ideals slip from him. Finally he sighs, and takes *The Scarlet Orchid* in his hand. He opens it at random. At first he stares at the pages without seeing them, sighing like a porpoise.

INCOMING CRITIC (*Sadly*)—And this is book criticism! (*He starts, and looks at the page of the book closely.*) What? What! (*Reads*) "Of all the great order of monocotyledonous plants, this microspermeæ is, because of its scarlet colouring, the most beautiful. It is——" (*He turns the pages rapidly. Reads*) "The artificial rearing of the scarlet orchid in northern climes has been attended with failure until recently, when Professor Dudeny, of Harvard, by enclosing the entire plant in glass and inducing artificial air currents——" Why, this isn't a novel. It is a—a nature book! (*He looks about wildly.*) I wonder what they do when they want to get back what has been sent to the printer? (*He rushes to the various doors, and throws them open. All the offices are vacant. He returns to his desk, and drops limply into his chair.*) And they'll think I wrote that! *Enter* ADVERTISING SOLICITOR *hurriedly*)

ADVERTISING SOLICITOR—See my bunble of contract blanks. I left——

INCOMING CRITIC (*Grasping him by the arm*)—There has been a mistake, an awful mistake. *The Scarlet Orchid* isn't a novel. It is a nature book. How can we get back the criticism from the printer?

AD. SOLICITOR (*Grimly*)—We can't. It has gone to press by this time.

INCOMING CRITIC (*With agony*)—Oh! Why didn't I look inside the book? Why didn't I read one line! I swear I'll never, never again let a review go to press without first looking inside the book. It is awful! The critical department will be a laughing stock.

AD. SOLICITOR (*Deeply gloomy*)—It is worse than that. Dobwell and Grutch will cancel their contract. And I don't blame them. (*Exit* AD. SOLICITOR *in anger.*)

(INCOMING CRITIC *arises with sudden resolution, takes his coat and hat and turns toward the door.*)

INCOMING CRITIC (*fiercely*)—I don't care! I don't care if I am throwing up seven dollars a week! I'm going to go away and stay away! (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN

POST SCRIPT:—That this is a tragedy may be seen by the fact that, because of the puff of *The Scarlet Orchid* as a novel, seven hundred copies were sold, when Dobwell and Grutch had not expected to sell a single copy, having published the book at the author's expense. This sale having reimbursed the author, she contracted with Dobwell and Grutch for the publication of another book. Dobwell and Grutch therefore increased their standing advertisement by three hundred lines, and the Advertising Solicitor had his salary raised. But the poor Incoming Critic locked himself in his hall bedroom, wrote a bitterly sarcastic essay which made him famous, and became a wealthy author.

THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

BOOK II

CHAPTER VII—(*Continued*)



THE next time she met Dicky alone, her mind was trembling in expectation. That premonition which comes to women, that occult sense which gives them power to see ahead of time, bade her prepare with those delicious warnings love brings triumphantly to a woman's heart. She knew that things would happen then, felt the foreshadowing of them in her mind, but did not realise she only knew, because she meant that they should be. It is often that a woman's instinct warns her of events she means herself to bring about.

It was a night in late September when, during a party at Mrs. Leggatt's house, they both slipped away.

"Just come along to the bridge," Dicky had whispered to her. "The moon's rising at a quarter to nine—harvest moon—I want to see it down the river."

At first she had demurred. There would be trouble, she said, when it was found that they were gone.

"They wouldn't find out till the party's over," Dicky had urged. "It won't be over till nearly eleven. Do come, Dorothy. We won't be gone more than half an hour."

"But why do you want to see the moon?" she asked. "You can see it from the window here."

"Not like it will be on the bridge."

"But won't it be fearfully cold?" she objected.

"Do you mind if it is?" he murmured. "We can stand close together. It won't be so cold then."

That had not really been his purpose in going. It thrilled him to think they might stand close together, but he had wanted to see that harvest moon, had waited nearly the whole month for it.

He did not know it, but it was she who had made him say how they would defeat the cold, this simple, gentle Dorothy, who, with a quiet obedience, did all that Nature commanded her.

"Do come," Dicky whispered.

She said no other word against it. Together they crept out of the house, making their way down the road, past the old butter cross to the tortuous bridge of Eckington, which for so many hundreds of years has been the only path across Avon between Pershore and the West.

Countless lovers before them have

Copyright, 1912, by E. Temple Thurston.

stood in the little niches of that bridge; countless lovers have leaned over that grey stone parapet, worn with the weight of years and discoloured by many a winter. They were not the first to stand there, looking down into the running water, not the first to find some likeness in its passing ripples to the steady ebbing of their lives.

But no such thoughts as these occupied the minds of Dicky and Dorothy then. Through the brush stems of the willows as they reached the bridge, the harvest moon, deep orange, like a burning lamp, was swinging up against the dark velvet of the sky. Dicky forgot all coldness of the night. Nature was using her colours in such subtlety of tone as he knew he could never hope to master. Yet he saw it all with no sense of envy or regret. The ambition to conquer then was not so great as the knowledge of Romance. At that moment, as the beauty of the world surrounded him, he knew that he was master of it all. There was nothing in life which Dorothy might ask him then to do which he could not have accomplished. He felt in himself the strength and virtue of a hundred men. Life was almost too wonderful, yet great and wonderful as it was, he could have sacrificed it all to the mere murmur of her wish.

"I wouldn't mind if it never came to to-morrow morning," he said at last. "Look where just that one ripple catches the reflection of the moon."

With heart beating, Dorothy pressed closer to his side.

"Don't you feel cold?" she asked. "You've got nothing on your head."

"Do you?" he replied. At her request he could have put an end to life then and there; but it would have gone hard with him had she suggested they should turn back because she felt cold.

"Do you feel cold?" he repeated. "It's really quite warm, isn't it?"

"Oh, I'm all right," said she. "I've got on a warm coat. This fur cap's warm, too. I wish I'd brought my gloves."

"Hands cold?" he asked.

"They are a little," she replied, and there was expectation in her heart.

Half then in joy and still in wonder, his hands groped down in the darkness until they found the touch of hers.

"I don't expect they feel cold outside," said she quickly; "but they do in."

He took them closely in his own, crushing the fingers in his grasp. She felt the pain of it, and loved the pain. No cry of complaint came near her lips and, as Dicky held them, still gazing at the glory of the rising moon, her eyes were closed. All joy and all delight she felt within herself. So far with Dicky the enchantment was in life.

For some long time they stood there, his hands caressing hers. One by one the words were mounting to his mind, just as the moon, turning from orange to gold, was mounting above the willows into the vault of stars. Too well he knew he loved her, but never had the words come home to him till then. Now they were burning in his brain—long passionate sentences in whose embrace the whole meaning of love was compassed. One by one they rolled across his mind. He thought he had grasped them, had found the great moment for expression and, before he knew it, had whispered her name.

"Dorothy!"

She leaned still nearer to him. Her heart was beating in the prison of her breast.

"What, Dicky?" she whispered.

"I love you," said he. "Oh—I love you—that's all—that's all."

His great sentences had gone from him. The moment before they had all been there; but in the moment itself there were only three words which he could say.

"Do you love me?" he asked presently.

"Frightfully," she whispered.

He held her hands yet tighter and still looked at the moon.

"I love you better than anything else in the world," he went on, and believed it was the first time in the world such words had ever been said.

"Better than your painting?" she whispered and, knowing that he must, he was quite willing to say—yes.

One hand she disengaged to draw it gently around his neck. They looked in each other's eyes then; their breath was on each other's cheeks. How long in si-

lence that lasted neither of them could ever have told. The night was like a furnace about them as they stood there then.

"Why don't you kiss me, Dicky?" she whispered at last, as a woman fainting asks for water.

For one second the world stood still to let the mad race of thoughts crash on through Dicky's mind. Something was ending here. The virtue and the strength of all those hundred men were going from his heart. Like the tramp of a company leaving the gates of a city, he felt them passing from his soul. One by one—one by one their footsteps fell away. Nearer and nearer her eyes drew his into the complete oblivion of their depths. One moment he was free, the next a slave. His lips leaned down to hers. In the warmth of them he forgot all those moments of Romance. Dicky would not have sacrificed Life then for all the Romance in the world.

Chapter VIII

During all that period since he had left school, Dicky had kept in touch with Mr. Hollom. Had the matter been left in Dicky's own hands, doubtless the friendship might have dropped; but, true to his word to Christina, Mr. Hollom never allowed his interest in Dicky to abate. Every week he wrote and, every week, in letters not exactly to be commended for their length, Dicky replied, giving information mainly about his painting, or his troubles at the mill, but never confessing his love for Dorothy or letting it be understood what change in life that love had brought to him.

In the mental composition of Dicky there was a degree of reticence, contrasting oddly with that impulsiveness of mind which he showed in most of his dealings. This reticence no doubt he inherited from his father. On all subjects concerning himself, Mr. Furlong was slow to speak. Indeed, with him, it amounted to secretiveness. He was secretive about his origin, about his age, about the income he made from the profits of the mill. Because of this secretiveness he had never gained the confidence of his children, had never even gained the confidence of his wife.

The fringe of this mantle then, perhaps, had fallen upon Dicky. He did not even speak to Anne about his love for Dorothy, though in his heart he knew well enough that she was a conscious spectator of it all. Yet still he clung to the deeper secret of it, dimly realising that the unspoken word may be more truly a talisman than that which is spoken. So of his love for Dorothy, Mr. Hollom knew nothing. One morning at breakfast, early in the next year, Mr. Furlong remarked upon the letter that lay on Dicky's plate.

"Who's writing to you, Dicky?" he asked, and he smiled as though he would suggest his suspicions that the letter was addressed to Dicky's heart.

Dicky avoided the smile.

"It's from Mr. Hollom," he replied.

"Oh—from him? He's a nice fellow. I've often thought of asking him to come and stay here again. He's never been here since—since you left school. You'd like to see him again, I suppose?"

"Rather," said Dicky eagerly.

"Well—I'll write and ask him. What does he write to you about? He writes often—doesn't he?"

"'Bout once a week," said Dicky.

"May I see his letter?" asked Mr. Furlong.

"I don't know," replied Dicky quickly. "I haven't read it yet."

There were a thousand things likely to be in that letter which might surprise Mr. Furlong to read. Dicky thrust it swiftly into his pocket, meaning to close the matter once and for all.

"Oh, of course, don't show it me if you don't wish to," said his father. "I have no curiosity to see it. But I don't think I quite like this exhibition of secrecy on your part, Dicky. You can't expect me to give you my confidence or treat you as I most earnestly wish to treat you, if you conceal things from me like that. A letter from Mr. Hollom to you can surely contain nothing but of the most ordinary nature in the world. Mind you, as I say, I'm not curious. But that was a thing I had often to tell your dear mother about. She would keep things to herself."

Anne looked quickly at Dicky and then left the room. Mr. Furlong scarcely

noticed her going. He had discovered a subject upon which in this last year or so, since Christina's death, he had thought a great deal. He had hardly realised, in fact, how much he had thought about it until he began to speak.

"Don't you see," he continued, "how impossible it is for me to help you in any way if you don't give me the full measure of your confidence?"

"I spoke to you once about my painting," said Dicky.

"Oh, yes, about that, but then you can't expect me to take a thing like that seriously—that's—that's——"

"You took it seriously enough," said Dicky; "you tore up my sketch."

"I tore it up," replied Mr. Furlong sharply, "because it was foolish—there was no sense in it. You can't expect me to sympathise with you when you waste your time like that."

"If I waste my time," retorted Dicky, "I ought to be sympathised with. I don't waste it wilfully—I don't mean to do any harm—I believe I'm doing some good. If—if there's no sense in my sketches—" he stammered for his words —"if—if they're foolish, I—I ought to be pitied."

The heat of the moment lent him reason. It was not the gift of sympathy for which he pressed. At the back of all he said was a fierce defence of his art. In a moment, almost of inspiration, he rose to irony. His eyes were lit with it. A pause followed him before Mr. Furlong could reply. He was confronted again by that antagonism which he always met with in his son. Now, with the shafts of irony added to his defence, Mr. Furlong was for the moment confused, and knew not where to strike.

"If what you paint is nonsense," he said then, suddenly, with a rising voice, "it's not so nonsensical as the things you say. How dare you argue with me—a boy of your age! I never heard anything so ridiculous as to suggest that I should sympathise with your folly because you're fool enough to waste your time. For goodness sake try and talk sense, and then I'll listen to you. As it is, it annoys me to talk to you. Go and get to your work as soon as you've finished your breakfast."

"I've finished now," said Dicky.

"But you've eaten nothing!"

"I don't want anything."

"Eat your breakfast!" commanded Mr. Furlong sternly. "You do everything you possibly can to annoy me. Why don't you want to eat your breakfast?"

"Because whenever we have a row I don't feel inclined to do anything—certainly not eat."

"Oh—is that the way you look at it. *We* have a row. You suppose I have so little dignity as to have a row with you. I think the sooner you learn your place, my boy, the better. Try and cultivate manners to your elders, and then you'll realise that it's impossible for me to have a row—as you call it—with you."

He left the table then. He left the room. His own breakfast was but half finished on his plate. A sickness in his heart made it impossible for him to eat more. The food was dry in his throat. He went to his bedroom and for a long time sat there, wondering why Fate conspired against his affection for his son.

"If he would only understand," he said aloud; "if he would only understand that I wish the best, the very best for him——" It was not in the power of his mentality to realise that he was only excusing the want of understanding in himself.

To Dicky's surprise, in the Easter holidays, Mr. Hollom wrote saying that he had accepted Mr. Furlong's invitation to stay at the mill. After their disagreement which had arisen out of the schoolmaster's letter, he had imagined that Mr. Hollom would not be invited—a retribution for his insubordinate conduct. But in such a case as this Mr. Furlong bore no malice. The idea certainly had entered his head to punish Dicky in this manner, but he had conquered his inclinations. Mr. Hollom, no doubt, was a good influence for Dicky; he might help him to be more steady in his work. Also, when Dicky had gone to bed, they would probably play chess together. Undoubtedly it would be a false policy to punish Dicky in that way, depriving him of a benefit in order to chastise him for a fault. He sat down and wrote to Mr. Hollom that evening.

He was the same tall, cadaverous-looking man when Dicky met him at the station in Pershore. His cheeks were thinner; his eyes in deeper hollows than before. For some moments he stood looking at Dicky with a questioning, scrutinising gaze.

"What's happened to you, young man?" said he.

At once Dicky knew what he meant. He felt in himself he had changed.

"What do you mean—happened?" he asked.

"Well—you've changed. You're ten years older." He checked himself as he was about to add—"You're older than your father."

In the drive back to Eckington, Dicky had told him of all the conflict which for the most part waged silently between his father and himself.

"More and more every day," said he, "I hate the mill. It goes on just like the wheel—round and round and round."

"You're keeping your sketches?" asked Mr. Hollom.

Dicky nodded.

"Well—you'll show them to me to-morrow."

"Rather!" exclaimed Dicky.

It awakened poignant memories in Mr. Hollom's mind as he sat that evening in the sitting-room playing chess with Mr. Furlong. In a dim distant corner of his heart, he heard the faint chords of the Moonlight Sonata—echoes, withered, like the pale petals of a flower that long have been pressed between the pages of a book, Again he lost his game as he listened to them.

"You begin so well," said Mr. Furlong, as he swept the remaining pieces from the board, "I always think you're going to beat me."

"I don't concentrate enough," replied Mr. Hollom, "that's my one curse. If I could have concentrated half as much as Dicky can, for example, I might have done well."

Mr. Furlong smiled.

"Well," said he, "I see a good deal of Dicky, and I should never have said that of him."

To substantiate his statement, Mr. Hollom knew he would be compelled to refer to Dicky's painting. He saw the pitfall before him and, with careful tact, avoided it.

"I may be mistaken, of course," said he. "I know he showed little of it at school. But I see it in his eyes. He can concentrate if he likes."

"Ah—if he likes," said Mr. Furlong. "Yes—I quite agree with you. His mother was just the same. She could concentrate over her music, but it was only with the greatest difficulty in the world that I could get her to keep the household accounts in regular order."

Mr. Hollom's mind went out in vain endeavour to see a virtue in Christina keeping household accounts. In that respect as a wife perhaps she had failed. He fell to wondering then if any man found the woman in his wife; or did he consciously shut his eyes to such understanding.

"Mind you," continued Mr. Furlong, rousing him from his meditation, "I don't think Dicky takes after his mother in many respects. Anne is more like her. There is something of the set and undeviating purpose about Anne which often reminds me of my poor wife. You'll see Anne to-morrow, and then you can tell me if you don't recognise what I mean. But Dicky's a Furlong all over. I don't want to pride myself at all, but I fancy he's got my imagination. He surprises me sometimes with the things he says. He likes Carlyle, too—reads him greedily. I had a great admiration for Carlyle once."

"Once?" queried Mr. Hollom.

"Yes, I can't say it's so great now; not since it has come out how he treated his wife. It takes away most terribly to me from the truth of all he's written."

"'There is force in the rotting of a leaf,'" quoted Mr. Hollom; "'how else could it rot,' or words to that effect. Has the truth gone out of that to you?"

"I suppose it's true enough," agreed Mr. Furlong; "but I don't like to think a man like that could have written it. His was not the way to treat a wife."

Mr. Hollom held his breath and bit his lip. When the moment had passed, he spoke of being tired and asked if he might go up to his room. Mr. Furlong complained at once of his own thoughtlessness, and lit him up the stairs.

As the door of his bedroom closed and he heard the sound of Mr. Furlong's footsteps dying away, Mr. Hollom smote the palm of one hand with the back of the other. He said nothing. The gesture alone conveyed the words for all he felt. Something had to be done for Dicky. He undressed, got into bed and, blowing out the light, lay there thinking in the darkness.

Chapter IX

The next day being the first of Mr. Hollom's visit, Dicky was allowed a complete holiday. On that day Anne was returning from a visit, paid to some friends in Tewkesbury. They had the morning to themselves. With a satchel containing some of his sketches, kept under lock and key in his bedroom, Dicky set out with Mr. Hollom to the oak tree. There, in the cupboard, also under lock and key, the remainder of his work had been stored. He talked of it eagerly as they walked. His eyes were brilliant with earnestness in everything he said. With his excitement he was reduced to gestures in his endeavour to express himself. Mr. Hollom's interest was keen in everything he said and did.

They came at last to the oak tree, the scene of still another important issue in Dicky's life. At last he was laying out the sketches, one by one, occasionally introducing them with brief remarks as he placed them in the schoolmaster's hands.

He showed no craving for approval; never asked how he liked this or that, seeking for praise. One after another, with occasional explanatory preludes, he produced them from the almost inexhaustible store which he had collected.

When Mr. Hollom had been through them all he began to pick them out separately.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Oh—that's only a sky—the landscape doesn't matter—I just put it in anyhow. It had been wet all day, and about four o'clock it began to clear in the west. It was like pulling a huge grey cloth off a slab of silver. The clouds rolled back, just as if a hand was dragging them. I sort of felt that I'd never mind a grey day again, because you'd only got to think there was that dazzling light behind it."

"But how did you get that primrose part of the sky so full of light? You haven't made the grey so very dark. There isn't such a lot of contrast. How did you get it? I should have had to paint those rain clouds nearly black."

Dicky tried to think how he had got it; but it brought no meaning to his mind.

"I don't know," he said at last. "I didn't feel they were so very heavy. I think the way you feel things is the way you do them, and you can't tell how or why you feel. Look at this one—a bit of the river. They always say that the sky reflected in water is never so light as the sky itself. Well, I don't suppose it is when you go and sit down and say to yourself, now which is the lightest? But I couldn't paint to save my life if I went and said things to myself."

Mr. Hollom looked up at him.

"What do you do then, Dicky?"

"Well—I suppose I just feel. I felt the river was lighter than anything else that day. It—it meant light to me, much more than the sky did. I couldn't think of the sky when I looked at the water—I could only think of the water when I looked at the sky. You wanted to bathe in it. I did bathe, too, when I'd finished. See that smudge. That's where I chucked my trousers down."

Mr. Hollom smiled, remembering how careful he was with his own miserable sketches over which he took such time and such infinite pains. With deliberate intention he made no comment on those drawings which he looked at for the second time. It occurred to him to wonder why Dicky was not eager, as many another boy would have been, for praise. His only anxiety, it seemed, was to justify with explanation the effects he had endeavoured to produce. It was marvellous, when he considered it, how much of the theory of it all Dicky had learned when the only master under whom he had worked had been his own conscience. One thing only he needed now—the leaven of discipline. They could never kill the originality of his genius now. It had found its soil; had thrown out its roots, and no formality of teaching could ever kill it. Yet if he

persisted in the solitary study of his art, Mr. Hollom felt sure that the ultimate flower of this priceless plant would be abnormal, exotic, even distorted in its shape. In some of the sketches he had before him there were signs of it already. Freedom of brush they had, freedom of ideas; but such freedom as offered to defy the common-law. He laid all the drawings down and lit a cigarette.

"Dicky," he asked presently; "how much do you care for all this?"

In the thrill of the moment Dicky said his mind.

"Oh—better than anything else in the world," he declared and, the moment he had said the words, a vision of Dorothy pleaded with him to take them back. Almost she succeeded. In the tone of Mr. Hollom's voice he knew that yet more was to be said. If he told him of his love for Dorothy, perhaps the suggestion he had in his mind would never be made. She begged him to take back his words. Again and again she recalled to him the memory of what he had said in answer to just such a question of hers. It came to the edge of his lips then to say that one thing in life there was he loved better than his work; but he heard the words and knew all their meaning before he uttered them. With a bitter feeling of self-contempt, he closed his eyes to the vision of Dorothy and kept his silence.

"You're prepared to risk everything for it?" continued Mr. Hollom.

"Everything!" said Dicky stoutly.

"Supposing it came to running away from the mill—would you go?"

"Where?"

"To London."

Dicky's eyes found another light.

"Yes—like a shot."

"You might starve."

"No—I wouldn't."

"What 'ud you do?"

"Get work somewhere—any sort. There are classes at the schools in the evenings. I found that out. They don't cost much."

"It 'ud be a rough life after the mill, you know," said Mr. Hollom.

"Rough! What 'ud that matter? I should be working."

"Yes, and supposing you went under. I should be all to blame. It 'ud be my fault. Think what your mother would say to me if she'd been alive."

"Don't see that it 'ud be your fault," exclaimed Dicky. "I'm going anyway, whatever happens. I began saving up last year. As soon as I've got enough, I shall go."

"How much have you got?"

"Nearly a pound—eighteen and ninepence. In three weeks more it'll be a pound."

"My dear boy—a pound's no good to you. You'll have to keep yourself in rooms till you get work."

"How much would that cost?" asked Dicky.

"Depends how long you were in finding work. It might be some weeks. Now listen to what I've got to say. I know, if you're going to be any good, you must get away from the mill. Your mother once told me she wanted you to be an artist, and if I can help, I'm going to. I'm going to give you ten pounds."

Dicky's breath jerked in his throat.

"You can start in London with that. If you should want more, I'll send you more. It'll be no good you ever telling your father that I've helped you to it. Possibly after you're gone, he'll never want to see you again. Are you prepared for that?"

Dicky nodded his head.

"You'll probably cut yourself adrift from your own home, and have none left but of your own making. Are you prepared for that? Don't just nod your head. Let me hear you say yes."

"Yes," said Dicky firmly.

"I'll give you some introductions to people in London. They're not much good. None of them are artists, but they may help you to get some work. And now, when do you think you'd better go? Would you like to go while I'm here? Perhaps I could explain a bit to your father after you've gone, and make things a little easier."

"I'll go in June," said Dicky.

His eyes had opened again. Against his will he was seeing once more the vision of Dorothy; her arms were around his neck as she had drawn them that

night on Eckington bridge; her lips were warm and clinging close to his.

"I'll go in June," he said again.

"Right," said Mr. Hollom. "I shall send you the money just before you go. Let's get back."

They returned to the mill, walking slowly. For five minutes they said nothing. Their minds were full of thoughts, speeding hot foot upon them. At last Mr. Hollom turned his head and looked at Dicky.

"Why June?" he asked.

The blood rushed burning into Dicky's cheeks.

"I can't till June," said he, and said no more.

When they reached the white wicket gate between the laurels Mr. Hollom stood still. He saw a woman's figure bent over a bed in the garden. Her arms were full of daffodils that leaned against her cheeks.

"Hallo, old girl!" shouted Dicky, a higher note than usual in his voice. "Here's Mr. Hollom!"

Anne looked up.

That evening the schoolmaster lost at chess again. It was not only memories he listened to. Anne played to them in the other room.

Chapter X

It was now that Dicky felt the bonds of his enchantment. A fear came to him that night when he thought of how he must tell Dorothy of his departure. In the meeting of their lips on the bridge at Eckington, the cry of the earth had clarioned in his ears. And it was hard to make sacrifice of the earth now, even when the call of highest purpose was bidding him set forth on man's adventure.

He knew quite well that he would go, just as a man may know the Fate that is awaiting him; but how he was to leave her when every moment's beating of his heart rushed hot with the memory of that kiss and cried for more, was far beyond his saying. Just as a man who, hearing he is condemned, knows his powerlessness against the law, yet wonders at his power of inevitable submission, so Dicky marvelled in his heart to think that day in June would really come when he would bid good-bye to Dorothy. It would have been best, he knew, to have gone then and at once, before the taste of other kisses sharpened the pain of parting. But he played with the fire, heating that crucible in the hollow of which every man's soul must meet its test. The strength and virtue of the hundred men had gone from him. In that moment on Eckington Bridge, the Romance of life had changed in Dicky's mind. The first essential in Romance is a boundless freedom, the untrammelled liberty over life and death.

But in his love for Dorothy, Dicky no longer held that power. He was a slave, and the Romance had gone. Now he loved as a man is meant to love, as every woman means that he shall love, as Nature stirs in her to bring that love to pass. All the freedom he could see lay out in the world beyond that paradise in Eckington holding the woman for whom he cared. All the longing of his mind leaned out to reach that freedom to his grasp, for there was his Romance. And so within him, even then, began that conflict which makes the everlasting antagonism between men and women. So nearly are the forces weighed, so nearly matched the one against the other, that who can say which banner is the right. Dicky fought, just as the other men have fought before him.

And it is seldom the easy victim whom a woman seeks. The spirit of noble combat lies in her soul as well as his. The greater the heart in her, the greater the heart she seeks in battle. And sometimes the greatest heart may beat in the breast of the gentlest woman in the world. Despite all her gentleness there was a greatness of heart in Dorothy Leggatt.

When the next evening they met and she heard that Dicky was going away, Dorothy's heart stood still within her. This was the challenge to which she knew she must answer. In that sudden moment, she felt herself called into the bewildering struggle for life. Until then she had been but a spectator. All things had passed by before her eyes. Even the tragedy of her mother's folly had not caught her in its tide. She had seen it go by, but had never been drawn into the

eddies as it thundered past. Now, with just those few words from Dicky, and she was swept into the stream. In one brief moment the knowledge that she must strive had reached her. At first it was bewildering, overwhelming. She could not believe that Fate could be so cruel. She, too, then, in the back of her mind, was conscious that he would go; that with his going their love was to be put to all the hazard of chance, wherein the whole world of women was her common enemy. The thought of this was almost unendurable. The hatred of her sex, which at times comes to all women, pressed swiftly on her then. In that one second of time she knew them to be incapable of trust. And one by one these realisations crowded in upon her. She could not speak.

They were sitting by the side of the river, far down from the weir where it winds below the hill. For the first half hour since they had met Dicky had been struggling with the words he had to say. Hesitating and slow in taking his opportunities, they had one and all slipped from him. At last, in a pause, he had said it, blindly, as a man strikes in his own defence when the odds are crowding on him.

She had been holding his hand and, in the silence that followed, let it fall. He waited, saying no more. The thin branch of a willow leaning down into the water swayed and quivered as the river hurried by. He found himself counting the possibilities it offered of catching the things that floated past. A last year's leaf came swirling down. The willow branch had caught it. In its struggles to get free, he felt an echo of the struggle in himself. He was the leaf. She was the branch of willow. The moment she had dropped his hand, he knew their conflict had begun. When at last he glanced at her face, he found her lip was quivering.

"Oh, Dorothy!" he exclaimed, and locked his arms about her.

"Don't go, Dicky," she whispered brokenly. "Don't go. I couldn't bear it here alone."

"My dear darling, I shan't be gone for always," he whispered back.

"Oh, but it'll never be the same if you go," she replied. "It'll never be the same as it is now. You'll be different when you come back. You'll never be Dicky again if you go now. I want you always to be the Dicky you are here. Think how fearfully happy we shall be."

All strength in Dicky turned to water as he listened to the note of weeping in her voice.

"But I can't stay on in the mill," he replied gently. "How could I?"

"Why not?" she answered quickly. "One of these days you'll have it all to yourself and then we can be married. Oh, Dicky! Nobody in the world 'ud ever be so happy as we should be."

"I know," said he. "I know. But we shall be married all the same. When I've done some real good painting, p'raps the pater 'll be proud of me then. P'raps he'll let me have some money, and we can be married just the same."

"Oh, but when would that be?" she complained. "Not for years and years and years. Oh, Dicky, don't go! You won't mind the mill so much if we're married. You can go on painting your pictures just the same. I'll always come out and sit with you, and we'll have them framed and you can hang them up in the rooms."

Then, dimly, Dicky knew, vaguely it reached his understanding. But it seemed to him as if it were not love she felt at all. What her feelings were it was completely beyond him to comprehend; but it could not be love. She did not care that he should be a great painter. How could she possibly say then that she loved? He might go on painting pictures! They would have them framed, would hang them up in their rooms! It needed all the strength he possessed to control his voice to quietness.

"You don't understand a bit," he said presently, and the bitterness he felt was in every note of his voice. "I don't want to paint pictures to hang up in the mill. What 'ud be the good of that? Nobody would ever see them."

She turned and looked at him. Her lip was quivering again. But now she faced him with the truth. It was the only weapon that remained.

"Dicky," she said bravely, "you don't care for me more than anything else in

the world. You care for your painting best—don't you?"

It is a heavy but a mighty weapon is the truth. Only in her extremest hour will a woman use it in her own defence. Dicky shuddered as the blow fell on him. He turned away and could not meet her eyes. The river lapped and gurgled through the reeds as it hurried by. A bat wheeled over their heads, tumbling away into the darkness. She caught his arm.

"Dicky," she repeated, and there was terror in her voice. "You care for that best, don't you?"

She had only spoken the truth before. She knew it now. Yet again and again she tried to make him say the lie, clinging to him with both her hands, her tearful eyes pleading to his averted face. The lie would have satisfied her. She would have known indeed how much a lie it was; but if only he would say it, pride alone would have forced him to live up to it.

It is the man a woman wants, and once she loves, she will bind him to her with a lie, if the truth should fail to hold.

But Dicky could not answer. It was when his silence had broken down her courage that at last she turned away.

"Dorothy!" said he, "where are you going?"

She did not answer. Her feet were moving. She let them move.

"Dorothy!" he called again; but she did not turn round. One step he took to follow her, then held himself in check. A sudden instinct warned him that if he followed, the victory would be hers. With clenched hands and fast set teeth he looked the other way. And on into the greyness of the evening Dorothy walked with ears alert to catch his hastening footsteps in pursuit.

At a stile that led from the meadows on to the road she waited, knowing he would come that way. But Dicky never came. Weighed down with the bitterness of all he had lost, Dicky had gone away across the hill into the darkness. Long into that night he lay on a bed of bracken beneath the scattered oak trees on the hill, and the tears were hot upon his cheeks.

After an hour had passed Dorothy turned her face toward home. Her shoulders shook convulsively as she walked. In one short day she had learned how terrible life can be.

Chapter XI

At supper that evening Dicky's chair was empty. Mr. Furlong looked his annoyance.

"If there is one thing I do abominate more than another," he said with irritation, "it is unpunctuality. I don't find it impossible to be in time for meals, but Dicky's continually and systematically late. Five minutes before a meal, he suddenly finds something he wants to do. There's no sense of order in his mind at all. I can't think where he gets it from. It's no characteristic of mine."

He walked impatiently to the window, pulled aside the blind, and peered out into the gathering darkness.

"Oh, we'll begin without him," he exclaimed at last with annoyance and, coming back to the table, he assumed a different tone of voice in which he said grace. Mr. Hollom and Anne glanced across the table at each other, saying the "Amen" at its conclusion with a solemnity of expression by no means indicative of what they had in mind.

During the meal they talked of many things, but in every pause Mr. Furlong looked at the empty chair and said, "I wonder where that boy Dicky is?" His sense of order was so disturbed that he could not properly enjoy his food.

"He may have gone to supper at the Leggatts'," suggested Anne at last.

"Then why hasn't he let us know? I believe he thinks he can use this house as an hotel, coming in and going out just when he pleases."

Mr. Hollom kept silence. He could not quite trust himself to say anything. This attitude of Mr. Furlong's mind was more than he could understand. He only realised how utterly impossible it was for Dicky to stay on beneath such an influence if ever he were to do anything in the service of Art. Above all, he needed liberty—liberty of spirit, liberty of mind. Even so trivial an incident as this convinced him that there was but little liberty for Dicky at the mill.

But it was not only on this account that

he was glad when the meal was over. All that day he had been waiting for an opportunity to be alone with Anne. None had offered. His only chance lay now in that half hour when Mr. Furlong rested after his meal before they played chess. He liked to be talked to for that half hour certainly, but it might easily be avoided.

When grace was said at the meal's conclusion, he announced that he had letters to write and would go to his room.

"Are you going to play the piano?" he asked of Anne as he departed. This would take her into the other room alone, when he could come down and speak to her. In a few moments he was preparing to leave his bedroom when Anne's playing ceased. He stopped at the head of the stairs and listened.

"I thought I'd come over and smoke a pipe," said a man's voice in the hall below.

There followed then the sound of Mr. Furlong's greetings.

"Dicky's been having supper with you, I suppose," he added, as he helped his guest off with his coat.

Mr. Hollom assumed that this was Mr. Leggatt. He waited, listening for the answer.

"Dicky?" said Mr. Leggatt after a pause, and in that pause the old Cromwellian clock ticked out into the silence. "No, he's not had supper with us—why—hasn't he been here?"

"No," said Mr. Furlong. There was another note than annoyance in his voice—a note of querulousness, of uncertainty. Again the Cromwellian clock filled the silence. "It's nearly nine o'clock," said Mr. Furlong again in a moment, "I wonder what's become of him?"

"Oh—he'll turn up in a few minutes," replied Mr. Leggatt unconvincingly, and he followed Mr. Furlong into the sitting-room. The door closed. The schoolmaster heard no further but the dim murmur of their voices. There was no more playing of the piano, however. He knew then that his chance had gone, and at last he came downstairs.

"Can you imagine what's become of Dicky?" Mr. Furlong asked, the moment he entered the room.

"Probably rambling somewhere or other," replied Mr. Hollom. "I don't think there's any need for you to be alarmed."

Catching a worried glance in Anne's eyes, he suggested cheerfully that they should play a game of bezique. She agreed at once, and the cards were got out. They played in silence while the two men sat in their arm-chairs, smoked, and made desultory conversation. At every sound outside the house, whenever a dog barked, they became silent; Anne laid down her cards and listened. After a few moments had gone by, the conversation began again, and Anne continued with the game.

Once Mr. Furlong got up from his chair, leaving the room. They heard him opening the door in the hall outside. Again they listened. When he returned, Anne's eyes searched his face.

"There's no moon," he said. "It's a terribly dark night."

Mr. Hollom leaned across the table and whispered beneath his breath, "I can't bear to see you looking worried like that. Dicky's all right. He's probably gone for a long walk. He's got a lot to think about."

Anne smiled at him gratefully. For a time her spirits seemed to rise.

"How's Dorothy, Mr. Leggatt?" she asked presently.

"Dorothy? First rate, I think, Anne. Wasn't she with you this afternoon? She came in just as we were sitting down to supper."

"No—I haven't seen her to-day," she replied, and the apprehension came back again into her eyes. Mr. Hollom watched every expression of her face.

The desultory conversation then began again, continuing fitfully until, in a moment of silence, the Cromwellian clock struck the hour of ten. Stroke by stroke the chime fell on their ears. When it stopped, and while they could still hear the dim vibration of sound, Mr. Furlong rose to his feet again.

"I can't stand this any longer," he said nervously. "That boy must be somewhere. He's got nothing to keep him out till this time of night if he isn't at your place, Leggatt. Will you come out

with me, Hollom, and see if we can find him?"

"Of course," said Mr. Hollom readily.

"I'll come too, Furlong," said Mr. Leggatt. "If we separate and set up a call, he's bound to hear us. There's no wind—it's only dark."

"I am going to come, too," Anne whispered to Mr. Hollom, and, as they walked down the path to the wicket gate, he found her beside him in the darkness.

"Hadn't one of us better go down to the river?" suggested Mr. Furlong while they stood for a moment in conversation outside the gate.

"I'll come with you, Furlong," said Mr. Leggatt. "They'd better go straight along the road to the hill."

So they agreed to it, and, as they moved off into the darkness, they heard Mr. Furlong say in an uncertain voice, "Do you know, I've regretted all my life that I never took to the water when I was a boy."

"Can't you swim?" asked Mr. Leggatt.

"No, but I know how to do the stroke. I know how to use my arms and legs."

Their voices then died away into the darkness and Mr. Hollom set out with Anne along the road.

"Do you know," he said presently, "that your father's really very fond of Dicky?"

"Yes, I know," she replied. "It's only that he doesn't understand. He didn't understand mother a bit."

The face of Christina rose into Mr. Hollom's memory. For one instant he saw her distinctly; then her features became confused with the features of Anne. He leaned down a little in the darkness and looked at her.

"Anne," he said suddenly, using her Christian name for the first time, "you're not to worry about Dicky."

He listened intently to the silence that followed his use of her name. An acute sense of instinct with which Nature supplies a man in these moments, told him that she had noticed and was not opposed to it. It was a stone on which to step. The next was to draw her attention to what he had done.

"Do you mind my calling you by your Christian name?" he asked. "I used to call you Anne—do you remember—when I stayed here before?"

"Yes—I remember," she replied.

"Of course it makes a difference now; you're very much grown up. But I don't expect you feel very different, do you?"

"Well—it's not quite the same, is it?" said she. "Every girl feels a little different when she puts her hair up."

"You'd rather I didn't call you Anne, then?" he asked quickly.

"No—I—I think I like you to."

He knew then. He knew he had won. All that lay before him now were those glorious hours whilst he would lead her into the presence of love, that same love which he had spoken of to Christina, which one day soon he would be telling to Anne herself. For the moment he asked no more. You learn quickly that these hours and days are the most precious of all.

With Christina it had been different. There had been but one moment, a moment filled as much with pleasure as with pain. He had taken it then, rather than lose it altogether. But this with Anne was different now. He knew all the days he had before him, and, with the delight almost of an epicure, was content to pause and dally with the feast before his eyes.

A sudden sound of voices calling, came to them through the darkness from the river side. They stopped at once, leaning their heads toward it.

"Dicky! Dicky!"

They dimly heard his name and waited for the answering cry, but there was none.

"I don't know what I should do if anything had happened to him," said Anne tearfully.

"I don't think you have the slightest need to worry," replied Mr. Hollom. "I must tell you what happened yesterday. It'll probably explain a good deal."

He related then all that had taken place between himself and Dicky in the oak tree.

"When I asked him," he concluded, "if he'd like to go away at once, while I was here, he said, 'No, not now. I'll go in June.' Do you know why he waits till June?"

Had it not been for the darkness, he might have seen her smile.

"Didn't he tell you anything about himself?" she asked presently.

"No—nothing except about his painting."

"Nothing about Dorothy Leggatt?"

"Oh—I see," said he. "I might have understood that—one's generally so quick to realise other people's love affairs—so slow to realise one's own. What's she like?"

"She's got brown hair and grey eyes," began Anne.

He laughed.

"No—I don't mean that," said he. "I don't suppose you could really tell me what I want to know. Well, you can see now, can't you, why Dicky's out so late?"

"But Dorothy's not with him. Mr. Leggatt said he left her at home."

"Yes—so he did. Well, then, I wonder what he is doing. You may be sure, at any rate, that it has something to do with his going away. Dicky's a queer chap, you know. There are a lot of things he likes to do all by himself. Even at the school, he used to have his own little schemes and keep them secret."

"Dicky! Dicky!"

They heard the cry again, still further, still fainter than before. There was no reply.

"Hadn't you better call, too?" asked Anne. A sudden fear seemed to contract her throat. Her voice was husky.

Mr. Hollom raised his hands to his mouth, made a hollow shell of them, and called.

"Dicky! Dicky!"

They stood quite still and listened. Out of the branches of an elm tree, an owl swept out with a rushing wing. One instant they saw it black in the darkness.

"Do you think he could hear that in the oak tree?" asked Mr. Hollom. "Because that's where he is—I'm sure of it."

"He ought to be able to," said Anne. "But why doesn't he answer? He must know how worried we should be."

"He's not thinking of other people just now," Mr. Hollom assured her. "Dicky's up against himself, and that's who he's thinking about. Come on—let's go on toward the hill—that's where we shall find him."

He tried his best to say it cheerfully, but hope was somewhat misgiving in him now. The thought that something might have happened to Dicky was no longer an impossibility, but a fear. Yet even as a fear he could not credit it. Destiny had Dicky in its hands, and Destiny would not so easily let him go.

"Dicky's very strange sometimes, you know," said Anne as they hurried onward. "When mother died, I used to think sometimes that he was going mad. He used to creep away so much alone. It was a long, long time before I could get him back to be himself again."

"I wish I'd had a sister like you, Anne."

"Why?"

He hesitated and then, without answering, put up his hands to his mouth once more and cried out Dicky's name. They stopped to listen and then went on in silence.

As they reached the foot of the hill they stood still. A noise had come at the same moment to their ears. In the darkness, Mr. Hollom held her hand; they bent forward, straining to catch the faintest sound.

"Did you hear, too?" whispered Anne.

"Yes—it was a twig cracking or something—listen."

"P'raps it's only a sheep."

"No—listen—I can hear steps—Dicky?"

"What is it?" came Dicky's voice through the blackness which surrounded them. "Whatever's the matter?"

"We've been hunting the whole country side for you, you young villain—that's what's the matter. Where've you been? What have you been doing?"

"I've been up there in the wood. Is the pater out looking for me, too?"

"Dicky," said Anne, as she took his arm closely in her hands, "you've given us all a terrible fright."

"You'd better go and find your father, young man, and let him know you're all right. He's hunting for you down by the river."

Dicky freed himself from the tightening of Anne's fingers and, with his

hands deep in his pockets, slouched off once more out of sight.

"He's been hit, and hit badly," said Mr. Hollom when he had gone. "I suppose it's all good for him. It's the way women make men. One woman brings a child into the world and another sets to work to make a man of him. It's an interesting business. I wonder whom the world needs most, the woman who makes or the man who's made. I suppose it's the proverbial six of one to the old half-dozen of the other."

(To be continued)

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

Broadway Publishing Company:

Truth Will Out: An Emergence from Chaos and Subterfuge into Light and Reality. By Seymour Supercern.

The Idyll of Lucinda Pearl. By Robert Boggs.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

Published by the Class of 1907 of Bryn Mawr College:

Carola Woerishoffer: Her Life and Work.

Ferris and Leach:

My Life in the Army: Three Years and a Half with the Fifth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, 1862-1865. By Robert Tilney.

Roebush-Elkins Company:

Sidney Lanier at Rockingham Springs. Where and How "The Science of English Verse" was Written. A New Chapter in American Letters. By John W. Wayland, Ph.D.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Recollections of a Great Lady: Being More Memoirs of the Comtesse De Boigne. Edited from the Original MS. by M. Charles Nicoullaud.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

Halcyone. By Elinor Glyn.

The Roses of Crein. By Beryl Symons.

A. S. Barnes Company:

A Bermuda Lily. By Virginia W. Johnson.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

A Man in the Open. By Roger Pocock.

The Sign at Six. By Stewart Edward White.

Where There's a Will. By Mary Roberts Rinehart.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Swords Reluctant. By Max Pemberton.

The Decision. From the French of Léon De Tinswau. Translated by Frank Alvah Dearborn.

Duffield and Company:

The Cobweb Cloak. By Helen Mackay.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

An American Wooing. By Florence Drummond.

John Lane Company:

The House of a Thousand Welcomes. By E. R. Lipsett.

The Tomboy and Others. By H. B. Marriott Watson.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Principal Girl. By J. C. Snaith.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:

Our Baby: A Concise and Practical Guide for the Use of Mothers in the Care and Feeding of Infants and Young Children. By Ralph Oakley Clock, M.D.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Moths of the Limberlost. By Gene Stratton-Porter.

Henry Holt and Company:

English Readings for Schools: Scott's Quentin Durward. Edited by Thomas H. Briggs.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University:

Provincial and Local Taxation in Canada. By Solomon Vineberg, Ph.D.

The Spirit of Chinese Philanthropy: A Study in Mutual Aid. By Yu-Yu Tsu, Ph.D.

A Comparative Study of the Law of Corporations, with Particular Reference to the Protection of Creditors and Shareholders. By Arthur K. Kuhn, Ph.D., LL.D.

British Radicalism. 1791-1797. By Walter Phelps Hall.

The Negro at Work in New York City. By George Edmund Haynes, Ph.D.

John W. Luce and Company:

In Wicklow, West Kerry, The Congested Districts, Under Ether. By J. M. Synge.

August Strindberg: Plays. The Father, Countess Julie, The Outlaw, The Stronger. Translated by Edith and Warner Oland.

McBride, Nast and Company:

A Shopping Guide to Paris and London. By Frances Sheafer Waxman.

Architectural Styles for Country Houses: The Characteristics and Merits of Various Types of Architecture as Set Forth by Enthusiastic Advocates. Edited by Henry H. Saylor.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August:

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The First Lady of the Land. Davies and Nirdlinger. (Fly.) $1.25.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.35.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill). $1.00.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The State. Wilson. (Heath.) $2.00.
4. Woodrow Wilson. Hale. (Doubleday, Page) 50 cents

Juveniles

1. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Girls of Friendly Terrace. Smith. (Page.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.

Juveniles

1. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents
3. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Blue Wall. Child. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppènheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Loss of the SS. Titanic. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. Bird Guide. Flower Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
4. The Battle of April 19, 1775. Coburn. (Coburn.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Blue Wall. Child. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. Secret Service. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
4. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Border Watch. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mind Cure. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
2. Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.
3. Sexual Physiology. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
4. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The History of England. Fletcher and Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.80.
2. When Mother Lets Us Travel in Italy. Martin. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.00.
3. Very Short Stories. (Nelson Sons.) 75 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Blue Wall. Child. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Loss of the SS. Titanic. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Lonesome Land. Bower. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. The Squirrel Cage. Canfield. (Holt.) $1.35.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DES MOINES, IA.

FICTION

1. Uncle Peter—Heathen. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. My Demon Motor Boat. Fitch. (Little, Brown.) $1.10.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. The Go-Hawk Series. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.00.
3. Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Simpkins Plot. Birmingham. (Hodder & Stoughton.) $1.20.
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Book of the Black Bass. Henshall. (Stewart-Kidd.) $3.00.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.
4. The Call of the Carpenter. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Birds Every Child Should Know. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. Story of Columbus. Moores. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Last Try. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Goodly Fellowship. Schauffler. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

6. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.

JUVENILES

1. Hollow Tree and Deep Woods. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Little Colonel Stories. Johnstone. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Stories from the Iliad. Church. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Whispers About Women. Merrick. (Kennerly.) $1.20.
2. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm. Van Loan. (Small, Maynard.) $1.25.
6. Both Sides of the Shield. Butt. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60c.
2. Play Making. Archer. (Small, Maynard.) $2.00.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Luce.) $1.50.
4. Modern Dramatists. Dukes. (Sergel.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Toby. Harris. (Small, Maynard.) $1.25.
3. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
5. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Her Weight in Gold. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Social Life in the Insect World. Faber. (Century Co.) $3.00.
2. The Expert Waitress. Springsteed. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
4. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Poems of Childhood. Field. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Actor Manager. Merrick. (Kennerly.) $1.20.
2. The Man Who Understood Woman. Merrick. (Kennerly.) $1.20.
3. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
3. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICITON

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. A Goodly Fellowship. Schauffler. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Everyman's Library. (Dutton.) 35 cents.
2. Land Birds. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75c.
3. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
4. The Jonathan Papers. Woodbridge. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. Miss Billy's Decision. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Post Stamp Catalog, 1912. (Scott.) 65 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Irish Folk History Plays. Lady Gregory. (Putnam.) $3.00.
2. The Child of Dawn. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Terrible Meek. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Maxims of Cardinal Gibbons. (Murphy.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Glittering Festival. Harrison. (McClurg.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Band Box. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
6. Officer 666. Currie and McHugh. (Fly.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Road to Joy. Willcox. (Harper.) 50c.
2. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50c.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.

JUVENILES

1. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50c.
2. Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
5. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Baseball Joe of the Silver Stars. Chadwick. (Cupples & Leon.) $1.00.
2. High School Girls Series. Flower. (Altemus.) 50 cents.
3. Johnnie and Billie Bushy Tail. Garis. (Fenno.) 75 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Spanish Gold. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.

3. The Diary of Francis Lady Shelley. Edgecombe. (Scribner.) $3.50.
4. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.30.
4. The Major's Niece. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. Devil's Wind. Wentworth. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Man from Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Officer 666. Currie and McHugh. (Watt.) $1.25.
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychology of Salesmanship. Atkinson. (Fenno.) $1.00.
2. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
3. Auto Blue Book, No. 3. (Auto Blue Book Co.) $2.50.
4. Brooks' Auto. Hand Book. (Drake.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. A Graduate Coach. Hare. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. A West Point Lieutenant. Maline. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) $1.50.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. "Hello Bill." (Caldwell.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. The Rose Fairies. McCabe. (Rand, McNally.) $1.25.
3. The Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. The Blue Wall. Child. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FCITION

1. Flower Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
2. Key to Trees. Collins and Preston. (Holt.) $1.35.
3. Making Home Profitable. St. Maur. (Sturgis & Walton.) $1.00.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Singing Man. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Psychology. James. (Holt.) $1.60.

JUVENILES

1. The Aeroplane Boys Series. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.
2. The Boy Scouts Series. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
3. The Pony Rider Series. Patchin. (Altemus.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Child of the Dawn. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
2. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Land We Live In. Price. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Inverted Torch. Alexander. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. Woman's Eyes. Ryder. (Robertson.)
3. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. The Border Watch. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) $1.50.

3. How to Argue and Win. Kleiser. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.25.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Briggs.) $1.50.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) $1.50.
6. The Bandbox. Vance. (Copp.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. A Son of the Sun. London. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz Brothers.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
2. Boston School Cook Book. Farmer. $2.00.
3. Poems. Browning. (Crowell.) 75 cents.
4. Lessons in Truth. Cady. (Unity Co.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. The Battle Ship Boys. Patchin. (Altemus.) 50 cents.
2. Billy Whiskers Series. Montgomery. (Saalfield.) $1.00.
3. The Rover Boys Series. Weirfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Tell It Again Stories. Emerson and Dillingham. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
3. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list			receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	"	4

POINTS

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35 372
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35 153
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 151
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25..... 124
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40 82
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.. 76

An Argument for Advertisers

Every magazine advertiser knows that mere volume of inquiry does not necessarily mean a large amount of business.

An advertiser who pays $500 for a page of advertising that brings him one thousand replies from a class of people who write for samples, but do not buy, is wasting his money.

Another medium with smaller circulation and a low page rate may bring only ten replies, but the percentage of orders to replies may be very high. Here is where quality counts.

Quality is a factor in all publicity which must be taken into account—it is really of more importance than quantity.

There is a class of people who are buyers of good, high-grade articles who do not cut out and fill in coupons and mail them, ordering samples of free literature. They buy where they are accustomed to, and may never write directly to the advertiser.

THE BOOKMAN has a circulation of the finest quality, and the quantity of this circulation, together with its low advertising rate, makes it a good medium for the general advertiser as can be found.

THE BOOKMAN has no waste circulation. When you use it for advertising, you reach a picked list of American buyers in every part of the country—a new list, a new market—not the same people who read your advertisements in other mediums.

You can pay more for advertising space in other magazines than THE BOOKMAN, but you cannot get better value for your money.

THIS PAGE FOR SALE

For Particulars Address

RALPH E. DeWITT, Business Manager

THE BOOKMAN MAGAZINE, 443 Fourth Ave., New York City

THE BURR PRINTING HOUSE, FRANKFORT AND JACOB STS., N. Y.

Fevers

prevail in the Fall, due to germs developed during Summer. To prevent sickness and protect your family, purify the waste-pipes, sinks, closets, and the cellar with

Platt's Chlorides

diluted according to directions on the bottle. A little extra care just now may prevent much sickness and expense. It is an odorless, colorless liquid disinfectant which destroys foul odors and disease-breeding matter. Sold by druggists everywhere.

the odorless disinfectant.



"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged; thoroughly seasoned.
Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting.
In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used.
Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.
AT YOUR DEALER'S.
Send 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY,
204 Broadway, New York.



This **VOSE** style of **Home Grand** is a splendid grand piano, suited for any home and sold at a reasonable price. The **tone, touch** and **magnificent wearing qualities** of the

Vose Pianos

are only explained by the exclusive patented features and the **high-grade** material and superb workmanship that enter into their construction.

We deliver, when requested, direct from our factory free of charge, and guarantee perfect satisfaction.

Liberal allowance made for old pianos. Time payments accepted.

FREE—If you are interested in pianos let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalog that gives full information.

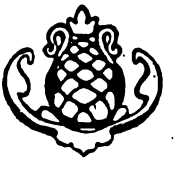
VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
150 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

BURR PRINTING HOUSE, NEW YORK

OCTOBER 1912

THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE & LIFE



DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
NEW YORK

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY



SOME FALL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Just Ready

Julie M. Lippmann's — **MARTHA BY-THE-DAY**

A very human and humorous story of a char-woman and a girl she befriended. *2nd printing.* $1.00 *net.*

R. E. Vernede's — **THE FLIGHT OF FAVIEL**

A well-told, absorbing tale of a man who disappeared on a bet, and found it hard to get back. Frontispiece by VARIAN. $1.20 *net.*

Duffield Osborne's — **ENGRAVED GEMS**

Signets, Talismans, and Oriental Intaglios of all times. By DUFFIELD OSBORNE, author of "The Lion's Brood," editor of Livy's "Roman History," etc., etc. With 32 plates figuring 700 gems, and numerous line drawings. *Large 8vo.* $6.00 *net.*

"Will prove fascinating to any serious student of art. Appears to be without a rival in English."—*Springfield Republican.*

William James's — **ON SOME OF LIFE'S IDEALS**

A popular reprint of "On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings," and "What Makes Life Significant," from "Talks to Teachers." 50 *cents net.*

Ready Early in October

W. J. Henderson's (Musical Critic of *The New York Sun*) — **THE SOUL OF A TENOR**

An absorbing romance of opera-land, by one of the greatest authorities on it. *With frontispiece by George Gibbs.* $1.35 *net.*

Inez Haynes Gillmore's (Author of **Phoebe and Ernest**) **PHOEBE, ERNEST AND CUPID**

Follows the Martin family through the complications arising from the introduction of the third character. *Illustrated by Schabelitz.* $1.35 *net.*

Anne Shannon Monroe's — **MAKING A BUSINESS WOMAN**

More truth than fiction. Much has been added to the papers that made such a hit in the *Saturday Evening Post.* $1.30 *net.*

Burton E. Stevenson's — **THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE**

Collects the best short poetry of the English language—the masterpieces and the "favorites"—written between 1580 and 1912 (3120 poems by 1100 authors). *3865 pages, India paper, 1 vol., 8vo, complete author, title and first line indices. Probable price* $8.00 *net.*

Dorothy Canfield Fisher's (Author of **The Squirrel-Cage**) **A MONTESSORI MOTHER**

Provides a simple, untechnical hand-book for mothers and teachers, based on intimate knowledge of Dr. Montessori and her schools. Dedicated by permission to Maria Montessori. *With illustrations, 12mo.* $1.25 *net.* (*Oct. 19th.*)

Mary Roberts Coolidge's — **WHY WOMEN ARE SO**

Interprets and justifies to women their struggle for better things, and enables them to draw conviction and ammunition. $1.50 *net.*

Profs. W. P. Trent, B. W. Bacon, Chas. M. Andrews are among the authors who contribute ten new volumes to **THE HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY**

Fifty-six volumes now ready. Each absolutely new and sold separately. **50c.** *net, by mail, 56c. Complete list on request.*

*** The above are some of the noteworthy books on MESSRS. HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY's fall list, complete upon request from 34 West 33rd Street, New York

VOL. XXXVI No. 2

THE BOOKMAN

An ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE *of* LITERATURE *and* LIFE

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT PAGE

Kipling's Blunders—Kipling and the "Dimbula"—Arnold Bennett on American Sport—"Modernity" and Gooseflesh—Mr. H. G. Wells—Tremendous Youth—The Whistler Legend (with illustrations)—The Fourth Generation—Janet Ross's Impressions of Tennyson and Carlyle (with portrait and illustration)—Slightly in Error—More about Richard Dehan (with portrait)—O. Henry (portrait)—Another Anon.—Miss Harraden and the "Cause" (with portrait)—Pierre Loti (portrait)—The Robin in the Garden—A New Menace—Mary Agnes Hamilton (portrait)—Chu-Chu and Others (with portrait of Dr. H. C. Rowland—Sherlock in the Films—D'Annunzio in the Air (with portrait of Glenn H. Curtiss and Others)—Harry Leon Wilson (portrait)—A Son of Ibsen (portrait)—A Mystery Unveiled (with sketch of George Barr McCutcheon by J. Montgomery Flagg)—A Matter of Ethics—The Meredith Letters—Renan on Balzac—"Thoughts" on Declining Manners . . 105–127

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Art in Publicity (illustrated)	LOUIS BAURY	128
The Reading Zones of the United States	GRACE ISABEL COLBRON	148
The Personal Loti	STUART HENRY	153
Two New Whittier Poems	WALTER JERROLD	155
The Triumph of Whistler (illustrated)	JOSEPH PENNELL	158
The Art of Lionel Johnson	MILTON BRONNER	179

VERSE

The Unknown Brothers	LOUIS V. LEDOUX	147

INFIRMITY OF PURPOSE IN THE DRAMA

The Model—The Perplexed Husband—The Ne'er-Do-Well—The Master of the House—Little Miss Brown—Ready Money—Discovering America. (Illustrated) . . . CLAYTON HAMILTON 164

FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

The Mystery of Henry James—Robert Barr and Euclid—To G. C. D.—O. Henry's Real Age—The Question of the Double Possessive 176

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I	Richard Dehan's "Between Two Thieves"	FREDERIC TABER COOPER	186
II	Anatole France's "The Gods are Thirsty"	EDOUARD HERRIOT	190
III	"The Delinquent Child and the Home"	ARTHUR M. CHASE	193
IV	Hugh Walpole's "A Prelude to Adventure"	HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE	195
V	Charles Tenney Jackson's "The Midlanders"	GEORGE MIDDLETON	196
VI	F. Hopkinson Smith's "The Arm-Chair at the Inn"	GRIFFIN MACE	197
VII	Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews's "The Marshal"	CHARLES W. CAMP	198
VIII	Arthur Train's "C. Q. In the Wireless House"	STANHOPE SEARLES	199
IX	R. H. Davis's "The Red Cross Girl"	R. A. WHAY	199

THE QUESTION OF FULL VALUE AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

The Flight of Faviel—Bella—The Moth—Davidee Birot—Mary Pechell—Lifted Masks FREDERIC TABER COOPER 200

THE ANTAGONISTS: A NOVEL

E. TEMPLE THURSTON 206

THE BOOK MART

Books Received	217
Sales of Books During the Month	218
The Best Selling Books	224

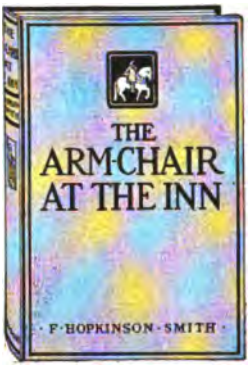
Published monthly by DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, New York City.
Copyright, 1912, by Dodd, Mead and Company. *All rights reserved.* Entered at New York Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter. *Manuscripts submitted to* THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editor of* THE BOOKMAN."

PRICE, 25 CENTS A NUMBER; $2.50 A YEAR

F. Hopkinson Smith's "The Arm-Chair at the Inn"

"The best he has yet written."—*New York Sun.*

"It is difficult to do justice to such a book. Truly, it is full of the most delightful reading."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*



"A monument to the incomparable skill and charm of the author."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"It would be hard to find a more entertaining, piquant and sweet-spirited companion in book form."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Illustrated. $1.30 net

Postpaid $1.45

PLAYS

Plays by Anton Tchekoff

"Uncle Vanya," "Ivanoff," "The Sea-Gull," and "The Swan Song"
Translated from the Russian by MARIAN FELL

Frontispiece. 12mo. *$1.50 net; postpaid $1.65*

These four plays, by one of the greatest of modern Russians, whom Tolstoi declared to be comparable only to Maupassant, show not only the range and depth of his astonishing genius, but they give a picture of Russian life unequalled since Turgenieff. Three of the plays are here translated for the first time into English.

By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

Miss Julia—The Stronger

75 cents net; postpaid 83 cents

"Miss Julia" is more often acted on the German and Scandinavian stage than any other Strindberg play. Masterful construction and gripping theme make it intensely dramatic; whether you like it or hate it you can't leave it. Strindberg's Preface to it, a sort of dramatic creed, given here for the first time in English, is almost as famous abroad as the play.

You could read "The Stronger" in eighteen minutes and you would comprehend the life stories of three people. The play has almost no action in the ordinary sense, but has the effect of fierce, continuous action—it makes a mental conflict as vivid as if a physical conflict.

There Are Crimes and Crimes

75 cents net; postpaid 83 cents

Plays by Strindberg:

"The Dream Play," "The Link," and "The Dance of Death" *$1.50 net; postpaid $1.65*

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

The Pigeon.

A Fantasy in Three Acts *60 cents net; postpaid 70 cents*

The Little Dream.

An Allegory in Six Scenes *50 cents net*

Justice

60 cents net

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS **FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**

THE NEW LIFE OF BYRON

By Ethel Colburn Nayne

2 vols. Illustrated. $5.00 *net*

The first detailed life since the publication of Lord Lovelace's "Astarte" in 1905, and thus the first seriously written biography since the "Byron Mystery" was solved.

THE FOURTH GENERATION

Reminiscences by Janet Ross

Illustrated. $3.50 *net*

Carlyle, George Meredith, J. A. Symonds, G. F. Watts, Richard Doyle, Mark Twain, Rogers, Guizot—the facts that the writer knew well all these and other shining characters; that her style is light, intimate, and expressive; that she gives hitherto unpublished letters of Meredith, Watts, Lord Leighton, and others, make this one of the decade's most valuable memoirs.

THE DIARY OF FRANCES LADY SHELLEY: 1787-1817

Edited by Her Grandson

Illustrated. $3.50 *net*

The Diary of a brilliant social woman who knew intimately Wellington, Byron, Metternich, Talleyrand, Scott, Peel, etc.

"These delightfully frank and piquant diaries are certain to be remembered and quoted for many years to come . . . abound in lively anecdotes and shrewd estimates."—*London Daily Telegraph.*

THE SCOTT ORIGINALS

An Account of Notables and Worthies, the Originals of Characters in the Waverley Novels

By W. S. Crockett

With many portraits and 45 illustrations in collotype. $2.50 *net*

Mr. Crockett may be said to have contributed the final word on a subject which has given rise to so much conjecture.

A PRINCESS OF THE ITALIAN REFORMATION

Giulia Gonzaga, 1513-1566: Her Family and Friends

By Christopher Hare

With portraits and other illustrations. 8vo. $2.50 *net*

A new work by this well-known writer dealing with a fascinating character of the middle ages.

BIOGRAPHY

King René d'Anjou and His Seven Queens
By EDGECUMBE STALEY, author of "Tragedies of the Medici"
With colored frontispiece and 35 illustrations. 8vo . . net, $3.00

Bancroft, Mrs. George
Letters from England (1846-1839) net, 1.50

Barry, Madame du
By H. N. Williams . . . net, 2.00

Barry, Marie Caroline Duchess de
By H. N. Williams . . . net, 3.75

Bourgogne, Duchess of (Rose of Savoy)
By H. N. Williams . . . net, 3.50

Dino, Duchess of
Memoirs. *3 vols., each* . net, 2.50

Hare, Christopher
Most Illustrious Ladies of the Italian Renaissance. . . net, 3.00

Montespan, Madame de, and Louis XIV
By H. N. Williams . . . net, 2.00

Pompadour, Madame de
By H. N. Williams . . . net, 2.00

Recamier, Madame, and Her Friends
By H. N. Williams . . . net, 2.00

Staley, Edgecumbe
Dogaressas of Venice . . net, 3.50
Famous Women of Florence, net, 3.50
Heroines of Genoa and the Riviera net, 3.50

Trowbridge, W. R. H.
Court Beauties of Old Whitehall net, 3.75
Mirabeau the Demi-God. The True Story of His Life and Adventures. *Illustrated. 8vo,* net, 3.75

Waddingt n, M. K.
Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife net, 2.50
Letters of a Diplomat's Wife, net, 2.50

TRAVEL

Edinburgh
Picturesque Notes. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
New Illustrated Edition, with 24 full-page illustrations in color by Mr. James Heron, the Edinburgh artist, printed on antique paper, with imitation deckle edge, gilt top. 4to net, $3.50

Papua or British New Guinea
By J. H. P. MURRAY, Lieutenant-Governor of Papua
Illustrated net, $3.75

Venezuela
By LEONARD V. DALTON, B.Sc.
Illustrated. 8vo. . . net, $3.00

With Ski in Norway and Lapland
By J. H. W. FULTON, Member of the Ski Club of Great Britain
With numerous illustrations and photographs net, $1.25

RECOLLECTIONS OF A GREAT LADY

Being More Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne

Edited from Original MS.

$2.50 *net; postage extra*

The years covered by this volume are from 1832 to 1848—years of many important and picturesque events, thronged with interesting characters.

"Mme. de Boigne knew all the stars that covered the political firmament of her country."—*Argonaut.*

MEMOIRS OF THE COMTESSE DE BOIGNE

Vol. I, 1781-1814; Vol. II, 1815-1819; Vol. III, 1820-1830

Each with frontispiece. $2.50 *net*

THE OLD COLLEGES OF OXFORD

Their Architectural History Illustrated and described

By Aymer Vallance, M.A.
Oriel College

$35.00 *net*

The most beautiful, interesting, and complete book on the Colleges of Oxford—a small folio containing 50 fine collotype plates, 160 pages of text with 232 text illustrations in line and half-tone from drawings and photographs.

THE PASSES OF THE PYRENEES

A Practical Guide to the Mountain Road of France-Spanish Frontier

By Charles L. Freeston
Author of "High Roads of the Alps"

With a colored frontispiece, 71 full-page illustrations from photographs, and 6 maps and 30 itineraries. $3.00 *net*

ITALIAN TRAVEL SKETCHES

By James Sully
University College, London

With over 20 full-page illustrations by P. N. Boxer. $2.00 *net*

A record of many years of wandering in Italy by a well-known English writer and scholar.

THE BUILDING OF THE ALPS

By T. G. Bonney, Sc.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

Illustrated. $3.75 *net*

Sets forth their topography and structure, their nature and history, their forms of peak and valley, and to trace their eternal war with avalanche, torrent, and glacier.



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS **FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**

THE DEMOCRATIC MISTAKE

By Arthur George Sedgwick

A brilliant contribution to precisely the issues of the present presidential campaign. Mr. Sedgwick is well known as a publicist, a lawyer, a writer on law. These six papers state and develop the contention that the cardinal "Democratic Mistake" of our political history has been the attempt to secure "responsibility" in public officials by popular election at short intervals.

$1.00 *net; postpaid* $1.09

COURTS, CRIMINALS, AND THE CAMORRA

By Arthur Train

Author of "True Stories of Crime," "The Prisoner at the Bar," etc.

His account of detectives and detective work, his description of the preparation of a big criminal case, his discussion of why do men kill, the presumption of innocence, are full of keen observation and humor. He gives a vivid and brilliant picture of the Camorrist trial at Viterbo and describes the workings of the society in Italy and here.

$1.75 *net; postpaid* $1.85

DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGION AND THOUGHT IN ANCIENT EGYPT

By Prof. James H. Breasted, Ph.D.

Professor of Egyptology and Semitic Languages, University of Chicago

A valuable and interesting volume by the distinguished Egyptologist based on lectures delivered on the Morse Foundation in 1912.

$1.50 *net; postage extra*

POLITICAL SCIENCE

Anonymous
Great Analysis net $.75

Baden-Powell, B. H.
Origin and Growth of Village Communities in India . net, 1.00

Brooks, N.
How the Republic is Governed net, .75
Short Studies in Party Politics 1.25

Butler, W. R.
Government of the New England States net, .50

Cable, G. W.
Negro Question net, .75
Silent South net, 1.00

Chadwick, F. E.
Relations of the U. S. and Spain. (Diplomacy) . . net, 4.00
Relations of the U. S. with Spain. (Spanish-American War.) 2 vols. net, 7.00

Curtis, W. E.
U. S. and Foreign Powers, net, 1.25

Godkin, E. L.
Problems of Modern Democracy 2.00

Gomme, G. L.
Village Community 1.50

Hadley, A. F
Education of the American Citizen net, 1.50

Horack, F. E.
Government of Iowa . . net, .75

Howe, F. C
British City net, 1.50
City (The) net, 1.50
Privilege and Democracy in America net, 1.50

Hughes, R. E.
Making of Citizens 1.50

Hyslop, J. H.
Democracy 1.50

James, J. A., and Sandford, A. H.
Government in State and Nation net, 1.00

Matthews, Brander
American of the Future net, 1.25

Oberholtzer, E. P.
Referendum in America net, 2.25

Page, T. N.
Negro: the Southerner's Problem net, 1.25
Old South net, 1.25

Price, L. L.
Short History of Political Economy in England . . net, 1.00

Ritchie, D. G.
Principals of State Interference net, 1.00

Schuyler, Eugene
American Diplomacy 2.50

MAJORITY RULE AND THE JUDICIARY

An Examination of Current Proposals for Constitutional Change Affecting the Relation of the Courts to Legislation

By William L. Ransom

Of the New York Bar

With an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt

60 *cents net; postpaid* 66 *cents*

THE INTERNATIONAL MIND

An Argument for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes

By Nicholas Murray Butler

President of Columbia University, President of the American Association for International Conciliation

75 *cents net; postpaid* 83 *cents*

MAIN CURRENTS OF MODERN THOUGHT

By Rudolf Eucken, Ph.D.

Professor of Philosophy in the University of Jena, Exchange Professor to Harvard in 1912, and author of "The Problem of Human Life," etc.

This new book, by one who is now admittedly surpassed by no living man as a creative thinker on philosophical lines, has a direct application to burning questions of the day that gives it unusual popular interest.

$4.00 *net*

CAUSES AND EFFECTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

The Story of the Origin and Development of the Nation

By Edwin W. Morse

Mr. Morse writes from a novel viewpoint. Aiming to convey a sense, unconfused by detail, of such deep currents of thought, economic, political, moral, as have shaped our national destiny, he deals rather with forces than with incidents.

With illustrations, fac-similes and maps. $1.25 *net; postpaid* $1.35



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS **FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**

NEW STOKES FICTION

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES — By Richard Dehan

This novel, called a masterpiece by critics, involves the genesis of the Red Cross Society and the Crimean War. The principal characters are Ada Merling (Florence Nightingale) and Hector Dunoisse, a man of the fullest life and keenest emotion, besides a host of others. It strikes on passions from the lowest to the most spiritual with tremendous power. Add to this the impressive effect of an entire historic epoch, taken up bodily and flung out before us as one might fling out a vast piece of tapestry, and it is possible to imagine faintly the bigness of the work. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.40 net; postpaid, $1.53.*

LIFTED MASKS

By SUSAN GLASPELL, author of "The Glory of the Conquered." Miss Glaspell is distinguished by her warm sympathy, her quick appreciation of joy and sorrow, her genius for showing us the hearts of men and women. In these short stories she illuminates the human qualities in even the most unpromising people. Whimsical humor is often found also. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.00; postpaid, $1.10.*



EVE'S OTHER CHILDREN

By LUCILLE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE. A collection of stories about poor Syrians in Brooklyn. These Orientals, with their strong emotions, their sense of poetry, their ceremonious way of speaking, are exceedingly picturesque in their effort to adapt themselves to industrial America, with its hurry, its slang and, to them, its outlandish customs. *Illustrated, cloth, 12mo, $1.00 net: postpaid, $1.10.*

THE BRIDE'S HERO — By M. P. Revere

This book, by a noted author writing under a pseudonym, tells the exceedingly poignant and tender love story of a beautiful young American heiress and a British army officer. How she admired him from a distance, how she was able to help him in his dire necessity at the cost of a tremendous sacrifice, how she kept from him the secret of her devotion for his own sake, and the result, the author tells with an unusual feeling for romance. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net; postpaid, $1.37.*

OUT OF THE WREOK I RISE — By Beatrice Harraden

Two unusual women and a remarkable man in a unique relationship stand unforgettable after reading this novel. The man has embezzled large funds, yet is otherwise both lovable and fascinating. How he tried to solve the problem created by his crime and how the women tried to help him, make a story unlike any other ever written. *Frontispiece in colors, cloth, 12mo, $1.35 net; postpaid, $1.47.*

THE LONG PORTAGE — By Harold Bindloss

A story of the towering, clean-aired forests of the Northwest. A man in love with a beautiful girl discovers a crime committed by her fiancé. Shall he tell her? All three characters enter the vicinity of the crime. An exciting race ensues, involving the shooting of dangerous rapids, in which the hair-trigger alertness, the roar and treachery of the boiling waters are superbly pictured. *Frontispiece in colors, cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net; postpaid, $1.37.*

A WHISTLING WOMAN — By Robert Halifax

A novel in which realism is coupled with sanity, color and joy. A vigorous, hard-working London girl is engaged to a serious, poorly-paid clerk. She loves him passionately and holds him by main force. The little every-day things, the life of drab side streets, the small difficulties which seem so insuperable, the flashes of joy and drama, are told by one who loves and knows humanity. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net, postpaid, $1.35.*

MISS WEALTHY, DEPUTY SHERIFF — By Elizabeth Neff

This jolly story tells how the processes of law were affected by a good cook and her kitchen stove. The heroine, Miss Wealthy Pergellis, whose doughnuts and chicken couldn't be beaten, kept house for her father, who was sheriff because no one else would be. *Frontispiece in colors, cloth, 16mo, $1.00 net; postpaid, $1.10.*

Publishers FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY **New York**



STANDING ROOM ONLY

Please make your reservations for the season's great successes. Mail and telephone orders accepted

BELASCO'S

The Woman

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE
from the play by WM. C. DEMILLE
Illustrated by King *$1.25 net*

By ROGER POCOCK

A Man in the Open

A Masterly Western Novel

Price $1.35 net

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
author of "Man in Lower Ten," "When a Man Marries," etc.

Where There's a Will

Illustrated by Wilson *$1.30 net*

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER, author of "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford"

The Jingo

Illustrated by Wilson *$1.35 net*

PUBLISHED OCTOBER FIFTH

The Master of Mysteries

Published anonymously by a famous writer

Pictures by Brehm and Anderson
Net $1 35

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
author of "The Blazed Trail"

The Sign at Six

Illustrated by Bracker *$1.25 net*

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
author of "Average Jones"

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

Illustrated by Schoonover *$1.25 net*

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS, author of "The Perfect Tribute"

The Marshal

Illustrated by Castaigne *$1.35 net*

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

BEST SELLERS

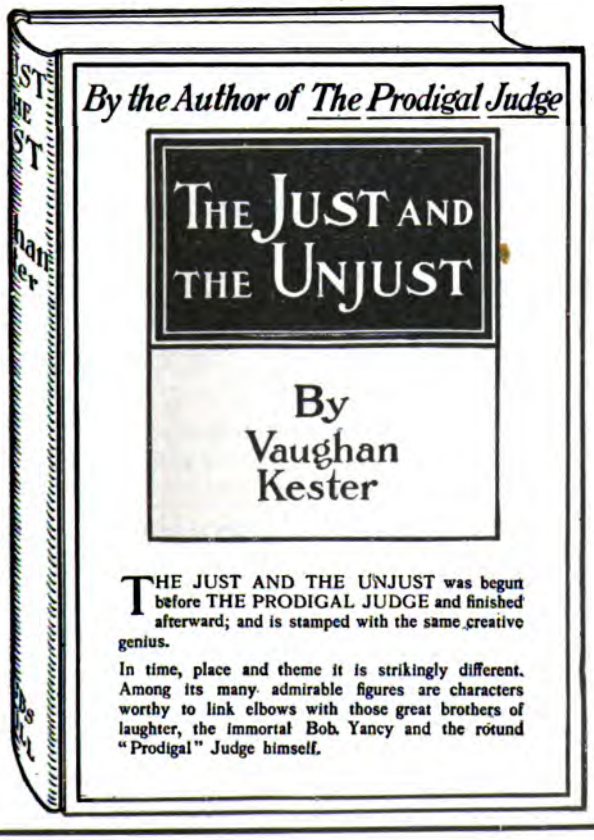
THE HIT OF THE SEASON

As Sweet as a Wild Rose

MISS DAVIESS' SAUCY SUCCESS

MOLLY
THE MELTING OF

12 Pictures by Crosby. $1 Net



"A well-told tale. Mr. Kester had the gift of giving life to his people and of making his poetic pictures seem real. —*N. Y. Sun.*

"'The Just and the Unjust' is endowed with the qualities that made 'The Prodigal Judge' a literary achievement. The plot is woven with ingenuity and skilful dramatic power."
—*Buffalo Courier.*

"Vigor and humor of characterization, together with an effective literary style, render 'The Just and the Unjust' worth the reader's while."
—*Phila. North American.*

Pictures by Bracker Net $1.35

New York ∴ THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY ∴ Indianapolis

APPLETON'S NEW NOVELS

THE STREETS OF ASCALON — ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

A brilliantly written story of high society life in New York, with superb illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

$1.40 *net*. *Postpaid* $1.56.

GEORGE HELM — DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

George Helm is a poor country lawyer, with progressive ideas, who fights the great political machine and wins victory.

$1.30 *net*. *Postpaid* $1.42.

HALCYONE — ELINOR GLYN

Unquestionably the best book Mrs. Glyn ever wrote. A modern idyl, praised by discriminating critics as a story of the highest rank.

$1.30 *net*. *Postpaid* $1.42.

THE ANTAGONISTS — E. TEMPLE THURSTON

A study of youth—the story of a boy growing into manhood, told with Thurston's exquisite art and reserve.

$1.30 *net*. *Postpaid* $1.42.

THE INHERITANCE — JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

American family life, in its finest sense, is splendidly pictured in Mrs. Bacon's absorbing new novel.

Illustrated. $1.30 *net*. *Postpaid* $1.42.

THE BLACK PEARL — MRS. WILSON WOODROW

A passionate romance of the Arizona Desert and the Rocky Mountains. Swift, thrilling, powerful.

Illustrated. $1.30 *net*. *Postpaid* $1.42.

BELLA — EDWARD C. BOOTH

A new novel by the author of those great successes, "The Post Girl" and "The Doctor's Lass." The story of a young man's temptation.

Illustrated. $1.30 *net*. *Postpaid* $1.42.

THE OUTPOST OF ETERNITY — COSMO HAMILTON

An important novel emphasizing the weakness of modern marriage laws. A book to arouse discussion.

Illustrated. $1.25 *net*. *Postpaid* $1.37.

THE SOLDIER FROM VIRGINIA — MARJORIE BOWEN

The romance of George Washington and Martha Custis, told in the form of a novel.

Illustrated. $1.30 *net*. *Postpaid* $1.42.

THE ROSES OF CREIN — BERYL SYMONS

A dashing story of France in the days when the streets of Paris were grass-covered byways.

Illustrated. $1.30 *net*. *Postpaid* $1.42.

BILLY FORTUNE — WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

Billy Fortune is a breezy Wyoming cowboy. His adventures furnish amazement and excitement a plenty.

Illustrated. $1.25 *net*. *Postpaid* $1.37.

Publishers D. APPLETON & COMPANY New York

APPLETON'S NEWEST BOOKS

UNDER THE OLD FLAG
By GENERAL JAMES HARRISON WILSON

These are spirited memoirs of three wars by one of the best known of living American Generals. The work is a record of General Wilson's active and picturesque career in the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and the Boxer Rebellion. It will unquestionably be regarded as one of the most important books of the season in the field of biographical and historical literature.

Two volumes. 8vo, cloth, gilt top, $6.00 net per set. Prepaid $6.50

FOUNDERS OF MODERN PSYCHOLOGY
By G. STANLEY HALL, LL.D.

A discussion of the personality, achievements and writings of the six men who may be regarded as the founders of modern psychology—Zeller, Lotze, Fechner, Hartmann, Helmholtz, and Wundt.

Illustrated with Portraits. 8vo, cloth, $2.50 net. Postpaid, $2.70.

SOCIOLOGY IN ITS PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS
By CHARLES A. ELLWOOD, Ph.D.

A survey of the field of sociology from a psychological standpoint, with many practical applications of the theories advanced by the author.

Cloth, $3.00 net. Postpaid $3.16.

OUTLINES OF EVOLUTIONARY BIOLOGY
By ARTHUR DENDY, D.Sc.

A popular and very complete exposition of the broad science of Biology in the light of the most recent investigations and developments.

With 188 illustrations. 8vo, cloth, $3.50 net. Postpaid $3.75.

DANCING: ANCIENT AND MODERN
By ETHEL L. URLIN

A very interesting and valuable work, showing the development of the art of dancing from prehistoric times to the present day.

Profusely illustrated. 12mo, cloth, $1.50 net. Postpaid $1.62.

THE ROMANCE OF A FAVORITE
By FREDERICK LOLIÉE

The love story of the Countess Castiglione, beautiful favorite of Napoleon III., a chief figure at the Court of the Second French Empire, told by one of France's greatest living writers.

Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth, gilt top. $3.50 special net. Postpaid $3.72. October.

SOCIAL LIFE IN OLD NEW ORLEANS
By ELIZA RIPLEY

Life in the forties in the gay old French city of New Orleans—the shops, the schools, the social festivities, the belles and beaux, plantation and steamboat life, charmingly described.

Illustrated. Post 8vo. Cloth. $2.50 net. Postpaid $2.70. October.

DEMOCRACY AND THE CHURCH
By SAMUEL G. SMITH, LL.D.

This study is an effort to use the genetic method in considering the relation of the Christian Church to the development of democracy.

$1.50 net. Postpaid $1.62. October.

THE NEW CITY GOVERNMENT
By HENRY BRUÈRE

A discussion of municipal administration based upon a survey of ten commission governed cities made by the Metz Fund of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research.

Cloth, $1.50 net. Postpaid, $1.62

NEWSPAPER REPORTING and Correspondence
By GRANT M. HYDE

An extremely practical book teaching prospective reporters how to get news and how to put it into proper shape after it is gathered.

$1.50 net. Postpaid $1.62. October.

Circulars or Full Descriptions Sent on Request

35 W. 32d St. D. APPLETON & COMPANY New York

RECENT & FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE INNER FLAME

BY CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM

The story of a young mining engineer in moderate circumstances who wins success as an artist. New York and Casco Bay form the background of the story. With frontispiece in color by Orson Lowell. $1.25 *net*. Postage 12 cents.

CONCERNING SALLY

BY WILLIAM J. HOPKINS

Not since Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale" has there been so interesting a study of character and environment. Mr. Hopkins will be remembered as the author of that charming idyl, "The Clammer." $1.35 *net*. Postage 11 cents.

LESS THAN THE DUST

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

Offers a striking picture of modern matrimonial misgivings and possible solutions. Mrs. Hamilton is the latest and most interesting addition to the group of present-day English novelists. $1.25 *net*. Postage 11 cents.

FORFEIT

BY CLARA L. STRONG

A striking novel of the days of witchcraft. It will remind readers of "The Scarlet Letter" and leave a lasting impression. With frontispiece. $1.25 *net*. Postage 11 cents.

An Appetizing Adventure in Fiction

CAVIARE

A good substitute for A Visit to Paris and Monte Carlo

BY GRANT RICHARDS

Illustrated. $1.30 *net*. Postage extra

THE PRELIMINARIES

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

Three brilliant stories dealing with some of the most vital and harassing problems of contemporary family life. $1.00 *net*. Postage 7 cents.

THE THREE BRONTËS

BY MAY SINCLAIR

This biography of the three sisters, Anne, Charlotte, and Emily, is a piece of appreciative criticism of the first distinction. Illustrated. $3.00 *net*. Postage 18 cents.

PILGRIM LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

BY SIDNEY HEATH

"Mr. Heath has brought together a vast amount of curious and interesting lore bearing on his subject." —*London Daily Telegraph*. With 43 illustrations. $3.00 *net*. Postage extra.

BELGIUM

BY WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS

Dr. Griffis gives a clear and lucid account of Belgian history and of the development of its art, literature, and industry. With 16 illustrations. $1.25 *net*. Postage 12 cents.

EGYPTIAN DAYS

BY PHILIP S. MARDEN

An indispensable volume for the intending traveller, rich in entertainment and humor. Illustrated. $3.00 *net*. Postage extra.

THE HOLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH

BY R. M. JOHNSTON

An able and brilliant book by the author of "The Corsican." $1.50 *net*. Postage 13 cents.

LICKY AND HIS GANG

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

Since Aldrich's "Bad Boy," there have been few stories of the happy adventures of boyhood so likely to have a wide appeal as this. Illustrated in tint. $1.00 *net*. Postage 9 cents.

WITH THE INDIANS IN THE ROCKIES

BY J. W. SCHULTZ

A story of out-door adventure, Indians, wild animals, and the perils of a mountain winter that will hold the interest of all boys. Illustrated. $1.25 *net*. Postage 12 cents.

HOW ENGLAND GREW UP

BY JESSIE POPE

An engaging juvenile history of England from the days of King Alfred to the present time, quaintly illustrated with 54 colored pictures and pleasingly told. 75 cents *net*. Postage extra.

HOW PHOEBE FOUND HERSELF

BY HELEN DAWES BROWN

A delightful story of how a girl settled back into a natural, useful, and happy home life on returning from college. With frontispiece. $1.15 *net*. Postage extra.

THE CHILDREN'S READING

BY FRANCES J. OLCOTT

Tells in terse phraseology what elements are necessary to make up children's books. The volume will be a serviceable manual for parents, librarians, and teachers. $1.00 *net*. Postage extra.

BOSTON **HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.** NEW YORK

Some of Little, Brown & Co.'s New Books



Romantic Days in the Early Republic

By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

Depicts vividly the social history of the old Atlantic seaboard cities. *Profusely illustrated. In box, $2.50 net; by mail, $2.71.*

Historic Summer Haunts

By F. LAURISTON BULLARD

Describes the principal historic landmarks along the New England coast from Newport to Portland. *With 32 sketches in tint by Louis H. Ruyl. Boxed, $2.50 net; by mail, $2.70.*

Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III

By BARON D'AMBES

The private diary of a life-long friend of Louis Napoleon. *Fully illustrated. 2 vols., 8vo, gilt top, $6.00 net; by mail, $6.32.*

A Polish Exile with Napoleon

By G. L. De ST. M. WATSON

Rich in material, illuminating the St. Helena period. *Illustrated. 8vo, gilt top, $3.50 net; by mail, $3.65.*

A Cry in the Wilderness

By MARY E. WALLER

A new long novel by the author of "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus." *Frontispiece.* $1.30 *net; by mail,* $1.42.

Good Indian

By B. M. BOWER

Another realistic Western ranch story by the author of "Lonesome Land." *Illustrated.* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.36.

The White Blackbird

By HUDSON DOUGLAS

An amazing adventure story with a charming heroine. *Illustrated in color. Cloth.* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.36.



From "A Cry in the Wilderness"

Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow

By E. B. D'AUVERGNE

Treats of the life and customs of the Swiss. *Fully illustrated. 8vo, boxed, $3.00 net; by mail, $3.18.*

Cathedrals of England and Wales

By T. D. ATKINSON

Historical and architectural descriptions of famous edifices. *Illustrated in color. 8vo, boxed, $3.50 net; postage extra.*

A Manual of Shoemaking

By WILLIAM H. DOOLEY

The first American text-book on the subject. *Fully illustrated. 12mo,* $1.50 *net; by mail,* $1.65.

The Destroying Angel

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

An unusual story of a woman's love, by the author of "The Bandbox," etc. *Illustrated.* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.36.

All the World to Nothing

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

A realistic tale of a man's fight against great odds. *Illustrated. Cloth,* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.36.

The Tempting of Tavernake

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The latest novel from the "Prince of Story Tellers." *Illustrated.* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.36.



The Gift of Abou Hassan

By FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT

A rollicking, up-to-date Arabian Nights tale in modern New York. *Illustrated. Cloth.* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.36.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

The Two Best Selling Books In All The World



Tender and Sweet

"Their Yesterdays"—The best work, by far, yet done by the author of That Printer of Udell's, The Shepherd of the Hills, The Calling of Dan Matthews, The Winning of Barbara Worth, etc.

First Printing One-Half Million Copies

¶ **Philadelphia North American**—Best sellers run away and hide when the author of "The Shepherd of the Hills" comes into the running.

Harold Bell Wright's

New Story Exalting Life and Love



Clean and Wholesome

THEIR YESTERDAYS

¶ Tender with sentiment, pathos, realism. Honors the home, supremely glorifies the wife and mother—delightfully wholesome.

Illustrations in Colors by F. Graham Cootes. Cloth, 12mo. $1.30 Net

Bound uniform with "Barbara Worth"

Harold Bell Wright's Latest and Biggest Novel

First Printing 500,000 Copies—Pub'd Aug. 19, 1911

¶ **Chicago Record-Herald** (Aug. 20, 1911)—This is the largest single edition, first or last, on record in the history of novel-making.

Second Printing 250,000 Copies—October 1, 1912

The Most Popular Book Ever Published

THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH

"A book that will mould and make nations."

A Present-Day Story of Reclamation and Love

Illustrations made on the scenes of the story by F. Graham Cootes

Cloth, 12mo. $1.30 Net

Other Novels by Mr. Wright Uniform With Above

That Printer of Udell's, The Shepherd of the Hills, The Calling of Dan Matthews

Harold Bell Wright's Famous Allegory of Life **The Uncrowned King**

Illustrations by John Rea Neill. 16mo. Cloth 50 Cents Net, Full Leather $1.00 Net

Publishers' Selling Agents to the Trade in the United States

THE REILLY & BRITTON COMPANY

1006 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, Publishers

Established 1895 **E. W. REYNOLDS, President** **231-233 W. MONROE STREET, CHICAGO**

Over Three Million Harold Bell Wright Books Have Been Sold

Is your husband a nonentity?

Suppose you felt it in you to become a great emotional actress, an artist or professional woman—would your husband help or hinder you?

Does he consider your proper duties to be the humdrum round of domestic routine, or would he give you the same chance he asks for himself?—What would your friends say?

Suppose your husband and relatives did not think the work you longed to do was "nice"—for a woman. Would you quit?

This is the situation Olivia Lattimore faces in

A Woman of Genius

By Mary Austin

Author of "The Arrow-Maker," "The Land of Little Rain," etc.

¶ Pauline Mills, sheltered, tenderly kept, inflexible in her "adorable womanliness," shapes the world to her standards. Genius, a force as irresistible as the tide, takes no heed of Pauline Mills, but it takes up its abode in Olivia Lattimore.

¶ It is a powerfully conceived motive, whether you like the outcome or not. Many people will not approve of the woman whose genius drives her into paths not desirable for women differently endowed. Mrs. Mills disapproved strongly.

¶ What do *you* think?



Just Out.
Net, $1.35.

Garden City **DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY** **New York**

Startling Skilful Forceful

The SANCTUARY

By MAUD HOWARD PETERSON

Author of "The Potter and the Clay"

Price, net $1.25 **Postpaid, $1.40**

This author's first novel, "The Potter and the Clay," won instant recognition more than ten years ago, and the demand for it has never ceased. Her present work is far greater in its scope, and is startling in its power. It will be read and discussed by thousands because it treats of live subjects. It deals with the great questions of Labor, of Wealth, of Brotherhood and of Love. The problems startle, and the style charms.

MOTHER AND BABY

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS ON ALL IMPORTANT SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH MOTHERHOOD AND THE CARE OF LITTLE ONES

By ANNE B. NEWTON, M.D.

Illustrated by Photographs Chosen by the Author
Price, Net, $1.00; Postpaid, $1.10

This book presents in plain language, the main facts about maternity and infancy. It answers many questions constantly asked, but hitherto not generally answered outside of the regular medical books.

It consists of one chapter of counsel to mothers before the baby comes; eight chapters of advice concerning the baby; and two chapters devoted to the sick baby, giving the rules for some of the simpler remedies to be used before medical aid can be procured, and a dietary, with dishes for both well and sick babies.

The amount of good which this modest book can do is incalculable.

For sale by all Booksellers. Send for Free Complete Catalogue

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston

THE MOSHER BOOKS
READY OCTOBER FIRST

The Venetian Series

Printed in 10-point Old-Style Roman within rules, and with designed labels on wrappers done up in Eighteenth Century Italian Papers in colors. Hand-made paper, 50 cents net; Japan vellum, $1.00 net.

VI. **Spring in Tuscany** and Other Lyrics, by A. C. Swinburne and Others.

The Vest Pocket Series

Blue paper wrapper, 30 cents; limp cloth, 50 cents; flexible leather, gilt top, 75 cents.

XXIII. **The Flight of the Princess** and Other Pieces, by Robert Louis Stevenson.

XXIV. **In Praise of Old Gardens,** by Vernon Lee and Others.

The Lyric Garland

Hand-made paper, 50 cents net; Japan vellum, $1.00 net.

XXIV. **The Silence of Amor:** Prose Rhythms, by Fiona Macleod.

XXV. **Lyrical Poems,** by Lucy Lyttelton.

Miscellaneous

LVI. **Roses of Paestum,** by Edward McCurdy.
700 copies, fcap 8vo, hand-made paper, old-style ribbed boards, $2.00 net.

LVII. **The Renaissance,** by Walter Pater.
700 copies, fcap 8vo, hand-made paper, old-style ribbed boards, $2.50 net.

LVIII. **Il Pesceballo:** Opera in One Act, by Francis J. Child and James Russell Lowell.
50 numbered copies on Japan vellum, of which 40 are for sale, $5.00 net.

LIX. **Memories of President Lincoln,** by Walt Whitman.
300 copies, medium 8vo, Italian hand-made paper, with Lincoln portrait from original negative, old-style boards, $3.00 net.

LX. **Amphora:** A Collection of Prose and Verse, Chosen by the Editor of The Bibelot.
925 copies, fcap 8vo, Van Gelder hand-made paper, old-style boards, $1.75 net.

NEW CATALOGUE AND REVISED PRICE LIST FREE

THOMAS B. MOSHER, Portland, Maine

Marie
An Episode in the Life of the late
Allan Quatermain

By SIR RIDER HAGGARD. Colored Frontispiece and Two Other Illustrations. Crown 8vo. $1.35 *net;* $1.45 *by mail*

The author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quatermain," etc., returns to Africa, the scene of his former successes, for this new story of the early love affair of Allan Quatermain. The exciting times when the Zulu despot, Dingaan, was at the height of his power are depicted with regard for historical accuracy, and furnish the setting for a story of lively adventure, with dramatic situations.

Selected Addresses

By JAMES BURRILL ANGELL, President Emeritus of the University of Michigan. Crown 8vo. Pp. viii + 285. $1.60 *net; by mail,* $1.70.

"As a companion piece to President Angell's 'Reminiscences' recently published, these addresses are of exceptional value, for Dr. Angell's 'Addresses' represent the majesty of the man even better than the eminent positions which he filled in public and professional life."—*Journal of Education.*

More Ghost Stories of an Antiquary

By MONTAGUE RHODES JAMES, Litt.D., Provost of King's College, Cambridge, Author of "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary," etc. 8vo. $1.50.

"An uncommon quality of spooks. . . . The learned Provost has humor . . . a good story-telling instinct and that fine sense of reserve which tells one just how much to say and just how much to leave to the imagination. . . . An uncommonly good literary style gives an unusual lustre to this book."—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

"When the War is O'er"
A Novel

By Major F. M. PEACOCK, Author of "From Reveille to Lights Out," "Military Crime," "A Friendship after Plato," etc. Crown 8vo. Pp. iv + 311. $1.35 *net.*

". . . Very pleasant reading. Major Peacock has a keen eye for character, and does not lack imaginative sympathy. His style is direct and simple, with a fine flavor of old-world courtesy about it."—*New York Evening Post.*

The Story of Music

By W. J. HENDERSON. Twelfth Edition, Revised, with additional matter. Crown 8vo. Pp. xx + 206. $1.00 *net; by mail,* $1.10.

". . . Mr. Henderson has accomplished, with rare judgment and skill, the task of telling the story of the growth of the art of music without encumbering his pages with excess of biographical material. He has aimed at a connected recital, and, for its sake, has treated of creative epochs and epoch-making works rather than groups of composers segregated by the accidents of time and space. . . . Admirable for its succinctness, clearness and gracefulness of statement."—*New York Tribune.*

Longmans, Green & Co.

Would You Like One of These Books FREE

The BOOKMAN magazine announces that by a special arrangement with the publishers of the following books they are able to offer all books mentioned below as premiums for a subscription covering periods as stated.

"Recollections of Men and Horses." (*Hamilton Busbey*)

A new book on horsemen and horses by this author which cannot fail to attract wide attention. List, $2.50.
For one year subscription to THE BOOKMAN for **$3.00**

"Magazine Articles I Have Read."

This is a blank ruled book for keeping tab on the different magazine articles which one reads and wants to refer to at some time later on. A very valuable record which you could have. Divided into articles, scientific, poetry, fiction, drama, art, witticisms, quotations, etc.
For one year subscription to THE BOOKMAN for..... **$2.50**

"The Life of Daniel Coit Gilman."

Mr. Daniel Coit Gilman was president of Johns Hopkins University for twenty-five years, and later president of The Carnegie Institute. This is a large book done in De Luxe style and a rare treasure to any who are interested in Johns Hopkins University or who were personal friends of Mr. Gilman. List price, $3.50.
For one year subscription to THE BOOKMAN for..... **$3.00**

"The Diary of Philip Hone."

Mr. Philip Hone was one of the most noted politicians of his day, and this diary is the most entertaining and interesting book of its kind ever published. This is a valuable book for any one interested in the way politics were run in the early nineteenth century. (1825.) List, $3.00.
For one year subscription to THE BOOKMAN for..... **$3.00**

"Mr. Cleveland."

A personal impression of Hon. Grover Cleveland, by Jesse Lynch Williams. List, 50 cents.
This swift, impressionistic sketch, done in sympathy and good taste by a close friend of Grover Cleveland. It is a word portrait, full of anecdotes and incidents chiefly during the time of President McKinley's administration.
For one year subscription to THE BOOKMAN for..... **$2.50**

"Dutch New York." (*By Esther Singleton*)

List Price, $3.50

This is a De Luxe copy (only 110 left) of New York in the seventeenth century. It is done in gold and deckle edge and is a valuable, authoritative book, profusely illustrated, showing fashions, furniture, jewelry, and architecture of that period.
For one year subscription to THE BOOKMAN for..... **$3.00**

Any of the above books will be sent to your address for examination on receipt of $1.00, and the subscription will begin with the current number. If you are not entirely satisfied with your selection you may return same to us collect and we will refund your money

Address BOOKMAN MAGAZINE, 443 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. City

Enclosed find_____for which please send me on inspection

The_____

PIN THIS TO YOUR LETTER HEAD

THE LADY DOC

By

CAROLINE LOCKHART

Author of

"ME-SMITH"



A Breath of Vigorous Life from the New West——

In 1911 "Me—Smith" established Miss Lockhart's reputation as the greatest living writer of Western Novels. Seven Large Editions were needed. The new story will be a still greater success. Humor and excitement attend "The Lady Doc" in all her experiences; and her strong personality dominates every page until the humanly real climax.

Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins. 12mo. Cloth. $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37

Publishers J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY Philadelphia



Copyright, 1912, The Bauer Chemical Co., New York

Sanatogen brings new strength to those who have fallen by the wayside

WITH nervous vitality broken down—digestion and assimilation impaired—men and women—their grip on life and success broken—fall by the wayside—victims of the stress and toil of our modern life.

But every day, under just such conditions—more and more men and women are learning to appreciate the splendid help proffered by Sanatogen.

When your nerves fly signals of distress—telling plainly that they need help—nothing is more welcome than Sanatogen—marvelous revitalizer of nerve health. Nerves have their own peculiar hunger—a hunger that must be always satisfied if you are to continue in health. When illness, worry or work drain the nerves, they become exhausted and starved—they must be fed to restore their health.

The answer to nerve hunger is a food answer—Sanatogen. Its nerve foods—glycerophosphate and purest albumen—are eagerly taken into the nerve cells, there to revitalize and endue the nerves with energetic health.

When you remember that 15,000 physicians have endorsed Sanatogen—in writing—that a multitude of noted men and women have found their nerve-health answer in its use—you will probably decide it is *your* answer.

This Remarkable Book FREE

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first if you like, and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book, "Our Nerves of Tomorrow," written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, $1.00, $1.90, $3.60

Get Sanatogen from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price

Charles D. Sigsbee,
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy writes:
"After a thorough trial of Sanatogen, I am convinced of its merits as a food and tonic. Its beneficial effects are beyond doubt."

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.,
the eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London:
"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

Mme. Sarah Grand
Author of the "Heavenly Twins," writes:
"I began to take Sanatogen after nearly four years' enforced idleness from extreme debility, and felt the benefit almost immediately. And now, after taking it steadily three times a day for twelve weeks, I find myself able to enjoy both work and play again and also am able to do as much of both as I ever did."

John Burroughs,
the distinguished naturalist and author, writes:
"I am sure I have been greatly benefited by Sanatogen. My sleep is fifty per cent. better than it was one year ago, and my mind and strength are much improved."

THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 28-B Irving Place, New York

Matheson
"Silent Six."

A tried and proven chassis of remarkable workmanship. Bodies by Brewster and Quinby, the latest and most luxurious examples of the art.

Built for Those Who Use the Best



Matheson Automobile Company
Wilkes-Barre, Penn.

New York Salesrooms
B'way at 62nd St.

Boston Salesrooms
664 Commonwealth Ave

NOTEWORTHY NEW NOVELS

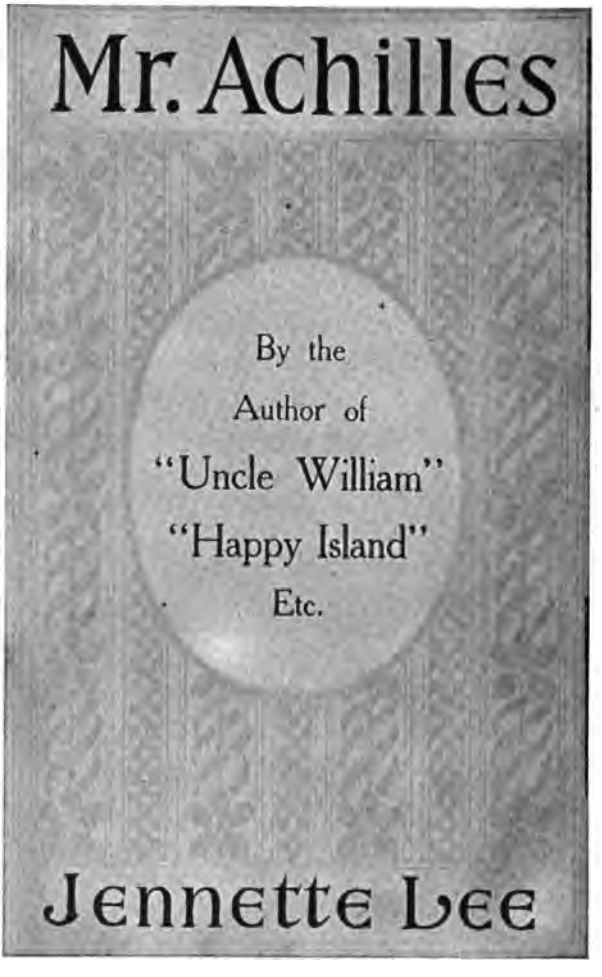
Mr. Achilles

By JENNETTE LEE

A stranger who has read MR. ACHILLES writes to the author: "The memory of dear little Betty, and Achilles who brought to our shores the very atmosphere of his wonderful land, has lain warm in my heart. They are real, both of them, and *I have never read a more exquisite story.*"

And another stranger writes: "From that story I have copied sentences in letters, I have quoted sentences, and I have told many people to read the story. I love it. That exquisite little girl has been an inspiration."

Illustrated. $1.00 *net. Postage* 10c. *extra*



The Old Loves

By WEYMER MILLS

With its graphic descriptions of New York life of long ago, its lovely heroines and its gallant hero, who passes through several affairs of the heart before his final romance arrives, "The Old Loves" will furnish several hours of very pleasant reading.

$1.00 *net. Postage* 10c. *extra*

Adrian Scroop

By R. A. WOOD-SEYS (Paul Cushing)

Says a well-known reviewer: "I cannot for the moment recall another book of such blythe, irresponsible extravagance, which, beneath the surface, has similarly serious things to say. A clean, wholesome book, that would make a tired man forget himself for an hour, and leave him with a cheerier, more optimistic outlook upon life."

$1.25 *net. Postage* 12c. *extra*

Publishers **DODD, MEAD & COMPANY** **New York**

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON'S



Latest Success

"The Hollow of Her Hand"

This is not a "Graustark" story. It is not like anything that McCutcheon has done. It is new, it is different. Yet those who have read it in advance have no hesitation in affirming emphatically that it is *by all odds the best novel that George Barr McCutcheon has written.*

Full page illustrations in color by A. I. Keller. 430 pages. $1.30 net; postage 13 cents extra

Publishers **DODD, MEAD & COMPANY** **New York**

NOTEWORTHY NEW NOVELS

The Return of Peter Grimm



Novelized from the Play by
DAVID BELASCO

Stubborn old Peter Grimm thinks that he has achieved his dearest wish when he is able to give both the business which has been in his family for generations and the hand of his beloved niece to a favorite nephew. And in a glow of happiness he dies; he dies, but does not depart. The nephew is unworthy, the girl who is pledged to him is unhappy, and Peter Grimm, remaining in the haunts of his lifetime, unseen but seeing, learns at last the most unwelcome truth. How the every-day life goes on about the helpless, pleading figure of the old man, who is a part of it and yet shut off by an impassable barrier; and how in the end he does bridge the chasm between the living and the dead makes a hauntingly powerful play and a hauntingly powerful book.

Illustrated in color by JOHN RAE. $1.25 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra*



Copyright, 1911, by Curtis Pub. Co.

The Closing Net

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

Author of
"The Magnet," etc.

If one wants a spirited tale of action and danger, full of thrills, full of surprise, full of healthy excitement, let him read "The Closing Net."

The American burglar, pre-eminent in his profession, who goes to Paris, reforms, meets the one woman, and incidentally comes into conflict with the most dangerous and ruthless criminals in all Europe, makes a hero who is able to give as good as he gets. Not the least of this story's merits is the fact that the author knows his Paris like a book, its night life and day life, society side and seamy side, so that as the drama unfolds with flying automobiles, popping pistols, midnight adventures, suspense and daring, the background wonderfully well and graphically drawn, is modern Paris.

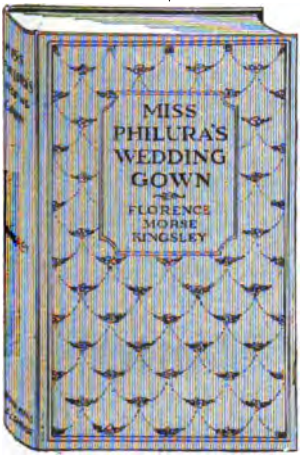
Illustrated. $1.25 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra*

Published by DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, New York

Noteworthy New Novels

Miss Philura's Wedding Gown

A Sequel to "The Transfiguration of Miss Philura"



By FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

Author of "The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia," "The Singular Miss Smith," etc.

Thousands of readers, in fact tens of thousands, have enjoyed the delightful story of the little woman who, having thought she was a plain old maid, discovered, through a singular accident, that she was by no means plain, not so very old, and was wanted exceedingly by a would-be husband. "The Transfiguration of Miss Philura" has been one of those rare books, a perennially popular one, finding a new crop of delighted readers year after year. And now comes the second step in Miss Philura's romance—the wedding. How the lady, as poor as a church mouse, and as mouse-like, sets her heart on having a beautiful white wedding gown, and how by the exercise of childlike faith and simplicity she gets it, make this sequel every bit as good as the first Miss Philura story.

Illustrated. $1.00 *net. Postage* 10c. *extra*

The Golden Rose

By Mrs. HUGH FRAZER and J. I. STAHLMANN

A beautiful and passionate girl is married morganatically to the second son of the king of a little make-believe German kingdom. She goes through a wedding ceremony hoping and believing that somehow and some time her marriage with the handsome and vacillating prince whom she calls her husband will be made binding. The tragedy of the situation—the desperate efforts of powerful friends to bring such pressure, diplomatic and ecclesiastical, as shall overrule fixed laws of precedence and inheritance—all this is done with a graphic force, a painstaking accuracy of detail, that take the story out of the realm of romantic fiction and make it live.

$1.35 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra*

The Saving Pride

Translated from the French of Yvett Prost by

FRANK ALVAH DEARBORN

A charming story, told with characteristic French delicacy and grace, of a lonely, rather homely, poor and friendless music teacher, whose redeeming feature was her goodness, and a man of the world whose most marked characteristic was his badness.

Illustrated by Joseph C. Chase. $1.25 *net. Postage* 12c. *extra*

Publishers **DODD, MEAD & COMPANY** **New York**

IMPORTANT NEW PUBLICATIONS

The Life of the Bee

Illustrated Edition

***By* MAURICE MAETERLINCK**

Translated by Alfred Sutro

Next to "The Blue Bird" the most widely read and deeply enjoyed of all Maeterlinck's works is undoubtedly "The Life of the Bee." It has been described as "the most beautiful, fascinating and inspiring book that has appeared in years. It is truly a zöology of the honey-bee, and a very exact and careful one, but it is a great deal more—it is a philosophy, a poem, and a book to be read for its literary grace, wholly apart from one's interest in the special subject pursued."

With mounted, full-page illustrations in color by Edward J. Detmold. Elaborate holiday cover. Large 8vo. Boxed. $4.00 *net. Postage* 30*c. extra.*

Dawson, '11—Fortune Hunter

***By* JOHN T. McCUTCHEON**

Author of "Bird Center Cartoons," "The Mysterious Stranger and other Cartoons," etc.

John T. McCutcheon, whose pictures appear regularly on the first page of the *Chicago Tribune*, and who is considered by many to be the foremost cartoonist in this country, tells with pen and pencil the story of the country boy who seeks his fortune in a big city. He has drawn a series of pictures, each illustrating an episode in his hero's career, and every picture is accompanied by a letter. Both pictures and letters are wonderfully true to life, and the story that is drawn lights up and embellishes the written story, and vice versa, in a way that makes this an unusual and an unusually entertaining book.

With 40 illustrations by the author. Square 12mo. $1.00 *net. Postage* 10*c. extra.*

The "Flower of Gloster"

***By* E. TEMPLE THURSTON**

Author of "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," etc. With illustrations, six of them in color, from drawings made on the spot by W R. Dakin, who accompanied the author in his wanderings.

$2.50 *net. Postage* 20*c. extra.*

Maidens Fair

With many full-page illustrations by Harrison Fisher, beautifully reproduced in four colors.

The Harrison Fisher Book for 1912

Here is the book that permanently preserves the newest and best of Mr. Fisher's pictures, these dashing, spirited, fetching types of American girls which so appeal to the real dashing, spirited and fetching American girl. And with each picture there is an appropriate poem.

Size 9¼ x 13 *inches. Boxed.* $3.50 *net. Postage* 27*c. extra*

Publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company, New York

IMPORTANT NEW PUBLICATIONS

Fire Prevention

By **EDWARD F. CROKER**

For twelve years Chief of the Fire Department of New York City

Edward F. Croker, for twenty-seven years a New York fireman, and for the last twelve years of that time head of the department, has done a great service to the American people by writing this book on the prevention of fires. We have carried the business of fighting fires to very great efficiency. We have the best machines, the greatest variety of helpful devices, and the bravest and best firemen in the world; but the total of our losses continues to increase; and the per capita loss is far greater than among any other people. What we want now is *fire prevention*. Here's a book about it, containing the ideas of a man who was for years the best chief of the best fire department in the world.

With numerous illustrations. $2.00 *net.* *Postage* 18*c. extra*

Race Improvement, or Eugenics

A Little Book on a Great Subject

By **LA REINE HELEN BAKER**

The aim of this little volume is to interest the American public in a vitally important and sadly neglected subject—eugenics. Eugenics means an answer to that cry that Ruskin heard, "rising from all our cities . . . that we manufacture everything there except *man*." It is a subject well worth the attention of every thinking man and woman, and is admirably presented in this clear, frank and forceful book.

$1.00 *net.* *Postage* 8*c. extra*

Stories of Shakespeare's English History Plays

By **H. A. GUERBER**

Issued in uniform style with the author's very popular "Stories of Famous Operas," "Stories of the Wagner Opera," "Stories of Shakespeare's Comedies," etc.

"Stories of Shakespeare's English History Plays," and its companion volumes, "Stories of Shakespeare's Comedies" and "Stories of Shakespeare's Tragedies," comprise all of Shakespeare's plays. In no other instance, not even in the case of the classic "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Mary Lamb, has the complete number of plays been included. Thus these three volumes by their novelty, by their admirable manner and method of treatment, and by their completeness, fill a long-felt want in the world of books. *Illustrated.* $1.25 *net.* *Postage* 12*c. extra*

The Flower Fields of Alpine Switzerland

An Appreciation and a Plea

By **G. FLEMWELL**

Author of "Alpine Flowers and Gardens." With twenty-six mounted repreductions of drawings by the author in color.

The author has made some wonderful pictures of rarely seen floral displays, which show both the effect in masses and the singularly lovely individual specimens. The colored reproductions of these drawings are of extraordinary beauty.

$2.50 *net.* *Postage* 17*c. extra*

Publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company, New York

IMPORTANT NEW PUBLICATIONS

On Emerson, and Other Essays

By **MAURICE MAETERLINCK**

Translated by Montrose J. Moses

Of extreme interest, not alone as searching yet sympathetic criticisms of great philosophers by a fellow-philosopher, but still more by reason of the light they throw on the development of Maeterlinck's own philosophy, are these beautifully worded essays on Emerson, Novalis, and others. Maeterlinck acknowledges their influence upon the trend of his thought, and writes of them in a deeply appreciative and illuminating spirit.

Bound in uniform style with the rest of Maeterlinck's works. Cloth, gilt top. $1.25 *net. Postage* 11c. *extra.*

Men and Manners of Modern China

By **J. MACGOWAN**

Here is an up-to-date, accurate and graphic book on the Chinese people by an author who has the best claim in the world to write about that nation—the claim of sympathetic understanding. Moreover, he has lived and worked in China for fifty years.

With numerous illustrations. $3.50 *net. Postage* 19c. *extra*

China, as Seen and Described by Great Writers

Compiled by ESTHER SINGLETON

Author of "How to Visit the English Cathedrals," etc. Bound in blue and gold, uniform with "Japan," "Russia," etc.

Miss Singleton's taste, judgment and talent for the delicate and difficult work of compilation has been turned to excellent advantage in the compilation of this excellent and timely book on China. What the most observant travellers, the most graphic writers have seen in that distant and mysterious land is embodied in this volume.

With 48 illustrations. $1.60 *net. Postage* 19c. *extra*

A Guide to Florida

For Tourists, Sportsmen and Settlers, with the Inland Waterways from New York to Key West.

By **HARRISON RHODES and MARY WOLFE DUMONT**

Author of "Charles Edward," "A Gentleman from Mississippi" (in collaboration), etc.

Containing complete information about Resorts, Routes, Sports, Hotels, History, etc., etc. With many illustrations and maps.

Handy pocket size. Cloth. $2.25 *net. Postage* 18c. *extra*

Wonders of the World, Ancient and Modern

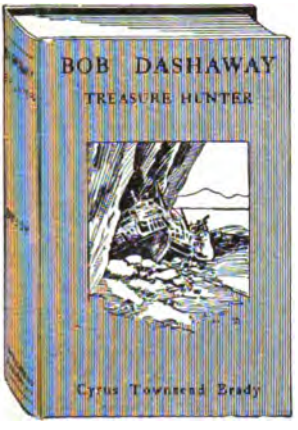
Compiled by ESTHER SINGLETON

Bound in green and gold, uniform with "Great Pictures," "Famous Paintings," etc.

With 48 illustrations. $1.60 *net. Postage* 19c. *extra*

Publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company, New York

NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN



Bob Dashaway, Treasure Hunter

A Story of Adventure in the Strange South Seas

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Boys of the Service" "American Fights and Fighters" Series.

Putting together the facts that the author was educated at Annapolis, that he is a natural born story-teller, and that he has a penchant for entertaining small boys, and you know to a certainty that here is a dashing tale of breathless adventure, clean and healthy as a sea wind, and written in just the way to warm the heart of a boy. Bob Dashaway, the sturdy young American who in the first volume of the series found hard knocks and some glory aboard a privateersman in the War of 1812, has a thrilling time indeed on a cruise to a faraway spot in the South Seas after buried treasure.

Illustrated. $1.25

In the Same Series

Bob Dashaway, Privateersman. *Illustrated.* *12mo.* $1.25

The Magic Fishbone

A Holiday Romance from the Pen of Miss Alice Rainbird, Aged 7

By CHARLES DICKENS

With full-page pictures in colors, also in black and white, by S. Beatrice Pearse

This delightful story, which reminds one by the way of "Alice in Wonderland," was written by Charles Dickens for a children's magazine in America, where it was published in 1867. The following year it appeared in England. Purporting to be written by a child of seven, this is a most humorous and engrossing tale of the Princess Alicia, her eighteen brothers and sisters, the magic fishbone, and many other things.

Small 4to. 60*c. net. Postage* 8*c. extra*

Marjorie at Seacote

By CAROLYN WELLS

Author of "Marjorie's Vacation," and other "Marjorie" books

This is the story of Marjorie's summer by the sea, where, with her beloved parents, she enjoys about all the pleasures that can fall to the lot of a little girl at the seaside. Marjorie is brimming with life and full of fun, yet she is also unselfish, considerate and mindful of her manners. In short, she is a very dear little lady, and as such deserves the friendship of the host of little girls who read about her.

Illustrated. $1.25

Two Young Americans

By BARBARA YECHTON

Author of "We Ten," "A Lovable Crank," etc.

This is a story about some American boys and girls, and one boy who, although born an American, felt that he was not very proud of the fact. The account of Philip's treatment of Old Glory, the anger of his playmates, and the way he became a patriot, make an interesting story with a skilfully concealed but none the less effective moral. "Two Young Americans" is filled with a spirit of high and gallant patriotism.

Illustrated. $1.50

Publishers **DODD, MEAD & COMPANY** **New York**

The Tailor is Proud of that Suit



OSWEGO SERGE is an inspiration to the tailor. He loves to work with it because Oswego has the beauty, the drape and hang to accentuate the effect of smart cut and skilful tailoring. And he knows the intrinsic quality of cloth is there to make the suit stand up and look well through long wear.

OSWEGO SERGE

is a true style-fabric, a thoroughbred serge for the man who cares. A distinctive rich blue; Fall and Winter weight—16 ounces to the yard and every ounce pure wool.

Another style-fabric for Fall and Winter is WASHINGTON 1789 Unfinished Worsted. A cloth that shows its quality and tailors splendidly.

Ask your tailor or clothier to show you OSWEGO SERGE and WASHINGTON 1789. They are featured by good custom tailors and may be had also in high-grade ready-to-wear suits. If you cannot find them, send us check or money-order for quantity required (3½ yards for man's suit), at $3.25 per yard for Washington 1789, and $3.00 for Oswego Serge, and we shall see that you are supplied through regular channels, as we do not sell at retail.

American Woolen Company

Wm. M. Wood, President.

Selling Ageney: American Woolen Company of New York, American Woolen Bldg. 18th to 19th Street on 4th Avenue, New York



5 Minutes is all you need

You can have **a whole life time of shaving comfort** by using the **ZEPP SAFE-RAZOR.**

You can use it as a straight razor or a safety razor. The ZEPP blade is made of the finest Crucible Steel, full concave ground, forged and hammered by hand. Every blade is hardened and tempered by electricity.

The Zepp Safe-Razor has a safety attachment which can be adjusted in an instant.



With the ZEPP you can give yourself the quickest cleanest shave you ever had and it is impossible to cut yourself. The full hollow-ground ZEPP blade shaves the heaviest beard as easily as the lightest. Try the Zepp Safe-Razor once and you will use it always.



The Zepp Safe-Razor is easily cleaned and there is nothing to get out of order. **Every Zepp Razor is guaranteed for twenty-five years.**







Ask your dealer to-day for a Double-Guarded ZEPP or send us $3.00, and we will send you a Zepp Safe-Razor for a free trial. If you don't like it after 30 days' use send the razor back to us and we will refund the money.

ZEPP SAFE-RAZOR CO. Inc.

299 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Now that there are so many substitutes remember that

"BAKER'S"

is the



COCOA

OF HIGH QUALITY

Absolutely pure, delicious and healthful

Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

Trade-Mark on Every Package

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

SUFFOLK ENGRAVING & ELECTROTYPING CO.,

30 and 32 East 21st Street

TELEPHONE NUMBER : : : 920 GRAMERCY



KREMENTZ

THE STANDARD OF COLLAR BUTTON PERFECTION

UNBREAKABLE FROM USE

A new one free in exchange for any genuine Krementz Button damaged or broken from any cause

Made in Rolled Gold Plate — 14K and 10K Gold

At all leading jewelers and haberdashers Booklet showing all shapes and styles free

KREMENTZ & CO., 76 Chestnut St., NEWARK, N. J.

Mfrs. of Budkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons, and largest manufacturers of high class jewelry in the world

British Gazette

The journal of the British in America. Indispensable to Englishmen throughout the United States.
Authoritative information is provided about what is happening in Social, Literary, and Dramatic circles. British Sports and Pastimes, including Cricket, Football, etc., are extensively reviewed. Many other attractive features.

Monthly, 10 Cents a Copy **Subscription $1.00 a Year**

HERBERT J. LAUGHTON, Publisher, Maritime Exchange Building, New York

BIG MONEY IN SONGS

WE PAY 50 per cent. if successful. Send us your Poems, Songs, or melodies to-day. **You may be able to write a big seller.** H. KIRKUS DUGDALE CO., Dept. 739, Washington, D. C.

Young college graduate desires a limited number of pupils for early fall tutoring. Particular attention paid to backward pupils who are planning to enter college this fall. Two years experience. Address TUTOR, care The BOOKMAN

PICTURE PLOTS *and* SHORT STORIES

adaptable to motion photography **WANTED**

Address, KINEMACOLOR COMPANY OF AMERICA Dept. E, 48th St. and Broadway, New York City

Sell Your Stories

The Editor of Lippincott's Magazine, Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, in his Short-Story Course of forty lessons, will help you to give your stories the correct form and detail which only training makes possible.



Dr. Esenwein

Story-writers must be **made** as well as **born;** they must master the **details** of construction if they would turn their talents to account.

May we send you the names of students and graduates who have succeeded? And the success their letters prove is **practical.** It means recognition, accepted manuscripts and checks from editors. Let us send you our 250-page Catalogue.

(Mrs.) Sallie P. Harrison of Tazewell, Va., says: "My first effort at short-story construction, done as a part of a lesson in the Home Correspondence Course, was accepted by a leading fiction magazine and I have been asked to do more along the same line. I am greatly indebted to The H. C. S."

We also offer a course in Journalism, taught by Ernest Newton Bagg, formerly literary editor of the Boston Globe; and in all over One Hundred Home Study Courses, many of them under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and leading colleges. 250-page Catalogue free. Please address

The Home Correspondence School

Dept. 295, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

TELEPHONES 1823 AND 1824 BRYANT

WILLIAM R. JENKINS CO.

Publishers, Booksellers, Stationers, Printers

FOREIGN We have purchased the old established business of **F. W. Christern (Dyrsen & Pfeiffer, successors),** foreign booksellers of this city, thereby increasing the supply and variety of our books in French, German, Italian, Spanish and other languages, broadening the scope of our already extensive foreign book business. **BOOKS**

851 AND 853 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

(N. W COR. 48TH STREET)

F. M. HOLLY

Established 1905

Authors' and Publishers' Representative

Circulars sent upon request. 156 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

WRITERS

I agree to find a publisher for every manuscript that I deem worthy of publication. Manuscripts are critically read and revised by me, and typed and otherwise properly prepared for the publisher by my experts. Translations in all languages.

MODESTE HANNIS JORDAN

615 W. 136th St., New York City.

Send 10 Cents for Writers' Leaflet of Instruction.

FRANK HENRY RICE

Authors' Agent

50 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK

Terms, 10 Per Cent

No Reading Fee — I Do Not Edit or Revise MS.

LOUISE E. DEW

LITERARY REPRESENTATIVE

Manuscripts wanted. Criticism, revision, placing. 18 years' editorial experience. Circular upon request. Send 25 cents for

"FROM THE EDITOR'S VIEW POINT"

156 Fifth Avenue — New York.

A LARGE LIST

Of magazines and motion picture manufacturers and the kind of matter they are in need of, for a dime. Revised each month. MSS. typed for twenty cents per 1,000 words. Write today for full particulars.

HOMER H. KNODLE, Decatur, Indiana

DOROTHY PRIESTMAN

LITERARY AGENT

27 East 22d Street, New York

No charge for preliminary reading of manuscripts.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR.

Every Student of Fiction Owes It to Himself

"THE PLOT OF THE SHORT STORY" By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

(Formerly Associate Editor METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.)

BRANDER MATTHEWS says: "I have read it from cover to cover with pleasure and profit."

MITCHELL KENNERLEY: "As a publisher allow me to congratulate you on its attractive arrangement."

REX BEACH: "All writers should read and study it."

(160 pages. Price by mail, $1.05. Cloth bound.)

STANHOPE & DODGE, Ave. B, LARCHMONT, NEW YORK

AUTHORS' ECLECTIC SERVICE | HELPS WRITERS GET STARTED AND MAKE MONEY, CONSTANTLY IN TOUCH WITH PUBLISHERS. WRITE FOR CIRCULAR

614 MORTON BUILDING, NEW YORK, N.Y.

HIGGINS'

DRAWING INKS
ETERNAL WRITING INK
ENGROSSING INK
TAURINE MUCILAGE
PHOTO MOUNTER PASTE
DRAWING BOARD PASTE
LIQUID PASTE
OFFICE PASTE
VEGETABLE GLUE, Etc.



Are the Finest and Best Inks and Adhesives

Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the *Higgins' Inks and Adhesives.* They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean, well put up, and withal so efficient.

At Dealers Generally

CHAS. M. HIGGINS & CO., Mfrs.

271 NINTH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BRANCHES: CHICAGO, LONDON

Old Dominion

The New Colonial Pattern

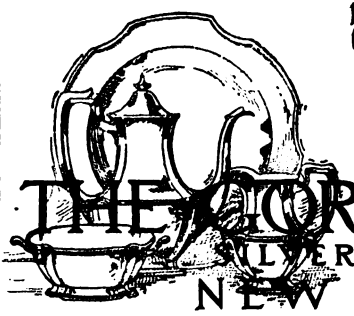
VIRGINIA BORN. It is said that no woman of the best Virginia blood can be ignored. You may love her or hate her, but you cannot overlook her.

One says the same thing of old Virginia silver. Its possession is the hall-mark of its owner.

Our *Old Dominion* represents a study of the Colonial plate of the best blood of Virginia—the Virginia of Washington and the Revolution. In its lines there is the distinction of birth, the refinement of breeding, the dignity of Southern aristocracy.

The pattern is offered complete—Dinner; Tea and Dessert Services—knives, forks, spoons and fancy individual and serving pieces.

Obtainable only from leading jewelers, and protected by the Gorham trade-mark on each piece.



STERLING

THE GORHAM CO.
SILVERSMITHS
NEW YORK



VOL. XXXVI OCTOBER, 1912 No. 2



A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

Kipling's Blunders

Not long ago we conceived what we thought to be a bright idea for a special article dealing with the errors and blunders of the modern popular writers, their slips in syntax, their anachronisms, and all the other various ways in which literary genius is caught napping. We had a teasing and elusive memory of minor lapses on the part of Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Atherton and the late "O. Henry,"—to mention just a few names at random,—nothing that we could precisely locate, but merely a recollection of a little pleasant gloating over a fellow-craftsman caught in an inadvertence. A choice collection of such specimens would, it seemed, make rather piquant reading, and ought to be a matter of such easy compilation that it could be turned off with one hand while we were editing proof sheets or keeping the baseball score with the other. There was, first of all, that faithful old standby, Poole's Index, that could be relied upon for a surfeit of material; visions arose of an embarrassing richness of references to "Hewlett's Verbal Eccentricities," "Kipling's Mannerisms," "The Syntax of the Best Sellers," "Anachronism as a Literary Fine Art," "The Split Infinitive in Zendaland," and so forth and so on, accumulating as rapidly as the index finger could scan the columns.

But as a matter of fact, Poole's Index and its various rivals and successors give no such pleasing returns. Either such articles as we had in mind do not exist, or else there is some unwritten law that they shall be buried alive. If we may take the Index as an authority, no modern magazine articles exist upon "Syntax," "Solecisms," "Anachronisms," "Literary Errors and Blunders," or any other kindred title under which such topics would logically be grouped. There remained another source that promised fruitful results: the British Reviews. There is a certain type of reviewer whose mind works in such a manner that, however much he may be led to praise a book, he cannot refrain from adding one little sting in the closing paragraph, "we note that on page 567 the author has been guilty of the following lapse from good usage——." All that was necessary was to take down the back numbers of the *Academy* and *Athenæum* and *Spectator,* and if any author had blundered in syntax or in style, these argus-eyed reviewers could be trusted to have made record of the fact. Kipling seemed as available as any one else for the purpose of experiment; so this method of research was begun, with one eye upon the minute-hand of the library clock. Five hours of assiduous and dusty research produced a net result of three errors on the part of Mr. Kipling: an incorrect formation of a Greek plural, a misquotation from *Hamlet,* and a blunder in classical mythology, when he speaks of "the Ivory Gate through which all good dreams come," whereas any one who knows his Homer and his Vergil is aware that this is precisely the gate through which the good dreams do not come. All of which goes to prove, not that our modern writers are impeccable in their English, but

that there is no "get-rich-quick" method of collecting their errors, and that about the only sure and worthy way of compiling an article of the sort proposed is by slow accumulation of material drawn at first hand in the course of many years' reading.

Kipling and the "Dimbula"

We heard, the other day, an exceedingly ingenious theory advanced concerning Rudyard Kipling's "The Ship that Found Herself," a tale which caused endless mystification from the very first day of its publication. It needs but a line to recall the story to those who may have forgotten it—the twenty-five hundred ton *Dimbula* on her first voyage from Liverpool to New York, not yet a ship but a thing of ten thousand individual parts, a spluttering, squabbling chorus of capstan, deck beams, stringers, screw, cylinders, garboard-strake, web frames, planks, and rivets, until, just as New York harbour is reached, a new, big, voice says slowly, "I am the *Dimbula,* of course. I've never been anything else except that—and a fool." Now accepted as an allegory, "The Ship that Found Herself" has been generally interpreted as representing the transformation of a mob into a nation. But one exceedingly shrewd critic prefers to find in the *Dimbula* Kipling himself, and in the story the keynote to his literary career. In other words, after groping around blindly for years, the day came when he said to himself, "Why, I am Rudyard Kipling. I've never been anybody else."

Bennett on American Sport

The sixth instalment of Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Your United States* in *Harper's Magazine* for September is mainly devoted to certain impressions of American sport which are of particular interest just now in view of the exceedingly foolish bickering in English and American newspapers as an aftermath of the Olympic games in Stockholm. Eliminating a certain cockiness, which is journalistic rather than British, Mr. Bennett is essentially fair. He witnessed one of the post-season games last autumn between the New York Nationals and the Philadelphia Americans for what we are pleased to call the World's Championship, and is outspoken in his admiration for baseball, which impressed him as far superior to cricket and almost as good as Association football, the reigning sport of the Five Towns. A little later he went to Princeton to see the football game between Harvard and Princeton, and has given a very vivid picture of a University town and the excitement on the day of an important contest. The text leaves no doubt that Mr. Bennett saw that game, but there is one illustration, purporting to depict the "cheer leaders," which causes one to question whether the artist has ever seen a cheer leader in action, or whether he drew his inspiration from a "Fashion Plate for Men" circular.

"Modernity" and Gooseflesh

Professor Wilbur Marshall Urban, of Trinity College, has made some rather sweeping claims for a group of present British authors. In an article on "The Crisis of Taste" in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* he says,

> Like a magazine editor of recent fame, you may fail to "find impressive" a list of names including those of Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Eden Phillpotts, W. J. Locke, Maurice Hewlett, John Galsworthy, and H. G. Wells; yet it remains true, not only that all that is living and original is at home in this group, but also that that which makes such a grouping significant is that all are groping after just such standards of taste, seeking for feelings and sentiments that shall express our real convictions.

That is to say, they are all applying the "direct gaze of the intellect" to the facts of life, all full of the "compelling modern spirit," all driving at the naked truth, and all spurning the "indirections that have hitherto been counted the signs of good taste." They shock him a good deal by their "cosmic elation," their "cosmic depression."

> To journey to the North Pole is a child's adventure, but to stand upon the outermost boundaries of knowledge, beyond the last

human habitation, makes the strong man quake.

But though all of a tremble Professor Urban confesses, nevertheless, to a distinct sense of exhilaration. Now we have no desire to take the edge off any man's pleasurable excitement, but is not this manner of writing a little disproportionate to the subject in hand—especially for a professor of philosophy? Granting that Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, and H. G. Wells are somewhat stirring persons, a strong man really ought not to quake at their "modernity," and if he finds himself in the least shaky before Messrs. Bennett, Phillpotts, Hewlett, Locke and Galsworthy we do not hesitate to say that he is unfit to hunt the uplands of literature any more. No man should ever again look for literary big game who has betrayed the slightest trace of buck fever on encountering a W. J. Locke. After all, the amazement of us "moderns" at one another's "modernity" is rather overdone. When colts are easily broken to the sight of automobiles, it would seem that our college professors of philosophy might learn to observe, almost with complacency, the fierce forward modern plunges of the British novelists of last week. Taking the long view of literature, such as one would expect of philosophers, they might even reserve a share of their astonishment for the past. A man who can be bowled over by a W. J. Locke might even now be thunder-struck on reading George Meredith. Indeed, if excitable commentators of this class will only read carefully a few passages that we will mark for them in their Bibles, they will perhaps be able to encounter with equanimity the enormous "modernity" of an H. G. Wells.

Mr. H. G. Wells

A great deal of pleasure has been afforded to the world by some members of this distinguished group, but we do not believe any one of them has been read with gooseflesh and gaspings on the score of his "modernity." To be sure their minds have been occupied with contemporary matters, but it is by the quality of their minds, not by their contemporaneousness, that they engage so much of our attention. Take H. G. Wells, for example. He writes rapid articles on "The Labour Unrest" for London papers. He contributes the initial essay in *Socialism and the Great State,* which has recently been published. He is ready at any moment to settle any question of the present or future from the *Titanic* disaster to the destiny of a continent. He despatched the *Future of America* after a visit of six weeks. He writes almost as well on subjects about which he knows nothing as on subjects about which he knows a good deal. So shrewd a master is he of his craft that he can produce the illusion of profound conviction on subjects that have just entered his head, and out of a five minutes' glance he can create for literary purposes a "direct gaze of the intellect." And he is so delightful a person that it would make little difference to us if, instead of rephrasing the speculations of our tea tables, he went back two centuries for his thoughts. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, his contemporary, goes back nearly two thousand years for his, and Mr. Chesterton is even more exciting. Says the philosopher above quoted:

> I have dwelt thus at length on Mr. Wells because I believe that in one sense at least he is the most significant of them all. It is not that he surpasses the others in his faith in this new and perilous beauty, or in his success in showing it forth. This one could hardly say. Not merely that he is more audacious in seeking it, although his audacities are perhaps just a little more flagrant than any we have heretofore known. *The New Macchiavelli* might perhaps be called the *pons asinorum* of modernism. . . .

The New Macchiavelli is the expression of a fine, eager, restless, and altogether charming personality. It is of sound literary ancestry, the lineal successor to many a good spacious novel of the past, especially to Meredith's *The Conqueror,* which it resembles in its freedom of contemporary criticism and in its sweep. It is, perhaps, the most considerable English novel of the decade, but its "modernity" is an accidental quality, having no more to do with its essential merits than has the day of the week on which it was published. No man will really be disturbed by its audacities unless he has become

genteel internally, which of course is highly improbable.

Tremendous Youth

Less than a thousand miles away in a bee line from this office window there is published a literary magazine all a-flush with the promise of youth. In it the fresh young poet sings tumultuously and, with even greater rapture, is reviewed. In a world that is given over to philistinism, it affords the one great outrageous opportunity to pioneering and audacious minds. No blue pencil for the passionate. The difficulty consists in being passionate enough. Poets whip up the language of love with an egg-beater. And as to revolutions, intellectual, moral, literary, and social, you may revolve there in as many ways as you like. The best appointed recreation park affords no better facilities for going round or coasting down and up again. These remarks are, by intention, general in their application. It is invidious to mention by name an enterprise so purely typical. There has been no time within the last quarter of a century when a group of bold spirits were not adventuring just such an "advanced" literary magazine. And how utterly has each one perished. When death comes to an "advanced" literary magazine there seems nothing in all nature that shows it in so extinguishing a form. A slaughtered water bug leaves behind him a longer anguish and a greener memory than did most of those five-cent literary ephemeræ which were buzzing in all parts of the country some fifteen years ago. People have forgotten that strange episode in our literary history. Dozens of these little periodicals started up within a single year, each with no apparent aim except to seem bold and extraordinary and to sell for five cents. Moralists hinted at decadence and anarchism and the debauching influence of the French—as if all that had anything to do with the matter. It was merely the season when young writers were having their try. They rebelled against the dull respectability of the older magazines. Mistaking that vague, insurgent feeling for the stirring of a mighty talent in their young insides, they founded small but strenuous periodicals with the sole object of being different from the others. But so many of them had this end in view, that there was not enough difference to go around. Hence that deadly Darwinian corrective for too many things of the same kind.

This destruction has always seemed to us too complete. There ought always to be some "dangerous" literary magazines which anybody may write for in a hot fit and nobody will in cold blood read. They afford an outlet for those worthy people who cherish an exultant half suspicion that they may be geniuses. Any man who half suspects that he may be a genius should put it to the test at once, for if he is one he should begin early, and if he is not, the sooner he knows it the better. In their germinal days our young writers can never tell whether they are acorns or pumpkin-seeds, the inner promptings being about the same in either case; and many a man feels that he is Art's very own, merely because he has a burning soul and a fluffy head of hair. This is one of the main troubles of youth, especially of ardent and artistic youth, and it is a lucky man who can look back upon his conduct at that trying period without a twinge, for long after his pumpkinhood is fully realised by himself and friends, he remains extremely sensitive on the subject. Hence the value of bold but unreadable literary magazines, open to fiery spirits, and leading to "self-realisation."

And why blame any one in these days for taking a sporting chance in magazine journalism? Considering how the rewards are distributed at present, it is a poor stick who will not in the days of his youth risk a dive in the literary grab bag. People are surprised when a new magazine is published, but the wonder is that there are not more of them. Surely there are some very successful persons now in the field that the least conceited of youths might hope to outdo. Why try and explain the failures in intellectual terms when to save our lives we cannot account in that manner for the successes? And what have years to do with youthfulness? There is no sign that many years of thought are behind the greater part of current literature. We all know cherubs of fifty summers or more who

have never thought one thing for themselves but who "live by the pen" very comfortably.

The Whistler Legend

Amazing is the vitality of the Whistler legend. Nine years have passed since Whistler was laid away in the grave, and yet his personality stands out before us as clear cut and as vigorous as in the days when he was crushing presumptuous ambition with an epigram. Those qualities which qualified him to speak of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" have reached out beyond the tomb. Men who never heard his name during his lifetime have grown up to regard him with warm sympathy or bitter personal dislike. Every year brings forth books about him, for him, or against him, and every one of these books commands a certain amount of definite interest. Elsewhere in this issue will be found Mr. Joseph Pennell's article on "The Triumph of Whistler." That article had hardly been sent to the printer's when we chanced to take up Thomas R. Way's *Memories of James McNeil Whistler,* which is very handsomely issued by the John Lane Company. Lithography was the cause of Mr. Way's coming in touch with Whistler, and it is Whistler as a lithographer who is primarily discussed in this book. He made his first start in lithography in 1878 at the time the magazine *Piccadilly* came into existence. Theodore Watts was the editor and George Du Maurier had designed the cover. But it was languishing, and it was hoped to revive its circulation by issuing illustrations by Whistler. "The Long Bridge," a study of the Battersea Bridge, was his first lithograph to be published in the magazine.

We turn from Mr. Way's book to John Joseph Conway's *Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris,* and again come across the Whistler trail. Whistler settled in Paris in 1855 and went to that city for long periods until the end of his



MEMORY SKETCH BY WHISTLER OF THE CARLYLE PORTRAIT



PHOTOLITHOGRAPH OF A PAGE GIVING A LIST BY WHISTLER OF HIS MOST IMPORTANT PICTURES, WITH SIX SKETCHES

life. He entered the studio of Gleyre, an historical painter, with whom he remained two years. He came in contact with Degas, Fantin-Latour, and other exponents of impressions and naturalism. George Du Maurier was one of his fellow-students, a fact which very few readers of *Trilby* are likely to forget. In Paris the etchings known as "The French Set" were done and published in 1858. The famous picture "The White Girl" was rejected by the Academy of 1862, the Salon of 1863, only to become the sensation of the Salon des Refusés. Artistic Paris talked about it, and the consensus of opinion was that the prestige of the Salon had received a severe blow by the judgment of the jury in refusing "The White Girl."

Naturally a very important phase of Whistler's residence in any city is found in the story of his quarrels there. In Paris he engaged in several controversies. One was with the editor of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts,* who wished to reproduce one of his pictures. Whistler asked fifteen hundred francs; the editor replied that artists whose works were reproduced in his columns usually considered themselves sufficiently paid by the publication. Whistler wrote a scorching letter, saying he was too poor to appear in the journal mentioned, and he was therefore condemned to remain unknown forever, as he would never be discovered by the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts.* His second Paris squabble was with General Rush E. Hawkins, in charge of the American Art Department of the Exhibition of 1889. Whistler received a note saying that ten of his exhibits had not been approved by the jury, and asking for their removal. This led to the inevitable retort that a cavalry officer aided by a jury, one of whom had never before seen an etching, was hardly competent to sit in judgment upon his collection. Eleven years later, at the time of the exhibition of 1900, there was a somewhat similar squabble. The American Art Commissioner wrote asking Whistler to



SKETCH OF WHISTLER WHILE HE WAS RETOUCHING A STONE. DRAWN BY MR. WAY

call on a certain day "at four-thirty sharp." Whistler replied that he regretted his inability to meet the Commissioner, as he had never been anywhere "at four-thirty sharp."

Then there was Whistler's Paris quarrel with Sir William Eden growing out of a portrait of Lady Eden which he had agreed to paint. There was a dispute about the price to be paid for the painting, legal proceedings were taken by the Baronet, and Whistler blotted out of the portrait the head of Lady Eden before the trial came on. George Moore had introduced Sir William Eden to Whistler, and after the trial the painter wrote Moore a scathing letter. The latter replied by twitting Whistler about his age; this made him furious and he challenged Moore. His seconds were Viélé-Griffin, the American poet, and Octave Mirbeau. Moore, however, did not accept the challenge. Finally there was the episode growing out of the Joe Sibley portrait of *Trilby*. Sibley was changed to Anthony, the objectionable number suppressed, and Whistler cabled: "Compliments and complete approval of author's new and obscure friend, Anthony." This was really the last fight of his stormy life. But if the days of Homeric combat were over, he still retained his ability to rebuke grandly. An English student was smoking a pipe when Whistler entered. "You should be careful," observed the Master, "you know you might get interested in your work and let your pipe go out." A Scotch student persuaded Whistler to examine his sketches; one of them was of an old peaasant woman whose face was illuminated by a huge candle. After Whistler had examined all the sketches carefully he remarked, "How beautifully you have painted the candle."



THE COVER OF "PICCADILLY," DESIGNED BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

Once, however, he met his match in the person of Sir Morell Mackenzie, the famous throat specialist. He called in Sir Morell to treat his French poodle, of which he was very fond. The renowned physician was not over pleased, but he kept his peace, prescribed, took his fee, and drove away. Next day he sent an urgent message to Whistler, asking him to call quickly. On his arrival Sir Morell said without a smile: "How do you do, Mr. Whistler? I wanted to see you about having my front door painted."

The Fourth Generation

Almost a quarter of a century ago Janet Ross issued *Three Generations of English Women,* about her great-grandmother, her grandmother, and her mother, the last-named the celebrated Lady Duff-Gordon. That explains the title of her new book, which is a sequel to the earlier one. If only for the impressions of the author's infancy this book would be worth while. A remarkable circle of literary and artistic friends gathered about her parents, the Duff-Gordons, in their home in



SKETCH OF A PROPOSED COVER FOR "ART AND ART CRITICS" GROWING OUT OF THE WHISTLER-RUSKIN CONTROVERSY

Queen Square. She describes herself as having been a spoiled and rather lonely child, because nearly all her friends were old people—old to her at least, contemporaries of her grandparents and of her father and mother. But Richard Doyle drew for her the heroes and heroines of her fairy tales as she sat upon his knee. Charles Dickens encouraged her to learn to read, and gave her what he called one of the most delightful of books, *The Seven Champions of Christendom.* Thackeray was a guest at the dinner party to commemorate her fifth birthday, and made the sketch for the frontispiece of *Pendennis* while she was sitting on his knee. She remembers Mrs. Norton's musical voice, and Tennyson's gruff and monotonous one. Tennyson sometimes read his poems aloud in Queen Square and told Lady Duff-Gordon that he had her in mind when he wrote *The Princess.* Once at dinner, when Tom Taylor and Kinglake were there, Tennyson burst



JANET ROSS AT FIVE YEARS OF AGE

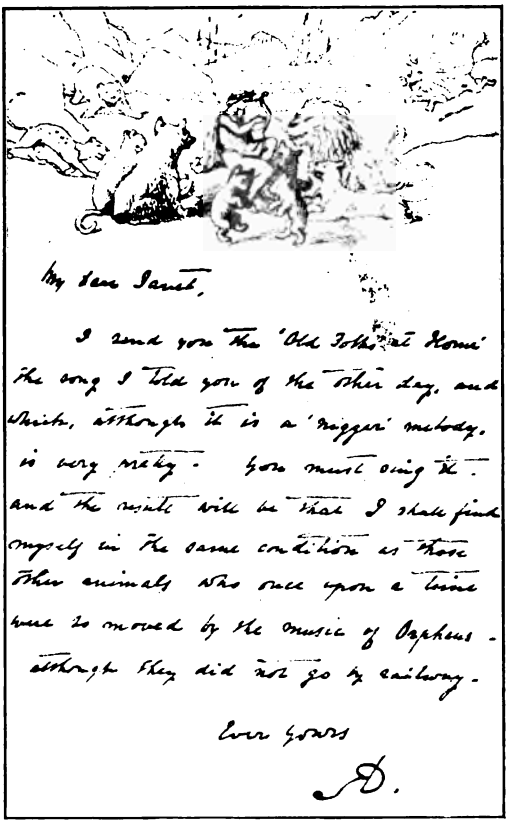
forth: "I never loved a dear gazelle, but some d—— brute, that's you, Gordon, had married her first."

Little wonder that Tennyson was spoiled. Janet Ross remembers how the fashionable beauties of London society would fetch and carry for him. But Janet was not always inclined to follow their example. One day, in the Isle of Wight, the great poet's shoestring became untied, and imperiously pointing to his foot, he said: "Janet, tie my shoe." Janet, with all the dignity of her sixteen years, retorted: "No; tie your own shoe. Papa said men should wait on women, not women on men." Another early aversion was Carlyle.

The one of our many visitors to Queen Square whom I cordially disliked was Mr. Carlyle. He was a great friend of Mrs. Austin's, and professed to admire Lucykin, as he called my mother, very much. One afternoon he had a discussion with her on German literature, and her wonderful eloquence and fire prevailing, Carlyle lost his temper and burst forth in his Scotch tongue: "You're just a windbag, Lucie; you're just a windbag." I had been listening with all my ears, as my grandmother always spoke with such enthusiasm about him; but, furious at my mother being, as I thought, "called names" by so uncouth a man, I interrupted, and exclaimed: "My papa says men should be civil to women." For which pert remark I was reproved by my mother. Mr. Carlyle, however, was not offended, and only observed: "Lucykin, that child of yours has an eye for an inference."

Slightly in Error

Last month, in telling who Richard Dehan is, we spoke of an English publisher who has seen fit to bring out, without permission, an early book of the author, counting on the success of *The Dop Doctor*. Now a small American publishing house has done the same, going just a little bit farther than the English house that set the example. Naturally the authorised American publishers have protested, and from a certain quarter has come a very curious retort. This is to the effect that the thing is being done every day, and cites as example a certain firm's publica-



FACSIMILE OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY RICHARD DOYLE TO JANET ROSS

tion of posthumous books by O. Henry, and the same firm's publication of Rudyard Kipling's *Abaft the Funnel*. Now this is one of those retorts which are delightful because they can be so easily and so completely demolished. In the first place the firm—which by the way is one that is doing admirable and dignified work in the upbuilding of American literary standards—has always been the accredited publisher of O. Henry's books, and in the publication of posthumous volumes of his stories they are acting not only within their rights, but in accordance with an understanding with Mr. Porter before his death. The allusion to Kipling's *Abaft the Funnel* is not only absurd; it bewrays an astonishing ignorance of the facts. The stories that make up that book were written for a newspaper in the early Indian days and Mr. Kipling wished them to remain in obscurity. But one day a small American publishing house discovered them, found that they were unprotected by copyright, and dragged them forth into the light. Mr. Kipling was furious, but powerless to take legal action. So in order to protect his interests so far as was possible, he asked his accredited publishers to bring out the book in an edition to which he officially gave sanction.



RICHARD DEHAN (CLOTHILDE GRAVES)



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF O. HENRY

Miss Graves might well be expected to put up a good fight against the piracy of her work, for she comes honestly by her fighting blood. Not only was her father a hard-fighting Irish major, but she is descended from Charles II's naval architect, Admiral Sir Anthony Deane. She is also said to be distantly related to Admiral Nelson. War has been the keynote of her books—only, it has been war against war. Her first "Dehan" book, *One Braver Thing* (*The Dop Doctor*), gave an intensive account of the Boer War, so that it interested England as much by its subject as by its manner. For nearly three years now, Miss Graves has been working on *Between Two Thieves*. A year ago, the publisher expected to bring out the book in its first form under the title of *The Woman with the Lamp* (the title referring to Florence Nightingale, on whom the heroine is based). But she saw the chance to make a vastly bigger book of it, and took another year to its preparation. It was finally finished just in time for publication this autumn.

Another Anon

With the approach of October 8th, when, according to the newspapers, the author of *To M. L. G.* is to become Mrs. M. L. G. without disclosing her identity, and with *The Street Called Straight*, by the anonymous author of *The Inner Shrine*, also among the "best-sellers," there appears another bid for the glory of anonymity in *The Bride's Hero*, by "M. P. Revere." Mr.—Mrs. or Miss —— Revere, say the publishers, has had so many best-sellers, so many books selling in the millions, under his or her own name that he or she is trying this experiment of using another name to test popularity. Whether the story is by a man or woman, an American or Englishman, is hard to guess, as the scene is laid in both America and England, and emphasises the military heroism of the British lover about as much as the charm of the Bride. The fact that the heroine is named Sandra might be taken to suggest Maurice Hewlett as the author, but the fact that the first chapters are laid in America might be regarded as pointing to Henry James, for Mr. James always starts his characters in America that they may have the exquisite delight of leaving our benighted land for the comfortable culture of London. We are not taking *The Bride's Hero* very seriously, but we recall that once when the mysterious author of *To M. L. G.* was being discussed Franklin P. Adams was heard wistfully to murmur that he was going to write an anonymous novel himself with this for opening chapter: The heroine, who is the wittiest, tenderest, beautifullest and wealthiest woman in the world, is discovered R.C., reading *Tobogganning Down Parnassus*, by F. P. A.

Miss Harraden and the Cause

An English reviewer, after praising Beatrice Harraden's new book, *Out of the Wreck I Rise*, suggests that it has been so long since Miss Harraden has had a book out that he was beginning to think her a ship that had passed in the night, but now he feels that she has titanically risen from the wreck. The fact is that during the four years she has been working on her

new book, Miss Harraden has been spending a good deal of time developing a new characteristic—militant feminism; though with her this is not so dreadful as it sounds. For she declares that she cannot and will not argue; she is content to work as a private in the suffrage movement, selling papers on street corners and speaking to humble audiences, and occasionally bailing out a woman whose enthusiasm has reached the point of indiscretion. To the readers who still buy *Ships That Pass in the Night,* Miss Harraden was once known chiefly as a musician and mystic, outside of her writing hours. But these hobbies have been relinquished for downright fighting for feminism. In *Out of the Wreck I Rise,* one of the characters is the executive of an Anti-Sweating League, and fights the sweat-shops much as does our American National Consumers' League. This character is not one of the short-haired women, however, and backs up Miss Harraden's recent definition, "I have never quite known the exact meaning of the word 'Feminist,' but if it means some one who, without being in the least hostile to men, believes in her own sex, is proud of it, and claims for it equal opportunities in all walks of life, equal freedom, equal justice, equal pay for



PIERRE LOTI

Lieutenant Julien Viaud of the French Navy, better known as Pierre Loti, is visiting this country to witness the production of "The Daughter of Heaven," the Chinese drama written by him in collaboration with Judith Gautier.



THE BEATRICE HARRADEN WHO WROTE "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT"

equal work honestly accomplished, and, of course, equal citizenship, then I am proud to say that I was born a feminist."

The Robin in the Garden

So many readers of *The Secret Garden* have expressed their interest in the charming but somewhat egotistical robin of that story that Mrs. Burnett has written his biography in a little book called *My Robin*, telling of the long summer days when Mrs. Burnett wrote at her out-door table, and the robin made love to her from the boughs overhead, or popped in and out of the roses. To quote:

He began to perch on twigs only a few inches from my face and listen while I whispered to him—yes, he *listened* and made answer with chirps. Nothing else would describe it. As I wrote he would alight on my manuscript paper and try to read. Sometimes I thought he was a little offended because he found my handwriting so bad that he could not understand it. He would take crumbs out of my hand, he would alight on my chair or my shoulder. The instant I opened the little door in the leaf-covered garden wall I would be greeted by the darling little rush of wings and he was beside me. And he always came from nowhere and disappeared into space.

A New Menace

"Authors who have made their name," remarks the London *Academy*, "whether as novelists or as contributors to responsible papers, are threatened with a rather serious annoyance if the trouble which has befallen Mr. Pett Ridge becomes at all common. It seems that a story in one of the English magazines, under his signature, was not written by him, but by some enterprising and unscrupulous person whose own manuscripts, no doubt, had been declined 'with thanks,' and who had the brilliant idea of sending in work under a false but well-known name." The conditions exonerate the editor of the magazine in question, but the *Academy* suggests that soon finger-print records, or at least specimens of the handwriting of well-known authors, will have to be stored as a precaution in every office open to assault.

Chu-Chu and Others

While it would be hardly within our province to predict the fate of Dr. Henry C. Rowland's *The Closing Net* in this country, we have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that if this book happens to be translated into French it will speedily become a French "best-seller." Not only is it constructed adroitly in the vein dear to the heart of the reader of the Paris *feuilleton,* but by an astonishing coincidence it reflects the extraordinary series of episodes which convulsed the French capital last spring and ended only with the complete extermination of the band of motor bandits. We say astonishing, because the story in its original form was written some time before the bandits had begun their startling criminal campaign. Dr. Rowland followed the illustrious example of Mr. Arthur Pendennis, who, we remember, promoted all his characters, making his commoners baronets and ladies, the baronets and ladies marquises and countesses, and the marquises and countesses dukes and duchesses. His Bonnot is decorated with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and is endowed with aristocratic bearing and manners. But beneath this reassuring exterior is the real Chu-Chu, as ferocious a creature as walks the pages of present-day fiction.

Dr. Rowland's own career has been about as eventful as that of one of his cosmopolitan heroes. A New Yorker by birth, he was educated at Williams College and afterward took his medical degree from the Yale Medical School. As a boy he made two voyages before the mast on sailing vessels. During the Spanish-American war he served on the United States Auxiliary Cruiser *Yankee,* and is one of the men whom the Government has recently awarded medals in commemoration of the engagements at Casilda, Cienfuegos, and Santiago de Cuba. Immediately on the close of hostilities in Cuba Dr. Rowland won a competitive medical examination for an assignment as acting assistant surgeon on the hospital ship *Relief,* and made two voyages to the Philippines, sailing once from New York and once from San Francisco. He also saw land service in different parts of the archipelago and afterward in China.

Returning to the United States, Dr. Rowland practised surgery for two years in New York City, eventually giving up his practice to travel. He has since made several voyages to the West Indies, South America and different countries of Europe. A year or two ago he took



MARY AGNES HAMILTON, AUTHOR OF "LESS THAN THE DUST"

a thirty-five foot motor-boat from London to Havre, thence across Europe, following different rivers and canals, to the Black Sea. In the run from Sulina to the Bosphorus one of the hurricanes for which the Black Sea is dreaded overtook the boat, driving it ashore on the coast of Turkey, Dr. Rowland and his two companions escaping with their lives by the merest chance. Dr. Rowland is at present living in Paris, where he is studying French literature and attending lectures in the Ecole de Medecine. For



DR. HENRY C. ROWLAND IN HIS STUDY

the last five years his custom has been to spend the winters in writing and study and the summers in travel.

Sherlock in the Films

At last we have had a chance to greet our old friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes, of Upper Baker Street, in the moving pictures. The fact, however, that he appears under the name of Professor Locksley, that he sports a long moustache and carries a monocle, leads to the grave suspicion that the presentation has not been authorised either by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle or by the publishers of his books. Be that as it may, "The Hypnotic Detective" is in every incident "The Adventure of the Norwood Builder" of *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*. The film play opens with a scene showing the rascally builder being refused by the mother of the hero and threatening dire vengeance. The second scene shows the hero, a young solicitor, in his office in the city. The builder enters, tells him that he has decided to make him his heir, and requests him to go that night to the country to draw up the will. In his country home the builder and two accomplices, a woman housekeeper and a man-servant, await the coming of the victim. Tom Norton—that is the name the hero bears in the play—arrives, the will is drawn, and Tom takes his departure after vainly looking for his walking stick, which has been secreted by the housekeeper. Then the builder proceeds to disappear after planting evidence that will throw suspicion on Tom Norton. The walking stick is broken as if in a struggle, a dummy figure dressed in the builder's clothes is placed in an outhouse which is fired, and the builder and the man-servant, plentifully provided with provisions, hide in a secret chamber in an upper story of the residence. The fire in the outhouse draws the fire department and the constabulary, and the housekeeper, questioned, gives evidence that points to Tom as the murderer of the missing builder.

The next morning Tom, in his lodgings, picks up the paper to read of the supposed crime and his alleged share in it. The police are already on his track and their knocking is heard at the door as he slips out of a window to go seek the advice of the eminent Professor Locksley, the hypnotic detective. The latter, as we have said, is of rather a Watsonian than a Sherlockian mien. After the manner of the stage Englishman he tugs at his long moustache as he listens to Tom's story, and reassures the excited youth just as the police arrive to effect the arrest. A brief glimpse of Tom in his prison cell and then back to the house of the builder with Professor Locksley arriving on the scene to begin his investi-



IN THE EARLY DAYS—AERIAL EXPERIMENT ASSOCIATION AT HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK, EARLY IN 1908. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, F. W. BALDWIN, LIEUTENANT SELFRIDGE, GLENN H. CURTISS, GRAHAM BELL, J. A. D. M'CURDY AND AUGUSTUS POST

gations. The police in charge think they have a convincing case against Tom and greet the professor with ill-concealed amusement. The housekeeper, however, recognises a dangerous foe. Through his monocle Locksley examines everything everywhere and finally recognises that discrepancy in the plans of the house which conceals the secret chamber. A little episode which is not drawn from the Doyle story is that which precipitates Locksley through a trap door to a cellar, where he is confronted by the man-servant accomplice who holds a pistol in his hand. Here the professor's hypnotic eye comes into play, he disarms the cowed accomplice and delivers him into the hands of the official police, and the moment has come for the last scene of the little drama. It is not worth while to hunt for the missing builder; a better idea would be to make him disclose himself. Piles of straw are lighted and clouds of smoke roll up into the secret room where the builder has been chuckling over the success of his evil plans. Forgetting everything but what he believes to be his imminent peril, the builder rushes forth into the hands of Professor Locksley and the police.

D'Annunzio in the Air

When Gabriele D'Annunzio climbed out of the old-fashioned aeroplane with which Glenn Curtiss had just won the Gordon Bennett prize at Rheims, he waved his hands wildly, says Curtiss, and cried that he had never really lived till that moment. Then he went away from there and wrote *Forse Che Si, Forse Che No,* the first use of the aeroplane in big fiction. Glenn Curtiss has written a story of American aviation in *The Curtiss Aviation Book,* to be published the first week of this month. In it he tells how he changed from a boy working as a messenger for the Eastman Kodak Works to a pioneer aeronaut, in a few years; how, with Lieutenant "Tom" Selfridge, Alexander Graham Bell, and J. A. D. McCurdy, he was making public flights before the Wrights had finished their secret experiments; how it feels to win an international cup, or to drop into a "hole in the air" over the Hudson.



HARRY LEON WILSON, WHOSE NEW BOOK "BUNKER BEAN" WILL BE BROUGHT OUT IN JANUARY. MR. WILSON, WHO HAS JUST MARRIED MISS HELEN COOKE, DAUGHTER OF GRACE MAC GOWAN COOKE, MAKES HIS HOME IN CALIFORNIA, AND SPENDS AS MUCH OF HIS TIME AS POSSIBLE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A Son of Isben

Dr. Sigurd Ibsen is the son of Henrik Ibsen and was born in Christiania, December 23, 1859. His youth was passed in Italy and Germany, where his father lived in self-chosen exile for many years. He studied in Munich and Rome and obtained the degree of Dr. juris at Rome in 1882. He served as secretary of the legation at Washington and at Vienna, as chief of the department for foreign affairs, commerce and marine, as member of the Norwegian Cabinet in Stockholm, and finally as Norwegian Prime Minister in Stockholm, resigning in 1905. Until the separation of Norway and Sweden they had two prime ministers, one of whom resided in Stockholm. During those busy years he still found time to serve as correspondent for several Norwegian newspapers, as editor of two magazines and lectured on sociology at the University of Christiana. He now devotes himself to literary work, and his articles on sociology, politics and philosophy are read with great interest. He is particularly noted for his originality and independence of thought. His new book, *Human Quintessence,* published in this country by Mr. B. W. Huebsch, has gone through several editions in Norwegian, Swedish, and German and a French translation is in preparation.



DR. SIGURD IBSEN

A Mystery Unveiled

A great many persons have long wondered how it is really done. We refer them to a forthcoming novel by Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, to be published some time next year, and to be called, we believe, *A Fool and His Money*. There will be found the real secret of the "best seller" imparted by one who is recognised as one of the most successful practitioners of the craft. In a certain chapter, Mr. McCutcheon's hero, an American novelist, and his heroine, a noblewoman of fine Graustarkian flavour, are talking in the dining-hall of a castle situated on the Rhine, or the Danube, or the Volga.

"And now let us talk about something else," she said complacently, as if the project of getting the rest of her family into the castle were already off her mind. "I can't tell you how much I enjoyed your last book, Mr. Smart. It is so exciting. Why do you call it *The Fairest of the Fair?*"

"Because my publisher insisted on substituting that title for one I had chosen myself. I'll admit that it doesn't fit the story, my dear Countess, but what is an author to do when his publisher announces that he has a beautiful head of a girl he wants to put on the cover and that the title must fit the cover, so to speak?"

"But I don't consider it a beautiful head, Mr. Smart. A very flashy blonde with all the



GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON. FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

earmarks of having posed in the chorus between the days when she posed for your artist. And your heroine has very dark hair in the book. Why did they make her a blonde on the cover?"

"Because they didn't happen to have anything but blonde pictures in stock," said I cheerfully. "A little thing like that doesn't matter, when it comes to literature, my dear Countess. It isn't the hair that counts. It's the hat."

"But I should think it would confuse the reader," she insisted. "The last picture in the book has her with inky black hair, while in all the others she is quite blonde."

"A really intelligent reader doesn't have to be told that the artist changed his model before he got to the last picture," said I, and I am quite confident she didn't hear me grate my teeth.

"But the critics must have noticed the error and commented upon it."

"My dear Countess, the critics never see the last picture in a book. They are much too clever for that."

She pondered. "I suppose they must get horribly sick of all the books they have to read."

"And they never have a chance to experience the delicious period of convalescence that persons with less chronic afflictions have to look forward to," said I very gently. "They go from one disease to another, poor chaps."

"I once knew an author at Newport who said

he hated every critic on earth," she said.

"I should think he might," said I without hesitation. It was not until the next afternoon that she got the full significance of the remark.

A Matter of Ethics

There is one reader of the books of Mr. J. D. Beresford who confesses himself to be divided between admiration and exasperation. When he had turned the last page of *The Early History of Jacob Stahl* he was as much puzzled as were any of the readers of Henry James's *Daisy Miller* in the days when that book came to its serial end with very few persons realising it. *The Early History of Jacob Stahl* practically ended in the middle of an episode. Then the reader took up *A Candidate for Truth,* expecting a new story, only to find that it was merely a continuation of the earlier book. In a word, Mr. Beresford's plan seemed to be to write a three-volume novel, of sturdy old-time proportions, and then to deliver it piecemeal to the public, as three different books, under three different titles. The reader in question expressed doubts about the ethical side of the matter, and, we think, not without considerable justice. On the other hand, Mr. Beresford might perhaps claim that some of the most enduring works of fiction have been practically modelled on the same plan. First of all he could point out that the whole of Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* is just one huge structure. He might urge that Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* and *The Virginian* are really one book; and that the stories of the exploits of the immortal four, Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, really form a single work which the author divided into *The Three Musketeers, Twenty Years After,* and *The Vicomte de Bragellonne.* As a matter of fact the closest analogy to Mr. Beresford's method seems to be in the crude early translated versions of the last-named Dumas book. Dumas had many sins to answer for, but for the translators of *The Vicomte de Bragellonne* he was in no way to blame. The *Vicomte de Bragellonne* went to their hands as a single book, but in addition to mutilating it freely in the translation they served it out to English and American readers as several different stories, foisting the middle part as *The Man in the Iron Mask* and the last part as *The Death of Porthos.* Similar methods were employed in various translations of Dumas's *Memoirs of a Physician.*

The Meredith Letters

An exceedingly important literary event of recent months has been the serial publication in *Scribner's* of the letters of George Meredith. They have been collected and prepared for publication by his son Arthur, to whom many are written; and those already printed extend from 1860 to 1887, with the promise of a concluding instalment bringing them to his last years. The range in this selection from the book which will be published later is limited to a small number of intimate friends, though there are occasional letters, which have escaped destruction, to more casual correspondents. What is most interesting to all true Meredithians is the clear and flashing pictures which they reveal of his intimate moods and reflections as well as his personal comment on and attitude toward his own work. Here there are no obscurities of style, but a wit, clarity, and inevitability of expression which makes their phrases classics in cameo. Whatever opinion one may hold of Meredith's novels and poems, these letters confirm the knowledge that they were written by a great soul. The largeness of his spiritual conceptions and his almost feminine sensibilities cannot better be noted than in the letters to his son—full as they are with vision and solicitude—and especially in the one written to a friend, whose name is left blank, on the termination of their friendship. We wonder, too, whether there was ever a more beautiful letter than that to the Rev. A. Jessopp, in 1864, where Meredith announces his approaching marriage to his second wife, supplementing as it does one penned on the same day to Captain Manxe, where he recalls with delicacy the tragedy of his first marriage. One phrase or two from a much later letter to John Morley when

the second Mrs. Meredith lay dying may give some example of the beauty and lofty reticence of these more personal communications.

Happily for me I have learned to live much in the spirit and see brightness on the other side of life, otherwise this running of my poor doe with the inextricable arrow in her flanks would pull me down, too. As it is, I sink at times. I need all my strength to stand the buffets of the harsh facts of existence. I wish it were I to be the traveller instead. I have long been ready for the start, can think prospectively of the lying in earth.

Though Meredith seldom used the episodes of his own life in his writings, as Fielding and Dickens did, these letters show for the first time the closeness his work bore to his own spiritual reactions and philosophy of living; for it is easy to find in the novels themselves the same phrases which are scattered here with every evidence of spontaneity. When he speaks of his work there is nothing of the coarseness of Balzac's letters to Madame Hanska; instead is revealed a modesty which did not prevent him from realising his genius, and a love of the work he felt impelled to do in spite of his knowledge of its unpopularity and his inability to "hit the purse of the public." He is not surprised, for example, at the indifference of the public to *Modern Love,* though he takes joy in quoting Browning's opinion when he expressed himself "astonished at the originality, delighted with the naturalness and beauty." In another place he speaks of his poems as "flints perhaps and not flowers"—which best describes those which can neither be completely apprehended nor penetrated. Of his method of composition he says, "I rarely write save from the suggestion of something actually observed—I desire to strike the poetic spark out of absolute human clay." Turning to his novels, he wrote, curiously enough, to Robert Louis Stevenson, that he feels sure *The Egoist* will not please him, though, as it turned out, Stevenson never ceased to read and re-read it. Meredith admitted in a letter to the same author the generally accepted rumour that *Diana of the Crossways* was suggested by Mrs. Norton; later to Mrs. Leslie Stephen, he adds:

Diana keeps me still on her sad last way to wedlock. I could have killed her merrily, with my compliments to the public; and that was my intention. But the marrying of her sets me traversing feminine labyrinths, and you know that the why of it never can be accounted for.

Renan on Balzac

A few weeks ago the "Balzaciens" in Paris met to commemorate the sixty-second anniversary of the great man's death. In discussing the event Sergines in *Les Annales* recalled the tardy appreciation of Balzac's genius. In 1888, when a subscription was started to erect a statue to the author of the Human Comedy, Ernest Renan wrote, "With the exception of two or three novels that I find admirable, I consider the entire work as absolutely mediocre. In the first place, Balzac wrote very badly, and is dreary reading. Then his philosophy, when he introduces it, is low and puerile. He is entirely ignorant of the general march of humanity, and when he attempts to discuss it he provokes a smile. I hold, besides, that he has had a deplorable influence on our country."

"Thoughts" on Declining Manners

What is the canker at the root of etiquette? Why are American manners declining? Many powerful magazine pens are busy with the problem at this moment. Was there ever a moment when they were not? Indeed it is doubtful if any man or woman is justly entitled to a place among the intellectual classes in this country who has not at least planned a magazine article on the decline of American manners. We who have just read the thirtieth of these articles can easily guess the contents of the thirty-first. Where be the "small courtesies" of yesteryear, the consideration for the weak and aged, the "graceful civilities"? What have we now? Only brutal self-assertion; servants insolent; shop-girls impertinent; young men uncivil to their hostesses; young women slangy and mannish—everything, in fact, quickly

setting back to savagery. We defy any reader to guess the date of this lamentation—whether it burst from the heart of George William Curtis in the eighteen fifties or appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in the autumn of 1912.

The subtle note of real distinction is disappearing in society as in literature. The loud-voiced throng looks for something of a more striking and tangible order.

Good manners have gone. Hardly a presentable parlour man in the whole community. In old, decadent societies the outward graces linger, though the core be corrupt. Witness the court of Louis XV. But look at us. We have discarded manners along with the Constitution. Proof of which occurs to the mind instantly. Contrast, for example, the minuet of our forefathers with what goes on every night of our lives on the subway and elevated trains. What a falling off in stateliness! Stepping on the ladies, bumping into the old gentlemen, we are now to outward seeming precisely what we are at heart—just the people for anarchy and the referendum. Is not this sort of thing rather familiar to any reader of American "high brow" journalism any time these fifty years?

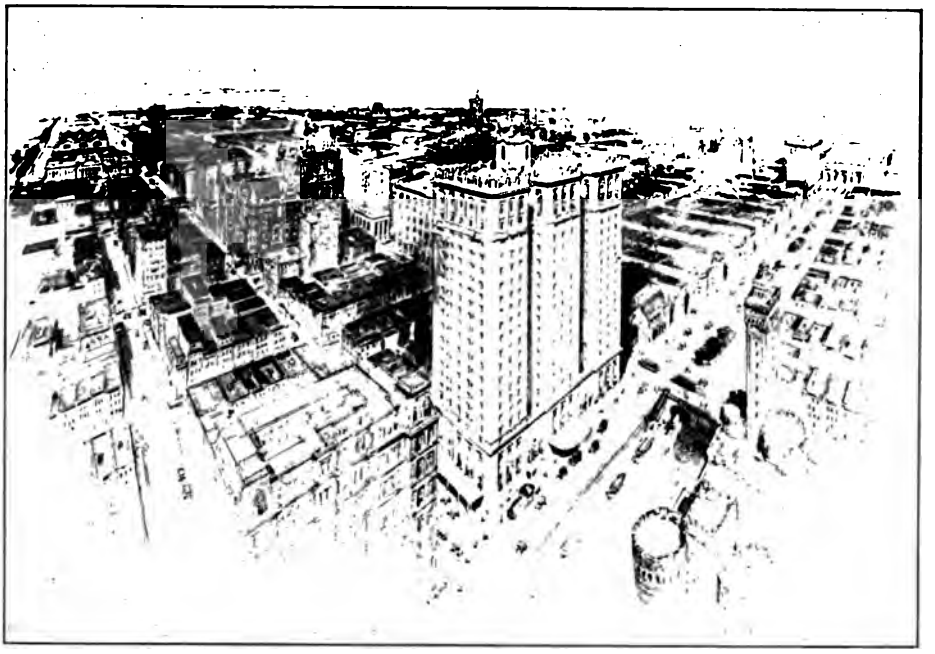
And what are the "causes" of decay as observed by each new "up-to-date" contributor? They are exactly what they were in 110 A. D.

Quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,
Tantum habet et fidei.

And so forth. We are well aware that familiar quotations from a classic are exceedingly bad form. But it is apparently by diluted translations of just such snippets from antiquity that many a "high brow" modern journalist keeps himself "up to date" on the subject of declining American manners. He finds the causes in "commercialism," unscrupulous greed, and the "tendency to test everything by a money standard." He finds in this country to-day a commercial spirit that is creeping like an octopus into the remotest corners of modern life, putting its deadly touch on literature, as well as on society.

The same old fish was observed also, long before the Christian era and was far more entertainingly described. Somehow a schoolboy memory of an old saw seems more recent than the very latest magazine discussion of American decline.

To be sure there now and then comes a learned Theban who finds for it all a single cause, easily removable. Off with the cause, he says, and back come manners once again. It seems as simple, in his hands, as having a tooth out. "The decline of manners," one writer, for example, has explained, "is directly due to the tariff." Protection has made us arrogant, he said. The lower the tariff, the higher the breeding. Abolish it altogether, and life will move along like a quadrille. Keep it, and the young man of the future will chew tobacco at a ball. It was well conceived and ably reasoned and no really intellectual editor could have refused it. For the tariff made the *nouveaux riches,* and the lower classes always aped the "hustle and shove" of this noisy class above them. Naturally, he said, this was "fatal to polite breeding." And impoliteness rose also with the export trade, and even England, land of Chesterfield and Turveydrop, would go the same way if she could, for her writers were already complaining of American sales. American woollens were threatening, American candy was conquering, and the jam business was being ruined by California fruit pulp. England too wanted to be wealthy and impolite. In short, it was as thoughtful a magazine article on this subject as one could hope to find—more thoughtful perhaps than was strictly necessary, for the subject can always be successfully treated in terms of the ancient pedantrics. Whatever may have happened to American manners, the mind of the usual magazine contributor still stands like Plymouth Rock.



Courtesy of The Carlton Illustrators

ILLUSTRATION BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY MADE TO INDICATE THE CENTRAL POSITION OF THE VANDERBILT HOTEL IN NEW YORK CITY. THE WORK OF VERNON HOWE BAILEY IS TOO WELL KNOWN TO REQUIRE INTRODUCTION. IT IS ORIGINAL, IT IS FINELY CONCEIVED, IT IS INSTINCT WITH THE TIMES-SPIRIT. THE ROMANCE OF GREAT CITIES' BUILDING THROBS THROUGH IT LIKE A STEAM DRILL. WHEN THE VANDERBILT HOTEL ENTRUSTED TO HIM, INSTEAD OF TO A PHOTOGRAPH, THE TASK OF MAKING ITS NEW HOME A LIVING ACTUALITY TO PROSPECTIVE TOURISTS, IT PERFORMED AN ACT OF EXCEEDING COURAGE IN AN AGE DEVOTED TO THE MECHANICAL. THAT MR. BAILEY'S DRAWING POSSESSES AN INTEREST WHICH NO PHOTOGRAPH COULD HAVE HAS UNDOUBTEDLY JUSTIFIED THE MANAGEMENT'S COURAGE

ART IN PUBLICITY

BY LOUIS BAURY



IN a furrier's shop the other day, it was the privilege of the writer to be present when the proof of a fall "announcement" was handed to a lanky, curly-haired gentleman of Oriental extraction, who admitted to being the proprietor. In one corner of this announcement a line drawing of quite amazing crudity depicted a young lady balancing a stole across her shoulders, while from the extremity of one unbending arm depended a muff of species uncertain. The proprietor's eyes narrowed forebodingly as they lighted on that young lady. Impatiently he smote her with the back of his hand.

"Now, I ask you," he cried disparagingly, "I ask you, *is* that artistig?" A pale young man, who was probably the advertising manager, maintained a discreet silence while his chief pondered.

"This is what you shall do," decided the latter at length. "You take that girl and stick her out into the margin about vun inches. Then—don't you see?—it will look like she was holding the whole ad up on her muff; and"—triumphantly—"*that* will be artistig!"

Which incident, grotesque though it may be, is instinct with significance. That proprietor is but one of legion. He

is indicative of an attitude. For the day has come when, from behind the barricades of his accounts and his salesbooks, the tradesman is pausing to cast furtive glances toward the Muses; and Art—adventurous nymph!—scorned now by her one-time consorts, church and court, is coming with gracile insinuation to the verge of the marts. Having lavished her blandishments in all other directions, she is to-day deliberately undertaking the subjugation of her olden enemy, the bullion-fanged monster, Business. Already she has made some progress—for the accomplishment of which she has come, discreetly veiled, in the guise of an advertisement.

Through whose intervention Art made her first timid approaches to American advertising it is somewhat difficult accurately to say. Possibly Mr. Matt Morgan might be accused, for certainly the advertisements from his pencil show an inclination to depart from the crudity of design which had previously prevailed; but Art did not become really bold until in the late '80's or early '90's a little group, among whom Edward Penfield, Louis J. Rhead, and Will H. Bradley were conspicuous, began to execute posters advertising various magazines and newspapers.



A DESIGN BY GRASSET FOR "L'ENCRE MARQUET." GRASSET WAS AMONG THE FIRST MEN OF DISTINGUISHED ABILITY TO FOLLOW THE LEAD OF CHÉRET IN EXPENDING HIS BEST EFFORT IN THE CAUSE OF PUBLICITY. FEW ARTISTS MORE VERSATILE HAVE EXISTED, HIS WORK HAVING EMBRACED "EVERYTHING FROM STAINED GLASS TO BOOK-COVERS, FROM PIANO-CASES TO MENU-CARDS." HIS WORK IN BEHALF OF ADVERTISING IS EXTENSIVE, AND ALL OF IT BEARS THE TOUCH OF A FANCIFUL, CERTAIN HAND



AN ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE BRUSH OF LOUIS J. RHEAD, WHICH SEEMS QUITE FAIRLY TO REPRESENT THIS ATTRACTIVE ARTIST. THE ABOVE DESIGN WAS AMONG THE EARLIEST EXAMPLES OF ART'S ENTRY INTO THE SERVICE OF TRADE ON THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC. IT WAS A BOLD AND UNAPOLOGETIC PIONEER INTO THE TERRITORY WHERE UGLINESS WAS DEEMED IRREPRESSIBLE. IT IS ON THIS ACCOUNT WORTHY OF A HIGH AND PERPETUAL REGARD, QUITE ASIDE FROM THE CONSIDERATION DUE IT AS A DESIGN OF SIMPLE LOVELINESS

The innovation which this set of advertisements marked was not so much a matter of line, colour, or composition as it was of feeling—of point of view. Their artistic significance as advertisements lay in the fact that they were abstract—detached. To be sure, the titles of the publications they proclaimed had

to be blazoned across them. But there the connection with the thing advertised ceased. The name of a razor or a stove polish might have taken the place of the periodicals, with full as much pertinence. They were not in any sense of the word illustrations of a commodity offered: They were pictorial designs expressing



ONE OF THE FEW ADVERTISEMENTS DONE BY BOUTET DE MONVEL. AN ARTIST CELEBRATED THROUGHOUT EUROPE, PARTICULARLY ESTEEMED FOR HIS INTERPRETATIONS OF CHILDREN, DE MONVEL POSSESSED ORIGINALITY AND AN APPEALING SIMPLICITY. HIS ADVERTISEMENTS DO NOT REPRESENT HIM AT HIS BEST, BUT THE POTENCY OF A NAME STILL REMAINS TREMENDOUS. SO THE FACT THAT DE MONVEL DID ADVERTISEMENTS AT ALL IS SUFFICIENT

absolutely nothing save the sweet pleasure of the men who created them. It was herein that Art achieved a triumph incalculably more important and far-reaching than any mere improvement in the character of draughtsmanship could have been. It ceased to appeal in terms of brute reason and sought to beguile solely through a presentation harmonious, though unrelated.

Of course, if one cares to be pedantic —an amazingly common disposition— and make the test of Art nothing less than the Elgin marbles, the sumptuous canvases of Velasquez, the exquisitely fragile brush strokes of Hokusai, or the flaming pageantry of sky which Turner discovered, these advertisements were most insignificant affairs. But in each case the intent of the workman was similar—at once personal and detached. And, after all, the intent is the chief essential. The perfect work of Art has yet to be born. The history of Art is the history of intentions variously approaching an ideal. The degree of their failure is largely negligible. Let academies and factions wrangle how they will—which is exceedingly—the true test of Art is not the work completed: It is the feeling underlying it.

This proper feeling did make a definite appearance in American advertising, then, with the advent of Penfield, Louis Rhead, and Will Bradley. It had been spasmodically apparent prior to them, but not until they and their associates stellated the cities with brilliant placards did it wax bold aand become what civic reformers like to call a movement.

As a matter of fact, however, the handling of these advertisements does entitle them to consideration. Mr. Rhead's work in particular, despite its daringly garish colour-schemes after the French manner, partook of a certain dignity; it possessed the charm of simplicity and naïve suggestion, developed with a really fastidious rejection of the inessential, while the gracefully fantastic drawings of Mr. Bradley were hardly less fortunate.

There were many others who, although less prolific than these men, wrought vigorously during the same period—men with popular followings who unhesitatingly mentioned their calling as "artist" when the census-taker called. Prominent among them were Scotson Clark, a school-fellow of Aubrey Beardsley's, George Wharton Edwards, well known for his water colours; Archie Gunn, Ethel Reed, Thomas Burford Meteyard, Oliver Herford, W. L. Taylor, William M. Paxton, and Francis Day. A few advertising pictures were drawn for the Scribners by Charles Dana Gibson, while

the same house induced even such a celebrated artist as Mr. Kenyon Cox to execute one of his earnest, classical figures in the cause of advertising.

So Art abruptly ceased to be an apologetic interloper in this field. What had but a little while before appeared a forlorn hope became then a well-defined tendency. That tendency has been cautiously, yet steadily, expanding ever since. In the ramifications of its growth lies the real story of modern advertising.

II

The origin of advertising is shrouded in the ambiguity of antiquity. It sprang from instinct, from an impulse innate. Its practice is as old as ambition, as the desire to excel, as the lust for notoriety—when, indeed, the two latter are not identical. No sooner had man learned to scratch devices upon the cool surfaces of weather-planed rocks than the essential idea manifested itself. With the civilisations of Egypt and Greece these manifestations lost something of their pristine crudity and the form of advertising as we know it to-day—the frank simplicity of direct appeal—was conceived.

From the ruins of Thebes there have been exhumed advertisements written on papyri considerably more than three thousand years ago, in which appear descriptions of fugitive slaves and offers of reward for their interception, quite in the modern manner. It would seem that the Greeks, too, originated advertising by means of a public crier—a method which has its present-day survival in those bizarre figures which, adorned with shrieking placards, parade the streets of our larger cities.

It was inevitable that the Greeks in their fine devotion to form should be the first to render the means of publicity artistic. They insisted that the proclamations of their criers be more than utterances of utilitarian convenience. They demanded that the announcements charm the ear with melody, and to this end dispatched with each fleet-limbed crier a musician whose reed could supply the proper pitch in case, along the long, white roads, a false note were sounded. But this charming practice passed together with all the other "glory that was Greece."

The Romans, albeit scantily attentive



THE ONE POSTER EXECUTED BY KENYON COX, ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN OF LIVING AMERICAN PAINTERS AND ART AUTHORITIES. DESPITE MR. COX'S GREAT REPUTATION, THIS IS NOT, BY ANY MEANS, THE BEST EXAMPLE OF ARTISTIC ADVERTISING THIS COUNTRY HAS PRODUCED, BUT IT WAS NOTABLE AT THE TIME IT APPEARED, WHILE ITS INFLUENCE MAY BE SAID TO HAVE BEEN MOST POTENT. IT DEMONSTRATED TO MANY ARTISTS OF LESSER REPUTE, WHO PREVIOUSLY HAD REFRAINED FROM THIS KIND OF WORK SOLELY BECAUSE DEEMING IT BENEATH THEM, THAT THERE WAS NOTHING INTRINSICALLY DEGRADING IN ESPOUSING THE CAUSE OF THE TRADESMAN

to its artistic possibilites, carried the practice of advertising to a further stage. Advertisements of plays and gladiatorial combats abounded among them. Under



Courtesy of The Carlton Illustrators

MR. HAROLD NELSON IS AMONG THE SOUNDEST OF PRESENT-DAY BRITISH ILLUSTRATORS. THERE IS MUCH IN HIS STYLE TO RECALL THE BETTER PEN AND INK WORK OF THE LATE HOWARD PYLE. IMAGINATION AND DIGNITY ARE PRESENT IN HIS EVERY PEN-STROKE. HIS ADVERTISEMENTS FOR SANATOGEN ARE ALMOST A REBUKE TO THE COARSE BANALITY WHICH USUALLY CHARACTERISES THE ANNOUNCEMENTS OF "NERVE TONICS." AND THE FACT THAT THIS PARTICULAR TONIC HAS BEEN MOST CORDIALLY RECEIVED IS ONE OF THE INNUMERABLE EVIDENCES THAT "THE PUBLIC WILL RESPOND EAGERLY TO ARTISTICALLY CONCEIVED APPEALS"

the portico of the baths at Pompeii, whither in the course of a morning all the fashion of that pleasure-prone city was wont to repair, were posted all sorts of advertisements, written in bold combinations of red and black. Rough sketches occasionally accompanied these, so that in effect Pompeii here sponsored the world's first bill-board. It was the Romans, likewise, who inaugurated the advertising of books and the dispersing of prospectuses. Martial describes the book-stall of Atrectus as literally covered with announcements of his wares and their excellences, while Pliny, writing in the *Satyricon* of Trimalchio's banquet, tells how the poet rented a house, built an oratory, hired forms, and sent forth prospectuses. The latter being the compositions of a poet probably possessed artistic merit. Pliny also records a favourable estimate of Callades, an artist who was particularly active in producing advertisements of Roman plays. Yet, despite Pliny, the evidences brought to light by archæological re-



Courtesy of The Carlton Illustrators

ANOTHER OF MR. NELSON'S BRAVELY CONCEIVED AND ADEQUATELY EXECUTED ADVERTISEMENTS. THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CAN PRODUCE VERY FEW DRAWINGS IN SIMILAR STYLE—IN WHATSOEVER CAUSE THEY MAY HAVE BEEN DONE—SUPERIOR TO THIS ADVERTISEMENT. IT IS INTERESTING TECHNICALLY IN THAT, ALTHOUGH THE ENTIRE SCHEME OF COMPOSITION IS SO SKILFULLY DESIGNED AS TO CENTRALISE ATTENTION UPON THE COMMODITY PROCLAIMED, THE DRAWING IN ITS ENTIRETY LOSES NOTHING FROM THIS AS AN ARTISTIC COMPOSITION

searches would seem to establish that, widespread as the advertisement was throughout the Roman Empire, it remained very chary of Art. And even had it not any development of the sort would have been arrested by the coming of Mediævalism.

For there was really little incentive to devise advertisements for an age in which the ability to read or write was deemed an effeminate superfluity and the most illustrious knight made boast that he knew not how to sign his name. A reversion to the public crier was the one alternative, and the importance to which that functionary then attained was sufficient to insure his perpetuation for many centuries—in fact, until some time after that most inviting and dignified advertisement known as the Declaration of Independence had been penned and the United States added to the nations of the world.

In France the criers were a well-organised body as early as the twelfth century, and it seems to have been in this country that they were first enlisted to descant upon the advisability of buying



R. ANNING BELL'S ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE LIVERPOOL SCHOOL OF ART. MR. BELL IS AMONG ENGLAND'S MOST VERSATILE AND SUCCESSFUL ARTISTS. AT THE TIME HE EXECUTED THE ACCOMPANYING DESIGN HE WAS AT THE HEAD OF THE LIVERPOOL SCHOOL OF ART, YET DEEMED IT IN NO WISE BENEATH HIS DIGNITY TO EMPLOY HIS PENCIL IN ADVERTISING THE SCHOOL WHEREIN HE TAUGHT

goods of a certain man. No tavern was complete without its crier. He jovially stalked the highways, lantern in hand, singing the praises of his employer's wines and the prices thereof. The custom is often alluded to in those old French ballads of street criers known as "Les crieries de Paris."

With the invention of printing advertising received an unprecedented impetus. In one of his earliest productions Caxton announced the issue from his press of a set of diocesan rules called the *Pyes of Salisbury*. Almost as soon as printed newspapers came into being advertisements were inserted in their columns, although for long these continued to be merely of the most obvious sort. Save for a constant increase in its volume, therefore, advertising showed little advancement for fully two centuries, nor would Art have any of it. Then for a brief space in the eighteenth century Bartolozzi and his school produced a series of what they styled "tickets" which, artistically, remain unique in the ways of publicity.

They took the form of etchings, executed on small cards, and were uniformly rich in allegory and classical allusion, with a preponderance of cherubim—an evidence unassailable at that period of the presence of Art. But they possessed a daintiness of conception and treatment and a pure grace of design which makes them things of an enchanting loveliness. An importer's "ticket" belonging to this group consists of a cherub with the wingéd cap of Mercury, unloading a bale of merchandise, while another cherub gravely notes down the contents. T. Stothard, R.A., to advertise Macklin's "Poets' Gallery," drew a "ticket" introducing the Muses of Painting and Poetry, while another in similar vein depicts the Muse of Painting vainly striving to ward off Time, whose scythe is threatening an elaborate canvas. Below appears the naïve statement that "F. Bate cleans and restores oil paintings, 43, Berners Street." There are several advertisements belonging to this group preserved in the British Museum.

Stall-keepers at fairs and such folk were, during the eighteenth century, habitually embellishing their advertise-

ments with rude drawings, and simultaneously the shop sign—that simplest form of advertisement—became an almost indispensable adjunct of every tradesman's equipment. These signs were for the most part poor things, though their own, but among them stand out like cameos in a trinket-box a few from the hand of Hogarth. It may have been the sheer whimsicality of the conscientious satirist, it may have been his insatiate desire for the achievement of novelty—but whatever actuated him, there were the signs, and with them Art. Hogarth painted them during those lean years around the time of his marriage and within the same period—probably in 1730—undertook further to serve Commerce by "embellishing" the Spring Garden at Vauxhall.



A POSTER OF JULES CHÉRET'S. IF ANY MAN MAY BE CALLED THE FATHER OF MODERN ARTISTIC ADVERTISING THAT MAN IS BEYOND QUESTION THE DARING, IRREPRESSIBLE CHÉRET. OTHERS THERE HAD BEEN BEFORE HIM—BETTER ARTISTS THERE HAVE BEEN AFTER HIM, BUT CHÉRET IT WAS WHO MADE ADVERTISEMENTS POSSESSING IMAGINATION, SPONTANEITY, LIFE, ORIGINALITY, PUBLIC NECESSITY. CHÉRET STANDS ALONE—AND SO LONG AS PUBLICITY IS, CHÉRET WILL CONTINUE SO TO STAND



AN ENGLISH POSTER OF THE '90'S. IT IS A FRANK TRAVESTY OF THE POSTERS AUBREY BEARDSLEY HAD BEEN DOING FOR THE AVENUE THEATRE. EVEN THE NAME BY WHICH IT IS SIGNED, WEIRDSLY DAUBERY, IS A PARODY, AND THE HANDLING OF THE LINE WORK IS NOT WITHOUT CLEVERNESS OF IMITATION. ITS GREATEST SIGNIFICANCE IS, HOWEVER, EXTRINSIC. WHEN A MOVEMENT HAS REACHED SUFFICIENT PROPORTIONS TO EXCITE PARODIES AND IMITATIONS IT IS VERY CERTAIN EVIDENCE THAT IT HAS BECOME A THING SERIOUSLY TO BE RECKONED WITH. AND THIS OCCURRED MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS AGO

Upon her next noteworthy pilgrimage into the devious ways of the merchant, Art found her most gorgeous escort in the person of Watteau—Watteau who handled pigment as if it were a lyric metre, Watteau who designed everything from landscapes to exquisite fans, Watteau who knew Art for his mistress and, so she were with him, cared not whither the way led. To say that the signs Watteau painted were worthy of him is to say enough. The best of them—how the Art Students' League must writhe if it has heard of such a thing!—was done for a boot-maker. It inveigled the susceptible into the purchase of shoes! Not long ago it was bought by the German Em-

peror for fifty-eight thousand dollars. It now hangs in his gallery among his most precious canvases—a charming apologue to the dilettante and the pedant, one of the world's innumerable evidences that the subject-matter of Art is largely inessential, that form and spirit are the prime essentials.

Again after Watteau's efforts comes a lull until in 1836 a French painter of some note, Lalance, produced a poster and thereby inaugurated what was destined to become a vogue. At once his example was emulated by Célestin Nauteuil with a design advertising an edition of *Robert Macaire*. Others rapidly followed. Raffet, Eugène Gauché, Gavarni, Bertrand, Grandville, Tony Johannot, E. de Beaumont, and T. H. Frère were the better artists responsible for the establishment of the poster—*l'affiche,* as the French have it. Art appeared more diffidently in their work than it had upon its former occasional forays into the same sphere, but that was necessary. It was the first time since the mellifluous criers of Hellas that she had made anything approaching a prolonged stay, and she had need to be wary. The tradesman must ever be managed with care. Any painter knows as much. Yet during this era there appeared one *affiche* from the pencil of that superb artist, Edouard Manet —a sort of defiant toss of Art's head toward the mart, just to show what she might do if she dared.



AN ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE PEN OF H. STACY MARKS. ALTHOUGH CREDITABLY DONE, IT DOES NOT RISE PARTICULARLY ABOVE THE AVERAGE OF ADVERTISEMENTS ISSUED IN ENGLAND DURING THE LATE '80'S AND EARLY '90'S BY THE VERY LARGE NUMBER OF FIRMS WHICH WERE ENCOURAGING THE ARTISTIC TENDENCY. BUT WHEN SUCH AN ADVERTISEMENT CAN BE SPOKEN OF AS AVERAGE IN ITS TYPE, THE TREMENDOUS STRIDES WHICH EVEN A DECADE HAD MARKED APPEAR ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE



A DRAWING OF STEINLEN'S WHICH WAS USED FOR "LAIT PUR DE LA VINGEANNE STÉRILISÉ" IN FRANCE AND FOR "NESTLÉ'S SWISS MILK" IN ENGLAND. STEINLEN, WHOSE REPUTATION WAS ACQUIRED CHIEFLY BY HIS BOLDLY COLOURED STUDIES OF THE PARISIAN UNDERWORLD RUN IN "GIL BLAS ILLUSTRÉ," APPEARS, IN HIS ADVERTISING WORK, IN A DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT VEIN, YET ON THE WHOLE REMAINS AS EFFECTIVE AS EVER.

Then came the '70's and Jules Chéret —the inimitable, audacious, effervescent Chéret. Like some exotic street flower he burst upon Paris and transformed it. Lamps, cough-drops, medicines, clothes, cafés, music-halls—impartially his brush proclaimed them all. He blended colours with a gaudy, delighted abandon, his

composition was amazing and *outré,* yet his line faltered not, and there was atmosphere in all he produced. Yes, there was Art! There was joy at any cost—loud, mirthless joy—there was wild, incessant movement. In Chéret's work the soul of Paris laughed out at it from between painted lips.

And the key-note of modern advertising had been struck.

III

After that the deluge was inevitable. More than two score men of unmistakable artistic ability assisted in demonstrating that a new influence had entered the cause of publicity—an influence not to be slighted. There was Eugène Grasset with his *affiches* for Sarah Bernhardt and the South France Railway Company; there was Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, that fascinating realist of the pencil in whose advertising drawings is left perhaps as faithful a portrayal of his times as we have anywhere; there was Willette, the lover of masques and whirling Pierrots; there was Steinlen the



A TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF WILLETTE'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO ADVERTISING WHICH HAS SOUGHT TO DO MORE THAN MERELY ADVERTISE. WILLETTE EXECUTED SEVERAL DRAWINGS FOR THE SAME FIRM FOR WHICH THIS WAS DONE, TOGETHER WITH A LARGE NUMBER OF THEATRICAL POSTERS. ALL OF THESE WERE DONE WHEN HE WAS AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS VOGUE. THEY SOUND A DISTINCT NOTE IN THE ANNALS OF PUBLICITY FROM A CURIOUS, FASCINATING, AND ESSENTIALLY ARTISTIC PERSONALITY



GUILLAUME'S ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE AMERICAN PACKERS, ARMOUR AND COMPANY. THERE ARE FEW ARTISTS OF GUILLAUME'S HAPPY FACILITY WHO HAVE BEEN SO PROLIFIC IN THEIR AID TO THE TRADESMAN. GUILLAUME BROUGHT A NEW ATTITUDE TO ARTISTIC ADVERTISING. HE BROUGHT AN IRRESISTIBLE SENSE OF HUMOUR, QUITE REGARDLESS OF WHETHER OR NOT THE PRODUCT HE HAPPENED TO BE EXPLOITING POSSESSED A NORMALLY HUMOROUS APPEAL. NOR DID HE, IN GIVING VENT TO THIS, EVER FORGET THAT HE WAS, IN HIS STYLE, AN ARTIST



AN ADVERTISEMENT DRAWN BY GUILLAUME FOR A HATTER. THE SELECTION OF HATS, TAKEN IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE TYPES OF FACES BENEATH EACH, IS MORE THAN THE EXPRESSION OF MERE IRREPRESSIBLE HUMOUR—IT IS KEEN, DELICIOUS SATIRE. IN THIS SORT OF WORK GUILLAUME PAVED THE WAY FOR THAT STYLE OF ADVERTISEMENT KNOWN AS "THE COMIC." HAD THIS BEEN ALL HE DID HIS WORK, SPLENDID AS IT IS IN ITS LIVELINESS, WOULD NOT POSSESS SO GREAT A SIGNIFICANCE AS IT DOES. BUT HE ACCOMPLISHED MORE THAN THIS: HE DEMONSTRATED TO ADVERTISERS THAT IF AN ARTIST BE ALLOWED FREE SCOPE OF HIS PERSONALITY, HE WILL SERVE BETTER NOT ONLY ART, BUT TRADE AS WELL. THIS IS A PROFOUNDLY GREAT ACHIEVEMENT TO HAVE TO ONE'S CREDIT

piquant, Ibels the imaginative; and there was delightful, witty Guillaume, who was the first pictorially to champion the interest of Armour and Company in France, who drew an advertisement for a hatter which is a triumph of satire, and who caused Art in her more flippant, lightsome moods to plead for the "Dentifrices du Dr. Bonn," for the bicycles of Vincent Fils, for "Le Vin d'Or," for colognes and steamboat companies, as well as for numerous plays and books. The work of these men and all the others who, though less brilliantly successful perhaps, were none the less artists always, made a felicitous handling of the *affiche* such an accustomed thing that their followers—Choubrac, Boutet de Monvel, Paleologue, Aman-Jean, Schwaebe, H. Guérard, Cazoly, and the rest capable of it—met little opposition in keeping alive the same spirit in French publicity work throughout the '90s. And by that time Art had long ceased to be peculiar to French advertising.

In Spain, Germany, and Belgium it had gained a hold, while in England it was making itself conspicuously at ease. Of course, England's most famous advertisement with claims upon Art is Sir John Millais's painting, "Bubbles." But even before this, no less an artist than Fred Walker had drawn an advertisement for Wilkie Collins's novel, *The Woman in White,* which, though little known, is a work of singularly haunting beauty. It represents a solitary figure tip-toeing out into a star-strewn night, and through every delicate line the curious mystery of the book it announces breathes like a hushed voice. England and America combined can show but one black and white advertisement to compare with it. That is E. A. Abbey's pen drawing to announce his own book, *The Quest of the Grail.* In the latter Sir Galahad appears mounted upon his splendid white charger, garbed in scarlet, as in Mr. Abbey's famous mural series in the Boston Public Library—which really is itself more of a glorified poster than an authentic mural work.

Belonging to approximately the same time is the one advertisement from the pen of George Du Maurier. This is particularly interesting since it took a form new to the artistic tendency in advertising: It was a label for the bottle of an appolinaris firm, done by the creator of Trilby chiefly through friendship for one of the principal stockholders in the concern involved. Professor Herkomer's is a name less well known than Du Maurier's. To-day the former is probably remembered more for his quarrel with Whistler than for anything else. Yet he was an astonishingly industrious soul, taking his little fling at painting, etching, carving, music, poetry, lecturing, play-writing, and acting. The world has charitably



THE MOST AMBITIOUS ADVERTISING DESIGN EXECUTED BY SIR EDWARD E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A. IT WAS ORIGINALLY PLANNED AS A MURAL ADVERTISEMENT, ALTHOUGH IT WAS WIDELY EXPLOITED IN VARIOUS FORMS. THE EXPERIMENT, JUDGING FROM THE INFREQUENCY WITH WHICH IT HAS BEEN REPEATED, WAS PROBABLY NOT AS SUCCESSFUL AS ITS ORIGINATORS HAD HOPED FOR. THE CHIEF INTEREST ATTACHING TO THE WORK LIES IN THE PROMINENT POSITION SIR EDWARD POYNTER OCCUPIED IN THE ART WORLD OF ENGLAND



FRED. WALKER'S ADVERTISEMENT FOR WILKIE COLLINS'S NOVEL, "THE WOMAN IN WHITE." MR. WALKER WAS AMONG THE FIRST FULLY TO REALISE THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE MEDIUM TRADE AFFORDED THE ARTIST. "I AM IMPRESSED," HE SAID, "ON DOING ALL I CAN WITH A FIRST ATTEMPT AT WHAT I CONSIDER MIGHT DEVELOP INTO A MOST IMPORTANT BRANCH OF ART." UNFORTUNATELY, MR. WALKER WAS NEVER ENABLED TO GO BEYOND THIS "FIRST ATTEMPT." ONE HESITATES TO ESTIMATE HOW MUCH HE MIGHT HAVE DONE HAD HE PURSUED THIS FORM OF WORK. AS IT IS, THE ACCOMPANYING DRAWING REMAINS ONE OF THE MOST MASTERFUL COMPOSITIONS OF THE SORT EVER PRODUCED

forgotten most of his efforts, but he was an R.A., and there are conventions in these things—wherefore let it be recorded that he was responsible for several advertisements, as simultaneously was Sir Edward E. J. Poynter, another R.A., whose most ambitious effort along this line was a Romanesque composition for the Guardian Fire and Life Assurance Company.

Besides Du Maurier, the *Punch* staff was represented in the advertising columns by Bernard Partridge and Harry Furniss. The latter's facetious sketch of the tramp who years before had used "Pears" soap and "since then had used

no other" is one of the most successful things of the sort ever done. Burton Barber and G. B. Leslie were even more elaborate than Mr. Furniss in their propagation of various other brands of soap and, amid much that was tawdry, Charles Green, R.I., and Sir James Linton, P.R.I., helped to redeem British advertising from absolute hideousness until, like capricious gusts of March wind, the drawings of Dudley Hardy put in an appearance.

At the same time the Avenue Theatre began to display posters by Aubrey Beardsley—and although many have criticised him, even the most prejudiced cannot question that Aubrey Beardsley possessed the soul of an artist. This work of his, together with that of Pryde and Simpson—who signed their joint drawings the "Beggarstaff Brothers" and produced advertisements really noteworthy aside from any commercial value which was theirs—was chiefly responsible for Art's sudden leap across the Atlantic into the advertising lists of America. Mr. Will Bradley's work in particular evinced the influence of Aubrey Beardsley and, through him, of the Japanese manner—which at that time was so hectically upon us that it was often difficult to appreciate its supreme artistry.



Courtesy of The Carlton Illustrators

ANOTHER OF LOUIS FANCHER'S DESIGNS. A BLACK-AND-WHITE REPRODUCTION CANNOT HEREIN DO JUSTICE TO MR. FANCHER'S RICH BLENDINGS OF ORIENTAL COLOUR—THICK AND SENSUOUS AS OLD WINES—WHICH ENHANCE THE VALUE OF THIS PAINTING. IT IS NOT THE LOFTIEST ART HE HAS ACHIEVED, BUT IT POSSESSES SOME PERTINENCE AND IS IN RELIEVING CONTRAST TO THAT INANELY SMILING YOUNG LADY WITH A TENNIS RAQUET WHOSE PRESENCE ON THE REAR PLATFORM OF AN OBSERVATION CAR USED TO BE DEEMED ALL THAT WAS NECESSARY TO LURE THE POPULACE TO ANY PLACE WHERE RAILROADS HAD DECIDED TO RUN TRAINS



Courtesy of The Carlton Illustrators

A POSTER DESIGN FROM THE BRUSH OF MR. LOUIS FANCHER, WHICH, ALTHOUGH BY NO MEANS THE FINEST EXAMPLE OF HIS VERY EFFECTIVE WORK, SHOWS THAT EVEN THE UPROARIOUS BURLESQUE IS NO LONGER INSISTING UPON VULGARITY IN ITS PICTORIAL HUMOUR

In this country, however, it was not until publishing houses and Sunday newspapers had demonstrated on the spot that the public—much abused animal!—would respond to just as much Art in publicity as was permitted it that the tradesman was willing to experiment.

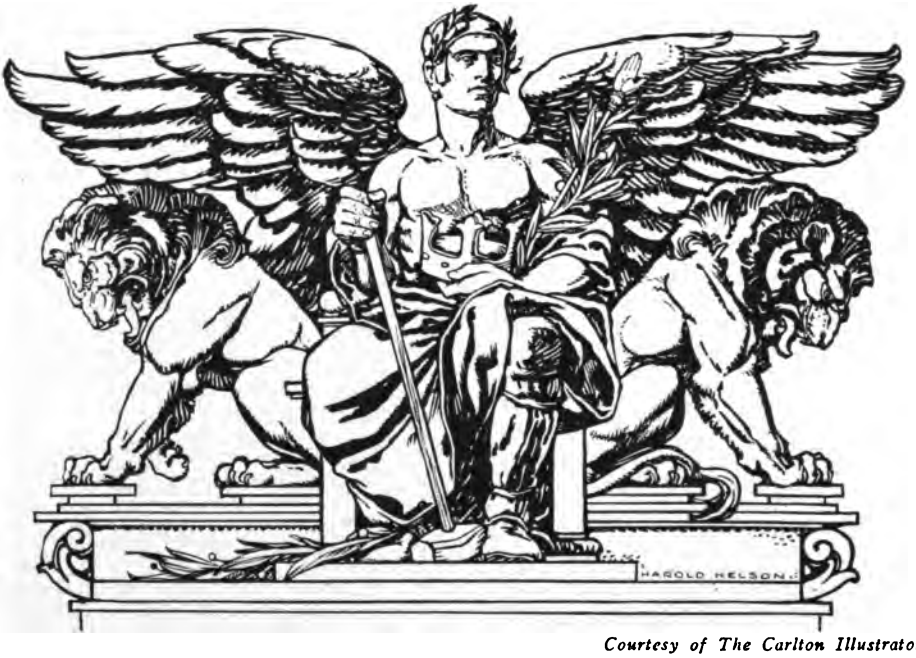
Then Mr. Louis J. Rhead executed two highly graceful and effective advertisements—one for Pearline, the other for Lundborg's perfumes. The business man is swift to emulate his competitor. He does so from an entirely blind instinct not "to be left behind." And the tradesman followed his leaders here as in all else he had. Thus was Art grudgingly admitted—just a little way—into the trade of the United States.

That poster craze which ran riot among us in the '90's has passed—as things occasionally will when overdone—but it has left its impress. It showed our tradesmen that publicity did not necessarily have to be ugly. They were rather reluctant of accepting this. They were



Courtesy of Calkins and Holden Advertising Agency

A PICTURE BY ARTHUR I. KELLER, WHICH, TOGETHER WITH THE WORK OF MANY OTHER EQUALLY WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS, MADE UP A SERIES ADVERTISING CRANE'S LINEN PAPER. THE PICTURE IS BY NO MEANS UNWORTHY OF A MAN FREQUENTLY REFERRED TO AS AMERICA'S FOREMOST ILLUSTRATOR, WHILE THE SUBORDINATION OF THE THING ADVERTISED TO THE COMPOSITE EFFECT—THAT MOST ENCOURAGING ARTISTIC ATTRIBUTE OF PRESENT-DAY ADVERTISING—IS HERE AGAIN PROMINENTLY EXEMPLIFIED



Courtesy of The Carlton Illustrators

A HEADING FOR ONE OF THE SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS BY WHICH SELFRIDGE AND COMPANY, THE AMERICAN DRY-GOODS MERCHANTS, ANNOUNCED THEIR ESTABLISHMENT IN LONDON. THE ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN, OF WHICH THE ABOVE DESIGN FORMED A PART, WAS ONE OF THE MOST EXTENSIVE EVER PROSECUTED IN THE BRITISH ISLES. ALL THE ILLUSTRATIVE MATTER EXHIBITED THE SAME BOLD SEVERITY. THE RESPONSE OF THE BUYING PUBLIC—OF ALL CLASSES—WAS PROMPT AND ENTHUSIASTIC. THIS FACT SHOULD BE POINTED OUT TO THAT ADVERTISER WHO RECENTLY, BENEATH AN ATROCIOUS SKETCH, BEGAN HIS ADDRESS TO THE WORLD WITH: "MEN, GET THIS ONE"

beginning to pride themselves upon the truth of their advertisements, and the truth is generally expected to be ugly. But always there was "novelty" to be striven for; and, though the truth remains something of a novelty anywhere, ugliness does not. So here and there Art was permitted to linger as posters diminished and magazines became the chief medium of advertisements.

With the advent of the twentieth century advertising commenced to be much more seriously taken than ever before. Advertisers started to study the matter scientifically. Speedily then they realised that it was a problem in psychology with which they had to deal—and the turning of the ways became marked. Was direct statement—positive affirmation—more compelling, or was suggestion? Such was the recondite question which added to the vexations of the tired business man.

Those inclining toward the latter belief are the advertisers who have maintained a leavening of art in their appeals to purchasers. In the reproductions accompanying this rather fragmentary survey the aim has been not to secure extraordinary specimens, but rather to give a fair example of the sort of work utilised by this class of advertiser. On the whole it would seem not lacking in grounds for encouragement.

The spirited painting of Mr. Aylward's for Crane's linen paper—which, by the way, happens to be the only advertisement from the brush of this painter—would rank favourably in any modern exhibition. A. I. Keller's drawing for the same concern is in every way worthy of a man often referred to as America's foremost illustrator. As much may be said also for the advertisements of Jay Hambridge, another of the very best magazine artists. In introducing the work of Hohlwein the Pierce-Arrow Company brought to advertising one of Germany's leading painters. In fact, too much credit can scarcely be given the

automobile firms—and especially the Pierce-Arrow—for the service they have rendered in this connection.

They it is who are responsible for most of the advertisements from such men as Fancher, Triedler, and Perley, all of whom paint attractively, persuasively. That other follower of the arrow insignia —the shirt and collar company—has used several drawings from the popular Mr. Flagg and from J. C. Leyendecker, who during his student days was hailed as the most brilliant pupil in Paris and since then has certainly not forgotten his knowledge of anatomy. Alice Barber Stephens, F. Graham Cootes, Alexander Popini, Will Foster, R. M. Crosby, and Orson Lowell are but a few of the designers of advertisements whose work



Courtesy of The Carlton Illustrators

A COVER DESIGN BY JAY HAMBIDGE FOR A PUBLICATION DEVOTED TO ADVERTISING AN ELECTRIC LIGHT CONCERN. MR. HAMBIDGE'S WORK HAS FOR MANY YEARS BEEN ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE FEATURES OF MANY LEADING MAGAZINES, YET SELDOM HAS HE SURPASSED THE CRAFTSMANSHIP EXPENDED UPON THE ACCOMPANYING REPRODUCTION, AND CERTAINLY NEVER HAS HE BEEN PERMITTED SO MUCH LATITUDE OF SELECTION—BEEN SO UNRESTRICTEDLY ALLOWED TO PAINT A SCENE AS IT APPEARED TO HIM—ONLY THAT AND NOTHING MORE



Courtesy of Calkins & Holden Advertising Agency

A SERIES CONSPICUOUS AMONG THE BETTER SORT OF CONTEMPORARY ADVERTISEMENTS IS THAT WHICH, TO EMPHASISE THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE PIERCE-ARROW AUTOMOBILE, HAS TAKEN IT THROUGH ALL THE PRINCIPAL EUROPEAN COUNTRIES. THE OPPORTUNITY FOR THE PICTURESQUE HEREIN AFFORDED HAS NOT BEEN SLIGHTED. THE ABOVE PAINTING OF MR. HOHLWEIN'S, REPRESENTING THE INVASION OF TEUTONIC STOLIDITY BY THE INDEFATIGABLE TOURIST, IS A VERY HAPPY INTERPRETATION, QUITE WITHOUT CONCESSION TO THE HUMOUR OF THE SITUATION

is in demand with the magazines. Which really epitomises the present status of such advertising as aims at all to be artistic: Its standard is practically identical with that of the better grade fifteen-cent magazines. Very forcibly was this illustrated last summer when Mr. Wildhack, having executed a cover for the *American Magazine,* made the back cover, which advertised the Pierce-Arrow car, a mere continuation of the front.

This magazine standard of art is necessarily a popular standard. That our periodicals harbour a great, or even an important, art no one would attempt to say. It is simply a clever art. But it is very clever. Also it is of a better grade than magazine art—if the term be permissible—ever has been heretofore. And each year it is improving. From all of which the inference is obvious.

IV

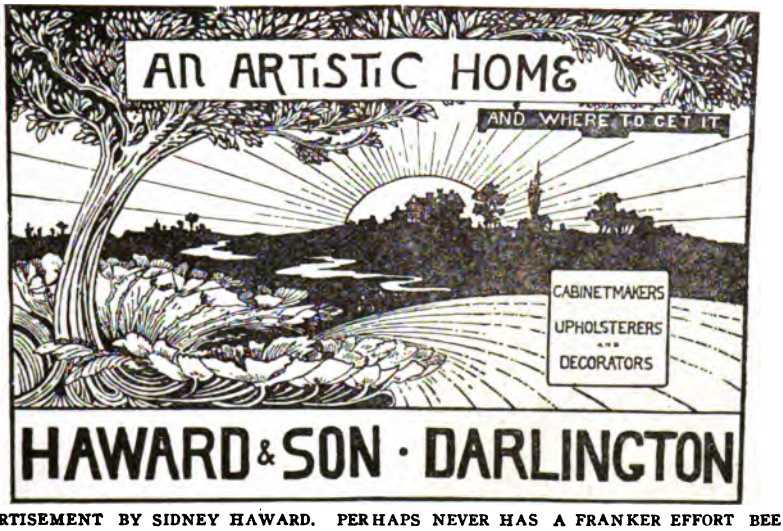
With the writing of advertisements Art has as yet little concerned herself. Her struggle with the pictorial side must be fittingly consummated first. But she is likely to encounter more opposition in shaping to herself the literary phase. For the tradesman is devoted to his wares—it is that which makes him a tradesman. He will permit an artistic drawing to attract public attention, but once that attention is secured he wishes to tell people in his own way of what he would sell them. And his way is not an artistic way. His words either shake their fist in the reader's face or clap him across the back. He insists upon setting forth facts; he will not trust here to the sublety of suggestion.



THE SIGN RECENTLY PAINTED BY EVERETT SHINN. IT IS QUITE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF WORK THAT HAS THUS FAR EMBELLISHED AMERICAN ADVERTISING. IF THE ENTIRE ARTISTIC TREND HAD LED TO NOTHING SAVE THIS IT WOULD STILL BE WORTH WHILE. THE INDICATIONS ARE, HOWEVER, THAT THIS IS BUT THE BEGINNING IN THIS COUNTRY OF AN ORDER WHOSE IDEALS AND METHODS SHALL ALIKE AIM TOWARD THE HIGHEST PERFECTION

Yet when the travelling salesman fares forth on "the road" he sells far more goods through cajolery and his own peculiar manner of anecdote than through adherence to fact, and herein——. But this is approaching perilously near the psychology of publicity, which would require an article all its own. This much may, however, be noted: No advertisement adhering scrupulously to mere facts can hope—as an advertisement does—to be universal in its appeal. So long as the brains of men differ their interpretation of facts will differ likewise. Emotions alone are kindred in us all. That is why music and poetry unite us where books and plays merely cause dissension. When the tradesman takes this unto his own work then will Art weave into advertising its shimmering spell in words.

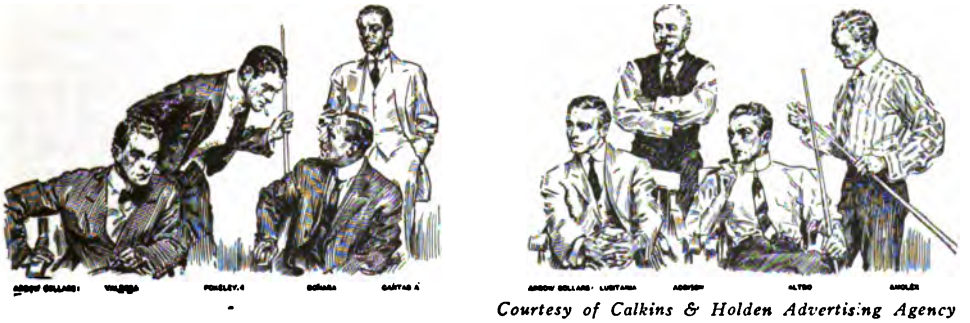
A Lafcadio Hearn will proclaim the wares of some Oriental shop; a Bret Harte will wax adoring in a summer resort circular; a Gautier will tell us of jewellers' displays in a style deriving its hues from the subject; a Kipling will chant the praise of an automobile—and the public will become ecstatic with desire and the tradesman make sales unparalleled. And Art will perhaps reach its supreme height, for the artist will no longer have to write in plots and theses. He will but ensnare in words a single flight of fancy—he will but perpetuate a mood. He will write only of what sways him. Others will be swayed not because he would have them, but because he was himself swayed. And a pure, abstract beauty will transcendentalise Business and the Muses become handmaidens to Mercury.



AN ADVERTISEMENT BY SIDNEY HAWARD. PERHAPS NEVER HAS A FRANKER EFFORT BEEN MADE THAN THIS ONE TO ATTRACT ATTENTION BY GRACE OF ARRANGEMENT AND DESIGN, WITHOUT REGARD TO ANY OTHER CONSIDERATION. THE FACT THAT THE ARTIST WAS IN THIS CASE A MEMBER OF THE CONCERN SEEKING TO ATTRACT TRADE CONCLUSIVELY PROVES THAT THIS METHOD —WHICH IS THE ONLY METHOD WHEREBY ART CAN PROGRESS IN PUBLICITY—IS NO MERE FIGMENT OF ARTISTIC IDEALISM, BUT ALSO AN UTTERLY PROSAIC, HORRIBLY PRACTICAL BUSINESS FACT

Meanwhile, though the tawdry flourishes still in brazen plenitude, a purer English is more and more employed in the statement of commercial pleas. Advertising pamphlets particularly are more happily phrased than formerly. Pictorially, too, pamphlet advertising is tending to encourage better things. One of the most hopeful examples of to-day occurred in the booklet announcing the opening of the new Vanderbilt Hotel in New York when, to illustrate the central locality of this hostelry, instead of the ordinary photograph one of Vernon Howe Bailey's rhythmic metropolitan drawings was used. Which drawing demonstrated the point at issue as no photograph could have.

Scattered throughout the country are various associations consecrated to elimi-



Courtesy of Calkins & Holden Advertising Agency

THERE IS PROBABLY NO ILLUSTRATOR IN GREATER DEMAND WITH MAGAZINES THAN JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG. FLIPPANT, VERSATILE, AND INTENSELY MODERN IN THE ORDER OF HIS CLEVERNESS, HE HAS SECURED THAT ELUSIVE THING KNOWN AS "A FOLLOWING." THE FACT THAT HE BUSIES HIMSELF MUCH WITH THE EXECUTING OF SKETCHES FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES IS ONE OF THE MANY INDICATIONS THAT, PICTORIALLY, PUBLICITY WORK IS AT LEAST LIVING UP TO THE STANDARD OF THE MAGAZINES. PERHAPS THE MOST NOTEWORTHY FEATURE, ARTISTICALLY, OF THE ABOVE SKETCHES, WHICH WERE DONE FOR THE ARROW COLLAR, IS THE FACT THAT THE COLLARS OF THE VARIOUS MEN ARE NOT UNDULY EMPHASISED. A FEW YEARS AGO A FACSIMILE OF THE COLLAR IN QUESTION WOULD HAVE FORMED A SUFFICIENT ADVERTISEMENT. TO-DAY THE COLLAR IS SIMPLY MADE TO FIT INTO THE ENSEMBLE OF A DESIGN, WHICH IS REALLY AS MUCH AS SHOULD BE EXPECTED OF A COLLAR



A DESIGN BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE, THE POPULAR MEMBER OF "PUNCH'S" STAFF. IN IT THE EVIDENCE OF THAT DEFT, CLEVER PEN MR. SAMBOURNE ALWAYS WIELDED IS NOT ABSENT, BUT A CERTAIN COARSENESS OF CONCEPTION PREVENTS IT FROM RANKING WITH THE BEST OF THIS ARTIST'S JOYOUS, ALLURING WORK. HOWEVER, THE FACT THAT MR. SAMBOURNE DID IT—AND VARIOUS OTHER ADVERTISEMENTS—HELPED CONSPICUOUSLY IN STRENGTHENING THE ARTISTIC MOVEMENT

nating the unsightly from advertising. This, too, is charming evidence. Not that they may be expected of themselves to accomplish anything—but as indicating the extent of the tendency artistic. For when societies begin to crop up with announcements that they purpose to "inaugurate a movement" it is irrefutable evidence that said movement has been long since launched and is progressing blithly on its way.

It will, of course, be many years before the cheap is wholly dispensed with and Art unequivocally accepted as the patron of publicity, but ultimately it must come. The desire for "novelty" will bring it about if nothing else will. Commerce has attempted practically everything else. And even now there exists one lovely harbinger fully worthy of the order to come.

It is a sign from the brush of Everett Shinn—one of this country's artists who is wholly delightful as well as wholly an artist—one of the few who can be unqualifiedly proclaimed as such. He has painted a sign for Walker and Gillette, the architects—a sign with grace, with depth, with dignty, with a dainty fancy playing through it in happy colouring. It recalls in spirit something of that sign Watteau painted for his boot-maker. A dull gold frame in the Georgian fashion enhances the harmony of its appeal.

Solitary and aloof as an ideal, it stands on East Thirty-seventh Street in New York. Nor has any passer-by yet ignored it. Prophetically it flashes in the sunlight; mockingly it throws off the jealous rain; and like some luminous



A DESIGN BY AN UNACKNOWLEDGED ARTIST, POSSIBLY ROSE CECIL O'NEILL, OF MOST PLEASING AND DELICATE APPEAL. AS AN ADVERTISEMENT IT WAS NOT PARTICULARLY FEATURED, AND IT IS HEREIN THAT ITS CHIEF INTEREST CENTRES. IT IS ONE OF THOSE OBSCURE, UNHERALDED PIECES OF WORKMANSHIP WHICH PROVE THAT IT IS NOT ALONE IN SPECTACULAR OR ESSENTIALLY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS THAT AN ARTISTIC FEELING HAS TAKEN ITS PLACE. WHEN SUCH A FEELING BEGINS TO BE PRESENT EVEN IN THE LESS AMBITIOUS PHASES OF PUBLICITY THE DAWN OF A NEW ORDER WOULD NOT SEEM SO CHIMERICAL AS MANY CURRENT ADVERTISEMENTS MIGHT STILL LEAD ONE TO SUPPOSE

signal-lamp gleams through wavering mists.

When bill-boards shriek in most offensive flagrancy and some newspaper advertisement brings vulgarity to the perfection of its modernity it is sweetly consoling to turn into East Thirty-seventh Street and, gazing upon this solitary landmark from an artist unafraid, dream of that day when beauty shall rise triumphant in all things and Art possess even the highways for her own.

THE UNKNOWN BROTHERS

AFTER READING THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

Singing Band by song united
When the blue Ægean plains
Girdled isles where lovers lighted
Lamps in Kypris' seaward fanes;
Singing Brothers, earth enfolden,
What of you and of your olden
Music now? What still remains?

Scattered blooms, surviving only
As the petal holds the rose
In the garden where the lonely
Scarlet flower of Sappho blows;
And of some no single token—
Leaf or bud, or blossom broken
Now the mounded garden shows.

Was there lack of exaltation
In the burden of your song?
Had you less of consecration?
Proved the path of Beauty long?
Did you pause for pleasant resting?
Swerve or falter in your questing?
Have the ages done you wrong?

Some there may have been who faltered
By the bright Ægean foam,
Seeing life with vision altered
As the soul forgot its home;
Some it may be in confusion
After Youth's divine illusion
Turned to till the kindly loam.

Some there are in all the ages
Lonely vigil fail to keep;
Some allured by wisdom's pages
Chart the sky and sound the deep;
Some give up the long foregoing—
Human touches, reaping, sowing;
Some with Sappho take the leap.

But the most wait unrepining,
Hopeful when all hope is fled,
For fulfilment of the shining
Dawn that lingers far ahead,
And by paths of no returning,
Where the hearth fires are not burning,
March companioned by the dead.

Through neglect or loud derision,
Mocked at by the worldly-wise,
Bearing burdens of misprision,
Seeking truth and finding lies,
Follow they the glow or glimmer
Of the vision growing dimmer
As the death-mist fills their eyes.

Never can you be requited,
Unknown Brothers, staunch and brave
You the bitter gods have slighted,
Only half their gift they gave,—
Gave the patience of endeavour,
Kept fruition back forever,
Felled the cypress by your grave.

You are passed; but unknown Brothers,
Finding faith of small avail,
Follow now as followed others,
And I pause to bid them hail.
Brothers are they in believing,
Some it may be are achieving,
But they triumph though they fail.

THE READING ZONES OF THE UNITED STATES

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON



F the Great American Novel should finally appear—that is, should be recognised by the critics—would the great American public recognise it as such? Which is another way of putting the question as to whether the great size of our country, with its wide diversities of social conditions and types, would not defeat an attempt to portray a strictly national type as much through the diversity of taste among the reading public as from any other cause. The thought is interesting and it gave the impulse to an investigation of reading tastes in the States, of which the following is the result. The conclusions offered here are by no means final, nor do they aspire to infallibility. But they are the summing up of a consensus of opinion among many of those engaged in making and distributing books, and they may prove interesting to readers of books.

There are, it would seem, certain well-defined reading zones in the United States, although in many places the boundary lines are blurred, and unexpected and amusing exceptions crop up to disprove—or is it to prove? a cherished rule one would like to lay down. Speaking in general, these larger reading zones are those of the East, the South, the Middle West, and the Pacific Coast. Within these larger zones are innumerable smaller zones of urban and rural districts, and the influence of a few great cities makes as distinct a factor in judging the run of reading taste as the so-called corner influence does in judging the value of city lots. The larger zone which we can roughly designate as the East has a greater number of smaller zones than do the Western divisions. The East with its older culture takes its individual tastes in reading more seriously, and shows more highly developed differences in the ability to discriminate and criticise.

The most important smaller zone is that belonging to New York City. This great centre of commercial activity is one of the great book-making and book-distributing centres of the country. Its readers show initiative taste sufficient to justify its treatment as a separate zone. From the point of view of its tastes in reading New York shows some characteristics that are typical of large cities, some that are typical of the East in general, and still others that are distinctly typical of New York alone. And it is an interesting fact that in spite of New York's immense importance as a book-making and book-distributing centre, it has not the wide range of influence that Chicago has, for instance. For near New York are two other great centres of literary activity, Boston and Philadelphia, with their own peculiar tastes and their own influence.

New York shows a well-defined liking for novels of the more emotional character, but it has no marked distaste for the problem story. It shows appreciation, but does not attempt to compete with Boston in its avidity for that particular type of writing. New York also likes detective stories, a liking which it shares with other large cities for the following reasons. Detective stories seem to make their strongest appeal to the retired lawyer and that individual familiar to the theatrical manager as the "tired business man." Now this Tired Business Man and the Re-Tired Lawyer abound mostly in cities or in the residential suburbs around the large cities. Such localities, therefore, offer a steady market for stories of crime and detection.

New York, being the foremost theatrical centre of the country, likes all things theatrical, and therefore enjoys theatrical stories. *To M. L. G.*, one of the books at present enjoying great popularity, found instant appreciation in New York. In regard to this book, Philadelphia and Boston did not object to following New York's lead, and St. Louis and New Or-

leans fell rapidly into line. But strange to say Chicago, which is a growing theatrical centre and greatly jealous of New York in this regard, has not yet discovered *To M. L. G.*

New York likes adventure stories, as do most older cities. It seems to afford the city dweller, sitting at home in his well-protected house with neighbours pressing close, a keen delight to read of haidbreadth escapes and the hardships of adventuring through wildernesses. To the impartial observer it would appear as if any one who habitually trod the pavements of New York could find a sufficiency of hairbreadth escapes coming his way each day, to satisfy his longing for that sort of thing. But apparently it does not.

New York is influenced far more by book advertising than by the book reviewer, or by the personal influence of the book-seller, so potent a factor in other localities. The city is so big, its life so complex and scattering, that the individual is more apt than elsewhere to come under the spell of the glaring advertisement which he can read at a glance as he runs. And even New York readers are still very unsophisticated with regard to book reviews. "I saw your book advertised the other day," a friend will tell you when what he means is that he glanced at a review. With the layman's artless innocence he thinks the review but another sort of paid advertisement.

By reason of its busyness, probably, New York is not as greatly influenced by a well-known name signed to a book as are other communities. It is perfectly willing to give a new writer a chance, and it discriminates between the good and the bad books, even when written by its old-time favourites. It has a liking for stories of local setting, but it shows a good-natured tolerance of criticism, enjoying cheerfully the most scathing arraignment of any phase of its life. It has the tolerance of the big strong man for the stones thrown at him by small boys behind the fence. New York is so fond of stories of local setting that it offers a good market for some books which the rest of the country does not seem to care for. An instance of this is the case of the mystery story *Cab No. 44,* by R. M. Foster. Had this book been taken up by the rest of the country as it was by New York, it would have led the "best-seller" lists for several months.

New York reads stories of society life eagerly, be the setting local or otherwise. But in this regard it would be most interesting, if it were possible, to take a census of the individual reader. For in this way we could prove or disprove the truth of the assertion made by a clever publisher who believes that stories of society life are most eagerly bought by readers in the side streets, in the suburbs, and in the smaller towns. He asserts that even so thoroughly fine a book as *The House of Mirth* owed a large part of its wide popularity to the fact that people who were not "in society," but wanted to be, felt a degree of comfort in finding out how thoroughly rotten "society" is. The same statement may explain the popularity of Elinor Glyn's stories.

As so many New Yorkers come from elsewhere, New York can't find out just which writer is indigenous to the soil, and has, therefore, little or no local pride in any particular writer. It has its favourites, but the place of their nativity is not a factor in their popularity, as it often is elsewhere. New York shares with other cities a liking for such writers as Edith Wharton, Robert Herrick, Jeffrey Farnol, Winston Churchill, Hopkinson Smith, David Graham Phillips, and Richard Harding Davis, whose books appeal more strongly to the sophisticated tastes of the big town, rather than to the readers in smaller cities or rural districts.

In a city as large as New York, certain little individual zones of reading tastes show themselves within the town itself. These are more apparent to librarians than to book-sellers or publishers. One amusing instance of the kind is furnished by the Borough of Richmond, which is Staten Island. Staten Island was a flourishing rural community while New York was in its infancy, and it is still a rural community. In its book preferences it resembles the isolated rural communities all over the country far more than it does the great seething town of which it is a part. It adores *The Rosary,* and the books of Harold Bell

Wright, typical favourites of rural communities everywhere.

With its many schools and its vast library system, New York is an excellent market for serious books. But in these, too, it shows definite likings. It prefers its serious reading to have a practical side, the utilitarian, rather than the metaphysical, attracts it. It leaves it to Boston to develop a cult for Nietzsche, but itself is greatly interested in the *Montessori Method,* just at present the best-seller among non-fictional books.

II

Boston has the reputation of being the most catholic book town in the United States. Which is natural in a city that divides its favours equally between Ibsen, Browning, and the latest baseball star. But Boston has also the reputation of offering a sure and steady market for "Highbrow" literature, be it fictional or non-fictional. In regard to its reading tastes Boston lives up to its position as the Hub of Culture. It knows what it owes to itself, and is willing to spend money on its avowed preferences. But it will also read lighter literature, particularly during the baseball season, when there is so little of the lesiure necessary for the appreciation of a serious book. Once the baseball season is over, however, Boston prefers novels that appeal to the intellect. It really and truly likes and understands Henry James, but its heart is always ready to respond to a touch of sentiment. For the intellectual centre of the East put aside its pride of leadership and humbly followed Minneapolis in booming *Bob, Son of Battle.* The Western city discovered that charming book after it had languished some months unnoticed, and Boston fell in line promptly with hearty appreciation. Boston liked *Stover at Yale* better than it did *To M. L. G.,* although it accorded the latter book a cordial reception. It shows a faithful, steady liking for Margaret Deland's novels. Like New York, it is hospitable to foreign authors of promise, and it extended the hand of welcome to William De Morgan and Jeffrey Farnol, while the Middle West looked on uncertain. Boston likes Yeats and Zangwill, but on the whole does not make as good a showing in the reading of published plays as does Chicago. This is another of the exceptions to any rule of taste. For the liking for published plays shows a high state of mental development, and yet Chicago goes ahead of Boston here.

Boston is not as large a distributing centre as are New York and Chicago, which makes its preferences a truer guide to the individual taste of the city itself. It is sufficiently concentrated to evince local pride in a native-born author. As an instance, it buys fully one-third of all the copies that are sold of Percy Mackaye's books. But then again Boston cannot always be depended upon to like stories with local setting. The delightful *Phoebe and Ernest* books by Inez Haynes Gillmore, with a setting of Boston suburbs, do not sell nearly as well in Boston as they do in the Middle West.

In some respects Boston epitomises the reading tastes of New England generally, although it is much more catholic. New England's reading tastes are serious as a rule. But it has little taste for stories of local setting and shows resentment of criticism of local conditions. It has, however, recently made a notable exception in favour of Joseph Lincoln, whose Cape Cod fisher stories first sprang into popularity in the very locality they portray. The growing interest in Mr. Lincoln's works throughout the country seems to disprove the assertion of many publishers that New England, as a setting for a novel, does not interest any part of the country particularly. New England reads much, but buys books very slowly and carefully, liking them for their contents rather than for their appearance. The handsome gift book with the well-worn or unimportant text is a drug in the New England market. New England shares with the Atlantic Coast generally a liking for foreign authors and foreign settings. And it feels the influence of the immense amount of book advertising which is so concentrated in the East that it becomes a large factor in book-buying there.

Philadelphia, in spite of its proximity to New York, shows a considerable amount of independence. In general it partakes of the characteristics of the Eastern Coast, but it likes some books

that New York does not seem to care for, and pushes them through to popularity. An instance of this was shown by the selling of a success of some years back, *The Divine Fire,* by May Sinclair. Every week for several months the Wanamaker Company ordered one hundred copies of the book. Ninety of them were sold in the Philadelphia store and ten in New York. It was Philadelphia that discovered the book in the first place.

Philadelphia is a stronghold of popularity for the books of Owen Wister, and recently it has shown that it prefers *Stover at Yale* to *To M. L. G.*, in this respect agreeing with Boston rather than with New York. With the other Eastern cities it buys the greatest proportion of the novels of A. E. W. Mason, but it has not been as much interested in *The Patrician,* by John Galsworthy, as have Boston and New York.

III

The South, although belonging to the Atlantic Coast in part, shows a great many individual preferences. It is a heavy buyer of fiction, preferring the emotional love story. The South is intensely loyal to its own writers, and local pride is an important factor in the book buying. The South will endure any criticism, adverse or favourable, in a book written by a born Southerner, but it resents bitterly Southern stories that are written by outsiders. It has its local authors and local preferences. Thomas Dixon, for instance, sells best in the South, wherever the theme of his books is a burning question. For in the case of this writer the problem presented often overcomes the human interest. One of the few exceptions to the fact that the South is the heaviest buyer of its own authors' products, is shown by Corra Harris, whose books sell better West of the Mississippi than they do throughout the South.

The South is an excellent market for the expensive gift book which New England, for instance, will not take. The Southerner likes to spend money on his best girl and buys her a pretty book for the parlour table without paying much attention to the contents.

Chicago is the great distributing centre of all the West, and also an active publishing centre for many books popular throughout the Western States of which the East never hears. Chicago reads more published plays than any other American city, a fact which may be due to the many theatrical experiments for which Chicago has recently become famous. Chicago sets the pace for the Middle West more definitely than any of the great Eastern cities influence their surrounding States, and its likes and dislikes are felt out to the Pacific Coast.

Generally speaking, the Middle West likes adventure stories with plenty of go in them, and it is strongly patriotic. It has little interest in foreign authors, but prefers American stories written by Americans. It shows strong local pride, in different localities, in the native-born author. The rural districts resemble those of the East in their fondness for the love story with a sentimental and slightly religious touch. This sort of story seems to make the reader in the small town and in the rural district feel that he is enjoying himself while at the same time experiencing a moral uplift. George Barr McCutcheon is a strong favourite throughout the Middle West. Not that the Middle West appears to have any wide interest in princesses as a general thing. But this particular writer seems to portray a princess as the Middle West likes to imagine her, so he is read with avidity.

Certain localities throughout the centre portion of the country show individual likings generally influenced by local patriotism. The preference of Denver and Cleveland for Edna Ferber, the particular spots elsewhere that show a strong fancy for the writings of Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, Zona Gale, and Susan Glaspell, are cases in point.

A peculiarity of the reading zones of the West which is not noticeable in the East, is the strong personal influence of the bookseller and the reviewer. In the East the last-named individual, if he be conscientious, is often oppressed by a sense of the utter futility of his labour. It may come as a crumb of comfort to him to know that there are certain reviewers, notably in Denver, New Orleans, Los Angeles and Chicago, whose

criticism can make or kill a book. They have really achieved the ultimate ideal of every honest reviewer—to become a leader of literary taste.

The Pacific Coast is a larger reading zone of itself, subdivided into smaller zones showing the greatest diversity of taste. The Northwest Coast, Washington and Oregon, likes adventure stories and also likes to read about itself. Rex Beach first came into favour in the very locality that he best portrays, and Jack London has always been cordially received there. *A propos* of this virile and versatile writer it may be interesting to learn that his South Sea Island stories have aroused strong resentment among the reading public in those islands. But in the Northwestern States, and particularly over the border in Canada, they are strong for London.

The Northwest Coast and a part of California, allowing for individual differences, represent largely the taste of the Middle West. But as we go further South we come to a transplanted bit of the East in Los Angeles. Next to Boston, Los Angeles is the best book town in the United States. There are two reasons for this. One is the great number of wealthy people from the large centres elsewhere, particularly from the Eastern cities, who now spend a part or all of the year in Los Angeles or Southern California. These people represent what might be termed the cultured taste of the country, and they demand the sort of books they have always read. Working in with this influence as a factor in the sort of books Los Angeles buys, is the personal influence of the well-known bookseller, Mr. C. C. Parker. This highly cultivated and keenly intelligent man makes an art, as well as a business, of his bookselling, and he is an important factor in moulding literary taste in Los Angeles. As an instance, there is one large alcove in Mr. Parker's store which is completely lined with published plays. His preference for this sort of book makes Los Angeles a close second to Chicago in the buying of published plays.

The Pacific Coast shares with some of the Eastern cities its preference, among serious works, for books on Socialism and Agriculture. These are more often asked for anywhere in the United States, in fact, than any other sort of non-fictional book. The gentleman farmer of the East and the professional farmer on a large scale in the West are greedy for works on agriculture, while the general impulse for discussion and public understanding of public questions, noticeable now throughout the Middle and Far West, gives rise to a constantly increasing demand for all sorts of works on economics.

Scattered in among these general evidences of local reading tastes are peculiar manifestations of the personal influence of some reviewer or bookseller, shown in the "Best Selling" lists. Waco, Texas, for instance goes on record with a recent preference for *The Writings of Brann, the Iconoclast,* while Norfolk, in sunny Virginia, has taken a sudden fancy to a book entitled *The Spell of the Yukon.* This last may have been influenced by a spell of hot weather. The people of California have recently been buying more Kipling than has the East.

Throughout the country novels of the problem type find more readers in the cities than in the rural districts, and certain recent stories of adventure, such as Frederick Palmer's *On the Pass,* holding its own in the best-selling lists just now, find the best audiences in the Middle West.

A great many well-known authors of the present day seem to make a universal appeal, as far as this country is concerned. There is no particular locality which admires them more than does any other. Booth Tarkington, Stewart Edward White, O. Henry, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, Gene Stratton-Porter, are among the writers who cannot be tabulated as belonging to any particular zone. They find a ready audience everywhere for any new book which they write, and the difference in the amount of buying is not sufficient in any locality to form a basis for a judgment of individual taste.

THE PERSONAL LOTI

BY STUART HENRY



IERRE LOTI, the literary master of the French navy, who has just arrived in New York to superintend the production of one of his plays, is a short, slender man, plus whatever added flesh his sixty-three years may have latterly brought him by mere reason of elderliness. He is very quick, lively, in his movements. This must be harmonised with the silent air of melancholy which envelops his face and characterises his personality. His look, his aura, are the expression of a profound and hopeless sadness as radical and ineradicable as that of any German philosopher of pessimism.

He has the delicate, quite graceful manners of a woman, as is habitual with Frenchmen as they appear to our masculine race. He occupies little space with his motions and movings about. He has a quiet, frail voice. And then there is his famous shyness. He is extremely retiring. He is naturally in a state of hesitation, genuinely more or less abashed. This personal modesty, it will be remembered, explains how he comes about by his curious pen name. At the commencement of his career in his nation's navy, the energetic young Julien Viaud was so exceedingly timid that his comrades scornfully called him Loti—the name of a little flower in India which discreetly hides itself. He bravely adopted the name when he published his first book in 1879—thirty-three years ago—at the age of twenty-nine.

The writer well remembers his extreme illness at ease in the first three or four years whenever he appeared at the French Academy. It is true he rarely attended, living far from Paris, and being usually kept wide of the civilised world by his naval duties. He was then a stranger in the French capital, knowing none of the great literary Gauls with whom he had been, almost without notice, called upon to associate among the Forty Immortals. He was not a little affrighted by those solemn, austere scenes in that sombre little temple where the French belletristic gods are wont to assemble as on Parnassus. With his hair worn, in revenge, most fiercely in the pompadour style in those days, he would sit solitary and alone in one of the empty rows of consecrated seats, high up and at the back in the assembly. He would look alarmed, much as a small squirrel suddenly imprisoned in a cage.

Much curiosity and amusement were, indeed, created in Paris when Pierre Loti was received there at the Academy in 1891 and delivered the customary address on the departed member whose seat he was taking. He had come from the briny waters of southwest France. He had dwelt on the ocean and not on the Paris boulevards. He had sprung quite spontaneously and by himself alone from the sea (could we so appropriately say soil in his case?) of French literature. He was not a creature of salons, or bred on critics' books, or learned in the pedantic ways of the banks of the Seine.

Accordingly he approached, at the Academy, the whole difficult heights and "finnicky" finish of it all at one most appalling swoop, to speak loosely. And Paris laughed politely in its lace sleeves at this soaring novice in its very midst. For Loti, in his reception address, showed that he was quite innocently unaware of many unwritten conventional things and open secrets of the literary existence in Lutetia; and, with a perverse contrariety, he emphasised somewhat elaborately some things that every one there had known ever since the cradle. Paris had thus refreshingly caught up to its *bas bleu* and always perfumed bosom a rare, exotic species, and it was a diversion for a time.

But Loti was very, very clever. Modestly and very irreproachably he soon made the most of everything—of his navy existence, of his museum home down at Rochefort on the sea, and above all of his beautiful, sad sentimentality which has always distracted French

women with an irresistible love for his melancholy art and his melancholy soul. His attractive eyes would, by the way, emphasise this effect with the fair sex. They are his finest feature—pronounced, of a brown temper, large, liquid and innocent as a gazelle's, and all the more striking because of his smallness of size.

Loti was born in the celebrated French Protestant city of Rochefort, where he has always lived when at home. He came of a very stiff Protestant family, but he has lost all piousness long ago, if he ever possessed any. He has no religion whatever. Not only this, but his books trouble themselves precious little about what is moral or immoral. They simply go right along unconcernedly, like Nature. In this he is the true traditional sailor who has a wife in every port and the reputed morals of the wandering sea life and is only moved with profound feelings when he sails out of a beloved harbour which he is not to see again for five years—or never.

This leads up, in truth, to a curious fact. Loti is distinctly a woman's author, and to such an extent that his books are most widely translated in several tongues, and yet they are bereft of any religious or moral sentiments or aspirations. The literary Loti, with all his blue dreams and his etherealised thoughts, has never tried to make any one better. He seems to have been resolutely determined to leave the world precisely as he found it, only better known.

He has seen active service in war, having made the campaign of Tonkin, which incidentally got him in official disgrace for a year. This was caused by his writing to the *Figaro* criticisms of the behaviour of the French soldiers in a certain action. Loti has been "captain of a vessel" in the navy since 1906. His life on the sea is, of course, the great distinguishing mark of his literary production. Year after year he has sat out upon his deck describing right at hand the marvelous, unpaintable sunrises and sunsets of the tropics and the Orient as has no other man in French literature.

And in the far-off ports he has had months of leisure to describe the strange young women of dusky skins, whom he frankly loved in French sailor marriage fashion. He approached each of these successive idyls of his heart with an aspect of sadness, and wept with each inamorata in genuine tears of salt when he quitted her harbour. Frankness, gentleness, beauty and lack of any profoundness characterise these pictured episodes and inventions of his wandering career, his mark of genius lying in his descriptions.

Ideas do not signalise Loti's shelfful of books. He is wanting in intellectuality as he is wanting entirely in humour. He is a poet, a painter of colours, of sentiment (always of a feminine tournure), of dissolving landscapes and seascapes swathed in a wealth of gorgeous hues. He has bathed the whole Levant in the tears of sentimentality. And all the while retrospective regrets at the futility of human existence has served as his conventional excuse.

He is thus a latter-day Romantic, representing that phase of French Romanticism which reached out to the Orient. Nearly always dealing with impressions, with what is fugitive and fleeting in aspect like his amours, and with what is born and bred of memory and distance, Pierre Loti more narrowly belongs to the Impressionist period of the 1890's, when the *pointillistes* and all such kin abounded, in France.

He is a great romancer, the French seeming to consider *Pêcheur d'Islande* (1886) and *Mon frère Yves* (1892) as his best two works. Loti is only secondarily a dramatist. His first play—a Huguenot play—was only brought out in Paris in 1898. And *à propos*, being quite familiar with our language, he has done the English race the honour of translating *King Lear* into French, with the aid of a French collaborator. The translation is in prose and very accurately done. It is characteristic of his sad nature that he should have selected the most woebegone offering in our literature.

But Loti's instinct is descriptive, not dramatic. He lacks the ramming force, the impact, the strict hard sense of compression necessary to get himself with great success into the strait-jackets of the Paris drama, with all its rigid and pitiless rules and regulations. It is true, however, that he has devoted a good deal of

attention to the stage in his latter years. He did a Chinese drama, for instance, with Judith Gautier, the handsome daughter of Théophile. And Antoine has looked upon him with favour. For that matter, he has that knack that all French writers seem to possess—the knack of somehow being able to write a very good play. The reason is that the race is naturally dramatic.

It is with his romances that Pierre Loti will live—his exotic romances usually of the equatorial lands, and realms of the hot eastern suns. His novellettes expressed emotions that were new to the Parisians. He painted the barbaric life as well as the barbaric aspects of Oriental countries, waters and forests. He always did this with a large, tender and fluid brush, drenching the scenes well with the odorous dews of poetic longings —distillations that are the fond nourishment and inextinguishable pleasure of sentimental women the world over.

To the degree that M. Viaud is a woman's writer, he is not a man's author. Men generally do not care for his books. He is too gracile, too feminine, too slender. He is out of touch with the big, harsh brutalities which most men have to be acquainted with. And since we have spoken the word—is there or is there not brutality in Loti's works? There has always been an argument about this, or about the precise nature of his brutality.

Loti certainly does present a brutality to the world in his pages. There is a great deal of the pitiless, of the hardened, of the unheeding. But it is a woman's kind of brutality, not a man's. It is negative rather than positive; negligent rather than active. His Madame Chrysanthèmes and his Madame Prunes, with their toyish names, impress one but lightly as with life in a boudoir. To hurt their feelings or harm their lives would seem only something like abusing the existence of a butterfly.

The peculiarity of the frank and unconcerned sensuality in Loti's books—so often autobiographic—is, in fact, that he never idealises love and he never brutalises it. What makes them generally so acceptable, notwithstanding their tropical unconventionalities and their free airs of the high seas, is their beautiful style. He is a true French artist. It is his manner, not his matter, which entices. He has a rare and irresistible charm. Under it and back of it are his extremely live sensibilities and an imagination that delights to revel in the sensuously lovely. He has painted over and over again glorious aand fragrant universes of colour and feeling that nearly all of us can only dream of and shall never see or experience.

TWO NEW WHITTIER POEMS

BY WALTER JERROLD



HE first of the two following early and hitherto unknown poems by John Greenleaf Whittier made its appearance in the London *Literary Gazette* on June 19, 1830. That journal was then edited by William Jordan, an enthusiastic admirer of the talents of the well-nigh forgotten Letitia Elizabeth Landon, who as "L. E. L." enjoyed considerable popularity some eighty years ago. In presenting the poem Jordan commented on it thus:

"We do not often admit personal tributes into our columns; but the poetical beauties of this composition, and its gratifying character, as confirming, from another hemisphere, the fame attached to the writings of L. E. L., our long-valued and especial favourite in this country, have induced us to give it insertion. The author is described to us, in a letter from Philadelphia, to be a 'young American poet-editor of great promise' in the United States; and these lines afford high proof of talent."

That "young American poet-editor"

has taken his place among the most significant singers of his time—as far as the generality of readers is concerned the author of *The Improvatrice* is forgotten.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE IMPROVATRICE"

I know thee not, high Spirit! but the sympathy of thought
Hath often to my hour of dreams thy living presence brought;
And I feel that I could love thee with the fondness of a brother,
As the sainted ones of Paradise bear love for one another.

For I know thy spirit hath been poured full freely in thy song,
Where feeling hath been prodigal, and passion hath been strong—
That the secrets of thy bosom are burning on thy lyre,
In the nature of thy worshipping, a ministry of fire.

Young priestess at a holy shrine, I scarce can deem that years
So few and beautiful as thine are registered in tears—
That the gift of thy affections hath gone abroad in vain—
A rose-leaf on the autumn wind—a foam-wreath on the main.

Yet blended with thy beautiful and intellectual lays,
I read a mournful consciousness of cold and evil days;
Of the weariness existence feels when its sunlight has gone down,
And from the autumn of the heart the flowers of Hope are strewn.

Of the coldness of the hollow world, its vanities that pass
Like tinges from the sunset, or night-gems from the grass—
Its mocking and unmeaning praise, the flatterer's fatal art—
Flowers madly to the bosom clasped, with serpents at their heart!

And oh! if things like these have been the chasteners of thy years,
How hath thy woman's spirit known the bitterness of tears!
How have thy girlhood's visions—the warm, wild thought of youth,
Folded their sunny pinions and darkened into truth!

O wearily, most wearily, unto the child of song,
The heavy tide of being rolls, a sunless wave, along—
When the promise of existence fades before the time of noon,
And the evening of the soul comes on, unblest by star or moon!

God help thee in thy weary way! and if the silver tone
Of Fame hath music for an ear so chastened as thine own,
Thou hast it from another clime, where heart and mind are free,
And where the brave and beautiful have bowed themselves to thee.

And one whose home hath been among the mountains of the North,
Where the cataract mocks the earthquake, and the giant streams come forth;
Where spirits in their robes of flame dance o'er the cold blue sky,
And to the many-voiced storm the eagle makes reply!

A worshipper before the shrine at which thy spirit bendeth,
While on its pure and natural gifts the holy flame descendeth,
Hath poured his tribute on his ear, as he would praise a star
Whose beams had wandered down to him from their blue home and far.

Lady! amidst the clarion-note of well-deserved fame,
It were, perhaps, but vain to hope this feeble lay might claim
A portion of thy fair regard, or win a thought of thine
To linger on a gift so frail and dissonant as mine.
But onward in thy skyward path—a thousand eyes shall turn
To where, like heaven's unwasting stars, thy gifts of spirit burn—
A thousand hearts shall wildly thrill where'er thy lays are known,
And stately manhood blend its praise with woman's gentler tone.

Farewell! the hand that traces this may perish
e'er life's noon,
And the spirit that hath guided it may be forgot as soon—
Forgotten with its lofty hopes—the fevered
dream of mind—
Unnoted, stealing to the dead without a name
behind.

But thou upon the human heart, in characters
of flame,
And on the heaven of intellect, hast registered
thy name;
The gifted ones of fallen earth shall worship
at thy shrine,
And sainted spirits joy to hold companionship
with thine.

J. GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Haverhill, Massachusetts, 8th of 1st Month, 1830.

The poet was unduly modest in contemplating his own fame, and overconfident in predicting that of the lady whom he addressed. How it was that the second and stronger of these two *trouvailles* reached England there is now no means of ascertaining. It was written a couple of months earlier than the personal tribute, but made its appearance a few months later in the pages of the *Literary Souvenir* for the year 1831.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT

BY J. G. WHITTIER

An Indian girl, and the last of the Red Indians, or Boeothicks, recently died at St. John's, Newfoundland. Her tribe, the aborigines of Newfoundland, never held intercourse with any other tribe, or with the Europeans around them.

The moons of autumn wax and wane:—the
hollow sound of floods
Is borne upon the mournful wind; and broadly
on the woods
The changes of the changeful leaves—those
painted flowers of frost
Before the round and yellow sun, how beautiful, are tossed!
The morning breaketh with the same broad
pencilling of sky,
And blushes through its golden clouds, as the
great sun goes by;
And evening lingers in the west, more beautiful than dreams
That whisper of the Spirit Land—its wilderness and streams!
A little time—another moon—the forests will
be sad;
The streams will mourn the pleasant light that
made their journey glad;
The moon will faintly lighten up, the sunlight
glisten cold,
And wane into the western sky, without its
autumn gold:
And yet I weep not for the sign of Desolation near,
The ruin of my hunter race may only ask a
tear:
The wailing streams will laugh again,—the
naked trees put on
The beauty of their summer-green, beneath
the summer sun;
The morning clouds will yet again their crimson draperies fold,
The star of sunset smile once more, a diamond
set in gold!
But never for the forest path, or for the
mountain's breath
The mighty of our race shall leave the Hunting-ground of Death.

I know the tale my fathers told—the legend of
our fame—
The glory of our spotless race, before the
"Pale Ones" came;
When, asking fellowship with none, by turns
the foe of all,
With Ocean rearing up around its dark, eternal
wall,
Companionless and terrible, our warriors stood
alone,
And from the Big Lakes to the sea, the green
earth was their own.

Where are they now? Around the changed
and stranger-peopled isle
A thousand graves are strewn beneath the
mournful autumn's smile;
The bow of strength is buried with the calumet
and spear,
And the spent arrow slumbereth, forgetful
of the deer;
The last canoe is rotting by the lake it glided
o'er,
When dark-eyed maidens sweetly sang its welcome from the shore:
The footprints of the Hunter-race from all
the hills are gone,—
Their offering to the Spirit Land hath left
the altar stone;

The ashes of the Council-fire have no abiding token,
The song of War hath died away—the Powwah's charm is broken;—
The startled war-whoop cometh not upon the startled air,—
The ancient woods are vanishing—the "Pale Ones" gather there!

And who is left to mourn for this? A solitary one,
Whose life is waning unto death, like yonder sinking sun!
A broken reed—a blighted flower—that lingereth still behind,
To mourn its faded sisterhood, and wrestle with the wind.
Lo! from the Spirit Land I hear the music of the blest;
The holy faces of the loved are beaming from the west;
A Voice is on the autumnal wind—it calleth me away!
Ere the cheek hath lost its freshness, and the raven tress is grey—
Ere the weight of years hath bowed me, or the sunny eye is dim,
The Father of my People is calling me to him!

Haverhill, Massachusetts, November, 1829.

THE TRIUMPH OF WHISTLER

BY JOSEPH PENNELL



E being dead yet speaketh." Never were these words better exemplified than in the case of Whistler. It is true that but nine short years have passed since his death, yet in these nine years great things have happened to the memory of the artist whom Sir. E. J. Poynter insulted by calling "the Idle Apprentice," after his death at an Academy banquet; though Whistler's greatness as an artist was acknowledged before the close of his life he lived long enough to know that his place was among the great. His eminence among artists is now assured, as almost all his most important canvases have been secured by the most important galleries of the world. His few great pictures still in private collections would at once be acquired by other great galleries if they could be acquired. And nothing counts more for the fame of an artist than to live, hung in a great collection, with the great works of all ages and all lands.

In portraiture, in his nocturnes and marines, he is the modern master.

In etching he is the supreme artist of all time and his supremacy is universally acknowledged.

Mr. Pennell is joint author with Elizabeth Robins Pennell of the *Authorised Life of Whistler*.—EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN.

His pastels and water colours and lithographs are among the triumphs of the art of our day.

His works thus cover nearly every phase of the graphic arts, but as he himself has said, "the man who can't paint everything can't paint anything."

In literature—for he was no mere painter—"The Ten O'clock" and "The Gentle Art" are classics that, founded on the rock of tradition, will endure forever.

By his personality and his wit he will live with Drs. Cellini and Johnson.

But this is not all.

His theories are accepted by those who never knew he propounded them, as well as by those who have always known he was right when he uttered them.

His sayings—and the things he never could have said—are the stock-in-trade of the journalist and the author, now they have ceased reviling him—reviling the very things they now quote and praise.

His pictures, which for years he could not sell, are found in reproductions in every home and on endless postcards.

His etchings and lithographs are the base of every collection—and their possession the ambition of every collector.

Surrounding, and growing amid, these facts are the strangest fictions, for to the world he was a man of mystery, and from this mystery fantastic tales are being woven.

Though he is no longer with us, his spirit broods over the world, and, as in his life, everything that happens in the world of art, almost, revolves around his work and his word, and he, as always, is the subject of controversy, quotation, contention and appreciation in the struggle for the right, and to carry on tradition, which, as he said, carries everything onward.

* * * * *

The tributes to his memory in writing are endless and increase year by year. To most men a biography is the end of a life, the pigeonholing of a personage. Whistler has been the inspiration of a whole library of literature, and what passes for it. From the point of view of THE BOOKMAN, this literary tribute to his memory is astounding—and therefore worth discussing—and it has, save by us in *The Life,* scarcely been referred to. In the nine years between sixteen and twenty complete books about him have been published.

Within a short time after his death the first volume appeared—*The Art of James McNeill Whistler,* by Messrs. Way and Dennis, who say their book was prepared before his death with the intention of submitting it to him. Fortunately, or unfortunately, they did not do so, for Mr. Way had broken with Whistler, and Mr. Dennis, I do not think, had ever met him. Still another chapter of *The Gentle Art* was lost to the world because he was not consulted, but the book was interesting, especially the part about lithography, and it went through several editions.

Then came the "quick and ready" Mr. Mortimer Menpes, with *Whistler as I Knew Him,* though no one I ever met could recognise Mr. Menpes's portrait. This volume was saved by its illustrations, and it is extraordinary that it—in the large paper edition—was a failure, for it contained an original etching, "The Menpes Children," by Whistler; but the text still lingers in my memory, as does much of the Menpes's family writing—a strange thing, but their own. An inundation followed. Mrs. Arthur Bell got out a volume, though I believe in this, or perhaps another form, it had been referred to Whistler shortly before his death, and he had objected to it. Then—I cannot give the order, I haven't the books by me—a volume in German by Prof. Dr. Hans W. Singer was issued and was later done into English. The feature of this was that the author had neither seen the artist nor many of his paintings. He explains that he came to England for the purpose and was received, he says, by the sound of whistling behind a safely locked door. But Dr. Singer's study of the etchings and lithographs is of value.

A Miss Elisabeth Luther Cary appeared in America with a very brief life, a very long appreciation, and the first attempt at a catalogue of Whistler's paintings, but as she, too, had never seen most of them, it was not strange that she made an almost incredible mess, and so proved herself most amusing without meaning to. Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy told of many things, but the best were his *Recollections* of the times he posed for the painter and became known in his native town of Chicago as "the man Whistler painted."

Bernhard Sickert did a little book mostly about Whistler's art, and he had something interesting and valuable to say. He made a better list than Miss Cary of the works, but Sickert is an artist. His brother Walter has been threatening a book on Whistler for years.

Otto Bacher wrote from knowledge; he was there, *With Whistler in Venice.* This book contained, in the first edition, some most extraordinary letters, and Miss Philip—Whistler's executrix—having eventually seen them, suppressed the volume. It was never issued, I think, in England. She also descended upon Mr. Haldane MacFall who, during the London Whistler Memorial Exhibition, 1905, rushed in and out with *Whistler, Butterfly, Wasp, Wit,* embellished with Butterflies which he caught—as he should not—and Miss Philip suppressed him too. An amusing fact about this work was that the first editions were dedicated to Mrs. Pennell and myself, but as the Committee of the Whistler Memorial Exhibition felt sure that entanglements would be inevitable with Miss Philip, they refused to place it on sale in the Show, so the author removed the dedication to us from later editions; one of the most comi-

cal performances I ever encountered. A series of suppressions seized on Miss Philip. She stopped a circular which contained a butterfly—Whistler's butterflies being copyright; she went for the Catalogue of the London Memorial Exhibition, which did not contain any then—though some were put in afterward; she suppressed a Mr. Gallatin; and she tried to injunct, seize, and prevent the publication of the *Authorised Life,* dragged us into the Court of Chancery, and succeeded in proving legally that we were authorised to write the *Life of Whistler*—at considerable cost to herself. This book, which has gone through a number of editions, and is being translated, has proved a mine of information to hacks and thieves. It is incredible that the new law of copyright, in both England and America, is so imperfect that two whole volumes have been made out of our *Life* already, and the authors—or thieves—have been praised for their discoveries—discoveries they made in our volumes and printed with scarce the change of a word—and no acknowledgment.

M. Théodore Duret, an intimate friend before we knew Whistler, and an intimate friend till his death, wrote an admirable essay in French, *Whistler, L'homme et Son Œuvre,* which is now out of print.

Mr. Way has just issued a volume of *Memories,* notable for two things. His account is most complete of Whistler as a lithographer—for Mr. Way printed almost all of Whistler's lithographs, and his book is, therefore, authoritative—and for the reproductions, for the first time, of many most interesting notes and sketches. There are several other volumes, some of which I cannot recall—many of them are in the bibliography signed "Don C. Seitz," the contents of which strangely resemble the work of a vanished Mr. Shallard, who was at work on the same subject, sent round prospectuses and specimen pages, and then disappeared.

There are also a large number of books, either more or less devoted to the artist and his work, or containing essays by writers, from Duret—whose *Critique D'Avant Garde* was the first serious study—to Wedmore, who, at last, has swallowed himself in his endeavour to be on the right side. Then there are George Moore, Meier Graefe, Zola, Holman Hunt, and, last of all, the author of *Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris,* whose article on Whistler when it was submitted to me was the veriest trash I ever read.

"Golly, what a crew," as Whistler would have said. There are some fifty of them, at least, and as for magazine and newspaper articles, I have collected more than fifty folio volumes since his death. I advised the Board of Education in England to do this for the South Kensington Art Library, but they did not cut the necessary knot of red tape in time, and they could not untangle it, any more than the British Museum Print Room could continue to buy his prints. After purchasing—this was done by Sir Sidney Colvin's predecessor—more than one hundred of them, Colvin discovered that the works of living artists could not be bought, and this discovery has cost the British nation the loss of endless treasures forever, as well as endless and unnecessary expense in the future.

Whistler's work, too, has been the sport of cataloguers, beginning in the early seventies with Ralph Thomas's catalogue of his etchings. Then Wedmore, "refreshed with money," as he says, blundered in and produced the worst catalogue I can conceive of—and he even had some help from the artist, he says. It went through two editions, and was exposed in "A Supplement," by "An Amateur," who corrected the most obvious blunders and filled in the most glaring omissions. Wedmore, however, is still used by people who don't know better, and still puffed and praised by its author.

Mr. Howard Mansfield, after years of work, prepared a complete catalogue for the Caxton Club of Chicago, which would have been almost perfect, had he not fallen into a slough of states and proofs. Mr. E. G. Kennedy, soon after, got out a huge monument in four folio volumes for the Grolier Club, which is a most unfortunate example of misdirected energy. The plates which had been described, no matter how badly or confusedly, are not described finally, or even



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

COVER DESIGN FOR "DOUZE EAUX FORTES." "DOUZE EAUX FORTES," KNOWN AS THE "FRENCH SET," WAS THE LEAST PROFITABLE FINANCIALLY OF ALL WHISTLER'S ETCHINGS, WHEREAS THE "VENICE ETCHINGS" WERE THE MOST PROFITABLE. DONE IN 1858, "DOUZE EAUX FORTES" WAS SOLD BY WHISTLER FOR TWO GUINEAS A SET OF TWELVE, THIRTEEN WITH THE COVER.

at all, only referred to by numbers, and it requires a library—very inaccessible—of other catalogues to use it; the feature of this catalogue is the reproduction of nearly all the plates. Mr. Freer, the great American collector and admirer of Whistler, did everything he could—to interfere with its completion or completeness. But the worst thing is the arrangement and make up of the book, which would have horrified Whistler, and it is further disfigured by an essay by an American journalist, whose name and knowledge add nothing but avoirdupois to the volume. Since Whistler's death, Mr. Way has brought out a final edition of his *Catalogue of Lithographs,* though he acknowledges there are more prints to be added. The etchings have been repeatedly noticed and catalogued in the Keppel Booklets, a series which has circulated as many as fifty thousand copies of some of the volumes. Mr. Keppel, too, wrote a pamphlet, "One Day with Whistler," which the subject I fear—had he seen it—would scarcely have delighted in—though he was delighted with Mr. Elbert Hubbard's Journey, *Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Artists,* roaring over it—though I believe the book and its author are taken very seriously in the United States.

The fullest general catalogue of Whistlers was that of the Memorial Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, London, 1905. I wrote this—with Mrs. Pennell. It was badly copied at the Paris Memorial Exhibition, worse by the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and comically by Mr. Canfield—without even measurements of the works being given. Not even those great and good etchers Messrs. Brangwyn, Strang, Cameron, Haig and Bone, put together, can equal this list of catalogues—but they have each, I imagine, made more plates.

There are also Portfolios of his Lithographs, Soupil's Notes and several volumes of reproductions of his paintings.



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

WHISTLER'S AN ALSACIEN VILLAGE. FROM THE FRENCH SET.

There is one most important side of the man's life for which the world waits: his letters. When Miss Philip brought suit against us and endeavoured to get out an injunction to prevent our issuing the *Authorised Life*, and failed, she swore that Whistler asked her to edit his letters, and that she was to take her time about it—that at any rate she has done—but even to this day there are large collections she has never taken the trouble to look at—at least one collection, of the greatest value, has been lost or destroyed—and others are sold and scattered. I have no idea what material she has, but I know much that she has not and some of these have been offered for her inspection, and without several collections which she has never seen she cannot do the work properly. Yet others are—by the law of copyright and her enforcing of it—prevented from doing that which they are only too ready and willing to do, and cannot, and she will not. A properly edited collection of Whistler's letters would be one of the most remarkable books of modern times.

Miss Philip also possesses, or did possess, Whistler's attempt at autobiography —only a few chapters of which I believe were written. Had he taken the time and trouble to write it all, a new Cellini —but a Whistler—would have resulted. These chapters were written, read to Mr. Heinemann, and the scheme given up before Whistler asked us to write his life.

This triumph, however—this literary triumph—has not meant only a pæan of praise. The world-wide success of the man and the artist has awakened a new class of enemies and detractors for Whistler.

Pupils have turned into traitors, or others have endeavoured to prove them the creators, the inventors.

Some few writers have always been consistent, and it is better to hate wrongly and honestly, even if ignorantly, than to swallow yourself, simply to be on the correct, or what you think, the correct, side. More writers have simply tried to be in the movement, and so praised because they thought they ought to, and usually praised the wrong thing. I, myself, have, over and over, been accused of praising everything by Whistler, when, over and over, I have condemned things both in the man and his work I



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

WHISTLER'S THE UNSAFE TENEMENT. FROM THE FRENCH SET.

did not like—because I did not believe in the way he was painting or acting. But I did it to his face, never behind his back, and this is, possibly, one reason why I never had a quarrel with him, though we had endless fights. It is also said I got on with him because I was American; possibly this is true also, for we were both of that almost extinct race, American Americans, though his southern and my northern unreconstructed beliefs found much to differ in. But, at any rate, I tried to be true to the man and to fight with and for him—in exhibitions—in life—in the Press—and I mean to be true to his memory. I know perfectly well I had something to do with his triumph, and I glory in that—his triumph was the triumph of art, and it was a great and noble thing to have the chance to work for that, which was working for him. A man more devoted to the highest perfection he could attain never lived. To achieve this, he took incredible and endless pains, and he was a genius, whether taking pains makes one or no.

The world of art has acknowledged his greatness by three great Memorial Exhibitions—a tribute no modern has received—in America, France and England, though English and American official art had nothing to do with them. There have since been small but very interesting exhibitions of his work in the Metropolitan Museum, New York; Buffalo Art Gallery, National Museum, Washington, and the State Gallery, London. The public—which he cared nothing for—has, tamely, blindly accepted him everywhere.

Interesting also, but a reason of enmity now, is his financial success on every side. Seeing this, dealers—a few of them—and critics—many of them—are doing everything possible to boom their protégés to send up the financial value of men who have yet a national, to say nothing of an international, reputation to make. It may, in this day of best-sellers and biggest prices, be worth while for a moment to recall the sums Whistler received during his lifetime for his etchings and lithographs, and compare them with the sums received for the work of budding genius—in some cases there is no sign of the bud and never will be.

Whistler's "Douze Eaux Fortes" was

sold by him for two guineas (or fifty francs) a set of twelve, thirteen with the cover. The "Sixteen Thames Etchings" for twelve guineas.

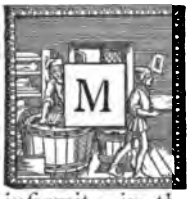
The "Venice Etchings," first set of twelve, sold for fifty guineas, about four each—and it was years before the Fine Art Society got rid of them, and they never issued another set for him, and went back to the London plates, the "Thames Set," the sixteen which they sold for from one to two guineas each for years after. The "Second Venice Set" contained twenty-six proofs, and he could only get for these twenty-six, fifty guineas—the same price as for the twelve, and only about one-third the number of sets was printed. He never could get any one to publish for him after this, though he made serieses of etchings in France (two), Belgium and Holland.

For single etchings, proofs, he got from two guineas to fifteen, at the close of his life; for his lithographs, from two to five guineas. Now etchers one knows nothing about, as Whistler plates are bringing enormous prices, want the same prices people pay for his work to-day because they cannot get it otherwise. Dealers run up the others and buy them in, in the hope of a demand made by themselves. There is a slight difference—but the world don't see it.

Whistler never worked for anything but his art. He believed in that, and knew it would be believed in—as it now is. But no portrait painter ever painted so many portraits and yet had so few commissions—and this is true of all his work—but a few did believe in him, and they were enough. He knew it was fatal to be popular, and he spurned popularity, though he made those he wished look at his things. To have believed in him always was our good fortune, and it was an opportunity which has come to no one since Boswell to be asked to write such a man's life, to be asked by him to write the life of the greatest artist of modern times and our greatest friend. We have written as strongly as we could and we have nothing to take back—we have told the truth as we know it, and we stand by it. We shall never again see a man in whom we can believe with all our mights and with all our hearts and with all our souls. We know that Whistler was the greatest artist of modern times, and the most interesting man of our time. We have made the world see this, and we have hastened his coming into his own. But without us or any writers, by his work alone he would have been acknowledged the great man he is. We have had the chance to show it—the chance of our lives—and we are proud of it. We have done our best. But we shall never have such a chance again, and we know his fame is too secure for any to prevail against it. He has triumphed.

INFIRMITY OF PURPOSE IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



MANY modern plays which set forth interesting subject-matter and contain several admirable scenes fail of their totality of artistic effect because of an apparent infirmity in the author's purpose. Unless the writer knows at every moment precisely what sort of effect he desires to produce, and can communicate by contagion a clear sense of this precision of purpose, he will muddle the auditor's mind in its endeavour to follow him. If, in the course of a single composition, he mixes up his types, his moods, his styles, in a discordant manner, he will disperse the attention of the auditor and perplex the latter's faculty for unperturbed enjoyment. It is true, of course, that the modern playwright need not always be actuated by a single aim—his play, perhaps, will be all the better if he is not—but there should always be apparent in



"THE MODEL"—ACT IV.

"The French novelist discovers that the model is his own long-lost daughter, and confesses with compunction and repentance that the hero's moral stand was right."



"THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND"—ACT II.

"Mr. Pelling affects to accept the Master's teachings, and introduces still another woman into the household, with the pretended object of converting her to 'the cause.' This roseate young girl is an æsthetic sentimentalist."

his purpose what may be called a harmony of aims. But very few of the plays that get themselves produced are harmonious from the outset to the end. Nearly all of them obtrude some jarring note, some discord in the pattern. The reason for this may be undoubtedly referred to an infirmity in the author's faculty of attention on the business in hand. The hardest task on earth is to fix one's mind on anything and hold it fixed; and perhaps our playwrights should be pardoned, therefore, for a little wavering.

This infirmity of purpose may show itself in any of three ways:—first, in a mixture of types; second, in a mixture of moods; or third, in a mixture of styles. These three defects we may discuss in order.

A playwright should always know pretty definitely whether he means to write a farce, a comedy, a melodrama, or a tragedy. Furthermore, he should communicate his purpose early to the audience, and should cling to it throughout the traffic of the stage. This assertion is not offered *a priori,* as an academic axiom; but it is derivable from a study of the practice of the surest artists. The entire tone of a dramatic composition must result from the author's sense of the type of task that he is dealing with; and unless this sense be definite, the tone will be disrupted into discords. It is, of course, possible, and desirable, to effect certain combinations of types in the course of a single composition; but the number of possible combinations is limited. It is, for instance, natural for farce to stiffen into melodrama, since in both of these types the plot controls the characters; but it is not natural for farce to mellow into emotion or deepen into tragedy. Comedy can quite naturally flower into the poetry of sentiment, but it cannot attain the thrill of melodrama without sacrificing the autonomy of its characters. Tragedy will not mix with



"THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE"—ACT I.

"A pretty young woman is engaged to help the aging wife in the daily duties of the household; and this penniless adventuress contrives to make the merchant fall in love with her."

farce, though it may accentuate itself with comedy; and it disrobes itself of all its sacred vestments when it descends to melodrama. As principles, these abstract statements (and other corollaries of them which we need not take the time to analyse) seem sufficiently self-evident; and yet the critic often finds them violated by our playwrights, and always to the detriment of the artistic fabric. To instance an example among very recent plays, the author of *The Ne'er-Do-Well* seems never to have determined whether he meant to make a melodrama or a comedy; and the auditor's impression suffers some befuddlement because of this infirmity of purpose. How different is the impression that one gains from such a masterpiece, for instance, as *The Thunderbolt!* In this piece it is the author's purpose to write a satirical comedy that shall deepen into serious drama. This twofold purpose is made evident at the very moment when the curtain rises and is maintained with unfaltering firmness to the end. Comedy, melodrama, farce, and even tragedy, are commingled in this masterly composition: but they are commingled harmoniously, and there is never any discord in the pattern. The piece is a model of firm purpose and a monument of fixed attention on the task in hand.

It is much more difficult to determine to what extent an author may successfully attempt a mixture of moods; for this problem—unlike the problem of a mixture of types—is not based upon an abstract logic, but solely on the author's sense of the degree to which he may depend upon his audience to follow him. Since the normal audience has differed in different ages of the drama, we may best appreciate this problem if we look upon it in historical review.

The ancients very simply solved the problem of a mixture of moods by dodging it entirely. The Greeks were (at



"LITTLE MISS BROWN"—ACT I.

"She asks for a room in her own name, and is refused admittance by the day-clerk."



"THE NE'ER-DO-WELL"—ACT III.

"In the course of a dinner-party at his own house, the husband publicly accuses his wife of illicit relations with the hero."



"READY MONEY."—ACT II.

"All his friends immediately tumble over one another in the endeavour to invest all their available funds in Stephen's mining stock before the price advances."

any chosen moment) a single-mooded people; and the Romans, who emulated them, were assiduous to imitate their singleness of mood. In the ancient drama we note always a sharp and clear distinction between the serious and the comic, with no admission of a possible commingling of the two. Any ancient play strikes at the very outset the note of that sole mood in which it is conceived, and thereafter concerns itself singly with the broadening and deepening of this invariable mood. If we are given the first few speeches of an Attic tragedy or a Roman comedy, we shall perceive at once what may be called the humour of the entire play. The ancients seem to have felt one way at one time and another at another; but the art that they have left us affords no indication that they allowed themselves to feel two different ways at once.

But this latter complexity of mood seems to have become the dominant and definitive feature of the mediæval mind. The contrast may be observed at a glance if we compare the architecture of the Greeks with the architecture of the Goths. Any Greek temple exhibits the serene unfolding of a single mood; but any Gothic cathedral exhibits an anthithetic unfolding of a dual mood, at the same time solemn and hilarious. Gargoyles grin at placid saints on the façades of Gothic churches; and sanctity looks back on blasphemy with no dismay. It was this sharp antithesis of mood that Calderon and Shakespeare, who were writing for auditors of mediæval mind, strove to attain in the glorious age of Spanish, and the spacious age of English, drama. Even in a solemnly religious play, like *The Devotion of the Cross,* Calderon carries on the action by the aid of a *gracioso,* or clown; and the Elizabethan habit of commingling the funny and the grim is too familiar to require comment.

When, at last, in 1830 (owing to a curious concatenation of historic circumstances) the future destiny of the dramatic art was placed for the moment in the hands of Victor Hugo, this giant had before him, on the one hand, the example of Corneille and Racine, who had imitated the ancients in their singleness of mood, and, on the other hand, the example of Shakespeare, who had agreed with the mediæval desire for a commingling of contrasted moods. In the *Preface to Cromwell,* Hugo cast his lot with Shakespeare; and thereafter, in his preachment and his practice, he pleaded for a representation of that vast and meaningful antithesis between the grotesque and the sublime which he regarded as the greatest mood of drama.

But the problem has become more delicate since the days of Victor Hugo. If the note of ancient life was singleness of mood, and the note of mediæval life was a contrast of two moods, the note of our modern life has become an intricacy of many moods. Our existence is the most complex that has ever yet emerged in the history of mankind; and, quite naturally and indeed inevitably, our art (whose purpose is to represent our life) is more complex than that of any earlier age. We no longer write plays which exhibit either the gradual intensification of a single mood or a sharp and vivid contrast of two antithetic moods: our purpose is, rather, to exhibit a multiplicity of moods, through the medium of an artistry that is more intricate than that of any former period.

This imposes on our modern playwrights an extraordinary task of orchestration. They may deal with any number and variety of moods, provided that they can modulate them into harmony: but the very freedom of this orchestration makes it the more difficult for them to avoid disrupting discords. It would, for instance, be a discord if a serious love-scene were ever introduced as the climax of a William Collier farce; and the critic must compliment Mr. Collier for his astuteness in refusing to attempt such a scene. But this error often shows its head in the course of our contemporary plays. For instance, in Mr. Alfred Sutro's latest comedy, *The Perplexed Husband,* there is a scene of serious sentiment at the third curtain-fall which quite disrupts the mood of playful banter in which the composition, for the most part, is conceived.

What moods will mix harmoniously and what will not is a question that each playwright must determine for himself.

Whether or not his play will strike a discord must depend upon the temper of his audience; and he must therefore be very sure, before attempting an airy shift from one mood to another, that his audience will follow him without effort. Our storehouses are packed with the scenery of plays which have failed merely because of an impossible or injudicious mixture of moods. In this regard, therefore, it behooves our playwrights to attack their tasks with an artistic purpose that shall remain unfalteringly firm.

A more obvious error is a mixture of styles during the course of a single composition. Having hit a certain key of writing at the outset of his dialogue, the author should maintain this to the end. An instance of the violation of this principle which will be readily remembered occurred in the course of Mr. James Forbes's interesting study of *The Chorus Lady*. The first two acts of that diverting drama were written in a delectable slang; but the curtain-fall of the third act (at which the innocent heroine was discovered at midnight in the villain's rooms) was written in the conventional rhetoric of melodrama. Slang and rhetoric will not associate on friendly terms; and a play that is written in two styles will not produce upon the auditor an impression of happiness and peace. Stevenson, in several letters written during the composition of *The Beach of Falesá*, has commented on the difficulty of clinging to a certain tone of style and never writing off the key; and this difficulty may be regarded as one of the surest tests of a playwright's firmness of purpose.

The main defect of most of the plays that were presented in New York during the preliminary weeks of the current season was that they exhibited some discord,—a discord either of types, or of moods, or of styles. It may therefore be profitable if we examine these plays mainly in reference to the principles that we have just discussed.

"The Model"

A discommoding sense of a general infirmity of purpose is diffused by *The Model*,—the latest play to be exhibited, but apparently by no means the latest to be written, by Mr. Augustus Thomas. The piece displays internal evidence of having been written many years ago, though doubtless it has been refurbished for the occasion of its coming out; and indeed Mr. Thomas is reported to have said last April in Chicago, when the play was tried there unsuccessfully, that he had written it before *The Witching Hour*.

In *The Model* the author's purpose is apparently didactic; but it is difficult to determine precisely what it is he means to teach. He clothes an old and ordinary story with many conversations about this and that; but these desultory preachments have little logical reference to each other and seem devoid of the desirable relation to a central theme. Each of the conversations is about something; but the play as a whole is about nothing. And in the conversations themselves there is a commonplaceness and conventionality of subject-matter that sets the play at least a decade behind the times. Surely at this present date it is no longer necessary to explain to New York audiences the obvious distinction between the naked and the nude in art, or to announce as a discovery that purity is something different from prudery. Furthermore, the general tone of the drama is sentimental and untrue. No American painter ever thought or felt or talked or acted like the maundering hero of Mr. Thomas's play; for if he had, he would have been unable to paint pictures. And the family of the rich but crude collector of paintings is even less educated and intelligent than such families actually are. Mr. Thomas must know this. Why, then, has he reverted to an old-fashioned and conventional misreading of the truth?

The central story of the play is simple. An American painter is in love with his model, but is engaged to marry the daughter of a rich merchant who collects pictures. A celebrated French novelist who is a member of the Institute of France [one wonders a little why he should be made a member of the Institute instead of the Academy] comes to America for two purposes,—first, to collect copy for a book of traveller's impressions, and second, to search for his long-lost daughter. This French novelist is an old friend of the American painter's.

He advises the hero to take hold of the two horns of his dilemma by marrying the rich girl for the sake of her wealth and social power and establishing at the same time an illicit amorous relation with the model. This the purer-minded hero refuses to do. He breaks his engagement with the rich girl and insists on marrying the model against the protests of his friend. Whereupon, of course, the French novelist discovers that the model is his own long-lost daughter, and confesses with compunction and repentance that the hero's moral stand was right.

This conventional story exhibits only one character that has at all the ring of reality. The French novelist is drawn with verve and vigour; but even this interesting figure is allowed to talk too much and to say a great many undisputed things with an emphasis they fail to merit. The other people of the play are either dull or foolish. The lines are written with suavity and ease; but even the grace of Mr. Thomas's writing cannot, in this case, cover up the commonplaceness of their content.

"The Perplexed Husband"

In *The Perplexed Husband,* that witty writer, Mr. Alfred Sutro, has set out to satirise the feminist movement that is making so militant a march in the England of today. Thomas Pelling returns from an extended business-trip to discover that his simple-minded wife has fallen a victim to "advanced" ideas. She has lately been to see *A Doll's House;* and, considering herself a second Nora, she has made up her mind that she has been living with a strange man throughout her married life, and has moved her things upstairs. She has welcomed into Mr. Pelling's household, apparently as permanent guests, a Mrs. Dulcie Elstead, who has left her husband in order to assume the leadership of the League for Women, and a certain Clarence Woodhouse, an impecunious wind-bag who gives drawing-room lectures on the rights (and wrongs) of women, and is referred to, by the wives of solid men who lend him money, as The Master.

The sensible sister of the perplexed husband advises him to fight fire with fire by seeming to accept The Master's teachings and introducing still another woman into the household, with the pretended object of converting her to "the cause." For this purpose Mr. Pelling selects a roseate young girl whom lately he has dismissed from his office for inefficiency as a typist. This girl is an æsthetic sentimentalist. She calls herself by the Greek name of Kalleia; she reads innumerable poems; and the one great yearning of her life is to go to Athens. She is not at all the sort of person to be interested in the revolutionary aims of the League for Women. Mr. Pelling can teach her nothing about politics; but she undertakes to teach Mr. Pelling many things by dragging him around to picture-galleries and taking him for frequent reverential visits to the Elgin marbles.

Under this besiegement Mrs. Pelling's one-sided belief in the freedom of the individual quite naturally breaks down. She becomes violently jealous, in the good old-fashioned way. At this juncture in the story, the integrity of the author's purpose would seem logically to demand that the wife should really have no cause for jealousy. But Mr. Sutro, at his third curtain-fall, makes the mistake of mixing his moods. He allows his hero to grow afraid that he is getting seriously fond of Kalleia, and introduces a scene of sentiment which is out of key with the satirical intention of the comedy. In this scene, Mr. Pelling dodges the danger by giving Kalleia enough money to go upon her pilgrimage to Athens.

In the last act, which exhibits even more emphatically a mixture of moods, Kalleia persuades The Master to renounce his precarious career of parlour-lecturing and to set forth with her, instead, upon a platonic elopement to the ruined glory that was Greece. In this final act, Woodhouse is handled in the key of satire and Kalleia is handled in the key of sincere sentiment; and the result is a discord of two tones that makes it difficult for the auditor to determine how to take the scene.

The trouble with the whole play seems to be that the character of Kalleia is out of keeping with the mood in which the other characters are conceived; but, except for this infirmity of purpose on the

author's part, the comedy is clever. In the end, of course, Mrs. Elstead is banished from the household and Mrs. Pelling returns repentant to her husband's arms. The lines are written deftly, and there is a pleasing atmosphere of distinction in the play and the performance.

"The Ne'er-Do-Well"

Mr. Charles Klein's dramatisation of Mr. Rex Beach's novel entitled *The Ne'er-Do-Well,* is a rather inharmonious compound of slangy comedy and moving-picture melodrama. There is a certain breeziness and briskness in the comic passages that makes them seem alive; but the scenes designed to thrill the audience disclose nothing but the conventional mechanism of the theatre.

Kirk Anthony is the shiftless son of a millionaire father. The only work that he has ever done is to serve as graduate coach for his college football team. Having won the culminating game of the season, the team breaks training in an all-night restaurant in New York; and it is here that Kirk is discovered after midnight, in the midst of drunken revelry, by his father. The elder Anthony gives the hero a stern lecture and departs. Subsequently Kirk is drugged with "knock-out drops" and smuggled aboard a passenger steamship under the name of a defaulter who is fleeing from the police and has bought the steamship ticket to throw his pursuers off the scent.

This ship is bound for Panama; and the hero awakens the next night to discover himself (in every sense) at sea. He borrows clothes and money from the purser and runs up a large bill on board. When the ship arrives at Panama he is about to be turned over to the police, but escapes by claiming the protection of the American consul, who, dazzled by his name, lends him several hundred dollars, which the hero promptly squanders while he is waiting for a cablegram from his father.

At last the cablegram arrives. The irate old gentleman telegraphs laconically that he has no son; and Kirk finds himself dishonoured and disowned. But he has fallen under the salutary influence of a certain Mrs. Cortlandt, whose husband holds an official position in the peninsular; and by her he is persuaded to endeavour earnestly to earn his own living. Through her influence he is appointed a conductor on the Panama railway; and he takes hold of this chance in life with such enthusiasm that in three months he is promoted to be a division superintendent.

Meanwhile, the comparatively elderly Mr. Cortlandt has grown acutely jealous of his wife's interest in Kirk; and he stimulates his jealous anger by indulging in strong drink. In the course of a dinner-party at his own house, he publicly accuses his wife of illicit relations with the hero and tells the young man that since he has her already he may as well take her away. The indignant hero rushes at the husband with a wild threat to kill him; but is restrained and dragged away by the other guests. Whereupon the sardonic husband retires to the next room and shoots himself.

Kirk is accused of murder and is about to be hurried to execution by the dastardly endeavours of an influential Panamanian who hates him, when, in the most approved moving-picture manner, his father arrives with his steam-yacht, comes ashore with a small band of armed sailors, and snatches his son away from the very hands of the native police. He takes the widow along also, that she may marry the hero and keep him subsequently out of jail.

This rather wild story, even in Mr. Klein's arrangement, remains more a novel than a play. It cannot be considered seriously as a work of dramatic art, but it offers numerous elements of entertainment. The piece was much too long when it was first presented; but it has since been cut, and should now afford amusement to the many.

"The Master of the House"

The Master of the House, which was adapted from the German by an unknown author who is called, upon the programme, Edgar James, is a journalistic sort of play and is rather crudely written; but it exhibits an undeniable emotional power and should make a strong appeal to audiences that are not educated to expect the finest niceties of art.

The story might have been taken from

the first pages of our newspapers of any of the last half-dozen years. An elderly rich merchant who has retired from business grows bored at the even tenor of his household, and the even temper of his serviceable, unemphatic wife. A pretty young woman named Bettina is engaged to help the aging wife in the daily duties of the household; and this penniless adventuress contrives to make both the merchant and his son fall in love with her. She sets her cap, in the first place, for the son; but when the father threatens to disinherit the boy unless he breaks off all personal relations with Bettina, she turns her attacks upon the father and succeeds in winning him. He divorces the faithful wife who has ceased to be attractive to him, and marries the adventuress. His life with her turns out to be a continuous round of discomfort and annoyance. She squanders his money on her worthless relatives and never affords him a moment's peace at home. Finally, in a violent outburst at the third curtain-fall, he denounces and discards her.

This is the logical ending of the play; but the author has chosen to append a fourth act, occurring one year later, in which the broken and repentant husband returns with tears to the bosom of his family and is forgiven by his rejected wife and daughter. This act is distressingly sentimental, and is out of keeping with a story that certainly started out as if it were to end unhappily. Here again we have an instance of infirmity of purpose in the drama.

"Little Miss Brown"

Mr. Philip Bartholomae's farce entitled *Little Miss Brown* is developed from a premise that has often afforded amusement in the past; but the elaboration of the plot betrays a thinness of invention, and the lines are lacking in wit.

Owing to a series of accidental circumstances, Little Miss Brown arrives unattended at a strange hotel at the perilous hour of eleven P. M. She has lost her trunk upon the way. She asks for a room in her own name, and is refused admittance by the day-clerk. But when the more affable night-clerk assumes dominion of the desk, she follows a bit of advice that has been given to her by the telephone girl, and registers as a married woman. She calls herself Mrs. Dennison, because the coloured porter has happened to address her by that name.

She is assigned to an apartment that has been ordered, in a telegram, by a certain Mr. Dennison, whose wife, coming from another direction, has arranged to meet him at this hotel. In this apartment Little Miss Brown goes timidly to bed. Mr. Dennison, arriving subsequently, is told by the chamber-maid that Mrs. Dennison is already asleep; and, deciding not to wake her, Mr. Dennison retires in the adjoining room.

The two meet at breakfast, to their mutual consternation. At this moment the actual Mrs. Dennison arrives. She is a jealous woman and proceeds to raise a row. The situation is complicated by the fact that Mr. Dennison's aunt and uncle have also arranged to meet him in this hotel, for the purpose of settling certain bonds upon him in recognition of his happy married life. Before these elders, both the actual and the accidental Mrs. Dennison are required to act with an assumed composure.

The jealous wife insists on a divorce; and two young lawyers are called in. One of these—the wife's—is the fiancé of Little Miss Brown; and, in view of the evidence against her reputation, he throws her over at once. The other lawyer—the husband's—is also in love with the heroine, and defends her in an heroic manner that makes their marriage seem inevitable in the end.

Meanwhile there is a theft of jewelry, which has been committed by the chamber-maid, but which is ascribed to Little Miss Brown; and an unsuccessful attempt to escape out of a window makes it, for a time, more difficult for her to prove her innocence. In the end, of course, the multitudinous misunderstandings are cleared up.

The chief defect of this plot is that it might be halted at any moment if any of the characters should turn human and speak a single line of explanation. The story is protracted merely by the artifice of manipulating the characters like puppets. Furthermore, the treatment of the material is too expository; and the full

first half of the play is used up in exposition before the action can get under way. There are many stale jokes in the lines; but otherwise they are devoid of humour. What the farce needs is more briskness in the narrative and more brilliancy in the dialogue.

"Ready Money"

There is plenty of briskness and brilliancy in Mr. James Montgomery's melodramatic farce entitled *Ready Money*. Although this piece was designed merely as a playful entertainment, it deserves, because of the firmness of the author's purpose, to be ranked higher as an artistic accomplishment than any of the more ambitious plays that have been reviewed in the present paper.

Ready Money enjoys the advantage of a basic theme which is both novel and amusing. This theme is that any one can easily make money if people think that he already has it. Stephen Baird has invested all his funds in a mining claim, and has not been able to sell sufficient stock in his company to raise the capital necessary to develop the mine. He has had to borrow money from the rich owner of the adjoining properties; and his own mine, which he had put up as security, is about to be forfeited at the expiration of his note. Consequently, on New Year's Eve, he finds himself depressed, and undisposed to join his friends, or even his fiancée, at their festivities.

At this moment he falls into association with a certain Jackson Ives, who is (as he describes himself) the cleverest counterfeiter in the world. Ives gives him a roll of fifty counterfeit one thousand dollar bills, and tells him that he may save his enterprise by merely showing this ready money to possible investors, without ever attempting to pass any of the fraudulent notes. The hero, with the necessary moral misgivings, puts this proposition to the test. All his friends immediately tumble over one another in the endeavour to invest all their available funds in Stephen's mining stock before the price advances. They also telegraph their friends in other cities; and large orders for stock, accompanied by cheques, begin to pour in by every mail.

The hero, in a reversion of conscience, assures his friends that his mine is now no better than it was before and begs them to take back their money; but they receive this as an indication that he is trying to oust them from the enterprise in order to confine all the profits to himself. One or two of them even threaten to go to law to compel the hero to retain their investments.

At this point the farce develops naturally into melodrama; and the transition from the one type to the other is effected without any discord in the mood. A detective of the United States Secret Service, who has been hunting Jackson Ives in many lands, suspects the truth and arrests both the counterfeiter and the hero. The counterfeit money, which constitutes the only tangible evidence against them, and which has been sealed up in a business envelope, is passed unwittingly about from character to character through many varied moments of suspense. When at last the package is recovered, the cleverness of the counterfeit deceives even the detective, who releases the conspirators for lack of evidence and returns the bills to Ives. This adventurous artist destroys the fraudulent money with his own hands.

But meanwhile Baird's partner in the West, encouraged by the enthusiastic subscriptions for their stock, has commenced active operations and discovered a rich vein of gold. The credulous investors will draw large dividends after all, and the hero finds it possible to marry the heroine.

This playful piece is admirably plotted, and is replete with many delightful surprises and periods of suspense. It carries sufficient characterisation to make the mechanism life-like; and a genuine humour is displayed in many of the lines. The difficult feat of keeping the audience in ethical sympathy with the hero while he perilously skirts the verge of crime is cleverly accomplished. *Ready Money* deserves the praise that must always be bestowed on any work that is accomplished with a steady hand.

Mr. Edward Knoblauch's romantic comedy called *Discovering America* was severely slated by the New York newspapers; but it is by no means an

unworthy work. The purpose of the play is to contrast the spirit of life in present-day New York with the spirit of life in contemporary Europe.

"Discovering America"

Peter Delafield is a rich American who, ever since he was eight years old, has lived in Italy. He idles away his time in a lovely villa in the Alban hills, and collects cameos for an occupation. He is about to elope with a beautiful Italian countess whose husband has treated her shamefully, when he receives the news that he has lost his fortune and must return to America at once to scrape together a bare subsistence. He swears eternal fidelity to the countess and departs for New York.

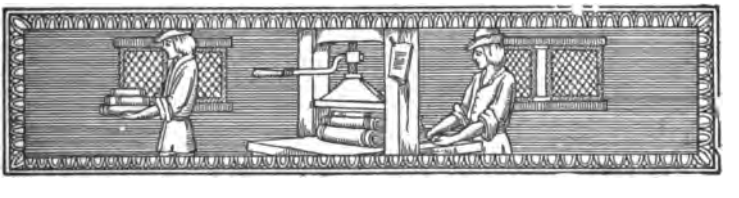
We next see him scraping along miserably in a shabby boarding-house in Forty-fifth Street. Here he meets a very poor girl named Ruth Dix, whose father has left her nothing but the working model of a button-sewing machine that he has invented. This machine appears to be a good thing, and Delafield invests his last four thousand dollars in the project to put it on the market.

In three years the business of Dix and Delafield has grown so prosperous that the partners are able to decline an offer of one hundred thousand dollars to buy them out. Delafield has caught the spirit of America and is rejoicing in the life of work. He enjoys also his daily companionship with Miss Dix, and is on the point of asking her to marry him.

But meanwhile the dissipated count has died, and the widowed countess comes to New York to remind Delafield of the oath he swore to her. Behaving more like a gentleman than like a man, he resigns his business to Miss Dix and accompanies the countess back to Italy.

In Italy he has to wait about for six months while the countess is endeavouring to secure a dispensation from the Church which will permit her to marry a Protestant. During this period he is extremely bored. He misses his daily business; he misses the life and spirit of New York; and he misses Miss Dix. This business-like little lady comes to see him, in order that he may complete the formality of closing out his share in the concern; and Delafield is so glad to see her once again that he cannot forbear telling her that he loves her. This unpremeditated confession the countess overhears. She ascends a tall tower of her castle with the purpose of casting herself upon the rocks below; but the hero dashes aloft and withholds her just in time. The countess then renounces him and retires to a convent; and Delafield returns with Miss Dix to the life that he discovered in New York.

In this play the difference in tone between the two acts that happen in Italy and the two acts that happen in America is of necessity so marked that the auditor receives almost the impression of two plays instead of one. The theme could be developed more harmoniously in the leisure of a novel than in the two hours traffic of the stage. Yet the piece is far from ineffective; and many of its passages are written with literary charm.



FROM THE BOOKMAN MAIL BAG

I

A letter of inquiry from Lake Mohawk, New York:

Editor THE BOOKMAN.

SIR: The object of this letter is to beg you to print, if not forbidden by our copyright law, a brief résumé of the story of *The Golden Bowl,* by Henry James. I admit to have become interested in the tale from struggling with the first Book. After re-reading that far seven times, I found that a young Italian nobleman about to marry an American heiress met a young lady whom he had known more or less intimately prior to his betrothal to the heiress.

On beginning Book II I find that the father of the heiress "was observed to open the door of his own billiard-room with a certain freedom." This happened on page 126 and lasts to the top of page 151 (The New York Edition, Charles Scribner's Sons), or (estimated) 8,729 words!

On page 132, only 1,920 of these words having been exhausted, a "Mrs. Rance" is mentioned, but not alluded to again—unless I err—in the remaining 7,059 words of this episode. Now, what I want to know is, whether, when this intended father-in-law opened that billiard-room door, he found this "Mrs. Rance" inside?

The story of *The Golden Bowl* is in two volumes in this edition or (estimated) 1,262,389 words.

I am a rather hard-working man and the father of a family. My wife and three of the children (I am happy to say) are with me and in the best of health. But my vacation expires on the 16th inst. and I must leave here on the morning of the 14th, as I have (or rather my wife has) conscientious objections to travelling on Sunday. Therefore, as I can't hope to find out where Mrs. Rance was, and have a sort of surreptitious suspicion that she ought not to have been in that billiard-room (if she was there—and you will mention it, please, if she was not), I am writing you these few lines.

Of course if there is anything improper about Mrs. Rance I will not mention the matter to my wife either way. But I am sent here for rest, and I can't sleep until this mystery of Mrs. What's-her-name is cleared up. Why should her name be mentioned just once in all those 8,729 words? Was it she that "observed" the father-in-law (that was to be) open the door, and how could she have "observed" it if she was on the inside of the billiard-room when he opened the door?

So begging your courteous assistance to my slumbers, I beg to subscribe myself,

Faithfully,

YOUR GENTLE READER.

If our correspondent happens to have read Mr. James's earlier volume, *The Ambassadors,* he will recall the dismayed bewilderment of its principal mouthpiece, the amiable Mr. Strethers, on a certain afternoon in Chad Newsome's Paris apartment, as he listened to the blythe exchange of verbal audacities and wondered helplessly whether all those seemingly charming people really meant the unspeakable things that they seemed to be saying, or whether his own mind had suddently become tainted and was wilfully discovering improprieties where none was meant. This is a mental condition which we have often shared with Mr. Strethers while reading more than one volume by Henry James, and apparently it expresses pretty accurately our correspondent's frame of mind. We may reassure him on one point at least: that in guessing at implied improprieties in *The Golden Bowl,* he is more apt to fall short of the author's own imaginings than to surpass him. A brief résumé of the story, such as our correspondent asks, is easily given,—although, as is usually the case with Henry James, when you have the plot, you have the least essential part. It concerns primarily a certain couple, a charming but impecunious Italian prince and an Anglo-American girl, hard, brilliant and, to our thinking, rather repellent, who find themselves forced into a false position, as a result of their former relations previous to the prince's marriage to an American heiress. It happens that the bride is the other young woman's intimate friend, but in spite of the intimacy, has not a shadow of suspicion of her past entanglement with the prince. Now, in order to have

one of those intimate complications in which Mr. James delights, it was only necessary to have the millionaire father subsequently marry the bride's intimate friend, thus bringing her into permanent close association with the prince. Circumstances all combine to hasten the inevitable drifting of the former lovers back to their old relations. The remainder of this undeniably long story,—its bulk certainly is forbidding, but as a crumb of comfort to our "hard working" correspondent, we may say that it has been known to be read at a single sitting, in eleven hours and a half,—concerns itself with the gradual discovery by the princess of her husband's faithlessness, and her desire to keep the truth from her father; the father's discovery of the same facts, and his desire to shield his daughter; her eventual success in putting an end to an intolerable situation, and the father's wise decision to pack up his belongings and carry off that bone of contention, his wife, for good and all to America.

Undeniably, it is all rather difficult to follow, because every one in the book is persistently and more or less successfully endeavouring to conceal what he or she knows from every one else; and even when they desire to convey a definite idea, they do it by saying something quite different. Yet the main facts, buried though they are in a golden shimmer of suggestiveness, stand out plain enough before the end is reached. In fact, there is just one paragraph in the latter part of the second volume that has brought relief to many a puzzled reviewer, if we may judge by the frequency with which it has been quoted,—a paragraph from that wonderful scene of the card party, that sums up the situation as seen by the prince's bride:

> Meanwhile the facts of the situation were upright for her round the green cloth and the silver flambeaux; the fact of her father's wife's lover facing his mistress; the fact of her father sitting all unsounded and unblinking between them, the fact of Charlotte keeping it up—keeping up everything, across the table, with her husband beside her, the fact of Fanny Assingham, wonderful creature, placed opposite to the three, and knowing more about each, probably, when one comes to think, than either of them knew of either; erect above all for her was the sharp-edged fact of the relation of the whole group, individually and collectively, to herself—herself so speciously eliminated for the hour, but presumably more present to the attention of each than the next card to be played.

As for our correspondent's specific difficulty regarding "Mrs. Rance" and what may or may not have happened behind the door of the billiard-room, we suggest that he give free rein to any "surreptitious suspicion" that may come to his mind,—for by doing so he will quite beautifully be playing into Mr. James's hands,—and that, feeling as he does about it, he had after all better not "mention it to his wife either way."

II

An illuminating letter of inquiry from Brewster, New York:

> In March, 1897, THE BOOKMAN published an article by Robert Barr referring to a celebrated book of short stories entitled *The Elements of Geometry*, by Euclid. I have been unable to find this book at any of the bookstores. Can you help me in any way? I shall be very grateful.

In March, 1897, THE BOOKMAN published "How to Write a Short Story," a symposium, by Robert Barr, Harold Frederic, Arthur Morrison, and Jane Barlowe. That symposium we are going to reprint some day, because it is very much worth while. Mr. Barr's contribution was, somewhat characteristically, couched in a flippant vein. This is the paragraph which, fifteen years and six months later, brings the letter of inquiry from Brewster, New York.

> In a recent book, the name of which I shall not mention, for I cannot conscientiously recommend it to the gentle reader, dealing, as it does, with envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, I endeavoured to give a series of stories told without a superfluous word, and in the writing of this book I had a model. Our world has been a growing concern too long for any effort to claim originality. My model is Euclid, whose justly celebrated book of short stories, entitled *The Elements of Geometry*, will live when most of us who are scribbling

to-day are forgotten. Euclid lays down his plot, sets instantly to work at its development, letting no incident creep in that does not bear relation to the climax, using no unnecessary word, always keeping his one end in view, and the moment he reaches the culmination he stops.

III

From The Jumping-Off-Place, Santa Barbara, California, Mr. Stewart Edward White sends us the following letter which recently came under his observation. The letter was actually received in the course of a business correspondence.

Lali House, San Francisco,

DEAR FRIEND: i got the valve witch i by from you ilrite but why for gods sake doan you men sen me no handle, i loose to me my Customer shure ting, you doan treat me rite is my money not so good as the other fellow, i waste ten dase and my Customer he holler for water like hell by the valve. you no he is hot summer now and the win he blow the valve. she got no handl so wat the hell i goan do. you doan sen me no handl pretty quick i sen her back and i goan order som valve from Krain Companee goodby, your friend

ANTONIA SCALEINIO DUTRA.

since i rite these letter i fine the goddam handl in the bocks excuse me.

IV

G. C. D., Detroit Club, Detroit, Michigan. The poem "Towards the Light," by Princess Faradji, was published in THE BOOKMAN in two parts, February and March, 1909.

V

Here is a contribution which can best be printed in the BOOKMAN'S Mail Bag. It will, we feel sure, be of interest to admirers of O. Henry's work, and it has a very decided significance to those whose knowledge of the late Sidney Porter is not entirely confined to his books, and who, from that knowledge, are able to read between the lines.

QUESTION OF O. HENRY'S AGE SETTLED

If O. Henry had lived until September 11th of this year, he would have reached the half century mark.

The question of his age has been a disputed one. Biographers have approximated it with fair success; yet it has not been definitely known.

The BOOKMAN for June, 1909, states that he was "born in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1867," missing it by putting the date five years too late. The BOOKMAN for April, 1910, contains an article by Harry Thurston Peck, repeating the date, and adding, "so that he is now in the forty-third year of his age," when he was really in his forty-eighth.

In the *Nation* for June, 1910, S. Strumsky says, "he was born forty-two years ago in Greensboro, North Carolina," instead of forty-eight.

The BOOKMAN for July, 1910, makes the statement, "he died on the 5th of last month in the forty-fourth year of his age." This was wrong by four years.

The *Craftsman* for August, 1910, misses his age by six years, in stating, "He was forty-two years old when, on June 5, 1910, he died."

Who's Who in America for 1910-1911 places him thus:

"Porter, Sydney (O. Henry)—author, b. Greensboro, North Carolina, 1867." This is five years wrong as to his age, and the wrong spelling for his name, as he was christened *Sidney*.

In a poem, "The Knight in Disguise," by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay in the *American Magazine* for June, 1912, his name is erroneously given as Sidney *C*. Porter.

These points are definitely settled by an entry in the old family Bible, a book that has lain packed away for some fifteen or twenty years, and has just been re-discovered by a near relative. It is a ponderous old volume, the inscription on the fly leaf stating that it was the gift of a friend to Algernon Sidney and Mary V. Porter (O. Henry's parents).

It contains several entries in regard to births, marriages, and deaths, the one most interesting to the world reading:

"Thursday Sept. 11, 1862, 9 o'clock P. M.
William Sidney
son of
A. S. & M. V. Porter."

VI

The following letter hints at dangers in the use of the double possessive that seem to us somewhat exaggerated:

Has the use of the double or duplicate possessive become so common as to justify itself? Frequently it is found in newspapers, edi-

torials in *Collier's Weekly* and opinions in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

I was, however, surprised to find it in Chronicle and Comment of your September issue on page eight. "It is known also that Dickens complied with a suggestion *of* Lord *Lytton's,* which modified the plot—not seriously nor disagreeably," and also in the same issue on page thirty-five. "From Martin Chuzzlewit down to the very latest book of Max Beerbohm's and G. K. Chesterton's American characters in British fiction are apt to display a fondness for speech-making in inappropriate circumstances."

In this last instance you must admit that the American characters may be apt or may be Chesterton's.

As the use of the double possessive may produce uncertainty, should it not be discouraged by a Journal of Literature?

There is no ambiguity whatever in the second sentence quoted by our correspondent. If the "characters" are taken as "G. K. Chesterton's" the verb is shorn of its subject and the sentence immediately goes mad. A mind capable of so taking it would come to grief anyhow, no matter how carefully we expressed ourselves. And in both of the instances mentioned—"a suggestion of Lord Lytton's," and the "latest book of Max Beerbohm's, etc."—there is, if we are to concern ourselves with these remote chances, an even greater risk involved in the omission, for after all "a suggestion of" is not always the same as "a suggestion by," or "a book of" as "a book by"—witness the "Book of Job"—and if we should refer at some time to the "book of Beerbohm," forgetful folk might look for it in the Bible. However, the danger of misunderstanding is not appreciable either way. As to the general question, we believe the double possessive is in good and long-established usage and ought not on general principles to be discouraged. In the instances cited by our correspondent its use seems to us harmless though perhaps superfluous. We agree with him in preferring the other form in both these sentences, but for an opposite reason to his own the double possessive in both these cases seems to us unnecessarily precise.

THE ART OF LIONEL JOHNSON

BY MILTON BRONNER



HERE are not a few observers who have confidently predicted the gradual return of England to the Church of Rome. Whether that is based upon truth or upon a dream, this much is clear, Catholicism has certainly manifested its attractions for more than one fine mind. Leaving out of the account entirely John Henry Newman, one of the princes royal among our prose writers, there are among poets Coventry Patmore, Aubrey de Vere, Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson, all of whom became converted to the Church, and these men, with Francis Thompson, born into the faith, form no inconsiderable group in the poetry of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

Tragedy seems to have marked the three younger men for her own; Thompson was addicted to drugs which helped to kill him; Dowson and Johnson succumbed to drink. There are times in Thompson's great poetry when one feels he can detect the mysticism of the opiate-taker; Dowson's verse, lovely as much of it is, is plainly decadent, but Lionel Johnson's verses stand off by themselves in their virginal purity and spotlessness. Indeed, the cumulative effect of much reading of his poems is the wish that at times there were something of real Bacchic fire in them. They are always so serene and grave.

Serenity, gravity—these terms might well apply to all he ever wrote. Johnson might be careless with his own life, he was never careless with his work. In

the hurly-burly of the world he might become convivial, but his art was to him a temple of rest and a haven of peace; it was a shrine to be approached with due ceremonial and on bended knees and with bowed head. It demanded of him and received the best that was in him,—all his reverence for the old established masters, all his emulation of their ways, all his care for polish and truth and beauty. So that we are loath to think the time may ever come when there will not be a small corner reserved for a tablet whereon will be inscribed words in memory of this genuine poet and even more genuine critic.

Born in Kent in 1865, schooled at Winchester and Oxford, Catholicism early had attractions for him, as evidenced even in his boyhood essay upon the fools of Shakespeare. Of English and Welsh blood, with only the slightest strain of Irish in him, he loved afterward to be called an Irishman. And these four things—Winchester, Oxford, the Church, and Ireland—worked a charm upon him all through life.

To Ireland and the Church he dedicated much of his verse. Perhaps to this, as well as to his innate purity, so much of their whiteness of spirit is due. But an uneasy knowledge of his own failings seems always to have driven Johnson to the defence of brothers in weakness. He speaks of Addison with his clear and lucid prose and points him out as an habitual tippler. He recalls to the reader that Lamb was to Carlyle merely a sorry drunkard playing the fool. Then comes the apologia for men like these; "A fine writer may show in his writings a thousand virtues of proportion, sobriety, tact, good sense, utterly lacking in his conduct." He recurs to this thought in his various essays on the unfortunate Mangan, concerning whom he tells us we know much that "is frail and pitiable, nothing that is base and mean."

We are to picture Johnson, who has been described as a frail wisp of a man, locked up in his room, safe from interruption, with the rain perhaps beating on the windows, and the roar of the giant city coming only dimly to him there, and with the glow of a pleasant fire upon the backs of his favourite books. He dips into Lucretius, or, mayhap, some one as modern as Hawthorne, and then the poetic mood comes over him, a mood well described by himself in all humbleness: "Compose, with cordial delight and decent pains, one set of verses which the pure celestial instinct tells you to be good, permanently pleasurable; dream, that in two hundred years one man at least will read them with joy and thanks. It is a glow at the heart, a leap in the pulse, that humble dream."

Verses composed in that mood and that manner were sure not to appeal to the mob; they were certain not to have a chorus of praise. Indeed, Johnson was hampered by his very knowledge. He was too scholarly. There was a Latin weight and gravity and austerity and compactness to much of his verse. These were qualities compelled by the memories, that came surging into his brain, of Roman poets he had loved long and well. He was only freed from this influence at times, when he wrote consciously Celtic verse concerning Ireland. He rarely wrote love-songs and scarcely ever indulged in rich, lush verse. He dealt with the eternal issues of life and death, and sadly and reminiscently with the olden glories of Ireland and his Church. He beheld in a vision their past, and lamented over an Ireland whose political potency had departed, and a Church whose ruined, or deserted, or stolen fanes are found in many quiet valleys in England. There is little of the lyric cry in him, save occasionally in some such poem as his "Glories":

Roses from Paestan rosaries!
 More goodly red and white was she:
Her red and white were harmonies,
Not matched upon a Paestan tree.

Ivories blaunched in Alban air!
 She lies more purely blaunched than you:
No Alban whiteness doth she wear,
 But death's perfection of that hue.

Nay! now the rivalry is done,
 Of red, and white, and whiter still:
She hath a glory from that sun,
 Who falls not from Olympus hill.

Even more rarely is there a genuine

note of passion, as in these lines from "Beyond":

Dear, are there dreams among the dead:
Or is it all a perfect slumber?
But I must dream and dream to madness.
Mine eyes are dark, now yours are fled:
Yet see they sorrows without number,
Waiting upon one perfect sadness.

So long, the melancholy vale!
So full, these weary winds, of sorrow!
So harsh, all things! For what counts pity?
Still, as each twilight glimmers pale
Upon the borders of each morrow,
I near me to your sleeping city.

His more characteristic verse is like this from his somewhat celebrated lines "By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross":

Comely and calm, he rides
Hard by his own Whitehall:
Only the night wind glides:
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court: and yet,
The stars his courtiers are:
Stars in their stations set;
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal king;
Dark night is all his own,
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate:
The stars; or those sad eyes?
Which are more still and great:
Those brows; or the dark skies?

Finally, hear this note of Catholic hope and defiance, which recalls Henley's stoic chant of:

I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

Hear the lines which Miss Louise Imogene Guiney rightly said deserved to be celebrated:

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,
Dark Angel! triumph over me:
Lonely, unto the Lone I go;
Divine, to the Divinity.

For the most part Johnson's poetry largely conforms to Wordsworth's definition of poetry as "emotion remembered in tranquillity." When Johnson sings of Ireland's wrong, his heart has ceased to be disturbed in its beat. When he sighs over some "church of a dream," be sure there are no longer tears in his eyes, for, to quote his friend Yeats's beautiful words:

"He has made a world full of altar lights and golden vestures, and murmured Latin and incense clouds, and autumn winds and dead leaves, where one wanders remembering martyrdoms and courtesies that the world has forgotten."

II

When Johnson died in 1902 one of his best friends said that in him England had lost her one critic of the first rank in this generation. Many references were made to his relations with his tutor and friend, Walter Pater, and he was spoken of as if he were a minor replica of that master. The truth is that he was more of an Arnold than a Pater, an Arnold without a theory that he sought to impose upon his generation, but like him in his ready composition of critical essays and his polish in verse. This is not to deny that he was profoundly influenced by the work and the teachings of Pater. In his generation, the latter exercised great sway over many and especially over Wilde, Johnson and Arthur Symons. Now while Johnson more than the other two approximated the master in his grave, careful, musical prose, he did not follow him in his various studies of the arts and in fiction as Symons did. Perhaps Johnson could best be described as a minor Arnold-cum-Pater. His is essentially a literature of the Oxford closes and of the library, not of life.

The Oxford closes—they stood for his long dreams about books and about the great issues of living and dying. He brooded over the works of genius until in the words of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom he loved to quote, he felt "warmed by the contact and formed the artist-like mind." To use his own fine phrase, he found a "living soul in old books, not antiquarian dust." He was endlessly citing from memory passages from men

like Sidney, Milton, Bacon, Augustine, Cardinal Newman, and the great Latins. Nevertheless, he was not unaware of the danger of too much study of the classics and sounded—as much for himself as for others—the note of warning that too great a delight in the ancients is responsible for a dislike of contemporary art. Therefore he strove to read the works of the men of his own time, too, to estimate them fairly, and to take such joy as he could in them, measuring their worth by the foot-rule the great men of the past had bequeathed. Armed thus, he was the champion of no school, the partisan of no particular literary quarrel. Indeed, as he said: "Extremes are just now in fashion and favour, with this unfortunate result: that catholicity of taste is set down as the sign of lukewarmness and of half-heartedness. . . . We are so violent in these days; and, to our irreparable loss, there is no Arnold left to charm us into serenity."

But that happens to be precisely what he tried to do: he attempted to charm the thoughtful public back into serenity with his quiet, sane criticism, with essays of a scholar in the humanities who displayed always something of the grace and gravity and suavity we associate with Oxford dons and Roman Catholic prelates from the ancient University of Louvain. In love with an old world charm, he diffused it too. It pervaded his work like the faint perfume he fancied still lingered in deserted churches over which he loved sadly to muse. It is perfectly exemplified in this dream of an aristocrat:

"It is pleasant to walk along a formal terrace, with worn grey steps and balustrade, holding an Aldine classic, less for study than for company: to look out, with comfortable joy, across the flourishing landscape: to taste the solitude, the dignity, the peace, of a country day. The Golden Age, embellished to a courtly, cloistral perfection, with finer music than pastoral reeds, and daintier fare than acorns and spring water, returns at such a time: at this happy distance, the town seems vile. Theocritus and Ronsard are good to read in a sunny kind of dream; *Comus,* and *L'Allegro,* and *Il Penseroso* are pure delights. . . ."

With such visions, with a modest competence enabling him to pick and choose, it is needless to say that when Johnson became a critical reviewer, he employed an unusual discretion in selecting the subjects for his pen. Designed mainly for the newspapers of the day, nevertheless, as now gathered into the volume *Post Liminium,* they show a finished art that would seem to assure them a wider audience than that of the fleeting hour. A mere glance at the table of contents shows us that he never wrote about any books toward which he felt indifference. There was either strong attraction or something of repulsion. It might be the attraction of men of his church like Savonarola, Saint Francis, Pascal, Erasmus, Henry Vaughn, Thomas à Kempis, and Cardinal Newman; or personal heroes like Pater and Hardy; or sceptics like Lucretius, Renan and Lucian. But whether there was attraction or repulsion, there was always courtesy—as to a living person encountered—tolerance, broad-mindedness. There was also applied the touchstone which, employed by the real critic, constitutes in itself almost an act of artistic creation, an act which makes something that is by way of being literature. In these stray essays gathered from dusty newspaper and magazine files, we find matter written carefully, conservatively, judiciously. We are told that often editors, who expected a certain review, were in despair because of its non-appearance until almost at the last ultimate moment, but we are also assured that the "copy" was such—in its beautiful clear handwriting, its careful punctuation, its air of finality—that the pages could be rushed to the printer without use of the blue pencil. And it was criticism in its infinite variety, whether of praise or blame, excoriation or mere parody. The grave, serene poet was capable of expressing any mood a given book evoked in him.

Pater always aroused his enthusiasm and called forth his best. His four notes on this writer are indisputable evidence of the fact that he perhaps meditated writing a book on Pater, even as he had done on Hardy. Nowhere in his own work or in the reviews by other men, will you find lovelier little notes of appre-

ciation than in these Pater essays. Here is just one, filled as it is with things Pater was so fond of making the subject of his inspired pen:

"Pietas was a passion with him. It is strong in him when he dwells with a gently lingering, long-drawn music of tone upon old, faded things; philosophies once triumphant, fashions once thought final, airs and graces long passed away, music never heard now. He enters the vasta silentia of old times, and loves to repeople mediæval homes and classic cities; to wander by the rivers of old France, and through the hillside towns of ancient Italy; recalling this and that dusty memory to fresh life with careful reverence."

When he praises, he does so liberally and generously, striking out sentences of memorable beauty as he goes. This, for instance, in an article on Charlotte Bronte: "She had faced tragedy and walked with sorrow; she had known the special pang of desiderium, of the vain backward look that rests wistfully upon graves."

In his poems you will find no indication of a sense of humour, but in his essays on authors you will find plenteous evidence. The Bashkirtseff nine days' wonder aroused in him only the spirit of parody, while Mr. W. H. Mallock's ingenious rendition of Lucretius into Fitzgerald's *Omar* quatrains led him smilingly to remark that it was "a valorous attempt to bridle Behemoth, to put a hook in the nostrils of Leviathan."

There is a certain school of showy critics, somewhat in vogue to-day, who attempt to attract attention by holding a thesis always contrary to what the world generally accepts as established, and by stating it in terse epigrammatic sentences. Johnson, too, could at times achieve this terseness, if not the showy contrariety, as in this tribute to one of the masters: "—— the contempt of Swift, the pensive serenity of Addison, the simple tenderness of Steele. Combine the three, and there is Thackeray: too clearsighted to accept delusions, too reverent to despair, too kindly to be always glad."

Or consider this realism which occurs in a passage on writers of sacred poetry, in which he tells us they must have a mingling of mysticism and reverence, with a familiarity that sometimes shocks timid souls; in this passage he is telling us how really great writers of sacred verse contemplate sacred things:

> Take the Nativity. Here is an hour-old baby lying, perhaps crying, upon a stable litter, in a small Jewish village, at a certain definite date. This wretched baby could abolish time and space, for it is God. Take the Crucifixion. Here is a worn-out man, dying upon a gibbet, amid sneers and jeers, in the company of two common thieves. This miserable man could make the earth stand still, for He is God.

One more taste of his quality. He discourses upon the little known poet, Octavius Pulleyn, of the close of the seventeenth century—"curious and winning century"—and indulges in this charming imaginary portrait:

> Until some plaguey investigator of libraries, of Rolls and Records offices, unearth my twilight friend, he is mine to dream over, mine to play with. I can enter him a student at the Inns of Court; make him a tavern wit or playhouse censor; I can turn him into a country squire, and give a comely manor in the taste of Inigo. We stroll there together through the "Italianate garden," with its statua and busto and pass out into a green coppice. It shall be the old May morning of merry England, May of clear sunlight and soft wind; Octavius shall quote me his Horace, and I cap him with my dearer Virgil. An air of the scholar's affectation sits prettily upon us, an Oxford touch. We would fain esteem ourselves Younger Plinies of the time, and a neat copy of verses is our pride. Octavius has a decent fair knack at imitation of the great Mr. Cowley, and ever a gratulatory ode at a friend's service. So go we gently through the May morning of a dream; of winter nights we "drink tobacco" by the fire of logs in a parlour of black panel, and pore together upon the medals of popes and emperors. If such sort is my Octavius; and if I weary of him in such sort, he shall presently proceed ambassador to The Hague, and send me word of tulips.

III

"It is held upon all hands that to write about the works of a living writer is a difficult and a delicate thing: I have felt

the inevitable difficulty; I have tried to preserve the becoming delicacy. Throughout these essays upon the works of Mr. Hardy, there will be found, I trust, no discourtesy in my censure: I trust still more, no impertinence in my praise."

In this old-fashioned manner of high courtesy Johnson began the preface to what is in so many aspects his most memorable and most finished piece of work, *The Art of Thomas Hardy*. It was in some ways a pioneer book. To begin with, in those days—it was written in 1892 and published in 1894—it was a rather new thing in England to print a critical survey of the work of an author still living and writing. The fashion, even then common on the continent and especially in France, has since then been adopted in the English-speaking countries with the result that Meredith, Henry James, Barrie, Kipling, Hewlett, Shaw, and many more have seen in print books devoted to their output. But this Johnson volume was a pioneer in another way too. It marked the beginning of the really critical appreciation of Hardy's work; it focussed upon him the attention of those whose opinion was worth while; and suddenly literary England, once for all, woke up to the fact that in Hardy it possessed an authentic master of fictional art.

This in itself was no mean achievement for a lad of twenty-five, but even to-day the book stands as the best criticism we have of Hardy, for this youth—himself a literary creator—saw behind the processes of creative art, comprehended its difficulties, understood the necessity of making the right and honest choice of matter and manner, preached fidelity to the old, established masters and the old, established canons, and insisted that the real artist must have a clear understanding of the age in which he lives.

The book was thus rich and full, because all the best of what he had lived and thought and dreamed was put into it. To write about Hardy, we feel sure, was not the result of a sudden resolve. We are convinced that as boy and man he had long read and loved the Hardy novels. As a schoolboy at Winchester and later as a student at Oxford, it is certain that he made many pedestrian trips through the Wessex country. The man who once boasted that he knew every inch of Welsh soil could doubtless have repeated the assertion about Dorset. In this book we catch glimpses of him in the land of Hardy, studying its hills and streams, idling in its towns and villages, sitting in the simple old inns, and listening with delighted ears to the talk of the peasant folk.

The fruit of all this love of the Hardy books was a sane appreciation of them. He did not set himself up as a critical schoolmaster, giving marks and credits. "I cannot understand," said he, "why your soldier and your saint should be remembered for their victories, and pardoned for their faults; whilst your artist of a thousand conquests must have ever rehearsed against him the tale of his failures and of his faults."

Not only did he appreciate Hardy, but he brought to the work an open mind and this was no mean feat for a devout Catholic, confronted by such an author as his hero. Johnson differed radically in beliefs with Hardy the positivist and disagreed with him about the meaning of the universe. Hardy's thoughts about human progress, about the testimony of physical science, about the sanctions of natural and social ethics were all more or less alien to Johnson, but he managed whole-heartedly to admire Hardy's fidelity to his vision of what is the truth, even as he managed to understand the attitude of Lucretius.

Now there are two kinds of books of criticism which really count,—the provocative and the contemplative. The one whets your appetite for knowledge of author to you unknown; the other, of service after you have read an author's works, fixes and confirms and elaborates your ideas concerning a writer who is worth while. Johnson's "Hardy" belongs to the latter class. It presupposes a full knowledge of the Wessex novels. It presumes that you greatly admire them. It is filled with long quotations of favourite passages which you can thus savour afresh, while he descants upon their beauties, their rightness of vision, their minute observation, and their fidelity to truth. Johnson insisted that the novelist's art is a serious art and found in

Hardy's best books a decided effect of gravity, seriousness, and deliberation. They are faithful to the spirit of the age and to the spirit of the country. Their dignity comes from their preoccupation with dignified men and women, conscious of the great verities, life and death, love and hate. Their solidity comes also in part from the novelist's grave and deliberate style, a sustained equability which reminded his young critic of the best and wisest of the Latins. Using something of this gravity himself, Johnson related in a passage of memorable beauty the chief characteristics of the Hardy novels.

Now, next to the way in which Hardy treats of life and death and of the great human passions, Johnson appreciated best his Wessex folk, the genuine peasant class, rooted to the soil. He pointed out that when Hardy strayed away from Wessex his hand lost its cunning and that even in Wessex, when he would fain portray the so-called "better classes," there was something lacking. The people he understands best and paints best are the masses:

"Read a page of rustic talk in Mr. Hardy," says Johnson. "and you will think of Shakespeare: listen to an hour of rustic talk in Wessex, and you will think of Mr. Hardy."

Nor is this exaggerated praise. There is no man whose rustic clowns are so faithful to the reality and who yet have so much in common with the pantaloons of the great Elizabethan dramas. In fact, as Mr. Hewlett said at a later date, speaking of Hardy's poems: "He is the peasant articulate, informed by Art and Thought."

Now just because this book was avowedly an appreciation, it must not be inferred that Johnson did nothing but render praise. We have already observed that he felt Hardy lost his mastery when he left Wessex sights and scenes. He was also not blind to certain extravagances in some of the novels, certain audacities of situation, touches of vulgarity, humour that was not far from bad nature, too much insistence upon coincidences in time and place. The critic found fault with Hardy's use of the split infinitive, his imperfect punctuation—concerning which Johnson himself was a pedant, notably in the use of the colon, about which he had many a hard-fought battle with the printers. Johnson criticised Hardy's vocabulary with its sometimes undue parade and pomp, its use of erudite terms, its phraseology culled from the arts, its expressions taken from the physical sciences.

He was equally critical in his choice of the Hardy novels he deemed best worth considering. *The Return of the Native, The Woodlanders, The Mayor of Casterbridge*, and *Far From the Madding Crowd* were the ones he considered most characteristic and most nearly perfect. He sturdily resisted the world-wide praise of *Tess*. He yielded to none in his appreciation of certain great qualities in the book, but there was that about him in his devotion to religion which for once forbade his holding the critical balances evenly. It was that which made him exclaim passionately concerning *Tess:* "The novels which 'vindicate the ways of God to man' are indeed wearisome; but fully as wearisome are those which vindicate the ways of man to God."

For once the religionist could not abide the ways of the sceptic and pessimist. For once he lost his temper. But it was the only time. Small enough lapse in a book composed in so modest a spirit that he could write: "It amply contents me to dream, that some gentle scholar of an hundred years hence, turning over the worn volumes upon bookstalls yet unmade, may give his pence for my book, may read it at his leisure, and may feel kindly toward me."

From his ivory tower the lonely, frail, wistful, young poet sent but few hostages to Time, but we are fain to think the future lover of Hardy as a long-established classic will always want on the shelf, with the great novels, that exposition of their art which was at once a genuine critcism of literature and a real revelation of the critic's own charming personality.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Richard Dehan's "Between Two Thieves"*

When that very unusual novel of the Boer War, known in England as *The Dop Doctor* and in America as *One Braver Thing,* was first published, upward of two years ago, speculation became rife as to the identity of the author who chose to veil his or her identity under the pseudonym of "Richard Dehan." It seemed well-nigh impossible that an author capable of handling so large a theme, with such sweeping and virile power, such spendthrift prodigality of material, should be a new recruit in the ranks of fiction. When, by degrees, curiosity was allowed to satisfy itself, first with the knowledge that the author was a woman, and then with the further details that she had previously produced some creditable plays and some negligible fiction, it became evident that, for the purposes of serious consideration, the wise critic had best imitate "Richard Dehan's" own example, and ignore past performances, concerning himself solely with the new achievement and the abundant promise it contained of bigger things yet to come.

Yet, while it was easy to foresee, from what lay between the lines of *The Dop Doctor,* future achievements of a still higher magnitude, there was nothing in it to prepare us for the tremendous surprise that she held in reserve, in the shape of her new volume, *Between Two Thieves.* To define it as an historical novel of epic dimensions, a prose picture of war that deserves to take rank with the biggest war stories of any period or country, is merely to generalise ineffectively, without conveying any adequate impression of the contagion of its power, its tension, its grim and haunting fascination. What the author has really done is to take a whole historic epoch, the epoch of Napoleon III. and the Second Empire, and fling it broadcast on a giant canvas, in one huge verbal picture crowded beyond belief with portraits and incidents, jostling, thronging, over-lapping; a reckless squandering of precious wealth of invention that leaves us, at the first reading, with a dazed sense of helplessness, as in the presence of something too big to be grasped in its entirety. We are conscious, during this first breathless, enthralled reading, of one vast, imposing, tragic tableau after another, taking form and vividness, then melting and receding into the distance, leaving a sense of unforgettable and remote vistas, down which we glimpsed dimly a thousand vaguely suggested happenings, infinitely remote in the vanishing point of the perspective. At first, also, there is an impression of something not only huge, but overgrown and disproportioned as well: it takes time for the idea to force itself home that whatever disproportion the framework of the story has is the disproportion of real life,—which, after all, is a higher sort of symmetry, which escapes the human eye that cannot take a sufficiently wide angle to include the whole detail of nature's infinite pattern. *Between Two Thieves* is an epic, not only of an epoch but of a whole continent as well; and as it lies before us on Richard Dehan's spacious canvas, it has all the irregularities of shape, the apparently purposeless angles and indentations of the map of Europe itself,—yet forming, like Europe, a wonderful and complex physical unity.

As for its theme, the title serves a valuable service in summing up the author's own central idea in the brief limits of just three words. Midway in the story, she expresses it more fully through the lips of Nicholas, Autocrat of all the Russias:

"Though Austria desert me and Prussia play the knave, I have three Allies," boomed the great bull-voice through the chilly darkness. "Pestilence, and Hunger and Cold—that never yet failed to serve the Russian Tzar. As for England—I tell you, Peter Michailovitch! — between Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and her Army Contractor, she will yet climb her Calvary with her Cross upon her shoulders—we shall see her crucified between two thieves!"

*Between Two Thieves. By Richard Dehan. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

Such, briefly, is the task that "Richard Dehan" set herself to accomplish: the portrayal of England in the throes of the Crimean War, helpless between commercial dishonesty at home and the political dishonesty of France. But to do this, she has had to show successively the brilliant profligacy of the imperial court, the revolt of hungry and desperate mobs, the wanton butchery in the streets of Paris, the brutalities of English barrack life, the smug complacency and human callousness of the army contractors, utterly careless of human life, so that their profits may be multiplied,—and finally the inferno of actual warfare, the merciless havoc wrought by the Tzar's three vaunted allies, "Pestilence, Hunger and Cold." The impression of the book, as a whole, upon the present writer was less like that of any other book he ever read than it was the impression made, years ago, by the first sight of the collected paintings by the great Russian master, Versstschagin, reflecting with a giant sweep of brush and pencil the pomp of palaces, and the grim harvest of the battle-field.

Of the specific human story narrated against this titanic background, it is more difficult to speak briefly and succinctly. It would need many readings and much careful thought, in order to lay due emphasis upon the salient points, to expound unerringly precisely what significance the author meant to attach to each separate detail: in other words, to be sure that we are performing our rôle of interpreter accurately. But at least one fact cannot fail to strike any thoughtful reader: that the central human story, like the voice of a leading tenor in an opera, always rises clearly above the accompaniment of humanity in the bulk; and, although the hero starts upon life under a shadow of accumulated tragedy that would seem to leave room for no further development, no possible additional accentuation, no goal toward which to work that is not an anticlimax, the author has nevertheless accomplished the seeming miracle of rising in an ever-increasing tension, through situations that successively cap the preceding ones with an unforeseen and sharper poignancy. A detailed analysis of such a story is necessarily woefully inadequate; but here, quite briefly, are the salient facts:

Hector Dunoisse, the hero, is well advanced in his course in a French military academy before he learns, somewhat brutally, from the lips of his best friend, during a quarrel, that his mother, the daughter of the Hereditary Prince of Widinitz, had broken her vows as a Carmelite nun, at the suit of his fascinating and profligate father, and accompanied him as his wife back to Paris. Later, when her conscience awoke and drove her to leave her husband and little son and return to the convent to expiate her sin. Dunoisse, the father, outrivalled his wife in infamy, by insisting as the price of her liberty that the convent should impoverish itself by paying over to him the entire dower which, as daughter of the Hereditary Prince, she had brought it when she first took her vows. The shock of these revelations upon the young Dunoisse bore two results: first, the immediate result of a duel with his best friend, in which a misstep and a broken foil cast upon him the unjust suspicion of treachery that followed him through his life; and secondly, the determination never to accept further aid from his father, nor to touch a penny of the money robbed from the Carmelite convent. Now, for a young Frenchman of wealth and position, and an officer in the army, to find himself driven by conscience to live upon his pay, to suffer the wonderment and the sneers of his comrades because of his reputed miserliness, is heroism in its way, but of a rather negative sort; and, if the story is to have further development, the hero must be forced into a crisis in which, being less than superhuman, he will forget his fine scruples, accept the stolen money, and live as godless and profligate a life as his father did before him. There is just one essential condition, namely, that the author shall make the temptation adequate in magnitude. Here is what she actually conceives: In the course of his military duties, Dunoisse is brought necessarily into touch with the life of the French Court, and more specifically with Henriette de Roux, wife of an elderly Colonel, and the incarnate spirit of the allurement of sex:

Think of Henriette as one of the fatal forces, a velvet-voiced, black-haired woman with a goddess's shape and a skin of cream, such little hands and feet as might have graced an Andalusian lady,—with mobile features—the mouth especially being capable of every variety of expression—and with great eyes of changing colour, sometimes agate-brown, sometimes peridot-green, sometimes dusky grey. Shaping her image thus, I have conveyed to you nothing. No sorceress is unveiled, no wonder shown.

In the old, old days when the Sons of Light walked upon earth with the children of men, some seraph fell for the sake of a woman like this. From the seed of that union sprang all the Henriettes. . . . You may know them by the tattered rags of glory that trail behind them; by the pale flickering aureole, no brighter than a will-o'-the-wisp or glow-worm's light, that hovers over the white brow. . . . "Ah, do you indeed love me?" their eyes seem to say. "Is it so? Then most unhappy, poor friend, are you! Because I am of those women who are born to cause much misery. For we sting to desire without intention, and provoke to pursuit without the will. And 'No' is a word we have never learned to say."

There is one inimitable scene, one night in the autumn of 1851, when already Paris is seething with unrest, because of its intuitive premonition of the coming *Coup d'Etat*. Picture the streets swarming with a dense rabble from the poorest quarters who have gathered under the red flag of insurrection. Picture Dunoisse, sitting erect on his iron-grey Arab mare, at the out end of a line of bristling bayonets, guarding the Hotel of Foreign Affairs; picture further an augmenting tumult in the rioting throng, a shot fired straight into the packed mass of humanity facing Dunoisse, and then a clear command, "Fire!" followed by a rattling volley, cries, imprecations, carnage and headlong flight. The shot as a matter of fact is fired by Henriette, and the order given by Dunoisse's former schoolmate and life-long enemy, the man who, at every step, blackens his name, robs him of his chances, and eventually becomes the successful rival for the favours of Henriette. Dunoisse takes the blame of Henriette's mad act; and, because it has helped the intrigue on foot and hastened the *Coup d'Etat*, he escapes lightly, with a reprimand that is really equivalent to a medal of honour; incidentally, he receives his reward from Henriette. For her sake, he not only takes and spends his mother's dower, but he does far worse. He lends himself to a scheme that, in view of the past, outrivals the sacrilege of his mother and his father. He consents to push his claim as Hereditary Prince of Widinitz; and into that stronghold of reverence and piety, under shadow of the convent walls where his erring mother is still striving by life-long penance to make her peace with Heaven, he comes, in the midst of the commemorative Procession of the Assumption, to press his claim to the throne,—and as a crowning insult and blunder, he brings his notorious mistress with him. The whole episode of this attempt to seize a throne by sheer bravado, the fury of the populace, the intervention of the intrepid little archbishop, and the final ignominious ejection of the discomfited schemers would in itself make a story on which a new reputation in fiction might be based. But "Richard Dehan" uses it for a scant score of pages, and hurries on to bigger, more ambitious themes. Dunoisse's infatuation for Henriette is a bewilderment of the senses, a need of the flesh. Yet, all the while, and from earliest manhood, there has been just one woman in his life whom he really loves purely and unselfishly,—the woman who figures in this volume as Ada Merling, and who plays the same part in the development of military hospitals and the Red Cross movement that Florence Nightingale played in real life. It is her influence that for some years keep Dunoisse true to his vow not to touch the dower money; it is her bitter disappointment in him that is one decisive factor in his later determination to break with Henriette and, at any cost, earn the sum necessary to make restitution to the Carmelite convent.

Napoleon III needs a special service, one which Dunoisse is peculiarly fitted to perform, and he consents to perform it for a price equal to the amount of the dower. The problem set him presupposes that France has determined to espouse the interest of the Sultan of Turkey, in the event of a war waged by Turkey

against the allied powers of Russia and England; and the question is, how shall France proceed so as to insure to her army the maximum of advantage and the minimum of loss? Dunoisse spends years in the Balkan perfecting his plans, all of which are based on the assumption that England is to be France's foe. He comes back shattered in health, prematurely old, to claim his pay,—only to learn the colossal treachery of the man he has served,—the treachery that schemes to lead unsuspecting England into the carefully prepared trap, under the guise of friendship and allied interests. The form in which he voices his indignation to his sovereign is worthy of reproduction, as one of the big moments of the book:

"I have spread your nets," he said, in the voice that had lost its clear, sharp ring, and was feeble and flat, and broken. "From the Balkan to the Pruth I have set your springes—dug your pitfalls—sharpened your hidden stakes. . . . Turks, Greeks, Tartars, Jews, Armenians, Bulgarians and Wallachs—all are pledged not to give aid to Russia, or England the Ally of Russia, in the great War that was presently to be waged with France and the Ottoman Empire—over the Debatable Ground. . . . I was to have a great reward of you for my services. One million one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs, to be definite! Keep your stolen money! Could I buy back self-respect with the price of blood? As for you, you have won your Empire—have brought about the War you schemed and plotted for; you will take the field with Turkey and your Ally of England shoulder to shoulder, side by side! Ah!—you read Machiavelli at the Fortress of Ham to good purpose! . . . You grew more than violets upon the ramparts, Monsigneur! You matured plans for revenge. . . . And you will have your honeyed vengeance," said Dunoisse, in that distinct, rasping whisper, "and gall will mingle with the sweetness as you suck it. For those old associates of yours—those men of the Reform and Carlton Clubs of London—will say of you: 'By God!—This Emperor of France is a damned scoundrel!' And, by God!—they will be right!"

The last third of the book deals in the details of the Crimean War; and it is a question whether, from Tolstoy's *Peace and War* to Zola's *La Débâcle*, any novel has dealt more unflinchingly, or with more poignant vividness of the horrors of actual warfare, the anguish of tortured men and tortured horses, the almost unbelievable barbarities of barracks, field and military hospital. One hesitates to emphasise this side of the book, since, taken as a whole, it is not a novel of war more than it is a novel of peace. And yet, it is the roar of cannon and reek of battle-smoke, and wail of human misery that makes the keenest imprint on the senses and lingers most insistently in the memory. And the bigness of the book as a whole depends upon it: because the culminating idea is that of a man who, having been tricked into a deed that brands him with lasting infamy, devotes the whole of his remaining years to the colossal task of mitigating the hardships of war and promoting the movement of universal peace. And the benign and white-haired visage of the aged Dunoisse on his death-bed, his spirit lingering in the flesh only in hopes of a farewell message of pardon and love from the woman whom throughout his life he felt himself unworthy to worship save at a distance, sheds the gentle radiance of a benediction over the closing pages.

There are a score of minor aspects and minor incidents and figures that clamour for a passing word: but it is impossible to do more than hint at the abiding interest of a character like Thompson Jowell, the Army Contractor, with his unspeakable infamies and his everlasting assurances that "Jack Candid is my name," and "Ben Bragg never was my name or nature"; and the redoubtable Moggy Geogehagen, the terror of the barrack mess-room, who from having cried "Herrings!" in the Dublin streets long before her Corporal wooed and won her, could still "cry herrings at the top of all"; and still again, little Mrs. Joshua Horrotian, who hardly had time to adjust herself to barrack-room promiscuity, before "her Woman's Hour come too soon upon the poor young crayture!"—and others, and again others, too numerous even to mention by name. For the fact is that *Between Two Thieves* resembles nothing else in all creative art so much as it does a mighty symphony, with its

separate and contrasting movements, and the underlying and recurring motives that bind and harmonise it into an organic whole. You can almost imagine as you read, the wave of an invisible baton, that silences the fife and drum, hushes all but the string-instruments, and sends forth succeeding waves of sensuous softness; then another commanding gesture, and the air is alive with a quiver of light and gaiety, cascades of tonal colour, a very pyrotechnic glitter of mad frivolity. And then, without warning, the deep solemnity of prayer and hymn, the contagious fire of martial rhythms, the whole orchestral powers unloosed in one thundrous, overpowering expression of death and destruction and the reign of chaos. And so on, through the rise and fall of the successive movements, till they merge at last into the abiding harmony of another sphere. Such, in quite an inadequate way, is an outline of the impression produced by not less than three readings of this book,—and each reading reveals some new and unsuspected quality. It is a remarkable book, doubly remarkable, in that it comes from a woman. For, while there are some types of fiction that a woman naturally, almost inevitably, does better than a man, this is not one of that kind. Almost the rarest thing in fiction is the ability of a woman to handle big, social and ethical problems with the calm detachment, the absence of self-consciousness, that characterise the masculine point of view,—and this quality is one of the distinctive features of the work of "Richard Dehan."

Frederic Taber Cooper.

II

Anatole France's "The Gods are Thirsty"*

The latest novel by Anatole France takes us back to the very midst of the French Revolution, to that year 1793, so fecund in tragic events. Evariste Gamelin, the principal personage, an artist and pupil of the famous David, is a member of the "Pont-Neuf Section" at a time when the situation of the Republic seems hopeless. Two-thirds of the departments are under invasion or in rebellion. Paris, lacking bread and money, lives under the constant menace of the Austrian guns.

Under the influence of revolutionary ideas Gamelin, stern of character and poor, no longer paints subjects of the courtly *genre* peculiar to the eighteenth century; he has adopted symbolism, and his drawings now represent Liberty, the Republic and Republican Virtues; alone, in his wretched *atélier* (he is more occupied with meetings of the Convention than his art) the thought of his two idols, Robespierre and Marat, becomes a veritable obsession.

Evariste loves the *citoyenne* Elodie, daughter of Jean Blaise, a dealer in prints and engravings; not, perhaps, that she appeals to him as exactly pretty. Robust and industrious, more vivacious than beautiful, she might, even, displease others; but her eyes shine brightly under the big white kerchief that covers her dark hair; she is twenty-seven years old, full of ardour, and, in spite of all, graceful. One feels that from her youth up she has been allowed entire freedom by a rich and busy father, a man of easy morals, who is, moreover, but very little interested in the new ideas.

M. Anatole France knows, as no one better, the history of the Revolution. All around the romantic plot which he has provided he has woven, with a hand as light and delicate as that of his own Elodie, a whole series of small pictures destined to bring out the contrast between the old society and the new, just springing into life. He has also painted landscapes, charmingly fresh, spring scenes. In the shade of a green thicket Evariste and Elodie confess their mutual love, the very day of Marat's triumph. Later on they meet in the Luxembourg Gardens, Elodie having chosen the day and place to confess a mistake, that until now she has concealed from every one. In a scene *à la* Jean Jacques Rousseau she avows to her virtuous friend that she has already loved and been betrayed. Here the plot is more strongly outlined.

The months pass, and with July comes Famine. The Parisians besiege the bakeshops. Evariste is placed on the Jury of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The prisons are full to overflowing, and the Public Prosecutor works eighteen hours a day.

*The Gods are Thirsty. By Anatole France. New York: John Lane and Company.

The Convention has established the Reign of Terror, from whence the title of the book: *Les Dieux Ont Soif.*

Romance and History are closely interwoven in M. France's new book. He opens before us the doors of the Revolutionary Tribunal. In two sentences of remarkable clearness the author gives us this definition of the Tribunal: "The old Monarchical conception of the rights of the State inspired this Assembly. Eight centuries of absolute power had formed its Magistrates, and it judged the enemies of Liberty by the principles of Divine Right." Now, we are face to face with Fouquier-Tinville, the Public Prosecutor, formerly a Chatelet attorney, loaded down with debts, and consumed with vice. He owes his new and terrible office to the extreme violence of his opinions. He it was who caused the executions of Marie-Antoinette, the Girondins, Hébert, and Danton; only to be condemned himself, in 1795, after a trial lasting forty days. Anatole France represents him to us as a man assiduous, laborious and gentle, lacking ideas and imagination, a sort of punctual and unconscious automaton. Descriptions are given of the trial of a defeated general, and a *séance* of one of the primary assemblies. Evariste at the beginning had formed a very high ideal of his duty as a Magistrate, and was once even the means of procuring the acquittal of a political prisoner; but, notwithstanding, he continues his nightly visits to the Jacobins, where he attentively follows Robespierre's lessons.

In the gloomy and barren surroundings of the Jacobin Club, laws are dictated to the Convention and men, suspicious and grave, religiously listen to Maximilien's philosophical discourses. Gamelin falls more and more under the evil influence, until, in a moment of extreme exaltation, he feels that his vocation has been made clear by divine revelation. From now on he votes constantly for death, men and women alike, all who appear before him are sent without pity to the guillotine. He participates in the mad blood-thirstiness which has taken hold of these judges, already exhausted by fatigue, anger and fear. Marie-Antoinette, in her turn, is sacrificed. Elected as a member to the *Conseul Général* of the Commune, Evariste's abominable convictions but gather strength. He causes the execution of an *émigré*, whom he wrongfully suspects to be Elodie's seducer. The Prairial Law having suppressed all warrantees of the courts of justice, inquiries, examinations, witnesses and defenders, he unquestioningly accepts the new proceedings instituted under the stress of intense mental excitement.

Robespierre's theories triumph; the judges do not even pretend to take the trouble to inform themselves as to the *real* political opinions of the prisoners brought before them, but condemn each and all upon the opinions *attributed* to them. So sure are they of possessing all Truth and Wisdom, that these magistrates form decisions from a mere impression or instinct. Fifty persons are judged and condemned at one time, while the most diverse opinions are mingled together in the same death. Gamelin associates himself with these sinister parades. . . . One day, however, on leaving the Tribunal, his sister, Julie, stops him and inflicts the supreme outrage of spitting upon him. The end of the book approaches; Robespierre falls in his turn. Evariste, too, is found in the ranks of the accused, and later takes his place in the fatal cart to the hostile cries of the same crowd that so shortly before had insulted the aristocrats. He dies without remorse, without any other regret than to have spared too much blood, and to have put so little ardour in the defence of the Republic. Elodie, in the end, yields to the attractions of the handsome engraver, Desmatris.

If this work were but a simple story, it would not, perhaps, be judged faultless. For example, the character of Elodie remains throughout the entire book a sort of enigma. At one time she is seized with a wild enthusiasm for Evariste at some evidence of compassion, or generosity that he has displayed; at another she looks upon him as a monster, yet adores him in spite of the terror and fear that he causes her. She seems too easily resigned to the sacrifice she contemplates making. Incoherent and frivolous she glides through the book like an ambiguous shadow. If the exigencies of the story demanded that its hero should

triumph over woman, one would have preferred, it seems, to find him struggling with a more forceful character, a typical woman of the Revolution. The human tragedy described could have been made more poignant, without doubt.

But, judging from the evidence, Anatole France, in whom the scholar and the artist are so curiously blended, wished, above all, to give the prominence to history. The entire plot of the story is built up around Robespierre. The dominating figure of the book is that of the terrible Maximilien whose memory has already haunted so many imaginations.

This provincial lawyer, founder of clubs, idol of the people, deputy from Paris to the Convention, inexorable judge of Louis XVI, enemy of the "Girondins," organiser (with Danton) of the Revolutionary Tribunal: this fanatical upholder of virtue, unsparing terrorist, assassin of Hébert and Desmoulins, relentless High Priest of the new religion: this is the real hero of the book. Historians are becoming more and more absorbed in the study of this character. Parties are being formed for and against him. In the eyes of some, he was the most execrable of tyrants, this fretful irritable haranguer, with the false voice, false regard, and false gesture, who would have sent even the dead to the Guillotine. Others, on the contrary, are moved to tender pity in looking upon the death mask taken after his execution. They claim that his features express a haughty and ironical disdain for his murderers, they who but the day before had been his slaves: hymns of praise are sung to this pure and disinterested spirit, to this honest and inflexible conscience, this incarnation of virtue and dignity. Robespierre, for them, was necessary to the Revolution, undermined as it was by corruption, threatened by highly placed personages, and betrayed by stock-dealers and financiers.

Discussions will still be held for a long time on the complex character of the man, but no one will contest his influence. During a short illness from which he suffered in the year II Pluviose, public opinion was completely overwhelmed. The people really thought that if he died the Republic would be lost with him. After his death, the *Incorruptible* was an object of worship to all France, even to the most remote provinces. Thus, popular feeling loves, at all times, to sum up in one single man its obscure thoughts, its hopes, instincts, its very hatreds.

M. Anatole France could not attempt to give us the impartial work on Robespierre that we are still awaiting. He has but lightly touched upon the man's personality. His evident desire is to give us a clear understanding of the almost religious worship with which Robespierre inspired his followers. He has wished to bring to life again that extraordinary Paris of the Terror. Incomplete though it be, it is a splendid work.

Piquant and episodical characters gravitate around Evariste Gamelin, the typical one. There is that curious old man, for instance, to whom M. France seems to have lent some of the traits peculiar to himself: the *citoyen* Maurice Brotteaux, former *traitant* (farmer of the public revenues), late noble, and one time bearer of the distinguished title, "Monsieur des Ilettes."

Brotteaux once owned a beautiful home and had presided over more than one fine supper. To-day his entire wealth consists of a pot of paste and a box of water colours with which he fabricates children's toys. But his spirit remains calm and placid; a perfect philosopher, charitable and kind, he is sceptically indulgent to the opinions of others. By his side M. France has placed the honest monk, Louis de Longuemare, who has been obliged to leave his convent and assume the garb of the regular clergy. Brotteaux delights in his own atheism and chats away just as patiently in the midst of the gravest events, as he discussed and reasoned, comfortably seated, in one of Baron d'Holbach's gilded armchairs. He believes neither in virtue, that "simple expedient conceived by men in order that they may live agreeably together," nor in moral, that "hopeless enterprise undertaken by our fellow-creatures against universal order, which is but strife, slaughter and the blind plaything of contrary forces."

But with all his scepticism he whiles away the time in idle talk with his fellow-prisoner, the *naïf* and charming friar. As Father Longuemare carefully

prepares a defence calculated to confound his accusers, Brotteaux amiably expatiates on war in general, soldiers, for whom he has no love, and reads his *Lucrece*. Death finds them both heroic, in spite of the difference in their convictions.

Secondary figures glide in the wake of the principal characters; equivocal, hypocritical creatures, such as all troublous times engender, second-rate fanatics, uncompromisingly devoted to certain ideas which they refuse to discuss. Picturesque scenes, unencumbered with useless details, full of life and precision succeed each other: the Tribunal, the club, the prison and the guillotine. No violent effects are attempted, in spite of the extremely dramatic quality of the book. An exquisite style, borrowed from the best of the eighteenth century, neutralises the rigidity of the ideas, and the brutality of the facts. Pleasant landscapes are drawn such as we have glimpses of in the old engravings of that epoch; tragedy alternates with idyll, witness that first love-scene beside a thatched cottage, under an April sky and green trees. These rebel Parisians are still lovers of country things, are easily led to melancholy and adore tumbled-down ruins; their hearts, which tremble not in face of death, are stirred with emotion on entering a leafy glade; they are moved to tears at the sight of a reaper's sheaf of grain. He who hesitates to cut a flower in bloom will cut off a head without pity. They dance and sing, even, at times. And the book would not be from the pen of M. Anatole France if the most subtle discussions on art were not intermingled with the dramatic scenes.

This new novel marks a new era in the career of M. France. It is true, in his two books, *L'Orme Du Mail* and *L'Anneau d'Amethyste,* he had already attempted contemporary history. In his great work on Jeanne d'Arc he has shown us to what a degree of self-effacement he is capable before a lofty subject, completely losing sight of self, the better to portray an epoch of artless faith, and simple action. In his new book he reveals himself as we have always known him: infinitely intelligent, ironical, subtle, rather inclined to paradox, true spiritual son of Voltaire and Rénan. We can but admire one of the most successful attempts that has ever been made to bring nearer to us, without deforming it, an epoch whose influence dominates our entire life of to-day.

Edouard Herriot.

III

The Delinquent Child and the Home*

A gentleman who has been called a great purveyor of popular literature, and who is, in plainer English, the proprietor of several very successful magazines, once rated three large classes of short stories perennially submitted to him for publication, about as follows: To love stories he assigned the lowest place, both because they are most commonly offered by writers and have the least appreciable effect upon readers. Next above them in rank he placed the humorous story. And at the top of the list, as the rarest and most effective of the three classes, he set the story of genuine and unforced pathos.

Estimated by such a standard *The Delinquent Child and the Home* belongs to the third and highest class, for it is full of stories of genuine and unforced pathos. And it is not only full of them, it is, in fact, one continued and moving story about a composite type,—the little child, with all of childhood's untutored desires, capacity for happiness and suffering, and unpreparedness for the struggle of life, left carelessly to pick his own way amid the most unfavourable conditions.

What the outcome of these pitifully amateurish essays at living is likely to be is indicated by the fact that in ten years, 1899 to 1909, fourteen thousand one hundred and eighty-three children of Chicago were arrested and brought before the Juvenile Court. This army of young unfortunates, not only in the mass, but in some hundreds of individual cases, has provided the material for *The Delinquent Child and the Home.* And careful investigation of the short life histories of

*The Delinquent Child and the Home. By Sophonisba P. Breckenridge and Edith Abbott Published for the Russell Sage Foundation by the Charities Publication Committee.

these cases, their parents, homes, neighbourhoods, and other contributing causes, coupled with intelligent tabulation of the facts, make it possible for the authors to present very clearly the reasons why children fall into the meshes of the law. As the ranks of the criminal class are recruited very largely from the children who fall into the meshes of the law; and as the crime bill of the nation, with all its cost of courts, police, prisons, and unproductive lives, has been estimated at a billion dollars a year, it can be seen that this book contains food for reflection even for the most thoughtless reader.

In the old days,—the good old days,—the Chicago child who was arrested, tried and convicted of some infraction of the law was punished by a fine or imprisonment. If the fine were not paid, the juvenile offender worked it out at the city jail, in company with the riff-raff and off-scourings of the community at the munificent rate of fifty cents a day. As about eighty per cent. of the children arrested came from the homes of the very poor, a large proportion "laid out," as it was called, their fines at the rate mentioned. And really it would have been cheaper for the city to pay ten times the amount to keep the children out of jail. For a more ingenious and effective means of utterly corrupting childhood and producing hardened criminals could not be devised.

In 1909 Chicago established a separate court for children, separate places of detention, and a judge with a staff of probation officers, the idea being not to punish the frightened, ignorant, neglected little prisoners, but to reform them. First offenders were not detained, but released on probation; and it was the duty of the probation officers to keep in touch with them, influence them for good, and when necessary,—and it was frequently necessary,—stimulate the parents in their parental duties. This system has been in force in Chicago ever since, with wonderful results; and it has been imitated in New York, Denver and many other cities.

The records of this Cook County Juvenile Court for the first ten years of its existence have furnished the material for *The Delinquent Child and the Home.* The mass of court records, reports of probation officers, the juvenile offenders and their parents and homes have been investigated with scientific thoroughness, and the authors set forth their deductions with scientific accuracy and precision. Yet the book is one likely to be read with a little tugging at the heart-strings that is not at all scientific. Whether it discusses "the sad procession of little children and older brothers and sisters who, for various reasons, cannot keep step with the great company of normal, orderly, protected children," *en masse;* or takes up individual cases,—boys arrested for stealing at the ages of seven, six and even five; twelve-year-old girls, and some of ten and nine, taken from houses of prostitution, this is a book of unusual human interest. Even the tables of statistics are vital. When it is shown that fifty-one per cent. of the boys are arrested for violation of property rights, *i. e.,* stealing and wanton destruction, while only fifteen per cent. of the girls are apprehended for similar causes; but on the other hand, only two per cent. of the boys and thirty-one per cent. of the girls are brought in for immorality, and eighty-one per cent. of the girls either for immorality or on account of danger of it, there are grave and startling reasons back of these figures. About eighty per cent. of the children brought before the Juvenile Court are foreign born, or the children of foreign born inhabitants. And an interesting sidelight on this phenomenon is the fact that about seventy per cent. of the parents of these children came from the country or from country towns. In addition to the difficulties of guiding their families of six, ten, or eighteen little ones in a land of whose laws, customs and language they were ignorant, they had been suddenly obliged to adjust their peasant habits to the intense life of a great city. As a result there is an inevitable wastage of good human material.

In revealing the real condition of the delinquent children of Chicago,—children whose type is duplicated in every large city in the country,—*The Delinquent Child and the Home* has performed a splendid public service. For from these children, wavering between useful and

useless, lawful and lawless lives, may spring a vast amount of poverty and crime. If the public will make the way a little easier for them while they still are children,—provide playgrounds, kindergartens, and some sort of care and supervision, the number of those who will find their way ultimately to poorhouses and jails will be greatly reduced. And if the public leaves them to themselves, needy and neglected, it will have to pay for the later careers of many of them, whether the public likes it or not.

Arthur M. Chase.

IV

Hugh Walpole's "A Prelude to Adventure"*

A singular study in psychology is carefully presented in this new book by Mr. Walpole, whose *The Gods and Mr. Perrin* struck a clear note of excellence among the novels of last year. The earlier story was that of a miserable master in an unhappy school, and it was the master's point of view, not that of the boys', which was given to us. In *A Prelude to Adventure* we are made free of undergraduate life in Cambridge, the Dons, the Higher Table, the entire master side of the University being nothing more than a mere light sketch.

It is the young men of the second year, the Juniors, as we should call them, who provide the personnel of the story. Just nice, ordinary young fellows, leaders or followers in their class, interested in football, in their college societies, in more or less speculation as to life, the world and themselves—a healthy, pleasant company, surrounded by the grey Cambridge walls, the little town, the changing aspects of sky and river and country under the varying seasons.

Against this comfortable group of unimaginative young Englishmen is thrown the figure of the hero at grips with his tremendous experience. This young man is half Spanish, and a fine specimen of race, culture, intellect, with a temperament hereditarily lonely, self-sufficing and intensely reserved. This boy, precisely at the moment where the story opens, has murdered a classmate, and stands in the silent woods, dripping in the autumn mist, over the huddled body. He experiences no sensation of remorse. The murdered man has been a cad of the worst description, and so far as he is concerned Olva Dune's only feeling is that the blow, though it had not been given with the formed intention to kill, was a fortunate one. The fellow was dead, and a good riddance to the world. There is, therefore, no regret, but, in the presence of the mortal ending, there dawns upon the murderer's soul an immense conviction of immortality—of the presence of God. He knew that "God had watched him." Here then, in the Cambridge undergraduate environment, Olva and his God begin their struggle.

The story is a study of the age-long mystery of sin in its relation to the human soul, and necessarily touches on the borderland of uncomprehended forces. The fierce intensity of Olva's experience is admirably conveyed. His self-chosen solitariness of former days was a different thing from the spiritual loneliness that now encloses him; and it is with the desperate attempt to escape from this isolation, from this silence, that the first part of the book deals. Olva now identifies himself with all the interests of his class, all its activities. Of great personal charm, he is warmly welcomed, and he surrounds himself closely with his classmates. Queer companionships result, and in particular he awakens in one lad, a sort of class idiot, a desperate devotion. This poor creature becomes, to a degree, Olva's intimate—and finally, under the pressure of his obsession, his confidant.

But new elements enter his life. One is his love for a young girl, the other the suspicion of this girl's brother, awakened by a series of coincidences. There is also a curious spiritual companionship born between the mother of these two and Olva; for in this woman's heart shelters a secret resembling that burdening the young man, though each is only subconsciously aware of the other's sin. Everything combines and presses to one end —confession. And all seems to Olva but the means employed by the great presence, the Shadow of which he is contin-

*A Prelude to Adventure. By Hugh Walpole. New York: The Century Company.

ually conscious, with which he continually struggles. The shadow of God, the overpowering impression of a pursuit, with which two supreme facts are identified; that it is kind and that it is relentless.

The story moves surely and dramatically, held close in the restraint of art, and inspired with a certain superb conviction. The characters are sharply drawn and the college atmosphere in which they move is admirably suggested. Yet the story is so handled that even the most commonplace of these characters or the most ordinary incident occurring are invested with a sense of mystery: the mystery of life and death, of sin and retribution, the everlasting mystery of human relationship broods over all. The book makes, finally, an impression; and though the subject be sufficiently grim, this impression, quite extraordinarily, is one of essential peace and well-being.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

V

CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON'S "THE MIDLANDERS"*

The author of *The Day of Souls* has deserted the field of the underworld, which he furrowed with such understanding, and turned in his new novel to the specialised life of a typical middle western town. The keen interest he also revealed in *My Brother's Keeper,* for the social and economic problems of the day, has not failed him though he has acquired a new manner of approach and a more varied use of his material. The mordant bitter note of the first novel, which made it easily one of the most unusual and vivid portrayals of the old San Francisco any American novelist has given, is now deserted with only occasional flashes, and in its stead we find a charm and lyric quality combined with more delicacy of characterisation. There is, too, in *The Midlanders* less of the rigidity of *My Brother's Keeper,* which at times made it more of a tract than the sincere exteriorisation of different social points of view as typified by warring, irreconcilable characters. Yet this novel before us, which is by no means a perfect piece of work, justifies us in believing that Mr. Jackson is an author of power and capacity who will, no doubt, with the sureness that can only come of time, gain an enviable place among the young men who are already worth watching.

It is only natural that any novelist alive to the political changes which have been evolved in the past few years should chose a middle western town for the scene of conflict. It is here the new forces have locked in combat with the old, here they have begun to achieve some definite results. But it would be manifestly unfair to call Mr. Jackson's novel an attempt to catch the core of the Progressive movement, as Mr. Merwin has, for example, in *The Citadel,* since he has merely used it as a background to what is in reality a love story and the portrayal of a community.

The story opens, however, in the bayoux of Louisiana, which the author pictures with poetry and apparent authority. It starts out with all the nonchalance of pure romance when Aurelie, a mere child, is kidnapped from the orphan asylum by two old soldiers—Captain Tintletoes and Uncle Michigan, who each has a cork leg and a roving disposition. To their astonishment they find they have a girl instead of the boy whom they had desired to carry out some mystical vision of old Tinkletoes. They make the most of the mistake and the author makes the most of his opportunities; for these early scenes are full of open air and are delightful to a degree. Finally, Tinkletoes dies and Michigan feels free to wander forth with the girl. They settle, because their boat gets stuck, on the outskirts of a small town in Iowa. Here Aurelie falls in love with a son of "one of the best families," who is in turn captivated by the illusive difference of this child of nature. But, unbeknown to Aurelie, her picture has been sent into the offices of a Chicago newspaper and she wins the beauty prize. An interesting bit of psychology is here interpreted by the author, who, in the contrasting reactions upon the young man and girl, indicates the radical divergence of their birth and bringing up. In the separation which, of course, ensues, because of the vul-

*The Midlanders. By Charles Tenney Jackson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

garity in all this publicity, added to the opposition of the young man's family, Aurelie, fired with the desire to be somebody, and grasping the opportunity offered, goes on the stage and manages in time to make a success. The gradual change in her character through contact with the world of men as apart from the nature she had alone known, makes her as fascinating as she is interesting. This characterisation of a rather unusual girl, in fact, is the best thing in the book though it falters sadly at the end. As Aurelie is drawn there is nothing to suggest she will ever settle down as the author asks us to believe she will. Indeed her chief charm is just this very uncertainty and impulse which makes her, for example, come back and shock the old town by riding around the sedate "square" three times in a taxi, while an actress friend smokes a cigarette.

The plot obviously takes possession of all the characters in the final chapters, and while the melodramatic complications are exciting and cleverly manipulated, yet the high literary quality suffers. The one character which escapes this criticism and which remains with the reader, is the newspaper man, Curran, who eventually turns out to be Aurelie's father. The unphrased attraction he has for Aurelie before he knows his relation to her is handled with rare delicacy and intuition. In Curran the author has caught with understanding and skill the type of wanderer and failure—the round peg in the square hole—who late in life suddenly finds himself. In the readjustment he finally makes with life credit is due to the new spirit of usefulness which comes to him through contact with Janet and Arne. It is with men and women such as they that the author makes us feel the future success of our democracy rests. One speech of Arne's may be quoted, since it describes the inspiration which first came to him from the hill-topping University in Wisconsin:

> I've lain in bed after bucking all night on solids and economic history, and listened to the young men going up the hill to Carmack's lectures—the young men up the hill in the snow at seven o'clock! And when he declared that the spirit of socialism was the spirit of every good thing the world was fighting for; when he told them to go out and preach the recall, and the State control of wealth—I've heard them shout, and others going up the hill took up the shout. That's what we're getting, along with soil culture and forest preservation and engineering—I tell you it sounds like the march of a new civilisation—the tramp of the young men going up the hill.

George Middleton.

VI

F. Hopkinson Smith's "The Arm-Chair at the Inn"*

One can be reasonably sure of finding certain ingredients in any novel by Mr. Hopkinson Smith and his latest lives up to his others. Here we have the same picturing of a *milieu,* the same broad characterisation and the same charm. His manner is so distinct and personal that even anonymousness would not fool one. As a rule, however, he has generally offered us more plot and less tenuosity than one discovers in *The Arm-Chair at the Inn.* In fact, this novel is casual and discursive, which gives the author scope for his cosmopolitanism, even though it lessens it as an absorbing novel. But one should not find fault with *caviare* if the author prefers it to roast beef, and for what this story attempts it is an unusually good example of the type. It is hardly a novel at all; merely a series of interesting tales and episodes woven around several picturesque and attractive characters. It owes direct lineage to *The Tales of a Wayside Inn,* though Mr. Smith has not been entirely the victim of a pedigree.

He has selected, as the starting point to the story, a group of hungry men who have been annually meeting at an old historic inn on the coast of France. The owner of this, the service, the delightful atmosphere which surrounds it are almost too good to be true. But certainly the effect on the characters is such that they talk and exchange confidences for over three hundred pages. And most of the talk is interesting, too, barring an occasional pun intended for wit, since it covers, in fact, the entire range of human activi-

*The Arm-Chair at the Inn. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ties, from the psychology of fear to the justification of *le mariage de convenance*, with incidental side lights on hunting, eating, art, literature, love and religion. Some of these subjects are caught in powerful little *contes* which suggest Maupassant in theme, though Mr. Smith is too gentle to hurt or shock our sensibilities in his treatment. He is ever the painter in water-colours, which always have charm and delicacy, but seldom the virility of oil.

What plot there is deals with the machinations of an altogether too adorable Marquise, full of the spirit of youth and yet a lover of antiques, who is determined to arrange a love match between two of the servants at the inn. There is nothing particularly original about her manner of handling the situation, for she merely raises the young man's social status by making him her head-gardener, yet somehow the author lends to it an idyllic quality particularly his own. None of the other characters, unless we except Lemois, the unusual inn-keeper, who has opposed the match, are materially altered by the course of the story, though they all lend a hand to the romance. There is, however, one episode in the book which carries the reader back to *Caleb West*, and reminds us that among the author's versatile accomplishments he is, besides novelist and painter, an engineer of standing. He is always at his best when he is describing the ravages of the sea, with which his light-house building has made him so familiar, and the scenes, in the present novel, where the waves rush upon the cottage on the cliff and gradually swallows it is a vivid and stirring bit of writing. But nothing else disturbs the calm of the story, which otherwise meanders on prettily and poetically to a satisfactory ending.

Griffin Mace.

VII

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS'S "THE MARSHAL"*

While there are few themes as compelling as self-sacrifice none grows more wearisome when carried to excess. It is unfortunate, then, that Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews should have made the protagonist of her first long story so completely, irritatingly unselfish; for even in romance one demands the touch of realism that makes illusion possible. *The Matchmaker*, really, might fit more comfortably on the title-page than *The Marshal*. At least the Chevalier Beaupré's self-immolation accomplishes the married happiness of most of his friends, while only death prevents his learning that his finally won baton is of paper.

Napoleon the Great, scarcely a paragon of virtue himself, is largely responsible for the Chevalier's disposition. He finds him, a peasant lad of three, crawling about the floor of his temporary headquarters, tugging at Marshal Ney's sword. This puts him in such a good humour that he bids the child rise, Chevalier of France.

The boy never recovers from this affair. His life becomes devoted to the Bonaparte cause. He grows up with only three ambitions: to see another Napoleon on the throne of France, to become himself a Marshal of the Empire,—and, later, to win the love of the daughter of an old general who takes him under his patronage. This young lady, however, has been betrothed in her infancy to the son of one of her father's companions in arms. So the Chevalier, hiding his own passion, tries to bring the two together. Through a combination of remarkable mistakes, instead of learning of his success, he believes that the girl loves him. Happy in this illusion, he accompanies Prince Louis Bonaparte on the ill-fated expedition to Boulogne. Here, when failure is certain, he is sure, through another set of errors, that victory is complete. Prince Louis rounds everything nicely by making him Marshal of an empire that does not exist, and only death is necessary to cut the knot.

There are, as has been suggested, other minor love affairs in which the Chevalier plays the good angel.

Many brave figures are to be met in these pages—the First Napoleon, Prince Louis, Marshal Ney, Queen Hortense—a host of others. The only pity is that, if the reader is somnolently inclined, the tramp of their passing will not disturb him.

Charles W. Camp.

*The Marshal. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

VIII

Arthur Train's "C. Q. In the Wireless House"*

A society beauty of international notoriety, a pompous sea captain, two fugitives from English justice, half a dozen minor characters, and a freckled-faced wireless operator of aristocratic lineage who carries his part as hero with engaging irresponsibility—these are the ingredients of Arthur Train's *C. Q. In the Wireless House*. The book is one of which many pleasant, inconsequential things may honestly be said. Mr. Train's style is always easy and colloquial, with a vein of unforced humour. The story is well balanced and entertaining. It serves adequately its frank purpose of providing two hours' legitimate light amusement. Beyond all this there is a very vivid picture of New York Harbour and the city as they appear to the returning Americans and the visiting Europeans on the deck of the *Pavonia*. *C. Q.* is an excellent sample of the light literary refreshment that is being offered in a period when the dish is infinitely better chosen, cooked, and garnished than it has ever been before. Of course, if the reader decides to pass it by, and select something else in its place, it is a matter of no serious importance.

Stanhope Searles.

IX

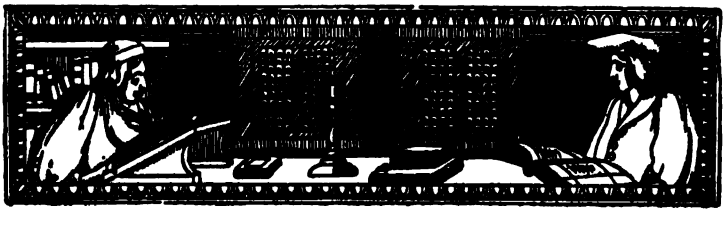
R. H. Davis's "The Red Cross Girl"†

In the stories that make up this volume Mr. Davis is far from showing himself the splendid literary workman who achieved *Captain Macklin*. Nor is there any individual tale that is nearly so good as "The Consul," which alone made his preceding volume of short stories conspicuous. On the other hand there is no reason for professing serious disappointment. The tales are entertaining and ingenious, conventional Richard Harding Davis tales, with conventional Davis heroes and heroines. Perhaps the least adequate of the stories is that from which the volume takes its title. "The Red Cross Girl" is distinctly a poor Davis story; certainly it is not to be compared with the tale that follows it, "The Grand Cross of the Crescent," which takes a delinquent college student to Constantinople to play poker with Turkish potentates to win a famous decoration for the old professor who has flunked him. Then there is "The Invasion of England," the story of how the great German War plot was frustrated because on a certain evening a young British army officer, an American newspaper correspondent, and two Oxford students elect to perpetrate a hoax on the people of some town on the English East Coast. Decidely ingenious is the plot of "The Mind Reader," which tells of a young man who finds himself suddenly endowed with a strange power, by which, in the course of a few hours, he is able to foil a planned assassination of Royalty, expose the sale of a fraudulent painting, and win a fortune for himself. Then there is "Blood Will Tell," in which chance brings adventure into one of the most commonplace of lives, and the taking of a wrong train leads the salesman for an automatic punch company to strike the blow for Cuba Libre that makes him the hero of a continent. Perhaps something of the old spirit and fire is lacking, but the day is not yet come when the most exacting reader can bring against Mr. Davis the charge of dulness.

R. A. Whay.

*C. Q. In the Wireless House. By Arthur Train. New York: The Century Company.

†The Red Cross Girl. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



THE QUESTION OF FULL VALUE AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IN the writing of fiction, as in most other things, some of the simplest rules are the hardest of application. A rule of this sort is that which requires the writer to choose the details of his story so as to get full value out of it. In other words, if he is to make the most of his central idea, he must give it in every way the best chance of success, by the exercise of wise selection in character, setting and incident. The principle is simple enough; the trouble comes in the application, because it means extra work and hard work,—patient drudgery, in fact, at every moment of the story's development. Some authors achieve the best way by instinct and at the first trial; others, no matter how hard they try, though they may achieve satisfactory results, never quite attain the best; it still eludes them, because somewhere in the structure there has been a faulty choice, a fatally weak spot. And the only way to build a perfect story is to imitate the example of *The Deacon's One-Hoss Shay,* and "make the weakest spot strong as the rest."

Let us suppose, by way of illustration, that when Alexandre Dumas prepared to write *The Three Musketeers,* instead of having the nucleus of his story all ready at hand, in the form of D'Artagnan's Memoirs, he had been under the necessity of building the whole story up, detail by detail, upon the cornerstone of this one germ idea: four heroes, united by the bond of friendship, perform a great service on behalf of a woman. Now, since this is romantic fiction, in which we are not tied down to the strict prosaic actualities of life, the best results, the full value, may for the most part be obtained by the use of superlatives, great wealth, high rank, the pomp and glitter of big ceremonials, the heroism that hourly defies death. We may imagine Dumas reasoning the whole matter out, after this fashion: the best setting is a great Court, not in some little German duchy or Balkan principality, but in a monarchy,—and if so, why not in the monarchy that of all others has the most interest for French readers, and at the epoch when that monarchy was entering on its greatest brilliance? As for the woman, desperately in need of the chivalrous service,—why, if we are to get the best value out of the idea, she must be the most illustrious woman in the land, she must be the queen, and of all dangers that may threaten a woman, whether queen or peasant, what is greater than loss of honour? And, once again, if the story is to be written in the biggest possible way, the danger must come from a source that vies with royalty in power and authority; it must be no mere private enmity, no back-stairs work of some jealous maid-in-waiting. And, of course, the one power that vies with the State is the Church, and the highest authority of the Church in France is the Cardinal,—and as it happens, the biggest of all cardinals is ready to hand in this particular epoch. In the same way, we could go through every detail of the book and show how they are all successively built upon this same principle of superlatives, —how, for instance, the very friendship that cements the immortal four insolubly together has its basis, not in the initial three-cornered private quarrel, but from having fought shoulder to shoulder against the Cardinal's guards,—State against Church, you see, from the very opening of the story.

Of course, a method that suits romantic melodrama would not suit the quiet realism of a Jane Austen. And yet, if we understand the word, superlative, in the right sense, it still applies, even in *Pride and Prejudice* or *Emma.* Here it is a question of being, not superlatively flamboyant and spectacular, but superlatively simple and natural and prosaic.

A touch of extravagance, a purple patch, would ruin the quiet harmony of her inimitable art. Although the very antithesis of Dumas in every detail, Jane Austen rivals him in that in-born gift of selection that inevitably chooses what, for the purposes of a particular story, will tend to extract the full value from it.

Unfortunately for modern fiction, not one author out of twenty takes the trouble to apply this principle consistently. Half the time, when we are told the clothes the characters wear, the food they eat, the homes they live in, we feel instinctively that these clothes, this food, these home surroundings do not represent the personal choice of the characters in question, but are thrust upon them by the author, who knows they must eat and be clothed and have a roof over their heads, and does not take the trouble to decide what the personal taste of his characters may be.

And it does not make any difference what type of story you are going to write, whether a *Richard Yea-and-Nay* or a *Dolly Dialogue,* a *Moonstone* or a *Brewster's Millions,* the principle is the same: it is your duty, in any case, to get the biggest value out of your germ idea, whether it is tragedy or the lightest of farces. In fact, the book which suggested this line of thought is farce of a very light order: *The Flight of Faviel,* by R. E. Vernede. The starting point of the story is a good farce-comedy situation: two men, in love with the same girl, and strongly antagonistic to each other, because the one is a gentleman with slender means, and the other a vulgar, purse-proud cad, are on the verge of a senseless quarrel over the inefficiency of the police, when the quarrel is side-tracked by the proposal, on the part of the cad, to wager ten thousand pounds that the other cannot drop out of sight, go into hiding, vanish so completely as to baffle the efforts of the police for a whole month to find him. From the standpoint of the cad, whose name happens to be Blenkenstein, this wager has two good features: it will remove his rival from the path for a whole month, and in case he loses, it will cripple him financially, while to Blenkenstein ten thousand pounds are a mere bagatelle. Faviel, the rival suitor, accepts the wager, and on the appointed night proceeds to disappear, on the stroke of the hour, by taking a midnight train, the same train bearing with him, in another compartment, the three detectives that Blenkenstein has put upon his trail. Now, it was open to the author to choose whether Faviel should have some deep-laid and subtle plan of disappearance, or no plan at all. As a matter of fact, he chooses the second alternative, which perhaps was a wise choice, because it offers opportunities for a greater variety of surprises, and therefore, according to our rule tends to give fuller value. But the haphazard of the passing hour requires far more sheer cleverness to make it plausible, on the one hand, and adequately thrilling on the other. And the real trouble with this story, a trouble that we feel increasingly as it progresses, is that it is a good deal of a fuss about nothing: that Faviel has not really hidden himself more effectually than the proverbial ostrich, and that it is rather kind of the detectives to fail to discover him. There is just one good moment in the whole wild-goose-chase, and that is when Faviel has hidden himself in a gigantic old wardrobe, which the head detective proceeds to purchase and load upon a truck; whereupon, while the truckman is loitering in the bar-room, over a parting glass of ale, the heroine's young brother steals truck, wardrobe and all, and drives off with it to his own home. The possibilities of what will happen when the wardrobe is opened and Faviel discovered promise to afford real entertainment; but, unfortunately, Faviel extricates himself before discovery, and the whole episode of the wardrobe proves abortive. The book leaves an abiding impression that a good deal more could have been made of its opportunities, if the author had chosen to build it less at haphazard.

"The Flight of Faviel"

Bella, by Edward C. Booth, is a story of the quiet, unobtrusive kind, whose merit depends upon the author's success in sustaining the same mood throughout. The setting is a secluded English seaside resort; the

"Bella"

characters, at least those that count, are three in number: a dreamy, idealistic young man of three-and-twenty, usually called the Poet, though his real name is Rupert Brandon, a half-grown girl of thirteen, who looks older and is named Bella Dysart, and lastly, Bella's mother. At the opening of the story, Bella quite unconventionally proceeds to make the acquaintance of the Poet, whose looks she happens to fancy, by making the startling request that he will take care of her shoes and stockings, while she goes wading. This is the beginning of a little idyll, delightful in its innocence, its sincerity, and light-hearted spirit of good-fellowship. The author has wished to show a girl in the transition period, not yet a woman, yet no longer quite a child; a girl curiously mature in thought, yet surprisingly naïve and ignorant on many of the vital questions of human life.

Bella delighted him, fascinated him. She was a little musical human instrument; a perfect scale of the purest, tenderest emotions. . . . Her innocence was often guilty of raising blushes on the cheek of experience, for purity of heart alone is proof against embarrassment, and knowledge is the chief complicating factor of life. Between good and bad,—that shady midway territory where most of the human misdemeanors lie,—a wide and tractless region reigned in Bella's mind. Wickedness she knew only by hearsay, by repute; like some faraway country on the map, as remote and as unreal as the Greenland of the hymn. . . . Her every note was struck with the fearless ignorance of evil; one felt at once how innocent she was by the bold way in which she avoided nothing, for one can sound the depth of people's knowledge as much by the discretion of their silence as the frankness of their speech.

Presently, however, a new note comes into the story, with the entrance of Bella's mother.

Already the eyes of the Poet and Mrs. Dysart have made acquaintance over Bella's shoulder, smiling mutual recognition of the girl's dear inconsequence. . . . The hand she proffers over Bella's shoulder is very white and very slender, albeit the fingers that the poet holds in his a moment are nothing fragile, but softly and taperingly fleshed. In their motion they agitate a faint warm fragrance,—one or other of those tenuous scents in which the Sex secretes and insinuates itself,—the slightest waft, to the accompanying music of a bunch of golden mascots that hang from her wrist. Also, the fingers extended to the Poet's touch are ringed. Turquoise and emerald and blood-red ruby flash upon them with a vivacity that would be dangerous to flesh less fair, or a hand less shapely.

These two quotations will suffice to show the contrast between mother and daughter, as well as to prove this author to be a keen observer regarding those elusive little details that spell out the secrets of feminine psychology. The notable thing about the situation that he asks us to consider is that, at the start there is, apparently, no situation at all; nothing, at least, noteworthy in a casual summer acquaintance of a young man with a girl too young for him to think of seriously, and a mother correspondingly too old. But little by little we come to realise that that same "insinuating sense of Sex" makes itself felt in every word that Mrs. Dysart utters, every movement and gesture that she makes. She cannot help it, the allurement is there, it is part of herself, and it reaches across and bridges the ten years' span that separates her from Brandon. But because he is still relatively young and unspoiled, because he has not lost his early reverence for women, chiefly, perhaps, because he is a Poet, Brandon does not realise the obvious facts of the situation, does not ask himself whither the lure is leading him, does not even stop to wonder what manner of woman this one is, who seems to have no other friends or acquaintances, and who has come from he knows not where. He is living in a fool's paradise, a waking dream; possibly, in his poet's fancy, the virginal innocence of the daughter and the sensuous allurement of the mother have blended into an ideal woman, the two sides of whose natures are alternately evoked when he is in the presence of the one or the other. But if Brandon is blind, the outside public is not: and soon certain sedate and loyal old friends are greatly scandalised to learn through current gossip that Brandon is supposed to be maintaining a notorious woman, one with a long and un-

savoury record, in the secluded little cottage by the sea. When Brandon first hears this gossip, he is incredulous and furiously indignant; then, little by little, certain details, unnoticed at the time, come back to him, and a cruel fear awakens that the gossip, at least such part of it as concerns her past, may be true. The strong scene of the book is his farewell dinner alone with Mrs. Dysart, when she guesses that he has been told, and, throwing aside her masque, almost overwhelms him in the tempestuous whirlwind of her passions. It is Bella, innocently entering the room at a crucial moment, who sobers Brandon's whirling senses, and results in the earnest plea that he afterward makes to Mrs. Dysart, to consider the disastrous future which her recklessness is preparing for the girl; to settle down to a life of humdrum respectability, for her daughter's sake; in short, to accept the annual allowance which he, in a true poet's exuberance, disinterestedly offers her. It is all very consistent, and very delightful, and quite contrary to the way in which things work themselves out in real life. But you do not feel the falsity while you read, because the whole story is such a good piece of structural and verbal harmony.

"The Moth"

The Moth, by William Dana Orcutt, is the story of a young woman who, because she is unhappily married, finds herself impelled by an irresistible desire to defy the accepted conventions of life; and on the other hand, it is the story of a sedate young lawyer, a man who is devoted to his wife, and because he is sure of himself sees no harm in his frank friendship for the other young woman, even though she is unconventional and the world will talk. Lucy Spencer is the type of woman who delights in playing with fire; the type that utters piquant audacities with an air of studied demureness, and is secretly not a little frightened if any man makes the mistake of following her bold lead with corresponding boldness. Her whole character stands revealed in just one luminous little incident in the opening chapter, forming the climax of a long and friendly expostulation on the part of Ned Cunningham because of her indiscretions with other men:

> "Oh, Ned,—don't be cross!" The smiling face again came nearer to his, and the dancing eyes mocked his self-restraint. "Neddie," she repeated softly, "you may kiss me if you like—just once, to show how much I trust you."
>
> Cunningham held her in his arms as in a vise for so long a moment that it frightened her.
>
> "You're not really going to do it?" she cried aghast.

At the same time, the character of Lucy Spencer is so drawn that one cannot help seeing the possibilities of fine womanhood that are dormant under the surface frivolity, and that need only the touchstone of happiness to awaken them. Unfortunately, she is mated with a coarse-natured sensualist, a man whose warmest interest in her is his pride in seeing her stir the pulses of other men. Oddly enough, he is never even jealous of her, excepting in regard to the one man of whom he does not need to be jealous, and that is Cunningham. Lucy cares for Cunningham as a friend, but she cares for the friendship of his wife even more; and she is goaded to a fury of impotent anger and distress when her husband tells her brutally that he is about to start proceedings for divorce and to name Cunningham as co-respondent. To go minutely into all the minor details of the plot; to point out the peculiar damage that such a scandal would inflict on Cunningham's prospects for election as governor of the State; to trace the complications of a famous murder trial, that lays the basis of Cunningham's legal fame, and the secret hold that he gets over Vallie Spencer, by the discovery that the principal "suspect" in the case is a woman whom he has been secretly supporting,—all this would be superfluous in a brief analysis of a story that depends for its interest less on clever plot construction than on the development of a personality. And when, through the unwavering loyalty of Cunningham, Vallie Spencer is not only silenced but persuaded, for a money consideration, to disappear in some remote corner of Europe and let his wife get her freedom on the

ground of desertion, we are left with the comfortable conviction that she is on the threshold of that awakening that was foreshadowed from the beginning, and is soon to find substantial happiness in the love of a patient, faithful Englishman, who, having waited long, is none the less contented to wait a little longer.

"Davidée Birot"

Davidée Birot is another typical volume by René Bazin, charmingly written, as all of his books are, yet pervaded with a sense of the physical and spiritual greyness of middle-class provincial life. Davidée Birot, the central figure of the volume, is the daughter of a simple mason, with ambitions above his kind, for he gives her, at the cost of many sacrifices, an education that fits her to become later the teacher of a modest village school. Now in this village there is a man who has not yet outgrown his youth, who attracts the attention of Davidée, and feels an answering interest awaken in himself. But this man is living openly with a woman who is not his wife and who has a child that is the daughter of the husband who deserted her. Davidée has the austerity and the intolerance of youth; furthermore, she pities the child, whose sense of her mother's open disgrace is slowly breaking down her health. Also, as her interest in the man grows keener, the factor of jealousy comes to play no small part in her actions. At all events, it is her influence that prompts the man to put an end to a false position, by breaking once and forever with the other woman, and disappearing from the village. The woman, suffering under the double blow of her lover's desertion and her child's death, heaps abuse upon Davidée, until the latter, awakening to a remorseful sense of the heartache that her uncompromising morality has wrought, undertakes to remedy the harm to some extent by finding the woman's truant husband and bringing him back to support his wife, and save her from the grinding toil of a scrub-woman's life. Davidée succeeds in finding the husband, but to make him come back is another matter. With true peasant obstinacy, he refuses, but offers to compromise by sending his son, a sturdy, well-grown lad, as his substitute. So, in a measure, Davidée succeeds in making restitution; and when in the course of time her lover returns, there is not even the shadow of another woman's loneliness to stand between them. A very quiet tale, in which we see the true provincial life of France, gently softened through the idealising vision of René Bazin.

"Mary Pechell"

Mary Pechell is the name of the latest volume by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes; and her well-wishers will be glad to note that it is not a detective story, after her later manner, but a reversion to the careful analytical method of her earlier volumes. At the opening of the book, we are introduced to a certain John Ryman, who apparently has, up to this point, had the whole world laid as a special gift at his feet. He is the only near relative of a wealthy old aunt, he has the comfortable assurance that he is her acknowledged heir; he knows, further, that in winning the hand of the one woman he has ever cared for, Mary Pechell, he will be fulfilling the heart's desire of his aunt, Lady Susan Baliol,—because, however little liking Lady Susan may have had for her heir, she loves her protégée, Mary Pechell, with all her heart. Furthermore, John Ryder, being well endowed in his own right, has cherished an ambitious scheme to purchase the estate adjoining Lady Susan's,—an estate, the crowning attraction of which is an ancient landmark, a ruined castle dating back unnumbered centuries. But when we first make the acquaintance of John Ryder, journeying in a first-class carriage, to visit his aunt, he is readjusting himself from the first serious set-back that fate has ever inflicted on him,—some one else has outbidden him for the coveted estate and ruined castle. As fate wills it, he has for a fellow-traveller in the same compartment a stranger, the initials on whose handbag reveal the fact that he is Richard Caryll, the successful competitor. What John Ryder does not suspect is that this same Richard Caryll is destined to be once again his successful competitor, this time for the hand of Mary Pechell. Such in brief is the clever trick of construction that at the outset makes us see

the whole essential framework of the plot through the eyes of a character destined to play a subordinate part from start to finish. Richard Caryll comes back to the scenes of his childhood a reformed character. In buying the ruined castle, he is obeying a long dormant instinct of family loyalty. His great-grandfather lived long years in that castle with another man's wife; his grandfather, the last of the line, could not inherit, because he was illegitimate. The erring wife never secured her freedom; even after her death, the husband's vindictiveness pursued her and prompted him to take legal measures to compel the restitution of her body. But the ancestor of Richard Caryll overreached him; and while the woman's body was still lying in its coffin, he dismissed his servants one night, took one last look at the beloved face, and then deliberately fired the castle,—and, before morning, nothing but smouldering stone walls remained. The crooked streak in the family, if there was one, broke out once more in the fourth generation. In his youth, Richard Caryll, —to call him by a name which was not his own,—was a confidential clerk in a large financial house run on strangely slipshod methods. It was easy for him to rob them of many thousands of pounds, and then disappear, leaving a letter making restitution of the bulk of it, excepting what he needed for travelling expenses and what he had put into an annuity for his aged mother. Years afterward, Richard Caryll comes upon the scene, unrecognised by any of his former friends. But he has awakened the hostility of John Ryder; and with the persistence of petty natures, John Ryder does not rest until he has verified his suspicions that there is something more than queer about Richard Caryll. As it happens, Ryder's industrious ferreting does not profit him; because Mary Pechell is the type of woman who looks beyond human acts, down to the character of the man who has done them; and she is above the littleness that will hold against a man the error of a distant ancestor, or even his own error committed in youth,—especially when, as in this case, she is following the promptings of her own heart. A well-told story, which nevertheless leaves the impression that the author has not got its whole value out of it.

"Lifted Masks"

Miss Susan Glaspell is a writer who may be trusted to claim full value out of any plot that she undertakes to develop. In fact, if one were to venture to bestow gratuitous advice upon her it would be to advise her, on her own behalf, to cultivate reserve, and spread her admirable work just a little thinner, in order to save exhaustion of nerve tissue. Her first volume of collected short stories is now open on the desk, beside the typewriter on which this review is being taken down. *Lifted Masks* is the title chosen for them, and, whether she meant it or not, there is no question that the effect of these stories in the aggregate is to strip off the mask from life and show people as they really are. It would be quite easy to devote a long review to this one volume alone. It is impossible to discriminate between the different stories it contains. Indeed, the only fair way to deal with them would be, either to speak at some length of all, or to generalise in a non-committal way quite briefly, excepting for the fact that, as a marked exception to the bulk of short-story volumes, this one really has chosen the best of the collection to occupy first place. "One of Those Impossible Americans" is an almost perfect specimen of the short story, judged according to the most modern standards. More than that, it is one of those triumphs of the art of fiction that, disregardless of any rules, surprises the reader into a mood hovering precariously between smiles and tears. And, after all, how surprisingly simple it is! It shows us a sophisticated young American girl, characteristically self-conscious of her American accent, imply because her knowledge of French speech and customs is superlatively good. In one of the big Paris emporiums of fashion she suddenly finds herself accosted by one of that type of Americans that we sometimes think must emanate solely from the office of Thomas Cook and Son, because we meet them practically never at home, yet they are ubiquitous in England and on the Continent. Miss Glaspell's particular specimen, who hails her as "Say,

Young Lady," and declares, "I can just spot an American girl every time," is evidently in dire need. He speaks little or no French; he has no standard of values, and most of all, he is ignorant regarding feminine raiment; yet he is trying desperately to purchase a lavish outfit for his wife, underclothing and outer garb, for his wife,—and is being indecently swindled in the process. He addresses the young woman from America who serves as narrator,—and of course she is as much Miss Glaspell as the narrator of *Soldiers Three* is, for narrative purposes, Mr. Kipling. Well, although conscious that she is doing a most unconventional thing, the American girl helps him out, not only by saving him from Parisian vandalism, but by trying to curb his violent colour sense, his apparent desire to deck a middle-aged wife out in scarlet stockings and flamboyant robes that even a demimoondaine of the boulevards would shrink from. And finally, at the end, when the patient, elderly, care-worn American has bought a vast accumulation of things he didn't want, and supplemented them by over-bearing her protests and buying a few things that he did want, he breaks his reticence and explains:

"Young lady, what do you think of this? I'm worth more 'an a million dollars,—and my wife gets up at five in the morning to do washing and scrubbing. Oh, it's not that she *has* to, but she *thinks* she has. For twenty years we were poor as dirt. Then she did have to do things like that. Then I struck it rich. Or rather, it struck me. Oil, oil in a bit of land I had. I had just sense enough to make the most of it; one thing led to another —well, you're not interested in that end of it. But the fact is that now we're rich. Now she could have all the things that these women have—Lord A'mighty, she could lay abed every day till noon if she wanted to! But—you see?—it *got* her—those hard, lonely, grinding years *took* her. She's"—he shrunk from the terrible word, and faltered out—"her mind's not——"

Altogether this story still gives the impression that it did on its first appearance in magazine form of being one of the most haunting short stories of the last decade. It is so primitively simple in structure, and yet it has wrung out the ultimate atom of its possible tension and pathos.

THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Book II

Chapter XII



IN the days that followed their parting by the river, Dicky was almost like one who had lost his reason. It did not escape the schoolmaster's notice; but he said nothing. Anne had told him what she knew of Dorothy; told it with those exhortations to secrecy which are the first delicious moments as love dawns in a flush upon a grey horizon.

All that likeness to Christina which Mr. Furlong had spoken of Mr. Hollom saw in Anne, and more besides. Love had already got the bandage about his eyes. He realised none of those characteristics, the lack of imagination, the absence of impulse which, inheriting from her father, she so differed from Christina. He saw her mother's eyes, her mother's forehead, her mother's hair. He heard Christina playing whenever Anne sat down to the piano. Though there was no comparison in their abilities, his imagination supplied all that Anne lacked. Not once did he realise it, but it was Christina whom he loved, Christina who dominated him all through his life.

"They've quarrelled," Anne told him

Copyright, 1912, by E. Temple Thurston.

one day. "I've seen Dorothy and she never said a word about him."

"Shall I speak to Dicky?" Mr. Hollom suggested.

"No—no—don't! He'll know I've told you then. They'll make it up. I could see Dorothy had been crying."

But theirs was more than a quarrel. It needed more than mere making up. Dicky had but to give his promise that he would not go to London and Dorothy had been again in his arms, whispering those gentle consolations with which a woman ever bathes the wound she has inflicted. Yet distraught as Dicky was with the pressing need of her, some quality in him was sterner than to let that promise be made. Something he knew must be done, some alternative be raised to mend the rift which had come between them. The thought of making that promise came many times to his mind, but with every fresh consideration of it, he knew its impossibility the more. It was not that love was not worth it. Love was worth more to him then than he had ever imagined. A voice of conscience it was forbidding him. That vague and intangible ideal which men know as truth, and of which they so seldom approach understanding, this was the real voice that called him. If he lived on in Eckington, he would be living a lie. He put the thought away from him, taking an oath beneath his breath that he would forget her.

"I'll go before June," he muttered to himself. "I'll go while old Hollom's here."

That evening after supper he contrived to get Mr. Hollom alone.

"I'm not going to wait till June," said he. "I'm going to-morrow."

Mr. Hollom took his arm.

"What's the matter, old chap?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Dicky.

"Yes—but why have you changed your mind?"

"Because—because I suppose it would be better while you're here. You can say something to the pater after I've gone."

"You won't tell me, then?" said Mr. Hollom.

"Nothing to tell," said Dick stiffly.

"Well—I'm afraid you can't go to-morrow."

"Why not?"

"I've got to get that money for you first. I don't walk about with ten pounds in my pocket. I must write those letters of introduction, too."

"They wouldn't take long," said Dicky.

"No—they wouldn't. Still, there's the money."

"Could I go the day after to-morrow."

Mr. Hollom smiled.

"No. I couldn't get it as soon as that. Why don't you tell me why you've changed your mind. P'raps I can help."

"You couldn't help," muttered Dicky and the tears were perilously near his eyes. "Nobody can help. I'm miserable—that's all, and I want to get away."

Mr. Hollom laid his hand on his shoulder.

"I'll have the money for you in a few days," said he. "And remember, you'll have a hard time of it. Don't imagine you're going away to a land flowing with milk and honey. You're going to a city of fogs and misery, and you won't be able to live as a lot of them do to forget the misery that's all round them. You'll be in the thick of it. Often and often you'll be one of those miserable ones yourself. What do you think it'll be like to go without a meal now and then?"

"I shan't care," said Dicky.

"My dear boy, you'll care just as much as anybody else does. You'll hate the people who crowd into the restaurants as you go by with an empty stomach. Life'll show you its disappointments then. You think it's shown you enough now. But you wait till your pictures come back and come back till you're sick of the sight of them. You wait till you give your first little show in your first little studio. Count the people who come to see your pictures, and compare them with the number you hoped would come. And when they've all gone, never buying a single thing, remember what I've been saying now. Disappointment, my dear boy! You don't know the first letter of it."

All these were words to Dicky. They had no meaning to deter him. He listened quietly to all that Mr. Hollom said, and with such attention as that the schoolmaster began at last to believe he had dissuaded him from going.

"Well," he concluded at length. "Do you still want to go?"

And Dicky, who all the time had been thinking how there must still be more days when he could see Dorothy if he chose, replied that he did.

"But I won't see her," he added in silence to himself. "I must go and go alone, and go without saying good-bye."

"Have you listened to what I've been saying?" asked Mr. Hollom shrewdly.

"Yes," said Dicky, and told his lie calmly with a steady eye on Mr. Hollom's face.

Chapter XIII

The next day was Sunday, three days before Dicky was to leave the mill.

It was one of those moments in the year when summer steals a march on spring, and looks upon the country side she is so soon to wed. There are such magic days in the earth's mythology. It is as when a god looks forth from out Olympus to see some unsuspecting maiden stepping down into the water as she goes to bathe.

In every thorn bush and in every tree the birds were fast a-building. As the sun rose in the morning sky their choruses began, the chirp of sparrows in the eaves, the twittering of finches in the hedgerows. From the dense brambles bursting into leaf, the blackbirds scattered at each disturbing sound. A speeding glimpse of the yellow beak, the deep-throat gurgle of the frightened note, and they had vanished in the thicket. Upon their nests, already built, the thrushes sat with watching eyes, so still they might have been a carving out of wood. From twig to twig the wrens hopped, piping in their shrillest voice. Close to their nests in the hedges the warblers lingered harbouring in the willows near at hand, lest the passer-by at the river side should guess the secret in their hearts.

The whole world was mating, and all the earth in bud. Beneath that beating sun of the precocious summer the buds upon the may trees broke their bonds, the apple-blossom spread to fainter pink. In the still heat as the day drew on the cowslips dropped their heavy heads. Only the kingcups by the water's edge stood up erect and turned their glittering faces to the sun.

Like a maiden setting out to meet her lover the meadows scented themselves with flowers; from the hedges the warm honeyed perfume of the gorse, from the edge of every stream the scent of mint that made one breathe again.

Yet to Dicky when he rose the whole world seemed a sorry place. Like a bird with a broken wing for whom there is no mating, he rose in the morning to face another day—another day within call of Dorothy, another day when he might yet bring her to his side. But his determination was firmly set. A few more hours of it he surely had the strength to bear. To his father he complained of a headache, and said he could not go to church.

"Unless it's very bad," said Mr. Furlong, "I don't think you ought to let it interfere with your duty. You wouldn't be the first person who'd suffered pain rather than miss their day of worship. It's not much to ask of any one, one day in every week. Don't you think you'd like to go?"

"Well—it is very bad," Dicky replied. "I couldn't pay proper attention. I don't think I'll go," and he half closed his eyes in proof of the pain that he was suffering.

Mr. Furlong said no more; therefore Dicky watched them depart with their gloves and their prayer-books, taking a deep breath of relief as he heard the click of the wicket gate and knew that he was alone.

"I never believe," said Mr. Furlong as they walked along the road toward Eckington; "I never believe in forcing a boy to go to church when he doesn't feel like it. That's not the way to cultivate the religious spirit."

"I think you're quite right," agreed Mr. Hollom. "Force would never make anything out of Dicky."

These words penetrated into Mr. Furlong's mind. For some time as he walked he was silent. The suspicion that sometimes he may have forced Dicky was there, lurking in his mind. For a moment he wondered if he really knew himself, then put the disquieting thought aside.

"I've brought my children up," he said to himself, "with love and gentleness. No one can ever say I have not loved Dicky."

The proof of it came warmly to his mind when he remembered how he had prayed that morning when the shepherd had brought Dicky back upon his shoulders. "If I have urged him to take interest in the mill," he continued, in argument with himself, "it is because I know that one day he will thank me for it."

His thoughts at last were distracted from the unpleasant subject as they passed Dorothy Leggatt upon the road.

"What—not going to church, Dorothy?" he asked.

She shook her head shyly and she smiled at Anne. Anne glanced at Mr. Hollom.

"Dicky's playing truant, too," Mr. Furlong called over his shoulder with a laugh. "He's got a headache." Then in a serious voice to Mr. Hollom, he continued as they walked along, "I don't suppose he is playing truant for a moment. I could see he was in pain from the way his eyes were all puckered up. My eyes go just like that when I have a headache."

A moment later, Anne loooked back along the road. Dorothy was still pursuing her way toward the mill.

"Does she know Dicky's going so soon?" she whispered to Mr. Hollom when a moment offered.

He shook his head.

"Not that I know of," he whispered back.

"She guessed then."

"How could she?" he replied.

But this was a question which women do not answer. Anne shook her head.

How far she was right it were impossible to say. A dim apprehension indeed was stirring in Dorothy's mind. She had waited an hour by the stile that evening; she had waited every day of all the days that had passed since then. Any one of those nights, had she looked out of her bedroom window, she might have seen a figure that she knew, passing and repassing, again and again; gazing and always gazing at the room where, all unconscious, she lay awake with the tears hot and heavy in her eyes. Had she but known of this, there might have been less need for apprehension then; but, knowing nothing, every thought within her was beset with doubt.

Of the knowledge of men, Nature supplies a woman with a ready equipment. Before she has touched the fringe of life, instinctively she knows when to beware, when to trust, and when to fear.

There was much of the truth in what Anne had said; there was still more of the truth in her silence to Mr. Hollom's question. Dorothy had guessed, even if she had not guessed the truth. In Dicky's prolonged silence, she knew that some decision must have formed within his mind. It was not that she knew that he was going away at once but, in the countless possibilities which passed across her thoughts, this had indeed been one.

With no considered plan or choice of action, she obeyed a dim consciousness of motive that morning. The desire was strong in her to see Dicky again, to speak with him once more, to tell him, if it must be, that he might go without the pain of her complaining. How she would find him, she had not thought. Only by instinct did her feet lead her in the direction of the mill. When she heard that he had not gone to church, her heart grew more expectant in its beating. But with no quality of the organisation of ideas, with no power to scheme or plan their meeting, she yet had determined that that morning should bring him to her once again.

Now, it was distantly visible in her mind, that of a certainty he would go; indeed, that she must let him go. Yet this was not really an admission of defeat. She loved him so much, it seemed that even Fate could not separate them. There was, morever, a deeper sense than this, a sense of bargain in her heart. If she had courage to bid him go, might she not then win him a thousand times nearer to her than before; and if so near, could he ever forget or leave her then?

Here was the most subtle Nature moving in her heart, leading her to that completion of purpose which Nature has designed for woman's making and undoing. She was prepared to yield up everything; without a sound of murmur or whisper of complaint, she was ready to let him go and leave her there in Eckington alone. And who can say how well she knew that this would bring him to her heart in direct need of her?

It is the woman who gives up everything who wins in a fair fight. It is the woman who gives up everything who is the most potent enemy a man may have. To her submission he yields his freedom; but fought with his own weapons the man of any courage rebels.

To this note of victory then, sounding in her heart, the victory of submission, Dorothy was walking that Sunday morning when all the birds were mating and all the may trees were in bud.

Chapter XIV

From that very window where once Christina had watched him set forth Dicky now saw Dorothy pass by along the road to Bredon. At the first unexpected sight of her, he stepped back quickly into the room, feeling that sickness which the sudden beating of the heart will bring. As when some distance from a dizzy height, you still may feel its power to draw you to the edge, so Dicky felt the magnetic call of love, crying to him to follow her, to overtake her and at once.

Therefore he stepped back into the room, not merely that he might not be seen by her, but as a man starts back upon the very edge of some abyss. He knew already the struggle that was before him, but there and then made firm his determination that Dorothy should go alone.

"It's the whole of my life," he told himself with a strange precociousness of foresight. "I can't stay here in the mill."

Then he turned and left the room, wandering from one bedroom to another till he came to that occupied by Anne, from which also he could see along the road to Bredon. Dorothy was still in sight. If he stood, half-concealed by the curtain, she could not see him from where she was. He took the point of vantage and watched her.

Why was she not at church? How had she escaped it? Mr. Leggatt was as strict as his father. And why had she come out here? The thought that it was in search of him set his heart bounding again. His fingers clutched tightly on the curtain that he held.

But now he showed his first weakness; he began to argue with himself that his determination not to follow her was right. It must be right. He knew too well his need of her. As well he knew the shame and self-contempt that he would feel if he gave up the life that lay before him. Why had she wished him to give it up? In a few years' time, no matter what Mr. Hollom may have said, he would be selling his pictures; even if his father did refuse to support him, he would be making enough for them to be married. How could women ask these things? What should they want of a man but the best work that he could do? Was there any meaning in the life of a man beside that?

An uncomfortable thought that he was forcing himself to ask these questions suddenly confronted him. Love was a meaning he could not deny. He loved Dorothy no less because of what she had asked of him. To see her then, as she walked slowly by the hedges, drew forth every instinct within him to follow after her.

Would it matter so much if he did? After all, he was going. He was going in a few days. He had made up his mind to that. Why should it be impossible for him to say good-bye? Something in the mere thought of that brought the sense of Romance that lies in renunciation to his mind. Their parting would be full of pain; but was it not more a pain that he welcomed than feared? Perhaps she might cry when she heard that he was going so soon.

He went straightway downstairs into the hall and took his cap from the rack. But he had sworn that he would not follow her. Again and again he twisted his cap round in his fingers. Until that moment he had believed that he had great strength of purpose. Now he was coming to realise that he had none. Possibly by now she was out of sight. The greater temptation to follow her then would be gone.

He ran upstairs again; straight to the window where he had seen her first. The road was empty. He threw open the window and listened. The choir of all the voices of spring were trembling in the air. Everything vibrated with it. Suddenly he knew that the day was beautiful; he felt all the scent of summer carried in every breeze. The warm air blew on his face. His eyes were glittering with

excitement. It was not clear to him what he had expected to hear through that open window, but it was only the sounds of spring that came to his ears. And Dorothy was gone. Had she returned to Eckington? Had she gone on toward the hill? So far from deterring him from following her, the fact that she was out of sight only increased his eagerness to pursue. In his desire to discover whether she had returned to Eckington, he forgot all his determination, forgot that for the moment he had hoped to find her gone that he might not follow her.

Without shutting the window, he turned again and ran downstairs. He was breathing quickly now. It was expedient by this to every desire within him that he should find out whether she had returned to Eckington or gone onward toward the hill. It was not his intention to meet her. That still could easily be avoided. If he came within view of her, he could keep at a safe distance. He could conceal himself behind some tree, some hedge. She need never know that he had followed her that day.

The hall door slammed noisily after him as he hurried out. The birds in the laurels scattered as he swung after him the wicket gate. The heat of a passion he had never known so strong was on him as he set off running down the road. With every step the desire to find her grew more urgent, more importunate in his mind. With every step the thoughts of the future yielded one by one to the pressing demands of the present. He determined he would find her then, if he must search till it was dark.

As he reached the first turning in the road, he stayed his running, walking closely by the hedge side as he came round the corner into view of the next stretch of road. No one was to be seen. The sun was beating down. There were deep shadows under the grass edges. A load of straw had not long passed that way, the branches of a may tree had stretched out and caught stray threads of it, still holding them like gold embroidery upon their cloth of green. Signs of life were everywhere. A thrush was singing on the black branches of a withered tree; but Dorothy was not there.

He started running again, a chilling fear creeping through his blood that she had turned long ago and gone back to Eckington. His eagerness redoubled then.

"She couldn't have gone back in the time," he muttered breathlessly to himself as he ran. "She couldn't."

But it did not occur to him that she might have turned off from the road into the fields behind the hedges. He had seen her keeping to the road. He kept to the road himself. When, therefore, in the distance, Dorothy heard the sound of hurrying feet, she stood still in the long grass of a hay field and, through the dense network of the brambles, watched him running by.

During all the time whilst those hurrying feet were approaching, she could not see who it was. Doubtless the hope was with her that it might be he. In those first moments of trembling expectation, her heart was beating but very faintly, her lips were hot and dry. But when at last he came abreast of where she stood concealed and, through the dim lattice of the branches, she saw Dicky's face, a laugh of joy sprang into her eyes. So suddenly her heart leaped in realisation that she pressed her hand to her breast.

His cap was off. He held it in his hand. His hair was blowing back from his forehead; his cheeks were red and she could see the glitter in his eye. Nature then may indeed have triumphed in her soul, but in her heart she only felt a cry of thankfulness to know he loved her still.

Near by where she stood, a sheep hurdle had been driven into the bank to guard the broken line of hedge. To that she ran, looking over into the road and calling his name before he turned the next corner out of sight. At the sound of her voice, Dicky stopped on the moment. He looked back. When he saw her leaning over the sheep hurdle, he began slowly to return.

Circumstances, he felt, were against him now. He had never really meant that they should meet. Yet it was impossible to deny to himself that he was glad of it. The sudden exaltation of spirit which he felt allowed him no ignorance of his delight. It had seemed that for all these days gone by, he had been like a vessel battling against God's

anger in the sea. It had all been as it was that night when he had crossed the water to attend his mother's burial. Now at the near sight of Dorothy, all the buffeting of circumstance was at an end. For the brief moment, he cared nothing but that she was there, her hand stretched out to take his as they met.

"Dorothy!" he whispered.

"Dicky!" she replied.

He held her hand very tightly in his own.

"I've been so miserable," said he. It was what he had sworn to himself that he would never tell her. The moment it was said, he remembered, then let the memory go.

"So have I," she whispered back; "frightfully miserable. I thought we were never going to see each other again."

"All these nights," said Dicky, "I've hardly slept at all."

"Neither have I," said she.

They were both so eager to let each other know their suffering that neither of them told the truth. Half an hour may have passed each night after Dicky had laid his head on the pillow—a wretched half hour in which he had magnified all the misery of life—but after that his eyes had closed, and he had fallen into healthy sleep. It had been much as this with Dorothy. But, indeed, in their hours of consciousness they had suffered bitterly, and both were eager to tell it all in proof of the greatness of their love.

"Why did you walk away that day by the river?" asked Dicky.

"Why didn't you come after me? I waited for a whole hour by the stile."

"I never knew you were waiting," said he. "I went up to that wood on the hill and stayed there nearly all night. There was a fearful row. They were out looking for me. I didn't care. I didn't care what happened then."

She looked at him in wonder, even in admiration, to think he had suffered so much and all because of her.

"Oh—Dicky, supposing you'd caught your death of cold," she whispered.

"I shouldn't have been sorry then if I had," said he. For what is the death of the body to the lover when his love is dead? That night, indeed, he would have welcomed death.

"But if you'd died, Dicky," she went on with that greater logic which a woman always has in matters such as these which are her kingdom. "If you'd died, Dicky, what would have become of your painting? You'd never have gone to London then; you'd never have learned; you'd never have painted the great picture which every one'll want to buy."

He dropped her hands and put his own upon her shoulders, looking deeply, intently, questioningly into her eyes.

"Do you want me to paint a great picture?" he asked.

She nodded her head; raising her eyes again to his.

"But you begged me not to go away—you said I could just as well stay on here at the mill and paint, and that when we were married we could hang them up on the walls."

She nodded her head again.

"I know—I know. I did say that. I thought it then. But I don't think it now. I'm sure you ought to go to London. Nothing you could ever say would make me stand in your way now. I know you love your painting first——"

"I love you," said he quickly. "I've found out in the last few days how terribly much I do."

She pressed a gently detaining hand against his shoulder. The sense of mastery was coming to her now. Even in the first moments of her renunciation, she could see the power it gave into her hand. In his eyes already were the thousand protestations she so longed to hear. Surely—surely he could never forget or cease to love her now. But until she had said all, she would not let one of those protestations pass his lips.

"You love your painting best," she repeated. "You told me that when you didn't answer my question that night by the river. I do believe you care for me, too, but in a secondary way. It's the way men care. I shall never hope that you will love me best."

In silence Dicky listened, in silence and amazement, unable to follow this sudden changing of her mind. It was not that he tried to understand it. The fullness of his mind was given in admiration of the nobility of her unselfishness. He found her more wonderful then than

when that night on the bridge at Eckington he had looked for long into her eyes before she had questioned why he did not kiss her. With the one great exception in his slender experience he knew of a surety that all women were pure. He had not known till now how greatly they were possessed of understanding. She asked nothing and was ready to give all. In the sudden sense of freedom which it brought, he felt eager to bind himself anew with the chains which he had severed.

"I couldn't love you more than I do," he replied fervently. "I want to go away to London, I know. I must go away. I shall never learn anything if I don't, and I'm just eighteen now. Fancy, in less than two years I shall be twenty—more than half my life gone—but, oh, you dear thing, I don't want to go. I care for you so fearfully now. You do understand, and I thought you didn't. If we could only be married before I went. If we could only go away together."

It came in a moment to both of them then the thought of their journey to London, of their life together from that day onwards. The mere contemplation of themselves as man and wife, knit so closely, the one to the other, presented at the same moment to their minds so near an embrace as that no man could put them asunder.

Dicky's eyes dwelt strangely on her face and then, with a little cry to his heart, she was in his arms.

"My dearest," he whispered, "couldn't we? Couldn't we? It'ud all be so simple then. Think of it—all day—every day together."

He thought of the nights when he would no longer be alone—those nights when it seemed that a wretchedness of mind had kept him awake until morning. But he could not trust himself to speak of them. His lips were so close to hers. There was, moreover, no need that he should. Such thoughts were whirling through her mind as well. She felt as though she had fallen into the depths of a rapid river. The water washed about her face. It seemed as if in another moment she would be submerged; as if, when he pressed his lips to hers, she would know nothing more.

"Dicky," she whispered.

He leaned still closer to her, but did not kiss her then. There came the sound of a tapping stick and heavy footsteps along the road. She disengaged herself quickly from his arms to stand a pace away.

It was the shepherd, Mr. Angel, coming back from his sheep on the hill. Lassie, the sheep dog, trotted by his side.

"Marnin', Master Dicky—marnin' Miss Dorothy," said he as his steps grew slower till he stopped. "It be a fine marnin' outside of a church, though Mrs. Angel, she goes these days as well as wet 'uns."

"Do you never go, Mr. Angel?" asked Dicky, and thought how dull he was not to see that they would sooner be alone.

"Oh—I goes wet days, look you—it be sommat to do on a wet Sunday, hearing parson read out his sermons. I understand 'em fair well enough sometimes, and what I doesn't understand, Mrs. Angel's got a great gift wi' explaining. I said one day to 'ur, 'Mrs. Angel,' I says, ' 'twould not be out of the ways if you got up wi a surplus yerself and preached a sermon. You'd do it well-nigh as good as parson himself.' I says that, and she's never forgotten it, look you. Well—well——" he tapped his stick three times on the road as he thought of more that he could say. When nothing rose to his mind, he called to Lassie and walked on.

But the spell of it was broken now. The magic of such moments as those is as brittle as the finest glass. Mr. Angel had broken it into a thousand pieces. Dorothy spoke of going home. An unreasonable fear had come into her mind. Life seemed too strong, the current too swift.

"We'll come home, Dicky," she begged.

"Oh—why?" he asked in bitter disappointment.

She shook her head.

"I—I don't feel very well," she replied.

In all concern he took her homewards.

CHAPTER XV

Mr. Hollom and Anne walked back from the church alone. Mr. Furlong's

strongest principle was never to do business on Sunday, but he had stayed behind in Eckington to chat affably with a farmer about indifferent matters. It made an agreeable relation between them in view of the fact that the farmer was going to do business with him the next day.

"I shan't be long after you," said he. "This man, Lipscombe," he added in a quieter tone to Hollom, "he was sitting three pews in front of you—generally goes to Little Cumberton—I don't know why he came here to-day, except that he's always been saying that he would do business with me. I expect that's what he's here for. Of course, I conduct no business on Sundays, never have and never shall. But I should just like to stop a minute and ask him what he thought of our sermon. You walk on with Anne."

Mr. Hollom, only too glad of the opportunity, had willingly led her away from those little groups of people who congregate outside the church when the service in the country is over.

"Do you see that woman over there," whispered Anne as they moved off, "the one in black with the boy about Dicky's age?"

"Yes."

"That's Mrs. Leggatt."

"Dorothy's mother?"

"Yes."

"Why—of course—she's the woman who—" He stopped suddenly, and a colour crept into Anne's cheeks. He remembered now the story which Mr. Furlong had told him when last he had stayed at the mill. This was the woman whose folly had been found out, whose folly had been forgiven. Until that moment he had never connected her in his mind with the Dorothy with whom Dicky was in love. As they passed her, Mr. Hollom closely watched her face. There was the same simplicity of expression there as he had seen with Dorothy. In Mrs. Leggatt's face it was tired; it had saddened. There was no joyousness left in it. He could imagine how, under the bitter rod of forgiveness, she had bowed her head and suffered. But this was not the only resemblance which Dorothy bore to her mother. There was the same attractive fulness of the lips, suggesting no coarseness of temperament, but an instability of emotion, a capacity for being carried away, as she no doubt had been overwhelmed by the passion of a sudden moment.

"Good morning, Anne," she said as they passed.

It was the same gentle note of voice, too, holding that soft quality of submissiveness as he had heard in Dorothy's only two hours before.

"Good morning," replied Anne brightly. "We saw Dorothy on our way to church."

"Yes—she asked if she could go out for a walk this morning instead. I don't really blame her. But the poor child said she had a headache. I expect you'll meet her coming back. We have dinner at one."

They passed through their gate into the school-house garden and, for some moments, Anne and Mr. Hollom walked on without speaking. His question regarding Mrs. Leggatt had set moving a train of thought in both their minds: a train of thought which, allowing for the experience of life in one and the complete innocence of life in the other, were not so very dissimilar. How far, thought Mr. Hollom, is this girl Dorothy like her mother? Anne was wondering if Dicky possessed those same instincts which once Christina had explained in men to her.

"Be true to yourself, Anne," Christina had said; "then men will be true to you."

It was practically all she had said, but it had conveyed a thousand things to Anne's mind, as indeed she had meant it should.

"Anne," said Mr. Hollom at last, "do you think Dicky will ever go to London?"

The question was so abrupt, it seemed to be so closely related to the very thoughts which even then were passing through her mind that, for the moment, she was confused. She could not answer. He glanced down at her face. There was that little set, determined look about her lips, which he never, in the blindness of his affection, connected with her father.

"Do you?" he asked again presently when she had not answered.

She looked straight in front of her.

"Why shouldn't he?" she inquired. "Do you mean if father came to know, he'd stop him?"

"No—I don't mean that. Perhaps I should have said, Do you think Dicky will ever want to go to London?"

A frown puckered her forehead. No woman likes to be forced to admit her knowledge of life. It is her preference to be told what she knows already.

"Why shouldn't he?" she asked.

"Perhaps because Dorothy won't let him," he replied. "If you were in love with some one, would you let him go out into the world, risk his growing tired of you, risk his meeting other women, risk his becoming some different sort of creature altogether—because life, you know, has an unhappy knack of knocking one into funny shapes—would you risk all that just in order that the man you loved might make a name for himself,when by staying at home he could have been comfortable and happy for the rest of his days—with you?"

"It is only in moments," Mr. Hollom had once said to Dicky, and with more truth than he probably realised, "it is only in moments that things are everlasting." It is only in moments that great realisations in life are attained. In that moment that Sunday morning, on the road from Eckington to Bredon, Anne became conscious for the first time that life was not a mere matter of obedience or disobedience, but a complex puzzle, a tangled skein, needing such unravelling as only patience and suffering from some one or another could possibly accomplish.

Until Mr. Hollom had put that question to her, she had believed existence to be a very simple matter, entailing obedience to the voice of command. The voice might be love, it might be duty. It had never seemed possible to her that both might command at once.

Mr. Hollom watched her face with a gentle amusement and interest.

"The irresistible force," said he, smiling, "and the immovable object. What would you do?"

"I should have no right to stand in anybody's way," she said at last.

"No," he agreed, "you wouldn't; though on the other hand you'd have every right to protect and secure the interests of your own affections. Love means a great deal to a woman. It means a home, it means happiness, it means her children; it means what eighty-five per cent. of women are agreed to call their lives—love is all that to a woman. The first law of life is self-preservation. Can you talk of standing in anybody's way when the preservation of your own life is at stake? Do you think Dorothy will ever let him go?"

"How can she stop him?" asked Anne. "I can't imagine anybody being able to stop Dicky if he's once made up his mind. I don't think he's cruel at heart; but I've often known him be cruel when he wanted to get his own way. If he's made up his mind to go, he'll go."

"I hope you're right," said Mr. Hollom slowly. "Dicky's not ordinary. I believe there's a future for him as great as any painter that has ever lived in this country. I don't care who it is. I believe he's got something in him as great as a man can be. But he's got his nature to deal with first and, great as his chances are, they all lie in the palm of a girl's hand. She doesn't even know the scales she's balancing. It may sound silly to talk in this exaggerated way. Dicky may go to London, he may paint mediocre pictures all his life. I'm no prophet. I only believe."

For some way the tapping of Anne's heels on the hard road kept time in the silence with his. Her mind was in confusion. She had never thought of Dicky as with a great future in front of him before. She scarcely believed it possible even now. Dicky, who had been fond of painting little pictures which had never really pleased her because they were never really like the places they represented? How could he ever make money by them? Who would buy them? Greatness itself, as a quality alone, did not reach her mind at all. Yet at the same time, if it were possible for him to make a livelihood by his painting, there seemed something finer in that than working on at the mill. So in a sense she appreciated Dorothy's point of view. But why, after all, should he go away? A home was better than anything else in the world.

She tried to see it in the spirit of romance, but the effort failed.

Romance is the power to see in colour, in brilliant colour, too. When Anne regarded Dicky's adventure to London, every prospect was grey. At Trafford Mill, happy with Dorothy, where she, too, would always see him, the colour she saw was rose.

"I think," she said at last, "I think I can quite understand why Dorothy wants to keep him. I don't think I should myself."

"Why not?"

"Because it doesn't seem right to stand in any one's way. Dicky may be able to sell pictures one day—"

"My dear Anne," he interrupted, "it isn't a question of selling pictures. Dicky doesn't really care whether he sells pictures or not—"

"Then what's the sense," she broke in, "in lettting him go? He must make his living."

"Oh, yes—he may be able to do that all right. A meagre living—hand to mouth, his hand most likely more often in an empty pocket; his mouth empty, too. But I've no doubt he'll be able to scrape along. No one could deny that he's got ability above the average, enough to make him keep the wolf from the door. No—the point is, will he be a great artist? If he will be, he'll make money—more than he ever could at the mill—whether he likes to or not. Put the money out of your head altogether. Assume, at least, that he can live. Is he going to be great, or is this girl going to throw her arms across the way to his greatness? I only know this, that if he doesn't go I shall be miserably disappointed. Obviously, at any rate, they've fallen out. One can see that from his manner."

"Well, then, they've made it up now," said Anne; "Dorothy didn't go along this way for nothing."

"Yes—but that doesn't mean they've made it up."

Anne looked up quickly into his face.

"I believe you hope," said she, "that they won't."

"I believe I do," he replied.

Chapter XVI

Dorothy walked back to Eckington by an upper road. She wished, she said, to go alone.

"But, Dorrie," he pleaded, "if you don't feel well?"

"Oh, I don't feel really bad—and—and I want to think."

"But this afternoon—we can meet this afternoon?"

"Won't to-morrow do instead?"

"Oh, I couldn't wait till to-morrow?"

"It's only a few hours, Dicky."

"Yes, but I couldn't. Do come this afternoon. Be at the oak tree at half-past two."

"Three."

"Well—a quarter to."

"I'll try," she whispered.

He watched her going until the last sway of her skirt swung out of sight. How could he go away? Yet in two days he knew in the heart of him he would be gone. What would she say when she knew?

If there had been hope of his marrying Dorothy after the waiting of a year or so, he knew that it would be very different then and, as he sat on the arms of the lock gates, wildly the thought came to him that it might be so. His father had married when he was a very young man. In less than two years he himself would be twenty. The more he considered it, the greater grew the probability of it in his mind. Some different aspect of their relationship had come to him in those moments before Mr. Angel had appeared upon the scene. A step had been taken then in their development which could not be retraced. He was not fully aware of the direction in which that step had led him. But now the need of their marriage consumed his whole point of view. If he could marry her, he would stay. He would not go to London. He would give up everything. So, as he sat there on the lock gates, he reviewed their chances, one moment buoyed up with hope, the next cast down in deep despair.

(To be continued)

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

Privately printed for George Thornton Edwards:
The Garland of Delight. By Friendly Hands, with Prologue by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Elkins Mathews, London:
Songs of a Syrian Lover. By Clinton Scollard.
Sherman, French and Company:
Althea, or The Morning Glory. By Rebecca S. Pollard.
The Garden of Unrest. By George W. Harrington.
Land of Our Dreams and Other Verse. By J. A. Peehl.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

Doubleday, Page and Company:
The Life and Speeches of Charles Brantley Aycock. By R. D. W. Connor and Clarence Poe.
The Lamb Publishing Company:
The Ruin of a Princess, as Told by the Duchesse d'Angouleme, Madame Elizabeth, Sister of Louis XVI, and Cléry, the King's Valet de Chambre. Literally translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley.
Illustrious Dames of the Court of the Valois Kings. By Pierre De Bourdeille and G. A. Saint-Beuve. Literally translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley.
Little, Brown and Company:
A Polish Exile with Napoleon: Embodying the Letters of Captain Piontkowski to General Sir Robert Wilson and Many Documents from the Lowe Papers, the Colonial Office Records, the Wilson Manuscripts, the Capel Lofft Correspondence, and the French and Genevese Archives Hitherto Unpublished. By G. L. de St. M. Watson.
Sherman, French and Company:
Edward Irving: Man, Preacher, Prophet. By Jean Christie Root.

FICTION

Published by Author:
Edith and John: A Story of Pittsburgh. By Franklin S. Farquhar.
D. Appleton and Company:
Bella. By Edward Charles Booth.
The Antagonists. By E. Temple Thurston.
Marcus Holbeach's Daughter. By Alice Jones.
The Black Pearl. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.
The Century Company:
A Prelude to Adventure. By Hugh Walpole.
Doubleday, Page and Company:
The Wind Before the Dawn. By Dell H. Munger.
Duffield and Company:
The Sin of Angels. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi.
The Gate of Horn. By Beulah Marie Dix.
Maids' Money. Mrs. Henry Dudeney.
Heritage. By Valentina Hawtrey.
Harper and Brothers:
May Iverson Tackles Life. By Elizabeth Jordan.
The Moth. By William Dana Orcutt.
John Lane Company:
The Barmecide's Feast. By John Gore.
Little, Brown and Company:
A Little Book of Christmas. By John Kendrick Bangs.
Good Indian. By B. M. Bowker.
The Gift of Abou Hassan. By Francis Perry Elliott.
The Destroying Angel. By Louis Joseph Vance.
All the World to Nothing. By Wyndham Martyn.
Little Women, or Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy. By Louisa M. Alcott. (Player's Edition.)
Longmans, Green and Company:
Marie: An Episode in the Life of the Late Allan Quatermain. By H. Rider Haggard.
Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:
The Sanctuary. By Maud Howard Peterson.
The Long Way Home. By "Pansy."
The Reilly and Britton Company:
Mrs. Eli and Policy Ann. By Florence Olmstead.
Miss 318 and Mr. 37. By Rupert Hughes.
Charles Scribner's Sons:
Mary Pechell. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.
The Arm-Chair at the Inn. By F. Hopkinson Smith.
Small, Maynard and Company:
Friar Tuck: Being the Chronicles of the Rev. John Carmichael, of Wyoming, U. S. A., as Set Forth and Embellished by His Friend and Admirer, Happy Hawkins, and Here Recorded by Robert Alexander Wason.

MISCELLANEOUS

American Association for Highway Improvement:
The Official Good Roads Year Book of the United States.
American Library Association:
A. L. A. Catalogue, 1904-1911. Class List. 3,000 Titles for a Popular Library with Notes and Indexes. Edited by Elva L. Bascom.
D. Appleton and Company:
The Kipling Reader for Elemental Grades.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September.

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Sharrow. Von Hutten. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Mary Pechell. Lowndes. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Cobweb Cloak. Mackay. (Duffield.) $1.25.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Rodrigo Borgia. Mathew. (Brentano.) $4.00.
2. Intimacies of Court and Society. Anon. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. The Day of the Saxon. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
 The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. The Principles of Economics. Taussig. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
3. Our Presidents. McClure. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Arm-Chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Sign of Six. White. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.

Juveniles

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Far Triumph. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Motor Boys After Fortune. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Citadel. Merwin. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.

3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturges & Walton.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Arm-Chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Blue Wall. Child. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi. (Doran.) $7.00.
4. The Loss of the S.S. *Titanic*. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Molly McDonald. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. Plays. Strindberg. (Luce.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Mind Cure. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
2. The Hamlet Problem. Venable. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
3. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn Per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
4. Soul and Sex. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Stories to Tell Children. Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Blue Wall. Child. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Squirrel Cage. Canfield. (Holt.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. Julia France. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Drama of Love and Death. Carpenter. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys After a Fortune. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Ranger Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) $1.00.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. Uncle Peter—Heathen. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. My Demon Motor-Boat. Fitch. (Little, Brown.) $1.10.
6. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Airship Boys' Series. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. The Squirrel Cage. Canfield. (Holt.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Story of Columbus. Moores. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. Boy Blue and His Friends. Blaisdell. (Little, Brown.) 60 cents.
3. Boy Scouts of the Air. Stuart. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Progress and Poverty. George. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. In Fableland. Serl. (Silver, Burdett.) 45 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Street of To-day. Masefield. (Dutton.) $1.50.
6. Whispers About Women. Merrick. (Kennerley.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Play Making. Archer. (Small, Maynard.) $2.00.
3. Hail and Farewell. Moore. (Appleton.) $1.75.
4. Recollections of Elizabeth Benton Fremont. Martin. (Hitchcock.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Toby Tyler. Harris. (Small, Maynard.) $1.25.
5. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harpers.) $1.35.
2. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. Her Weight in Gold. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Historic Jesus. Lester. (Putnam.) $2.50.
3. Travel Books. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.60.
4. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys' Series. Kinfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Widow Woman. Lee. (Dutton.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Man Who Understood Women. Merrick. (Kennerly.) $1.20.
6. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. China's New Day. Headlin. (Wood.) 50 cents.
3. Mormonism. Kinney. (Revell.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Peter and Polly. Wilkinson. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Friar of Wittenberg. Davis. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
4. The Loss of the S. S. *Titanic*. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Land We Live In. Price. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Arm-Chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Fighting Doctor. Martin. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Irish Folk History Plays. Lady Gregory. (Putnam) $3.00.
2. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
3. The Terrible Meek. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Alarms and Discursions. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Antagonists. Thurston. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Out of the Wreck I Rise. Harraden. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Arm-Chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on 24 Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. The Road to Joy. Wilcox. (Harper.) 50 cents.
4. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. My Robin. Burnett. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Loss of the S.S. *Titanic*. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Lulu and Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble. Davis. (Fenno.) 50 cents.
2. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Freshman Dorn, Pitcher. Quirk. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Arm-Chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. Marie. Haggard. (Longmans, Green.) $1.35.
4. At the Court of St. Simon. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Sign at Six. White. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) $3.00.
2. Diary of Frances Lady Shelley. (Scribner.) $3.50.
3. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. Lee, the American. Bradford. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.30.
5. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Sign at Six. White. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Sexology. Walling. (Puritan.) $2.00.
2. Psychology of Success. Atkinson. (Fenno.) $1.00.
3. Pennsylvania Business Law. Sullivan. (Winston.) $4.00.
4. Mind Power. Atkinson. (Fenno.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter at Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Classroom and Campus. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, MAINE

FICTION

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Arm-Chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. At the Court of St. Simon. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. The American Government. Haskin. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Dorothy Dainty's Holidays. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.30.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
2. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Sam Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Mollie. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Hougton Mifflin.) $1.00.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.30.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Love's Coming of Age. Carpenter. (Kennerley.) $1.00.
2. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.
2. Woman's Eyes. Ryder. (Robertson.) $1.00.
3. The Day of the Saxon. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
4. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Freckles. Stratton-Porter. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.
2. The Girl of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.
3. California in Sunshine. Hibbard. (Robertson.) 75 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Border Watch. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Harper's Boating Book for Boys. (Harper.) $1.75.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Old Nest. Hughes. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) $1.50.
2. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse & Hopkins.) $1.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Day of the Saxon. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.

Juveniles

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
5. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Blue Wall. Child. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (McClelland.) $1.50.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Moth. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. Adventures in Contentment. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Juveniles

1. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Adventures of Freckle Toad. McKibben. (Blanchard Press.) 75 cents.

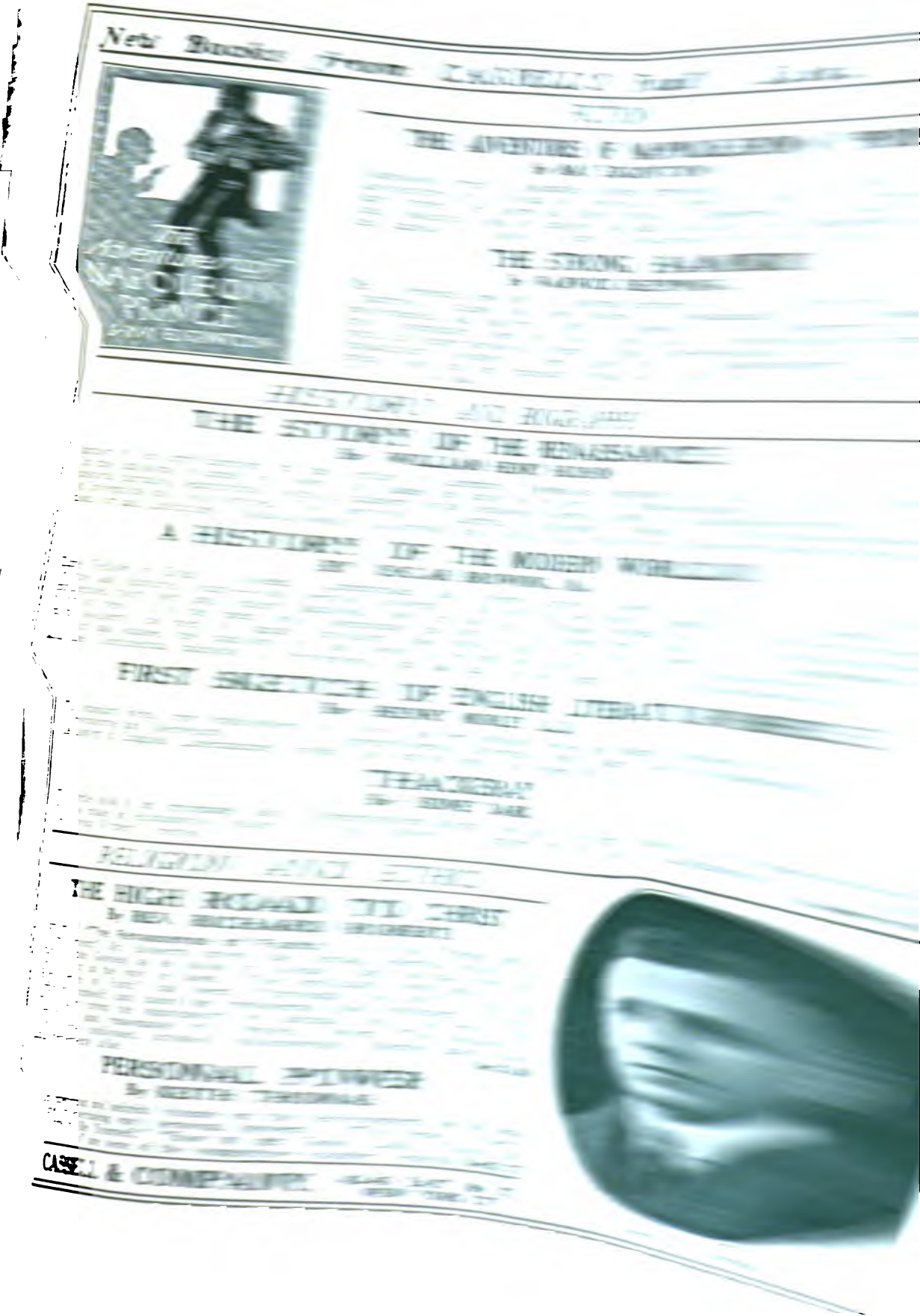
From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the si books (fiction) which have sold best in tl order of demand during the month are:

	POIN
1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.	2
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00	1
3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.	1
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	1
5. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25..	



A Suit that all Admire



There is never any question about a good Unfinished Worsted. It is right.

Rich, dignified, prosperous-looking, it takes the graceful lines of good tailoring and holds its appearance through long wear.

It is important, however, to get a good unfinished worsted, and the best way to be certain of quality is to order

A.W.Co

WASHINGTON 1789

UNFINISHED WORSTED

This is one of the thoroughbred style fabrics for men who care, made by the American Woolen Company. It is carefully made, pure worsted and thoroughly dependable. Black or dark blue; London shrunk, 56 to 58 in. wide.

If you prefer a blue serge for Fall and Winter, ask your tailor or clothier to show you Oswego Serge.

You can find Washington 1789 and Oswego Serge at good custom tailors' and in high-grade ready-to-wear suits at the better class of clothiers'. If your clothier or tailor cannot supply you, send check or money order for quantity required (3½ yds. for average man's suit) at $3.25 per yard for Washington 1789 and $3.00 for Oswego Serge, and we shall see that you are supplied through regular channels, as we do not sell at retail.

American Woolen Company

Wm. M. Wood, President.

SELLING AGENCY

American Woolen Company of New York

American Woolen Bldg., 18th to 19th St. on 4th Ave., New York

VOL. XXXVI No. 3

THE BOOKMAN

An ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE *of* LITERATURE *and* LIFE

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER

Frontispiece—The Street of the Little Cobbler. From an Etching by Henry Winslow.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT PAGE

Stevenson's "Casco" (with illustration)--George Eliot's Earnings and Meredith's Comments (with portrait of Meredith as a Child)—Charlotte Brontë's Alleged Affair (with portrait of Constantin Héger)—Edwin W. Morse (portrait)—Agnes Repplier (portrait)—Marcel Tinayre (portrait)—When "Trilby" Reigned (with illustrations)—Gertrude Atherton (portrait)—The New Prince of Poets (with portrait)—"Punch, Brothers!"—Facsimile of H. G. Wells's Letter—The Third Napoleon in America—American Literary Shrines—O. Henry in the Square—Mr. Crosland Reappears (with portrait)—FitzRoy Carrington (with portrait)—Perley Sheehan (with portrait)—"Very Versatile"—Kathleen Norris (portrait)—Jessie Kaufman (with portrait)—W. J Henderson (with portrait)—Hugh Walpole (portrait) B. Paul Neuman (with portrait) 227–245

SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Craftsmanship of Begging-Letter Writing (illustrated) ALGERNON TASSIN 246

Some Modern American Etchers (illustrated) . . CLEVELAND PALMER 255

R. L. S. and the Fontainebleau Trail (with drawings by Ida Proper) NELL PERKINS DAWSON 284

"Fanny's Second Play" * * * * *?

Meredith's Literary Opinions GEORGE MIDDLETON 286

VERSE

"Art with a Capital A" GELETT BURGESS 254

Dust and Dream CHARLES HANSON TOWNE 255

Earth Images HERMAN SCHEFFAUER 283

THE ANTAGONISTS: A NOVEL E. TEMPLE THURSTON 292

THE COMEDY OF ATMOSPHERE (illustrated)

The Mind-the-Paint Girl—Fanny's First Play—Man and Superman—Milestones—A Scrape o' the Pen—Broadway Jones—The Attack—Within the Law—The Governor's Lady—The Case of Becky CLAYTON HAMILTON 271

THE SPONTANEITY OF YOUTH AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol—The Streets of Ascalon—The Flaw in the Crystal—Mrs. Ames—The Golden Rose—Heritage—Roddles—Mr. Achilles—As Cæsar's Wife . . FREDERIC TABER COOPER 305

TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I The Crime of 1812 } CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY 314

II The Diary of Francis, Lady Shelley . . . } CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY 314

III A Polish Exile with Napoleon } CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY 314

IV FitzRoy Carrington's "Prints and their Makers" . WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY 317

V Professor Sears's "John Hancock" . . GRAHAM BERRY 321

VI The Poetical Works of W. H. Drummond . . HORATIO HART 322

VII Ida Tarbell's "Business of Being a Woman" . . MARIE JENNEY HOWE 325

VIII E. W. Morse's "Causes and Effect in American History" . IRA SEYMOUR 328

IX H. G. Wells's Marriage GRIFFIN MACE 328

X Kathleen Norris's "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne" . . GEOFFREY MONMOUTH 331

THE TATTLER

Living Treasure SIMEON STRUNSKY 332

FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

The All Valhalla Eleven Again—The late Father Tabb—Laura Jean Libbey—"He that Runs"—Thorns on the Cushion . 335

THE BOOK MART

Sales of Books During the Month 337

The Best Selling Books 344

Published monthly by DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, New York City.

Copyright, 1912, by Dodd, Mead and Company. *All rights reserved.* Entered at New York Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editor of* THE BOOKMAN."

PRICE, 25 CENTS A NUMBER; $2.50 A YEAR

Plays

By Anton Tchekoff

"Uncle Vanya," "Ivanoff," "The Sea Gull," and "The Swan Song." Translated from the Russian by MARION FELL. *Frontispiece. 12mo.* $1.50 *net; postpaid* $1.65.

By August Strindberg

Creditors—Pariah

75 *cents net; postpaid* 83 *cents.*

Miss Julia—The Stronger Translated from the Swedish by EDWIN BJORKMAN. 75 *cents net; postpaid* 83 *cents.*

There Are Crimes and Crimes 75 *cents net; postpaid* 83 *cents.* "The Dream Play," "The Link," and "The Dance of Death." $1.50 *net; postpaid* $1.65.

By John Galsworthy

The Pigeon

A Fantasy in Three Acts. 60 *cents net; postpaid* 70 *cents.*

The Little Dream

An Allegory in Six Scenes. 50 *cents net.*

Justice

60 *cents net.*

By Olive Tilford Dargan

The Mortal Gods and Other Dramas

$1.50 *net; postage extra.*

Chapman, George	
Best Plays, . . Spec. net,	$1.00
Plays. (Complete) . net,	1.25
Congreve, William	
Complete Plays, Spec. net,	1.00
Dekker, Thomas	
Best Plays, . . Spec. net,	1.00
Dickens, Charles	
Short Plays from Dickens, net,	1.00
Dryden, John	
Dramatic Works, 2 vols., Each, Spec. net,	1.00
Farquhar, George	
Best Plays, . . Spec. net,	1.00
Ford, John	
Best Plays, . . Spec. net,	1.00
Galsworthy, John	
Eldest Son, ... net,	.60
Justice. net,	.60
Little Dream, ... net,	.50
Pigeon, ... net,	.60
Gilbert, W. S.	
Original Plays, 4 vols., Each, net,	.80
Hewlett, Maurice	
Agonists, ... net,	1.50
Heywood, Thomas	
Best Plays, . . Spec. net,	1.00
Horne, H. P., and Others, ed.	
Nero and Other Plays, Spec. net,	1.00
Van Dyke, Henry	
House of Rimmon, . net,	1.00

The Letters of George Meredith

Edited by His Son *2 vols.* $4.00 *net; postpaid* $4.38

The letters of George Meredith, which have been in process of selection and preparation since his death in 1909, will be found one of the most varied, interesting, and revealing of such autobiographical collections. They extend over some fifty years, beginning—except for a few scattered notes from his boyhood—about 1858, when Meredith was thirty years old, and after his first marriage. Among his correspondents are included his life-long friends, John Morley (Lord Morley), Admiral Maxse, another of his most intimate associates; Frederick Greenwood, Chapman the publisher, Leslie Stephen, Robert Louis Stevenson, Trevelyan.

Poetical Works of George Meredith

With Some Notes by G. M. TREVELYAN

Complete in one volume. With portrait. $2.00 *net; postpaid* $2.19

George Meredith was one of the great poets in the succession of English poetic masters. It is therefore right that all of his poetry should be made available in one volume by which his eminence can be appreciated and judged. Founded on the carefully revised text of the Memorial Edition (in which the poetry fills three large volumes), this is an impressive volume containing more than 600 pages. The volume is the standard definitive edition of Meredith as a poet.

The Inn of Tranquillity

By JOHN GALSWORTHY $1.30 *net; postpaid* $1.37

This new collection of John Galsworthy's shorter writings is divided into two sections: one containing papers "Concerning Life," the other "Concerning Letters." The second has a special value in that therein Mr. Galsworthy sets forth, sometimes by means of allegory, his literary and artistic beliefs, his ideas of what art is and of what a novelist and dramatist and poet should be. The first is rather similar to that charming earlier volume of sketches called "A Motley."

A Camera Crusade

By DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF **Through the Holy Land**

Splendidly illustrated. $3.00 *net; postpaid* $3.29

This volume by Mr. Elmendorf, the well-known lecturer and traveler, is made on an unusual plan and will be of intense interest to all who have traveled in Palestine or hope to travel there. In narrative form Mr. Elmendorf describes the journey from Hebron, the oldest city on the south, to Dan, on the north, with an excursion to Damascus and Mt. Hermon. From more than 2,000 plates made on his journey, Mr. Elmendorf has selected 100 which are here beautifully reproduced as full-page illustrations.

Courts, Criminals, and the Camorra

By ARTHUR TRAIN $1.75 *net; postpaid* $1.85

Author of "True Stories of Crime," "The Prisoner at the Bar," etc.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS **FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**

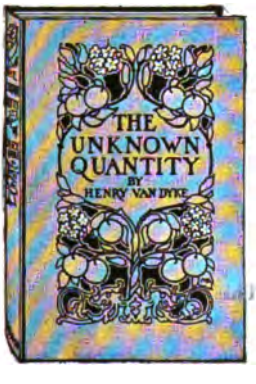
HENRY VAN DYKE'S

First large volume of fiction in five years

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY

A Book of Romance and Some Half-Told Tales

Illustrated largely in color. ***$1.50 net.*** ***By mail $1.64.***




HENRY VAN DYKE

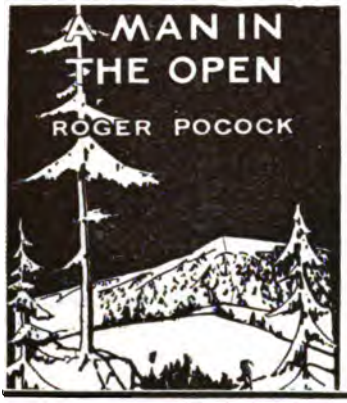
A new volume of fiction by Henry van Dyke immediately commands the attention of a large body of enthusiastic readers. The audience which he gained by "The Blue Flower," "The Ruling Passion," and "Days Off" has increased in numbers and appreciation with every year. His books are always alive. This new volume is his most important work in prose.

It contains a number of "Half-Told Tales" and eleven longer stories, all of which have in common "The Unknown Quantity":—that unknown, elusive, unexpected force in human affairs which goes by many names, but is here beautifully revealed as a moral quality founded on the spiritual ideal.

Now On Sale at All ***Bookstores and News-stands***

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS **FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**

THE LEADING B



By ROGER POCOCK

A MAN IN THE OPEN

"The author has done a large and masterful work. He has delineated a man and woman who are recognizable as breathing human beings, in circumstances almost unbelievable, and made them wholly consistent."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Price $1.35 Net

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Author of *Average Jones*

The SECRET of LONESOME COVE

Fresh invention and skilled technique are here pre-eminent to the exceeding joy of the reader. The hero is a university man, a government employee, and an expert in criminology. Men and motives are his life study, and his knowledge of them is profound.

Illustrated by FRANK E. SCHOONOVER. $1.25 Net

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of *When a Man Marries, The Circular Staircase, The Man in Lower Ten, The Window at the White Cat, Etc.*

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL is a brisk and amusing novel."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL contains as many laughs as it has pages."—*Boston Globe.*

"All is done in a spirit of spontaneous gayety without any tinge of bitterness."—*Washington Herald.*

"Clean-cut comedy."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

Illustrated by F. VAUX WILSON and COLES PHILLIPS. $1.30 Net



BELASCO'S

THE WOMAN

***From the Play by* WILLIAM C. de MILLE.**

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Can a woman do as she pleases in her youth and avoid the consequences? Can she once step beyond the bounds fixed by society and resolutely step back without a penalty?

This problem of a Woman's Will Against the World is the problem in this intense, arresting novel which Mr. Terhune has based upon the Belasco drama.

Illustrated by W. B. KING. $1.25 Net

By the Author of *The Perfect Tribute*

THE MARSHAL



MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Pictures by ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE. $1.35 Net

A sustained novel of very ingenious plot; characters drawn with extraordinary skill and understanding; and a charm of manner probably superior to any previous work by this famous author.

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Author of *Get Rich Quick Wallingford, Etc.*

THE JINGO

THE JINGO is the liveliest novel Mr. Chester has written. It is American through and through. It will never grow stale, for its supply of fun is too fresh and clean and original ever to pall on those who enjoy good humor.

Pictures by F. VAUX WILSON. Price $1.35 Net

NEW YORK THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY INDIANAPOLIS

BOOKS OF 1912

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

Author of *The Day of Souls* and *My Brother's Keeper*

THE MIDLANDERS

An American novel in the fullest meaning of the word; strongly democratic and progressive, resounding with the tramp of young men. Broad in plan, rich in values, timely yet with an enduring appeal.

Illustrated by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN. $1.35 Net



By WILL IRWIN

Author of *The City That Was*

THE RED BUTTON

This tale of the real New York is read with intense interest to discover the murderer of Captain Hanska; with delight because the famous Rosalie Le Grange, ex-medium, is on the case; with great good humor because a lively group of men and women bustle through the pages—a group full of animation and reality.

Pictures by M. J. SPERO. Price, $1.30 Net



HAROLD MacGRATH'S NEW NOVEL

The PLACE of HONEYMOONS

By the author of *The Man on the Box, Half a Rogue, The Goose Girl, The Lure of the Mask, etc.*

The theme of Mr. MacGrath's new story is a glittering one. An Austrian Prince, incognito, is a prominent character. Nora from Tuscany is its heroine. She is a grand opera singer and a beautiful woman.

Courtlandt, the young American hero, is a typical MacGrath creation. He is so rich that he cannot get rid of his money fast enough. No love-plot was ever more original. Clearly this is one of the best of the MacGrath stories.

Pictures by A. I. KELLER. $1.30 Net

By VAUGHAN KESTER

Author of *The Prodigal Judge*

The FORTUNES OF THE LANDRAYS

THE FORTUNES OF THE LANDRAYS is the epic of the lives and loves of several generations. It opens in the forties, when the cry of gold set men crazy, continues through the portentous fifties and closes in the stormy sixties. It is typical of America, big, strong, rich, practical, yet highly romantic.

Illustrated by M. LEONE BRACKER. $1.35 Net

A POWERFUL DETECTIVE NOVEL

The MASTER of MYSTERIES

This book was written by a well-known author who, for reasons of his own, has preferred to remain anonymous. For the benefit of his friends, however, he has incorporated in the book two cipher messages—one revealing his name, and the other his motive for withholding its appearance from the title page.

Illustrated by KARL ANDERSON and GEORGE BREHM
Price, $1.35 Net

By the Author of THE BLAZED TRAIL

THE SIGN AT SIX

The story of a man who thought he owned New York and of another man who undertook to convince him of his error. In the conflict between them New York becomes a city of unbounded surprises and of thrilling dread. The popular author of *The Blazed Trail* has never written more plausibly, more forcibly, more entertainingly.

Illustrated by M. LEONE BRACKER. $1.25 Net

SIGN AT SIX

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

NEW YORK — THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY — INDIANAPOLIS

THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE

American and English (1580-1912)

Compiled by BURTON E. STEVENSON

Collects in one volume the best short poetry of the English language—the masterpieces and the "favorites," the poetry, that everybody says is good and the verse that everybody reads—from the time of Spenser, with especial attention to American verse.

The most comprehensive and representative collection of American and English poetry ever published, including 3,120 unabridged poems from some 1,100 authors.

The copyright deadline has been passed and some three hundred recent authors are included, very few of whom appear in any other general anthology—such as Lionel Johnson, Noyes, Housman, Mrs. Meynell, Yeats, Dobson, Lang, Watson, Wilde, Francis Thompson, Gilder, Le Gallienne, Van Dyke, Woodberry, Riley, etc., etc.

The poems are arranged by subject, and the classification is unusually close and searching. Some of the most comprehensive sections are: children's rhymes (300 pages); love poems (800 pages); nature poetry (400 pages); humorous verse (500 pages); patriotic and historical poems (600 pages); reflective and descriptive poetry (400 pages).

No other collection includes so many popular favorites and fugitive verses.

Three complete indices (author, title, and first line) include over 11,000 entries.

The use of India paper makes possible a single column to a page instead of the two-column arrangement of the older anthologies, and gives a compact, handy volume for reading or the shelf instead of an unwieldy book merely for the table.

This one volume is the equivalent of a ten-volume set of octavo volumes, each of 374 pages.

3,840 *pages. India paper, 1 vol., 8vo, $7.50 net; carriage, 40 cents extra.*

DELIGHTFUL POCKET ANTHOLOGIES

The following books are uniform, with full gilt flexible covers and pictured cover linings. 16mo. Each, cloth, $1.50; leather, $2.50.

THE OPEN ROAD
A little book for wayfarers.
Compiled by E. V. LUCAS

THE FRIENDLY TOWN
A little book for the urbane.
Compiled by E. V. LUCAS

LETTERS THAT LIVE
Compiled by LAURA E. LOCKWOOD and AMY R. KELLY
Some 150 letters from Walter Paston to Lewis Carroll.

The VISTA of ENGLISH VERSE
Compiled by HENRY S. PANCOAST
From Spenser to Kipling, based on the editor's Standard English Poems with additions.

The GARLAND of CHILDHOOD
A Little Book for All Lovers of Children.
Compiled by PERCY WITHERS

THE POETIC OLD-WORLD
Compiled by LUCY H. HUMPHREY
Covers Europe, including Spain, Belgium and the British Isles.

THE POETIC NEW-WORLD
Compiled by LUCY H. HUMPHREY
A companion volume to "The Poetic Old-World."

POEMS FOR TRAVELERS
Compiled by MARY R. J. DUBOIS
Covers France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, and Greece in some 300 poems.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, 34 West 33d St., New York



The Latest Fiction

THE SOUL OF A TENOR By the MUSICAL CRITIC of the NEW YORK SUN **W. J. Henderson**

A love story of "opera land" by a great authority on that land.

Mr. Henderson, without invading the privacy of actual persons, takes you behind the scenes and shows great singers as they live. He vividly contrasts the Egoists and the true Musicians. $1.35 *net, by mail* $1.47.

PHOEBE, ERNEST AND CUPID By the Author of "PHOEBE AND ERNEST" **Inez Haynes Gillmore**

Phoebe and Ernest meet their fates. *Illustrated by Schabelitz.* $1.35 *net, by mail* $1.47.

MY DOG AND I Illustrated by the Author **Gerald Sidney**

The cause of all the trouble and fun in this riotous book is a hobbledehoy pup of sable coat and more sable propensities. $1.00 *net, by mail* $1.10.

MARTHA-BY-THE-DAY 4th Printing **Julie M. Lippmann**

"The Holts may be congratulated on a find. No sweeter humor has been written into a book."—*Hartford Courant.* *3d printing,* $1.00 *net.*

THE COLLECTORS By the Professor of Art, Princeton **Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.**

Stories of cases mostly under the ninth and tenth commandments. $1.29 *net, by mail* $1.35.

MAKING A BUSINESS WOMAN **Anne Shannon Monroe**

Starting as a four-dollar-a-week typist in Chicago, Miss Gale wins independence in four years. Her story discloses the exciting possibilities of a young woman's every-day life in business and is constantly and helpfully suggestive. $1.30 *net, by mail* $1.40.

Non Fiction

A MONTESSORI MOTHER
By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Tells just what American mothers want to know about the Montessori apparatus, its use in the home, possible American substitutes, and the general principles underlying this wonderful system of training young children. Dedicated by permission to Dr. Montessori. *Helpfully illustrated.* $1.25 *net, by mail* $1.35.

VILLAGE LIFE IN AMERICA (1852-1872)
As told in the Diary of a School-Girl
By CAROLINE COWLES RICHARDS

With an Introduction by Margaret E. Sangster. *Illustrated.* $1.30 *net.*

"From the first page to the last my attention was riveted. I have read thousands of books. I have never read one which has given me more delight than this."—*From Miss Sangster's Introduction.*

AMERICAN GRAPHIC ART
By F. WEITENKAMPF,

Curator of Prints, New York Public Library, Author of "How to Appreciate Prints," etc. *Profusely illustrated.* $2.75 *net.*

The history of the reproductive graphic arts (etching, engraving on wood and metal, lithography) and their application to such specialties as illustration, book-plates, and posters.

WHY WOMEN ARE SO
By MARY R. COOLIDGE

Explains and traces the development of the woman of 1800 into the woman of to-day. "It interprets and justifies to women their struggle for better things; they can draw from it conviction and argument." An authoritative book. *Just ready.* $1.50 *net, by mail* $1.62.

SOME ENGLISH STORY-TELLERS
A Book of the Younger Novelists
By FREDERIC TABER COOPER,

author of a companion volume, "Some American Story-Tellers." *With portraits. Probable price,* $1.60 *net.* (*Nov. 2.*)

Many of these papers were popular features in THE BOOKMAN. Covers Conrad; DeMorgan; Hewlett; Phillpotts; Kipling; Locke; Galsworthy; Bennett; Hope; Sinclair; Ollivant; Dudeney; Trevena; Hichens; "Frank Danby."

GERMANY and the GERMAN EMPEROR
By G. H. PERRIS,

author of "Russia in Revolution," etc. *Probable price,* $3.00 *net.* (*Nov. 2.*)

A profound, far-reaching study of the modern German character as an evolution of German political history. A sympathetic defence of the German people and their political aims; but it is not less a frank indictment of certain national traits, reflected in the Kaiser's *Welt Politik.*

BILL THE MINDER Written and Illustrated By **W. Heath Robinson**

Sixteen plates in full color and some hundred line drawings in the text. 8vo, *boxed.* $3.50 *net, by mail* $3.70.

"The finest book for children since Howard Pyle's 'Twilight Land.'"—*The Evening Sun.*

"Surely the most charming juvenile since 'Peter Pan.'"—*Living Age.*

"There are very few books for children that can be ranked with the two books by Lewis Carroll, but 'Bill the Minder' is one of them."—JOHN G. NEIHARDT *in the Minneapolis Journal.*

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, 34 West 33d St., New York

Leading Autumn Fiction



THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAKE

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

"Prince of Story Tellers"

A typical Oppenheim novel in which an unromantic young Englishman learns a few things about women.

Illustrated by Edmund Frederick. $1.25 *net, by mail* $1.36

A CRY IN THE WILDERNESS

By MARY E. WALLER

Author of "The Wood-Carver of Lympus"

Frontispiece in four colors by Arthur I. Keller

428 pages

$1.30 net; by mail $1.42



The first long *new* novel by Miss Waller since "Flamsted Quarries."

A powerful present-day romance of a young woman, alone in the world, with New York and French Canada scenes.

"Likely to turn out one of the big novels of the year."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

THE DESTROYING ANGEL

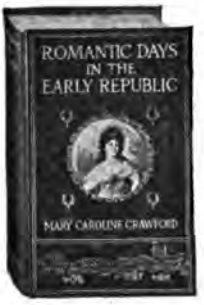
By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

A curious and compelling story of a beautiful woman's love, by the popular author of "The Bandbox," "The Brass Bowl," etc.

Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller. $1.25 *net, by mail* $1.36



LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston



Little, Brown & Co.'s New Books

Romantic Days in the Early Republic

By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

Depicts vividly the social history of the old Atlantic seaboard cities. *With 50 rare illustrations. In box, $2.50 net; by mail, $2.71.*

Historic Summer Haunts

By F. LAURISTON BULLARD

Describes the historic and literary landmarks along the New England coast from Newport to Portland. *With 32 sketches in tint by Louis H. Ruyl. Boxed, $2.50 net; by mail, $2.70.*

A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets

By ELIZA CALVERT HALL

The first book on old-time coverlets, enumerating 350 varieties. *With 64 plates, 16 in color. 8vo, $4.00 net; by mail, $4.20.*

Colonial Homes and their Furnishings

By MARY H. NORTHEND

A handsome volume authoritatively describing old-time houses and their contents. *With 117 full-page plates, etc. Royal 8vo, $5.00 net; by mail, $5.26.*

The Broad Highway

Illustrated Holiday Edition

New edition of JEFFERY FARNOL'S masterpiece. *With 24 full-page colored plates by C. E. Brock. 8vo, boxed, $3.00 net; by mail, $3.21.*



From Illustrated Edition of "The Broad Highway"

The Party Book

By WINNIFRED FALES and MARY H. NORTHEND

A comprehensive work on party-giving, invaluable to every hostess. *Fully illustrated. $2.00 net; by mail, $2.16.*

English and Welsh Cathedrals

By T. D. ATKINSON

Historical and architectural descriptions. *40 plates, 20 in color, and 48 plans. 8vo, boxed, $3.50 net; postage extra.*

Woman in the Making of America

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

A historical review of woman's activities in our development. *Illustrated. 12mo, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.62.*

The New Grant White Shakespeare

POCKET EDITION

Richard Grant White's authoritative text edited by WILLIAM P. TRENT, BENJAMIN W. WELLS and JOHN B. HENNEMAN. *With 48 photogravure plates. 12 vols. 18mo, full limp leather, $1.50 net per volume.*

Romances and Travels of Théophile Gautier

POCKET EDITION

Translated and edited by Professor F. C. DE SUMICHRAST. *Romances, in 10 vols., with 30 photogravure plates. Full limp leather, $15.00 net. Sold only in sets. Travels, in 7 vols., with 21 photogravure plates. $1.50 net per volume.*

The Fourth Down

By LESLIE W. QUIRK

The great football story of the year for boys. *Illustrated. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.30.*



Donald Kirk, the Morning Record Copy Boy

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY. *$1.20 net; by mail $1.30*

Buddie at Gray Buttes Camp

By ANNA CHAPIN RAY *Illustrated.* $1.50.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Bston

The Century Co.'s New Books



Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln

By Helen Nicolay

A new Lincoln volume, dealing intimately and sympathetically with Lincoln's attitude toward money, his moral fiber, his relations to his wife and children, based on material collected by John G. Nicolay, one of Lincoln's private secretaries.

Illustrations from handbills, invitations, letters, and documents in Lincoln's own writing. Tall 12mo, 387 pages. *Price $1.80 net; postage 14 cents.*

Everybody's St. Francis

By Maurice Francis Egan,
United States Minister to Denmark

A notable biography, the story of the life and work of perhaps the most widely known and loved saint of all history.

Eight exquisite full-page illustrations in the colors of the original paintings, and twelve in black and white, by M. Boutet de Monvel. Royal 8vo, 195 pages. *Price $2.50 net; postage 12 cents.*

Why Go to College

By Clayton Sedgwick Cooper

A convincing and suggestive discussion of the American college and the American college man, and of the problem of preparing the young men of our nation for efficient leadership and citizenship.

Attractively illustrated from etchings and drawings by Thomas Wood Stevens, Helen B. Stevens, Henry Raleigh, and Katherine Merrill. 8vo, 212 pages. *Price $1.50 net; postage 13 cents.*

The New Industrial Day

By the Hon. William C. Redfield

A book for every man who employs or directs other men. There have been many discussions of labor and its problems, but here is a book which strikes a new and vital note, by an authority who is himself a manufacturer and a widely known expert on the scientific development of our industries.

12mo, 275 pages. *Price $1.25 net; postage 12 cents.*

By-Paths in Collecting

By Virginia Robie

There is a wealth of reliable information on the age, decoration, value, etc., of old china, furniture, pewter, copper, brass, samplers, sun-dials, etc., in this book, making it a reliable working handbook for both the amateur and the experienced collector.

Charming head-bands and tail-pieces by Alfred Brennan. Eighty insets from photographs. 8vo, 600 pages. *Price $2.40 net; postage 16 cents.*

Prints and Their Makers

Edited by FitzRoy Carrington

Essays on engravers and etchers, old and modern, by notable authorities, discussing with authority various phases of etching and engraving from the time of Dürer. Indispensable to every one at all interested in prints.

197 illustrations from original engravings and etchings of special interest and value. Royal 8vo, 275 pages of text. *Price $3.50 net; postage 21 cents.*

Russian Wonder Tales

With a foreword by Post Wheeler, formerly Secretary of the American Embassy at St. Petersburg

A charming book for readers of all ages, the folk-tales of all the Russias handed down through many generations. Romance and adventure go hand in hand, all set forth with that touch of magic which makes such old tales as these ever young.

There are twelve quaint and beautiful full-page pictures in the colors of the originals by the famous Russian artist Bilibin. Small quarto, 323 pages. *Price $2.50 net; postage 19 cents.*

THE CENTURY CO. Union Square NEW YORK

The Century Co.'s New Books

A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill

By Alice Hegan Rice,
author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

The quaint types and genuine humor of Mrs. Rice's earlier successes are in this new book, a love-story of the most captivating kind. The combination of Cabbage Patch comedy and high romance is irresistible.

Eight delightful full-page illustrations by Wright. 12mo, 404 pages. *Price $1.25 net; postage 12 cents.*



The briar-rose heroine of "A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill."

Mrs. Lancelot

By Maurice Hewlett, author of "The Forest Lovers"

A frank and passionate story of the love of three men for a fascinating woman. With all the exquisite quality which makes Hewlett so popular a writer.

Illustrations of unusual quality by Schabelitz. 12mo, 398 pages. *Price $1.35 net; postage 13 cents.*

The Lady and Sada San

A sequel to "The Lady of the Decoration," by Frances Little

What happened to "the Lady" and Jack and to a most winsome Japanese-American girl. It has all the fresh humor and charm of that phenomenal success, "The Lady of the Decoration."

Lovely frontispiece in color by Berger. 16mo, 224 pages. *Price $1.00 net; postage 6 cents.*



Sada San—"One half American dash, and the other half the unnamable witchery of a Japanese woman."

Daddy-Long-Legs

By Jean Webster, who writes with a rare humor

Everybody will want this out-of-the-ordinary and altogether delicious story. It is a book overflowing with spicy originality and the joy of living.

Jolly pictures by the author. 16mo, 304 pages. *Price $1.00 net; postage 8 cents.*

"C Q," a Romance of the Wireless House

By Arthur Train

An up-to-the-minute novel, full of fun, full of thrills, with a touch of tragedy and a highly dramatic ending.

Clever pictures by Crosby. 12mo, 301 pages. *Price $1.20 net; postage 12 cents.*



"And there is no one else? No other Iseult out there beyond the mountains?" From "Smoke Bellew."

A Prelude to Adventure

By Hugh Walpole, author of "The Gods and Mr. Perrin"

The scene is an English college town; the chief character, an English college student who puts himself out of touch with normal social relations. It is an original and powerful tale.

12mo, 308 pages. *Price $1.20 net; postage 9 cents.*

Smoke Bellew

By Jack London, author of "The Call of the Wild"

A big, splendid story, with the love of woman, the comradeship of men, the suffering and the lure of the Klondike, painted as only Jack London at his best can paint them.

Eight full-page illustrations by Monahan. 12mo, 385 pages. *Price $1.30 net; postage 13 cents.*

THE CENTURY CO. **Union Square** **NEW YORK**

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.



A BOOK, A CHAIR AND A FIRE





The Wind Before the Dawn

By Dell H. Munger **5th Great Printing**

This is the epic of the farmer's wife, and of the new order which is to make her an independent partner instead of a household slave. It tells the story of a young girl who marries the man she loves, and then faces her real problem as her husband develops the customary attitude of considering his wife as a necessary piece of farm machinery. A surprising situation arises, and the tangled lives straighten out in a climax which is very dramatic. *Eight illustrations in color by Thomas Fogarty. Net,* $1.35.



The Soddy

By Sarah Comstock

When nineteen-year-old Terry, astride a bony old gray cow-pony, bare-headed, her girlish slimness evident in a dress of heavy blue woollen, crosses the path of Dexter Hayden, the enthusiastic young pioneer fresh from an Eastern University, the love story finds its first impetus. From the brilliant blue-skied days, when they hopefully plough the wilderness together, we watch the two characters building a climax of dramatic intensity. *Decorated wrapper. Net,* $1.30.



The Heather Moon

By C. N. & A. M. Williamson

Authors of "The Golden Silence," etc.

The Heather moon is the moon for falling in love. It comes in August, before the honeymoon, when the heather is in a glory of purple blossom. In this book, the Williamsons tell of the adventures of Barribel MacDonald. The charm of the Scottish countryside runs through its pages, and there is a very interesting love story, which unfolds under the skilful touch of these two popular writers. *Decorated wrapper and lining pages. Net,* $1.35.

The Harvester

By Gene Stratton-Porter

This story has been in the list of the Six Best Sellers for twelve months. It is now in its 265th thousand. It has a unique charm, which every one feels and enjoys. *Beautifully illustrated and decorated. Net,* $1.35. *By the same author: "Freckles" and "A Girl of the Limberlost." Over a million copies of these three books have been sold.*



The Street of the Two Friends

By F. Berkeley Smith

Author of "A Village of Vagabonds," etc.

To the little studio at the top of the house in the Rue des Deux Amis comes many a light footstep, presaging adventure after the fashion of the *vie de Bohème*. It is a vivid chronicle of men and women who live in an atmosphere of color and emotion—a striking companion picture of pulsing Parisian life, with which the author follows his idyllic tale of "A Village of Vagabonds." *Illustrated and decorated. Net,* $1.50.



The Guests of Hercules

By C. N. & A. M. Williamson

Authors of "Set in Silver," etc.

A romantic tale of Monte Carlo and of the picturesque life of the "Azure Coast." The character of Mary Grant is one of such naive frankness, disconcerting directness and captivating innocence of the ways of the world that one begins to feel a sort of personal responsibility for her from the opening of the book. This appeal is very strong and is one of the most delightful qualities of this story of a convent girl's adventures in Monte Carlo. *Four illustrations in colors and decorated wrapper and lining pages. Net,* $1.35.





A Woman of Genius

By Mary Austin

Suppose you felt it in you to become a great emotional actress, an artist or professional woman, would your husband help you or hinder you? Suppose he and your friends disapproved, would you give it up or follow the desire that possessed you? That's the theme of Mary Austin's great story. Pauline Mills, sheltered, tenderly kept, inflexible in her "adorable womanliness," shapes the world to her standards. Genius, a force as irresistible as the tide, takes no heed of Pauline Mills, but it takes up its abode in Olivia Lattimore. How it works in her and through her is a story which turns the feminine mind inside out with remarkable candor. *Decorated wrapper. Net,* $1.35.



Elkan Lubliner: American

By Montague Glass
Author of "Potash and Perlmutter," etc.

This is the story, rich in possibilities, of the process of Americanizing our adopted countrymen. All the insight into human nature and all the whole-hearted fun which so captivated the thousands of readers of "Potash and Perlmutter," and "Abe and Mawruss," are found afresh in this new book. Underneath the laughter and the fun is a big dramatic idea. *Net,* $1.20.



Rolling Stones

By O. Henry Author of "The Four Million," "Whirligigs," etc.

Like a true genius, O. Henry kept no records of his work, as he had none of the egoism that is the bane of these days. So it was after following many false trails that the material for "Rolling Stones," the last of the O. Henry volumes, was collected. This book contains ten short stories, quantities of verse, the whimsical contents of his paper, "Rolling Stones," some photographs and quaint pen-and-ink and wash drawings. *Illustrated. Net,* $1.20.



A Son of the Sun

By Jack London

These are good red-blooded tales of the South Sea Islands as Jack London knows how to tell them. David Grief, the man about whom these yarns are spun, was once a light-haired, blue-eyed youth who came from England to the South Seas in search of adventures. The life threw its spell over him and he remained. Tanned like a native and as lithe as a tiger, he became a real son of the sun. This book will do for the South Seas what "The Call of the Wild" did for Alaska. *Illustrated. Net,* $1.20.

The Lure of Life

By Agnes and Egerton Castle
Authors of "The Pride of Jennico," etc.

When the young scholar whose world was of books suddenly found himself Sir Ughtred, master of a great English estate, he presently woke to the fact that there were whirlpools of human feeling in him which he had never imagined. Around this striking figure the authors have wrought a tale full of passion and color, when Sir Ughtred comes into contact with the two women who affect his life. *Net,* $1.35.



The Royal Road

By Alfred Ollivant
Author of "Bob, Son of Battle," etc.

This is the story of Ted Hankey, whose life, absolutely in the grip of circumstance, the plaything of the giant Industry, moves surely and triumphantly to the Great Vision. In Ted's heart there blossoms a little flower of hope which nothing stunts or kills; he whistles through days gray and sodden; and the light of his leading shines clearer and steadier as the climax of this wonderful story approaches. *Net,* $1.25.



Knocking the Neighbors

By George Ade

George Ade is back on his own ground in this book, and that means a volume of the best fun that the American public has chuckled over for a long time. It is his first book in several years, and you'll be glad he is back. *Illustrated. Net,* $1.00.



Counsel for the Defense

By LeRoy Scott
Author of "To Him That Hath," etc.

"A big and dynamic story. It sweeps you along with all the speed of a 20th Century Limited. The characters in the book give it vitality equalling that of the dramatic incident."—*Springfield Union.*

Net, $1.20

Second Large Printing Exhausted
Third Edition Just Ready



Published by Doubleday, Page & Company at the Country Life Press in Garden City, New York

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

Fall Book Announcement of The Neale Publishing Company

Just seventeen years ago The Neale Publishing Company was founded. For seventeen years we have maintained the highest standard in books. Among our many notable publications are our War books—Civil War books—and today we have to our credit the reputation of having published and of owning the greatest library of books relating to the Civil War in existence. Books—by both Northerners and Southerners—covering every phase of that historic struggle. To this huge and comprehensive list we are constantly adding, and below we quote the latest additions:

"General Joseph Wheeler and The Army of Tennessee," by **John Witherspoon DuBose.** A biography of the famous General, a type of the Old Time American of the South, written by a master hand, one accustomed to the demands of literature. Mr. DuBose enjoyed an acquaintance of forty years with General Wheeler, so his work has an intimate touch seldom found in a life of this kind. *By mail, $5.80.*

"Antietam and the Maryland and Virginia Campaigns of 1862," by **Isaac W. Heysinger, M.A., M.D., Member of Loyal Legion,** a participant in both campaigns. The book was written to bring to light the military record of Gen. George B. McClellan. This is a defense of the General by a man who was in the great struggle and who is an admirable writer of history. A complete vindication of McClellan—an historical death sentence of his detractors. *$1.65 by mail.*

"One of Jackson's Foot Cavalry," by **John H. Worsham.** An old "F" and adjutant of 21st Virginia Infantry. It is the war experience of a private soldier told with spirit and a persuasive humor truly delightful,—as Dickens might have written it. A new viewpoint of the Civil War and a book of unusual strength. *$2.15 by mail.*

"The War of the Sixties," compiled by **Capt. E. R. Hutchins.** A book of *rare* historical value, containing personal reminiscences of more than 100 soldiers and sailors—Union and Confederate, which makes history of the best. Humor, pathos, love, courage are commingled in these records of fighting, daring captures, and hair-breadth escapes. No more notable volume relating to the Civil War has been issued in many years. *$3.20 by mail.*

"The Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army," by **Randolph H. McKim, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.** A plain statement of facts relating to the strength of the Confederate army. A splendid and authentic book of data. *$1.10 by mail.*

"With Fire & Sword," by **Major S. H. M. Byers, of General Sherman's staff.** Being the personal experiences of the Major in the great Civil War. A soldier's tale of a bloody war, full of stirring incidents and exciting scenes, throbbing with the enormous vitality of a brave man and soldier. *$1.10 by mail.*

SHEER LITERATURE

Ambrose Bierce. The complete edition of "The Collected works of Ambrose Bierce" is now complete. Volumes XI and XII of this great work, which has been lauded by the greatest men of letters, statesmen and publishers of the world, are now ready. This work has taken its place among the greatest American classics. Bierce is one of the most striking forces in American Literature—perhaps the greatest writer America has yet produced.

The set consists of 12 volumes, in cloth, half Morocco, and full Morocco, and the autograph edition limited to 250 sets. The most splendid edition de luxe publication ever issued. In years to come the autograph edition will be valued as were the famous books in the Hoe Collection. *Send your order now.*

Percival Pollard's "Vagabond Journeys," and "Their Day In Court." by that master of English. **"Vagabond Journeys."** This humorous record of an individual's adventures along the path of enjoyment in European cities abounds in essential characteristics of the cities visited. To sophisticated travellers it offers viewpoints of knowledge and amusement perhaps not dreamed of.

"Their Day in Court," which already enjoys a tremendous vogue, is a book of criticism of American and European literatures of the past ten years. "Let us now thank the gods for a literary critic with something to say and the good-will to say it in a loud voice" —*Smart Set.* It is a book about books, as fascinating as a novel.

POLITICAL

"Our Presidents and Their Office," by **Wm. Estabrook Chancellor, Ph.D., with an introduction by Champ Clark.** A wonderful, powerful book by a man distinguished as a great writer. A man who has a most tremendous volume of information at his command and who has lived amid the political life of the nation's capital. History, analysis, and biography are here combined into a valuable work, as broad in its scope as it is intensely interesting to the student of American governmental affairs. *$5.80 by mail.*

"Essays & Addresses," by **Gen. Roger A. Pryor, Justice of N. Y. Supreme Court,** containing his more important political addresses and his arguments in celebrated law cases. A virile work by one who has made history. *$1.60 by mail.*

BIOGRAPHY

"Fifty Years in Oregon," by **Gov. T. T. Geer.** A history of one of the greatest states of the Union. A panorama of Oregon from the early Forties to the present time, embellished with the genial, wholesome personality of Geer, the man and executive whose life, private and official, was full of interesting experiences and warm personal contact with his fellow men. A big work dealing with the life of a big western commonwealth. *$3.80 by mail.*

"The Soldier-Bishop, Ellison Capers," by **Walter B. Capers.** A biography of the brilliant brigadier-general and bishop, whose work as a soldier, educator, and churchman is today an integral part of American life. *$3.80 by mail.*

"Mrs. Fiske," by **Frank Carlos Griffith, Mrs. Fiske's Acting Manager.** This is the first comprehensive biography and critical study of the foremost American actress. An intimate and intensely interesting history of her life, profusely illustrated with portraits and stage scenes. A beautiful volume which should be welcomed by Mrs. Fiske's many friends and admirers. *$1.10 by mail.*

"Dr. William Leroy Broun, His Life, with Extracts from His Works," by **Major Thomas L. Broun.** This life of the great southern educator visions his great works for the cause of industrial and technical education in the South. "It will be nobly welcomed." *$2.15 by mail.*

FICTION

"The Dragon's Daughter," by **Clyde C. Westover.** This, a romance of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, shows a masterly acquaintance with the many sided and peculiar natures of these Occidental peoples. A love story too, it offers a great opportunity for unusual romance. "It has the grip," and holds the attention to the end. *85 cents by mail.*

"Tame Animals I have Known," by **William J. Lampton.** This latest humorous prose production by the popular poet-humorist is as sparkling, effervescent, and charming as the famous poems we are wont to chuckle over. It is a delightful treat. *85 cents by mail.*

"Sara," by **Frances Stocker Hopkins.** An American romance of the early 19th Century. Never was there a daintier, sweeter love story than this. Beautifully and finely sketched are the characters, the material wonderfully well chosen, and the time—Pennsylvania in the early 19th Century, and particularly Philadelphia in the midst of her pride and at her social zenith. A tender, lovely story. Worth reading many times. *$1.35 by mail.*

"Nisi Prius," by **J. C. Browder of the Logan County, Kentucky, Bar.** A humorous, rollicking yarn of law and lawyers in Kentucky, written by one of them. A story of the "Rain" of law in Kentucky. *$1.50 by mail.*

"The Forelopers," by **I. N. Phipps.** A romance of Colonial days, full of stirring adventure and the love of two young people in the "Early Days" in Colonial Connecticut. Delightful and compelling. *$1.35 postpaid.*

By ordering direct of us you eliminate the trouble of waiting for delivery through several middlemen—and thus our prices are much lower than could otherwise be quoted you.

Your selection of any of these books will be mailed postpaid promptly upon receipt of your order.

The new illustrated catalog, containing the complete list of The Neale Publishing Company's books, is now ready. It contains more than 100 rare portraits and other rare illustrations. It is free. Send for your copy now.

Union Square **The Neale Publishing Company** **New York**

Two Big Books By Biggest Author Of Any Age



Led by a little child

This picture reproduced here in miniature from "Their Yesterdays" illustrates the turning point in the man's temptation. ——————— This picture reproduced here in miniature from "The Winning of Barbara Worth" illustrates one place in the story that has choked with emotion the throats of more than three million readers.

First Printing One-Half Million Copies

"Their Yesterdays"—the best work, by far, yet done by the author of That Printer of Udell's, The Shepherd of the Hills, The Calling of Dan Matthews, The Winning of Barbara Worth, etc.



Loyal to serve

Harold Bell Wright's

New Story of the Love of a Man and a Woman

THEIR YESTERDAYS

¶ Tender with sentiment, pathos, realism. Honors the home, supremely glorifies the wife and mother—delightfully wholesome.

Illustrations in Colors by F. Graham Cootes. Cloth, 12mo. $1.30 Net

Bound uniform with "Barbara Worth"

Harold Bell Wright's Latest and Biggest Novel

Second Printing 750th Thousand

The Most Popular Book in the World

THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH

"A book that will mould and make nations."

A Present-Day Story of Reclamation and Love

Illustrations made on the scenes of the story by F. Graham Cootes

Cloth, 12mo. $1.30 Net

¶**Boston Globe**—To the reader the characters will appear as real as friends they know—all of their aims, and likes and hatreds being portrayed as true to life as snapshots caught by moving-picture cameras.

¶**Cleveland Plain Dealer**—"Dan Matthews" was a fine tale. "The Shepherd of the Hills" was an inspiration. And now he sends us "The Winning of Barbara Worth" * * a twentieth century epic.

Other Novels by Mr. Wright Uniform With Above

That Printer of Udell's, The Shepherd of the Hills, The Calling of Dan Matthews

Harold Bell Wright's Famous Allegory of Life

The Uncrowned King

¶The message Harold Bell Wright gave to the world in *Novel* form in "The Calling of Dan Matthews" and then again in *Allegory* in this story of "The Uncrowned King" is so vital to the race that it will have its influence on generations even beyond our own.

Illustrations by John Rea Neill. 16mo. Cloth 50 Cents Net, Full Leather $1.00 Net

Publishers' Selling Agents to the Trade in the U. S.

THE REILLY AND BRITTON COMPANY

1006 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, Publishers, 231-233 West Monroe St., Chicago

Established 1895 **E. W. REYNOLDS, President**

Over Three Million Harold Bell Wright Books Have Been Sold



An unusually attractive and varied number of new books are published by us this Fall, a few of which are given below. An illustrated booklet giving full information will be mailed free upon application.

NOVELS

CEASE FIRING — **By Mary Johnston**
In imaginative power, vividness, and impressiveness even greater than "The Long Roll." Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. $1.40 *net.*

PRUDENT PRISCILLA — **By Mary C. E. Wemyss**
The adventures of a charming young woman as a result of her too ready sympathy with the troubles of others. $1.25 *net.*

LICKY AND HIS GANG — **By Grace Sartwell Mason**
Since Aldrich's "Bad Boy," there have been few stories of the happy adventures of boyhood so likely to appeal to young and old as this. Illustrated in tint. $1.00 *net.*

CAVIARE — **By Grant Richards**
A good substitute for a visit to Paris or Monte Carlo. Illustrated. $1.30 *net.*

LINDA — **By Margaret Prescott Montague**
An appealing story of a West Virginia mountain girl. With frontispiece. $1.20 *net.*

ESSAYS

THE AMERICAN MIND — **By Bliss Perry**
Studies of American traits as expressed in the books and the men, the ideas and the impulses, which are most genuinely characteristic of our people. $1.25 *net.*

HUMANLY SPEAKING — **By Samuel M. Crothers**
In addition to the characteristic essay that gives a title to this collection, the volume contains a number of charming sketches of travel. $1.25 *net.*

THE PROVINCIAL AMERICAN — **By Meredith Nicholson**
Essays of strong appeal by one of the most charming of contemporary American writers. $1.25 *net.*

AMERICANS AND OTHERS — **By Agnes Repplier**
These papers deal with American traits rather than American life. $1.10 *net.*

POETRY

A DOME OF MANY COLOURED GLASS — **By Amy Lowell**
This collection of poems combines marked technical ability with a rare and individual poetic feeling. Lavishly illustrated. $1.50 *net.*

ROMANCE, VISION AND SATIRE — **By Jessie L. Weston**
A spirited and faithful rendition of one of the most interesting groups of poems in English literature. $1.25 *net.*

THE POEMS AND PLAYS OF WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY
Mr. Moody's complete works are now for the first time issued in two volumes. With frontispiece portraits and a biographical Introduction by John M. Manly. Each vol. $1.50 *net.*

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THE THREE BRONTËS — **By May Sinclair**
"A conspicuous success. Her criticism of the Charlotte Brontë novels, from beginning to end, is masterly."—*Boston Transcript.* Illustrated. $3.00 *net.*

J. M. SYNGE: and the Irish Dramatic Movement — **By Francis Bickley**
Tells the story of Synge's brief but picturesque career and analyzes his work in a convincing and instructive way. With portrait. 75 cents *net.*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST — **By J. O. Fagan**
One of the most significant publications of the year, by the author of "The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman." $1.25 *net.*

WHEN I WAS YOUNG — **By Yoshio Markino**
A vivid and picturesque narrative of the author's experiences in Japan and San Francisco. Fully illustrated by the author. $1.50 *net.*

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

The postage on each is extra.

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES

By RICHARD DEHAN, *author of "One Braver Thing" ("The Dop Doctor")*

Among the characters are Florence Nightingale, Napoleon III, Victor Hugo, Czar Nicholas, and a host of others. No novel of recent years has been so highly praised by the critics who know. It is a novel of great issues, big characters, and burning emotions.

The tremendous struggle of a man with temptation is the central theme of this remarkable novel, whose background involves the Crimean War and the genesis of the Red Cross Society.

$1.40 *net; postpaid,* $1.53

"A singular, strong and noble book."

—**Chicago Tribune.**

"There have been few novels of late which have shown such brilliant power in imparting a convincing reality to widely differing types of men and women."

—**Springfield Republican.**



Richard Dehan

"An epic, not only of an epoch, but of a whole continent as well. . . . Deserves to take rank with the biggest war stories of any period or country."

—**Bookman.**

"Beside the current fiction of the hour its note is as that of a cathedral organ against penny whistles."

—**London Daily Mail.**

OUT of the WRECK I RISE

By BEATRICE HARRADEN, *author of "Ships that Pass in the Night"*

"An excellent piece of fiction, carefully thought out, well executed and thoroughly readable from beginning to end. . . . No wonder Adrian Steele was beloved of women. That he had only two under his influence seems equally surprising."—**New York Herald.**

"Better, in most respects, than anything she has previously done. The plot is compact and logical and the conclusion, which in other hands might easily have been made banal, she lifts to a plane that stimulates thought and question. . . . Nearly all of the characters are strong, individual conceptions, depicted with clarity and convincingness."—**New York Times.**

Frontispiece in colors, cloth, 12mo, $1.35 *net; postpaid,* $1.47

MISS WEALTHY DEPUTY SHERIFF

By ELIZABETH NEFF

Author of "Authors to Mammon"

This jolly story tells how the processes of law were affected by a good cook and her kitchen stove. Miss Wealthy Pergellis presided over the love affair of the girl with the wild-rose cheeks and the man who was, yet was not, the robber. An ingenious, humorous and satisfying story. $1.00 *net; postpaid,* $1.10.

LIFTED MASKS

By SUSAN GLASPELL

Author of "The Glory of the Conquered"

"Miss Glaspell in her lifting of masks has found beauty. . . . However abject the man, however sordid the condition, Miss Glaspell finds the germ of the divine and triumphantly holds it up in subtle style and brilliantly terse phrase to whomever may chance to be her companion in her hunt after human souls."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.* $1.00 *net; postpaid,* $1.10.

THE LONG PORTAGE

By HAROLD BINDLOSS

Author of "Winston of the Prairie," "Vane of the Timberlands," etc.

A story of the towering, clean-aired forests of the Northwest. It involves the difficulty of a man who cannot tell the girl he loves about the villainy of his rival. An exciting race in the forest, the shooting of treacherous rapids and plenty of outdoor action lead to the unexpected outcome. $1.25 *net; postpaid,* $1.37.

THE LOVER'S BAEDEKER
AND GUIDE TO ARCADY

By CAROLYN WELLS

Would you enjoy a jaunt through Arcady, the country of young lovers? Whether you are there now and need an experienced guide, or have never yet visited it, or have been there and want to refresh your memory, Miss Wells's clever and witty little book, with its attractive pictures, is just the thing for you. $1.00 *net; postpaid,* $1.09.

Publishers **FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY** **New York**

THE MOSHER BOOKS
READY OCTOBER FIRST

The Venetian Series

Printed in 10-point Old-Style Roman within rules, and with designed labels on wrappers done up in Eighteenth Century Italian Papers in colors. Hand-made paper, 50 cents net; Japan vellum, $1.00 net.

VI. **Spring in Tuscany** and Other Lyrics, by A. C. Swinburne and Others.

The Vest Pocket Series

Blue paper wrapper, 30 cents; limp cloth, 50 cents; flexible leather, gilt top, 75 cents.

XXIII. **The Flight of the Princess** and Other Pieces, by Robert Louis Stevenson.

XXIV. **In Praise of Old Gardens,** by Vernon Lee and Others.

The Lyric Garland

Hand-made paper, 50 cents net; Japan vellum, $1.00 net.

XXIV. **The Silence of Amor:** Prose Rhythms, by Fiona Macleod.

XXV. **Lyrical Poems,** by Lucy Lyttelton.

Miscellaneous

LVI. **Roses of Paestum,** by Edward McCurdy.
700 copies, fcap 8vo, hand-made paper, old-style ribbed boards, $2.00 net.

LVII. **The Renaissance,** by Walter Pater.
700 copies, fcap 8vo, hand-made paper, old-style ribbed boards, $2.50 net.

LVIII. **Il Pesceballo:** Opera in One Act, by Francis J. Child and James Russell Lowell.
50 numbered copies on Japan vellum, of which 40 are for sale, $5.00 net.

LIX. **Memories of President Lincoln,** by Walt Whitman.
300 copies, medium 8vo, Italian hand-made paper, with Lincoln portrait from original negative, old-style boards, $3.00 net.

LX. **Amphora:** A Collection of Prose and Verse, Chosen by the Editor of The Bibelot.
925 copies, fcap 8vo, Van Gelder hand-made paper, old-style boards, $1.75 net.

NEW CATALOGUE AND REVISED PRICE LIST FREE

THOMAS B. MOSHER, Portland, Maine

"THE AMERICANS IN PANAMA"

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

Net $1.35 **Postpaid $1.45**

The Panama Canal, the world's greatest enterprise, is more than 90 per cent. completed. It is now possible to take a perspective view of the whole project, and "The Americans in Panama" is such a treatment. The author is a newspaper man who spent five months studying the canal, working for three months as a canal employee to insure accuracy of visualization.

Between 15,000 and 20,000 Americans will go to see the canal this winter, the last time it may be seen in course of construction, as the first ship is scheduled to pass through in September, 1913. If you are going, two things should be done at once. Secure your steamer reservation—and buy a copy of "The Americans in Panama." It will qualify you to get the maximum pleasure and profit from your trip.

For the millions of Americans who will not see the canal in the building, "The Americans in Panama" is ideally the book to read and add to the library. It is a sign of culture to be accurately informed upon current subjects of vital interest. "The Americans in Panama" covers every noteworthy fact in the history of Panama from 1501 to the very latest developments on the canal. The Monroe Doctrine, the controversy with England, and the Colombian claim for the loss of Panama are discussed competently. It is illustrated adequately.

From any bookdealer, or direct from

The Statler Publishing Co.
501 Fifth Ave. New York

The Live Man

finds it necessary to have the news of the day sifted, arranged and interpreted, so as to aid him in understanding the progress of the world.

The Independent

New York, $3 a year

is the weekly best adapted for this service.

Write your address below and mail to 130 Fulton Street, New York, enclosing 25 cents for an eight weeks' trial.

THE INDEPENDENT, 130 Fulton Street, New York.

Enclosed find 25 cents, for which please send me THE INDEPENDENT for eight weeks, in accordance with your special offer.

B.-11-12

LANE'S FALL LEADERS

THE JOYOUS ADVENTURES OF ARISTIDE PUJOL. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE, author of "The Glory of Clementina," "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," etc. With 24 illustrations by Alec Ball. 12mo. Cloth, $1.30 net. Postage, 12 cents. These joyous adventures form a climax to Mr. Locke's novels of diverting Gallic experiences, with their unalloyed happiness and their rich-brown despairs. Aristide Pujol, that Protean son of Provence, is a most attractive personality. With breathless interest we follow him through a series of engrossing adventures. He is a lovable, tender-hearted, gasconading gamin of a creature, full of aplomb in the most embarrassing situations, and honorable according to his lights. With a chuckle and a sigh of regret we close the book on Aristide's last adventure—that of matrimony.

SUNSHINE SKETCHES. By STEPHEN LEACOCK, author of "Literary Lapses," "Nonsense Novels," etc. Colored Frontispiece. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postage, 12 cents. The setting of the stories is a small Canadian town. The scenes vary in the different tales, but the same characters reappear throughout, all of them invested with the originality and humor that is characteristic of Mr. Leacock's writings.

THE GOLD FISH. By JULIAN STREET, author of "The Need of Change," "Paris à la Carte," "Ship Bored," etc. With colored illustrations, and page decorations. 12mo. Cloth, 70 cents net. Postage, 6 cents. A story for children between the ages of six and sixty. It shows how a gold-fish was able to preach and inculcate the great lesson that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and how by the aid of this strange moralizer a small boy was able to obtain the desire of his heart—a youthful companion and playmate.

PANSY MEARES. By HORACE W. C. NEWTE, author of "The Socialist Countess," "The Ealing Miracle," etc. 12mo. Cloth, $1.30 net. Postage, 12 cents. The author takes as the heroine of this realistic novel a simple country girl of great beauty, who, to escape from an undesirable stepfather and the boredom of country life, makes her way to London and passes through all the phases of hardship that await the penniless and unsophisticated young woman in a great city.

THE FACE OF AIR. By GEORGE L. KNAPP. 12mo. Cloth, $1.00 net. Postage, 10 cents. A ship, apparently crewless and passengerless—the Nancy Hanks—is the "heroine" of this story. Like most heroines, she proves difficult of comprehension to man; and fear, excitement, murder, take place all around and about her while she calmly proceeds upon her way, with the mystery deepening day by day.

THE CAREER OF BEAUTY DARLING. By DOLF WYLLARDE. Cloth, $1.30 net. Postage, 12 cents. Beauty, when an infant, was found on the doorstep of a working-woman, Mrs. Darling, with whom she lived, and regarded as her mother, up to the age of fourteen. Then, one day, an artist wandered by, persuaded her to pose for him in an apple tree, and made a picture of her which became the rage of London. When he left the cottage to resume his journey, Beauty was no longer the innocent, happy girl he had found her, and Mrs. Darling's wrath at this discovery sent Beauty flying from her home up to London, where she sought entrance at the stage-door of one of the well-known music-halls of the great Metropolis. Beauty's subsequent career reads like a thrilling, dazzling romance.

JOHN LANE CO. NEW YORK

NEW AUTUMN BOOKS

THE AMERICAN MEDITERRANEAN

By Stephen Bonsal

8vo. Illustrated. $3.00 net. Postage 20 cents

This is a comprehensive and interesting study of the Caribbean world by an author who knows the various islands of the West Indies, by repeated visits to them and a study of them. The book deals with their history, foreign occupation, and ownership of some of the islands, their relation to this country and the possibilities of developing our commerce with them and responsibilities which we owe these small neighbors of ours.

MARKEN AND ITS PEOPLE

By George Wharton Edwards

Large 8vo. Fully illustrated from original sketches. $2.50 net. Postage 18 cents

This book, full of information, historical allusions and incidents, is polished and easy in style and the book is copiously illustrated by the author-artist from sketches and studies made on this quaintest and most picturesque of islands.

MOTOR RAMBLES IN ITALY

By Credo Harris

Large 8vo. 120 illustrations from original photographs. $2.50 net. Postage 20 cents

A delightful account of a motor trip taken by three friends through Italy. There is hardly a place of interest in that country which has not been covered in this tour. The narrative is delightfully told, and the book is illustrated with over 120 full-page half-tones taken from original photographs.

A CHRISTMAS HONEYMOON

Frances Aymar Matthews

12mo. Illustrated in full color. Price $1.00 net. Postage 10 cents

A genuine Christmas love story, romantic, tender, and human. Saturated with the Christmas spirit. Full of the flavor of old New York. There never was a more winsome or wilful heroine than Betty, a more manly or stubborn hero, nor a more thorough little aristocrat than Pierre de la Quereau.

THE SEER

By Perley Poore Sheehan

12mo. $1.20 net. Postage 12 cents

"The Seer" is the strange and gripping story of how a country preacher, rising to a position of fame and power through the practical application of old truths, sways men and women regardless of creed or race. The odd and unforgettable characters are of a kind rarely touched on hitherto in any book. The quality of the present work is best described in the words of one friend to another: "If you're up against it, read 'The Seer.'"

MELINDY

By Stella George Stern Perry

12mo. Frontispiece. $1.00 net. Postage 10 cents

It is a simple, real life story of absorbing interest, told lovingly, told with exquisite touch, told with real humor and—because it is a real life story—told with some pathos, too. But chiefly with humor because its central figure is Melindy, and Melindy is a very humorous person indeed.

THE FRESHMAN

James Hopper

12mo. Illustrated. $1.00 net

A stirring Football story, with a rattling good account of the game of the year, and of how Carter showed his sand and made good in spite of his being green and awkward.

THE MYSTERY OF THE GREYOAK INN

Louise Godfrey Irwin

12mo. Illustrated. $1.25 net

This is a boys' story and it's full of excitement and interest from cover to cover; there's a real mystery which Jim and his chum solve, and it's as wholesome as a breath of pure air.

MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

116-120 WEST 32D STREET - - - NEW YORK

Fiction and Non-Fiction Leaders—1912

THE 1912 TRAVEL BOOK OF ADVENTURE

The Flowing Road

ADVENTURING on the GREAT RIVERS of SOUTH AMERICA

By CASPAR WHITNEY

Mr. Whitney's expedition to reach the unknown land at the head of the Orinoco River, through the unfriendly Indians and almost impassable natural barriers, when all save one treacherous native companion had fled, is a chapter in travel adventure which has rarely been equalled. He tells of his five separate overland and river expeditions into the wonderful heart of South America. These were largely by canoe, and on streams more or less connected; hence, the significance of the title, "The Flowing Road."

24 inserts and Maps. 8vo. Cloth, $3.00 net. Postpaid, $3.25.

A GREAT ART WORK

Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal



A set of the original lithographs costs about $400. All are given here in reproduction, preserving all the detail of the original.

Twenty-eight illustrations, with Mr. Pennell's introduction, giving his experiences and impressions and full description of each picture. Volume 7¼ in. x 10 in. Beautifully printed on dull-finished paper. Lithograph by Mr. Pennell on cover.

$1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.40.

THE BOOK OF THE WOMAN QUESTION

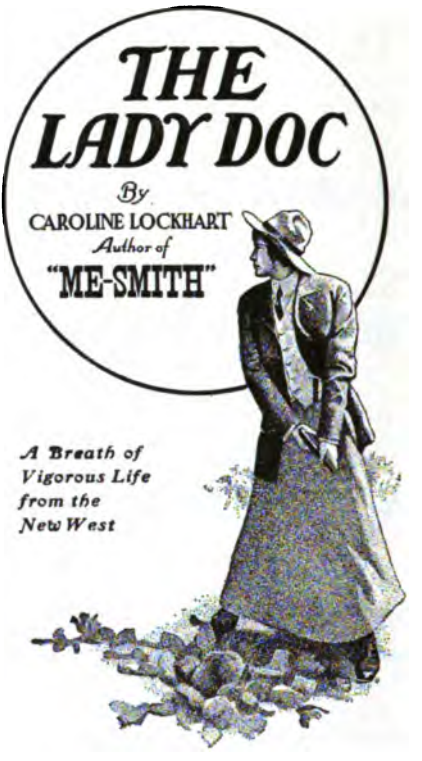
The Advance of Woman

By MRS. JANE JOHNSTONE CHRISTIE

This remarkable volume treats of the rise of the feminine from the earliest times down to the present. It is not an argument for woman's rights, but it is a most convincing picture of her proper place in the whole scheme of things. No man or woman who favorably or unfavorably regards the present agitation seriously can afford to ignore this volume.

12mo. Cloth, $1.50 net. Postpaid, $1.65.

A WHIRLWIND SUCCESS



"Me—Smith," the big Western novel of 1911, ran into seven large editions. "The Lady Doc" will be even more popular. There is the humor and excitement of breezy Western life; and the strong personality of the Lady Doc dominates every scene until the big climax.

Illustrated. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

THE FIRST HURDLE
AND OTHERS

By JOHN REED SCOTT. Author of "The Last Try." Frontispiece in color by James Montgomery Flagg. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.
These stories are full of dash and go, witty dialogue, and clever character drawing.

A JEWEL OF THE SEAS

By JESSIE KAUFMAN. Illustrated in color by Gayle Hoskins. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.
An enchanting novel of Hawaiian social life.

THE ORDEAL

By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Author of "The Raid of the Guerilla." Frontispiece in color by Douglas Duer. Cloth, $1.20 net. Postpaid, $1.32.
An impassioned romance of a strong man's reawakened love for the woman who jilted him, now the widow of another man.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY Publishers Philadelphia

From the Fall List of **E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY** Publishers New York

New Biographies Unusually Rich in Personality

T. DeWitt Talmage as I Knew Him By the late T. DeWitt Talmage
An autobiography with a concluding chapter by Mrs. DeWitt Talmage.
8vo. $3.00 *net, postpaid,* $3.17.

The Life of Michael Angelo By Romain Rolland
With a portrait and twenty-three full-page reproductons of the artist's statues and paintings.
Cloth, 8vo. $2.00 *net, postpaid,* $2.13.

George Barrow: The Man and His Books By Edward Thomas
"The pleasantest and most 'understanding' study that Barrow's many-sided genius has yet received."—*Daily Telegraph, London.* *8vo. Illus.* $3.00 *net, postpaid,* $3.17.

New Illustrated Books for Children

Bee, the Princess of the Dwarfs By Anatole France
Retold in English by Peter Wright and beautifully illustrated in colors by CHARLES ROBINSON.
Decorated, gilt top, $2.50 *net, postpaid,* $2.67.

Jolly Calle and Other Swedish Fairy Tales By Helena Nyblom
Illustrated in colors by CHARLES FOLKARD. With title-page and seven full-page plates in colors, decorations in black and white and specially designed end-papers. *12mo.* $2.50.

The Fairy of Old Spain By Mrs. Rodolph Stawel
With colored and line illustrations by FRANK C. PAPÉ. $1.50 *net, postpaid,* $1.63.

The Songs of Innocence and Other Poems By William Blake
Decorated by CHARLES and MARY ROBINSON. Every heading and tailpiece, no less than the delicately conceived and colored plates, is full of poetry—the poetry, moreover, of the verse it accompanies. $1.50 *net, postpaid,* $1.58.

At Seneca Castle By Wm. W. Canfield
A new story for boys by the author of "The White Seneca." Illustrated. $1.25 *net, postpaid,* $1.38.

The Just Alike Twins By Lazelle Thayer Woolley
A story one can read to little folks with pleasure. Five full-page illustrations.
$1.00 *net, postpaid,* $1.10.

Things Seen in Palestine By Mrs. H. H. Spoer (A. Goodrich-Freer)

Things Seen in Russia By W. Barnes Steveni
New volumes in the series in which seven issues have already been made describing Things seen in China, Egypt, Holland, Japan, Northern India, Spain, and Venice. Each with fifty illustrations from photographs. *Cloth, 16mo. 75 cents net per volume, leather,* $1.00 *net per volume, postage, 6 cents.*

Rambles in the Pyrenees By F. Hamilton Jackson
With plans and nearly one hundred illustrations, chiefly by the author.
Cloth, 8vo. $6.00 *net, postpaid,* $6.24.

Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London
By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. 74 illustrations and 16 portraits. *8vo.* $2.50 *net, postpaid,* $2.67.

Among the Interesting Dutton Novels

Eve: an Incident of Paradise Regained By Maarten Maartens
Author of "God's Fool," "The Price of Lis Doris," etc. *Cloth.* $1.35 *net, postpaid,* $1.45.

The Flaw in the Crystal By May Sinclair
Author of "The Divine Fire," "The Judgment of Eve," etc. $1.20 *net, postpaid,* $1.29.

The Junior Partner By Edward Mott Woolley
"Cross-sections of American success." "Crisp and stimulating." "They bring out the grain of business experience."—*McClure's Magazine.* $1.25 *net, postpaid,* $1.37.

Other Recent Issues

The Boy's Playbook of Science By John Henry Pepper
Revised, rewritten, and reillustrated with many additions. 593 *engravings.* $2.50 *net, postpaid,* $2.73.

Science of the Sea Edited by G. Herbert Fowler
A handbook of oceanography prepared by the Challenger Society. *12mo.* $2.00 *net, postpaid,* $2.18.

The Romance of Words By Ernest Weekley, M.A.
On word-history and the interesting origin of certain words. *12mo.* $1.25 *net, postpaid,* $1.35.

Woman Adrift By Harold Owen
A statement of the case against Suffragism. *Cloth, 12mo.* $1.50 *net, postpaid,* $1.60.

31 WEST 23d STREET **E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY** PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

THE LATEST NOVELS



George Barr McCutcheon's

LATEST AND BEST NOVEL

The HOLLOW OF HER HAND

A situation that is original and daring even in fiction.

A bold yet convincing conception of a remarkable woman.

And a novel that moves with all the smooth mastery of story-telling that has made McCutcheon one of the most popular authors of the day.

Third Large Edition Started on Day of Publication

Illustrations in color by A. I. Keller. $1.30 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra*

THE SAVING PRIDE

By Yvette Prost

A charming story of a lonely music teacher, whose redeeming feature was her goodness, and a man of the world whose most marked characteristic was his badness. *Illustrated.* $1.25 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra.*

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER

By Archibald Marshall

Author of "Exton Manor," etc.

An admirable story of English country life by one who has been called "one of the most pleasantly human of living novelists." $1.25 *net. Postage* 15c. *extra.*

MR. ACHILLES

By Jennette Lee

Author of "Uncle William," "Happy Island," etc.

"I have never read a more exquisite story. . . . Everything of yours that comes my way is such a delight, but this seems to me the very flower of all you have written. *—From a Stranger's letter.*

Illustrated. $.100 *net. Postage* 10c. *extra*

MISS PHILURA'S WEDDING GOWN

By Florence Morse Kingsley

Author of "The Transfiguration of Miss Philura," etc.

Now comes the second step in the romance of that delightful Miss Philura whose "transfiguration" has charmed thousands of readers—the wedding. How the lady sets her heart on having a beautiful white wedding gown, and by the exercise of child-like faith and simplicity gets it, make this sequel as good as the first Miss Philura story.

Illustrated. $1.00 *net. Postage* 7c. *extra.*

THE EPIC OF EBENEZER

A Christmas Story by Florence Tinsley Cox

A big part of the reading world does enjoy a lifelike story about a live, lovable, *human* kind of dog. Ebenezer, who trotted into Hillcrest looking for a master; who, after many tribulations, found old Mr. Green; who got his master into endless trouble, but none so great as to disturb one whit of that old gentleman's loving trust in him; and who, at last, paid nobly the debt of gratitude he owed; this Ebenezer is that rarest of canines, a *real* dog in fiction. And his master is the salt of the earth.

Illustrated by John Rae. 50 *cents net. Postage* 6c. *extra.*

THE VANISHING MAN

By R. Austin Freeman

Contains an idea so bold in conception and so perfectly worked out that it deserves to be called the exceptional detective story. $1.25 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra*

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of our New Books

Published by DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, New York

THE LATEST NOVELS



THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM

Novelized from the Play

By David Belasco

Stubborn old Peter Grimm thinks that he has achieved his dearest wish when he is able to give both the business which has been in his family for generations, and the hand of his beloved niece to a favorite nephew. And in a glow of happiness he dies; he dies, but does not depart. The nephew is unworthy, the girl who is pledged to him is unhappy, and Peter Grimm, remaining in the haunts of his lifetime, unseen but seeing, learns at last the most unwelcome truth. How the every-day life goes on about the helpless, pleading figure of the old man, who is a part of it and yet shut off by an impassable barrier; and how in the end he does bridge the chasm between the living and the dead makes a hauntingly powerful play and a hauntingly powerful book.

Illustrated. $1.25 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra*

THE CLOSING NET

By Henry C. Rowland



If one wants a spirited tale of action and danger, full of thrills, full of surprise, full of healthy excitement, let him read "The Closing Net."

The American burglar, pre-eminent in his profession, who goes to Paris, reforms, meets the one woman, and incidentally comes into conflict with the most dangerous and ruthless criminals in all Europe, makes a hero who is able to give as good as he gets. Not the least of this story's merits is the fact that the author knows his Paris like a book, its night life and day life, society side and seamy side, so that as the drama unfolds with flying automobiles, popping pistols, midnight adventures, suspense and daring, the background wonderfully well and graphically drawn, is modern Paris.

Illustrated. $1.25 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra*

ADRIAN SCROOP — By R. A. Wood-Seys

How a very shrewd, capable, devoted millionaire papa secures a titled son-in-law and at the same time guarantees his daughter's happiness is too big a secret to disclose. For that, all millionaire papas, all heiresses in search of titles, and all the legion of Americans besides who are attracted by the glamor of wealth, nobility and romance are respectfully referred to the novel, "Adrian Scroop." $1.25 *net. Postage* 12 *cents extra*

ONE OF THE MULTITUDE — By George Acorn

A human document that compels attention from its grim fidelity to the life it describes—that of a waif of the slums. $1.25 *net. Postage* 11 *cents extra*

THE SIGN — By Mrs. Romilly Fedden

A story of Brittany that is wonderful in its interpretation of the souls of a foreign race. $1.25 *net. Postage* 13 *cents extra*

THE GOLDEN ROSE — By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann

Suggests again and again Mrs. Fraser's distinguished brother, Marion Crawford. $1.35 *net. Postage* 13 *cents extra*

THE OLD LOVES — By Weymer Mills

A charming romance of old-time New York. $1.00 *net. Postage* 10 *cents extra*

ROSE ROYAL — By E. Nesbit

An ingenious and daring treatment of the effect which the latest discoveries in chemistry can exert upon a passionate romance. $1.25 *net. Postage* 13 *cents extra*

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of our New Books

Published by DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, New York

THE LATEST BOOKS

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

With 24 Full-page Illustrations in Color and 120 Pictures in Black and White

By René Bull

René Bull has been a famous war artist for the big English illustrated weeklies, *Black and White*, and others, for years. He has campaigned in Greece, South Africa, the Soudan, India, and in fact created a record by passing through three campaigns in three different continents within ten months. His ability as an artist, and his extensive and first-hand knowledge of the Orient, has led him to make a series of wonderful illustrations for some of the most picturesque of the Arabian Nights Tales.

Large 8vo. Boxed. $3.50 *net. Postage 31 cents extra*

DANCING AND DANCERS OF TODAY

The Modern Revival of Dancing as an Art

By Caroline and Charles H. Caffin

This book by Charles H. Caffin, perhaps the leading art critic in the country, and his wife, is on dancing, its history, significance and development, with particular emphasis on notable modern dancers in America. With separate chapters on the Russian ballet; Pavlova, and Mordkin; Isadora Duncan; Ruth St. Denis; Gaby Deslys; Genée, the Apache dancer, and many others, the characteristics of each of these dancers, or groups of dancers, is discussed in relation to the particular kind of dancing which they represent and the history and development of that form of dancing. This book will appeal not only because it is attractive in appearance, but because it comes at a time when there is a very lively interest in dancing of all kinds. Moreover, it is utterly new and unlike any other holiday book.



With many illustrations from photographs. 8vo. Boxed. $4.00 *net. Postage 31 cents extra*

MAIDENS FAIR

With Many Full-page Illustrations by HARRISON FISHER

Beautifully Reproduced in Four Colors

The Harrison Fisher Book for 1912

The Harrison Fisher girl is to-day the most popular of the creations of all American artists. She greets you from the covers of the periodicals with the biggest circulation and she smiles at you from the covers of the six best selling novels. She is omnipresent, but ever welcome. Here is the book that permanently preserves the newest and best of Mr. Fisher's pictures, these dashing; spirited, fetching types of American girls which so appeal to the real dashing, spirited and fetching American girl. And with each picture there is an appropriate poem.

Size 9¼ x 13 inches. Boxed. $3.50 *net.* *Postage 27 cents extra*

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

A Superbly Illustrated Volume

THE LIFE OF THE BEE

This, next to "The Blue Bird," the most famous of Maeterlinck's works, is offered in sumptuous and artistic style to the buyers of beautiful books. *With mounted, full-page illustrations in color by* EDWARD J. DETMOLD. *Large 8vo. Boxed.* $4.00 *net. Postage 28 cents extra.*

DAWSON '11—FORTUNE HUNTER

Written and Illustrated

By John T. McCutcheon

The cleverest cartoonist in the country tells effectively and sympathetically, by pen and pencil, the story of the country boy who seeks his fortune in a great city. *With 40 cartoons. Square 12mo,* $1.00 *net. Postage 10 cents extra.*

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of our New Books

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

Notable Books About Travel

The Tourist's Russia

By RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

Author of "Honeymooning in Russia." Being the only Tourist's Guide to Russia Published in English

As there is no English guide-book to Russia, English and American tourists to that country are compelled to do the best they can with German, French and Russian books. Yet Russia is an extremely interesting country to visit, has the merit of not being crowded with tourists, and is reached far more easily than most people imagine. The new Russian steamship line from New York to Libau carries its passengers in commodious and luxurious boats direct to Russia; the difficulties of transportation, passports, etc., can be smoothed by an intelligent guide-book like "The Tourist's Russia"; and Russia, a new country for the American tourist, is thus made accessible. *With list of Tourist Cities in Russia, hotels, banks, consulates, routes, many illustrations, and a map.* $1.25 *net. Postage 12 cents extra.*

A Guide to Florida

By HARRISON RHODES and MARY WOLFE DUMONT

For Tourists, Sportsmen and Settlers. With the Inland Waterways from New York to Key West. Containing complete information about Resorts, Routes, Sports, Hotels, History, etc., etc. *Handy pocket size,* $2.25 *net. Postage 13 cents extra.*

The New China

By HENRI BOREL

Changing China by an official of the Dutch East Indies who has visited the Celestial Republic many times. "The New China" has been called by authorities the best book published on the recent transformation in China. *Illustrated, 8vo,* $3.50 *net. Postage 17 cents extra*

Men and Manners of Modern China

By J. MACGOWAN

Here is an up-to-date, accurate and graphic book on the Chinese people by an author who has the best claim in the world to write about that nation—the claim of sympathetic understanding. He has lived and worked in China for fifty years and is convinced that when once understood the Chinese are a lovable and a great people. *Illustrated, 8vo,* $3.50 *net. Postage 19 cents extra*

The "Flower of Gloster"

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON

The account of a voyage in a canal boat, written with the delicacy and charm which made the author of "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" famous. *Illustrated in color and in black and white. 8vo,* $2.50 *net. Postage 19 cents extra*

By ESTHER SINGLETON

China, as Seen and Described by Great Writers

What the most observant travellers and the most graphic writers have seen in that distant and mysterious land is embodied in this volume. *Illustrated, 8vo,* $1.60 *net. Postage 19 cents extra*

Wonders of the World, Ancient and Modern

Literary and pictorial descriptions of the greatest and most wonderful edifices reared by the hand of man, make this a particularly unique and interesting book. *Illustrated, 8vo,* $1.60 *net. Postage 19 cents extra*

Turkey, and The Balkan States

For interesting information about these picturesque and unfamiliar countries, now on the brink of war, the general reader is referred to this volume. *Illustrated, 8vo,* $1.60 *net. Postage 19 cents extra*

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of our New Books

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY **New York**

Essays, Poetry and the Drama

Rhymes of a Rolling Stone

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

Author of "The Spell of the Yukon" ("Songs of a Sourdough,") etc.

"It's the great, broad land 'way up yonder,
It's the forests where silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with peace."

In such vein wrote a young Scotchman a few years ago about the Klondike, and before long he was hailed as the Canadian Rudyard Kipling. His volume of poems has succeeded as few books of any kind have ever succeeded in Canada, and reached a sale in this country that is almost unprecedented in recent times for a book of poetry. A new volume from the gifted author of those tense, virile, stirring songs of the Yukon is a literary event of no slight importance. *Small 12mo. $1.25 net. Postage 11 cents extra*

A Miscellany of Men

By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

Author of "Tremendous Trifles," "What's Wrong With the World," etc.

Every new volume of Chesterton's essays seems more brilliant, breezily humorous and astonishingly clever than the last. Nor must one hastily conclude that the author is not profound because he is constantly witty and frequently funny. On the contrary, he reasons admirably and sees keenly and justly. And this combination of snap and sparkle with underlying solid sense make him peculiarly attractive to clever people.

12mo. $1.50 net. Postage 14 cents extra

On Emerson, and Other Essays

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Author of "Monna Vanna," "The Blue Bird," etc.

Translated by Montrose J. Moses

Of extreme interest, not alone as searching yet sympathetic criticisms of great philosophers by a fellow-philosopher, but still more by reason of the light they throw on the development of Maeterlinck's own philosophy, are these beautifully worded essays on Emerson, Novalis, and others. Maeterlinck acknowledges their influence upon the trend of his thought, and writes of them in a deeply appreciative and illuminating spirit.

12mo. $1.25 net. Postage 10 cents extra

This and That, and the Other

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Author of "Robespierre," "On Nothings," etc.

A volume of graceful, satirical essays by this eminently distinguished and extremely clever French-Englishman. *12mo. $1.25 net. Postage 12 cents extra*

Stories of Shakespeare's English History Plays

By H. A. GUERBER

Issued in uniform style with the author's very popular "Stories of Famous Operas," "Stories of the Wagner Opera," "Stories of Shakespeare's Comedies," etc.

Illustrated. 12mo. $1.25 net. Postage 13 cents extra

Send for Our Illustrated Catalogue of New Books

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

REMINISCENCES OF A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE

A Continuation of "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands"

By Mrs. Hugh Fraser

"Let us have more," said the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, in its review of the first part of this autobiography. And lo, here is more from that same accomplished sister of Marion Crawford, who has already given the literary and artistic world two delightful volumes of sensible and witty gossip. The present work begins where its predecessor left off, at Vienna, in 1882, where the author's husband was secretary of the British Embassy. It also is made up of a series of sketches of the author's actual experiences, diversified by innumerable stories, all interesting and told with charming vivacity as well as notable literary skill. *Illustrated, 8vo, $3.00 net. Postage 25 cents extra*

THE NEW JOURNAL OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF

Translated by Mary J. Safford

The earliest part of the famous "Journal," which has never before been made public. $1.00 *net. Postage 8 cents extra*

A SHORT HISTORY OF SCOTLAND

By Andrew Lang

A condensed version of the author's brilliant "History of Scotland." *8vo,* $2.00 *net. Postage 15 cents extra*

THE ROMANCE OF SANDRO BOTTICELLI

By A. J. Anderson

A graphic picture of the great Italian artist and his time. *Illustrated, 8vo,* $3.00 *net. Postage 16 cents extra*

MICHAEL HEILPRIN AND HIS SONS

A Biography **By Gustav Pollak**

This is an important biography of three remarkable men. Michael Heilprin, the father, who died in 1888, was one of the foremost scholars and critics of his day. Prof. Angelo Heilprin, the younger son, was a scientist and explorer of great renown; and Louis Heilprin, who died but two months ago, was beyond doubt the greatest encyclopædic expert this country has produced.

Illustrated, 8vo, $3.50 *net. Postage 23 cents extra*

NATURE BOOKS

JAPANESE GARDENS

By Mrs. H. O. Taylor

With full-page illustrations in color by WALTER TYNDALE. *Large 8vo. Boxed.* $6.00 *net. Expressage extra*

THE FLOWER FIELDS OF ALPINE SWITZERLAND

An Appreciation and a Plea **By G. Flemwell**

With reproductions of water color drawings by the Author. 8vo. $2.50 *net. Postage 17 cents extra*

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of our New Books

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

Notable Books on Various Subjects

FIRE PREVENTION

By EDWARD F. CROKER

For twelve years Chief of the Fire Department of New York City

Edward F. Croker, for twenty-seven years a New York fireman, and for the last twelve years of that time head of the department, as brave and as intelligent a fighter of fire, perhaps, as ever lived, has done a great service to the American people by writing this book on the prevention of fires. We have carried the business of fighting fires to very great efficiency. We have the best machines, the greatest variety of helpful devices, and the bravest and best firemen in the world; but the total of our losses continues to increase; and the per capita loss is far greater than among any other people. What we want now is *fire prevention*. Here's a book about it, containing the ideas of a man who was for years the best chief of the best fire department in the world.

Illustrated. 8vo. $1.50 *net. Postage* 15 *cents extra*

MODERN PHILANTHROPY

A Study of Efficient Appealing and Giving

By WILLIAM H. ALLEN

Director Bureau of Municipal Research. Author of "Efficient Democracy," "Woman's Part in Government," etc.

Dr. Allen has compiled a *Magna Charta for Givers*. Advice as to the best methods for institutional appealing and a discussion of the *Difficult Art of Giving*, are a few of the matters which Dr. Allen discusses with an originality of thought and a practicality of method that ought to place his book in the hands of every one who is interested in tax paying or tax spending, in appealing or giving.

12mo. $1.50 *net. Postage* 15 *cents extra*

RACE-IMPROVEMENT, OR EUGENICS

By LA REINE HELEN BAKER

The aim of this little volume is to interest the American public in a vitally important and sadly neglected subject—eugenics. It is a subject well worth the attention of every thinking man and woman, and is admirably presented in this clear, frank and forceful book. *Small* 12mo. $1.00 *net. Postage* 7 *cents extra*

AN UNSINKABLE TITANIC

OR, EVERY SHIP ITS OWN LIFEBOAT

By J. BERNARD WALKER

Editor of "The Scientific American"

Distinguished both as an engineer and a writer, Mr. Walker has written a remarkably lucid and valuable book, interesting alike to experts and laymen. It is worthy of note that the changes in construction advocated by him in this book have since been adopted by the White Star Line both for the *Gigantic* and the *Olympic*.

Illustrated. 12mo. $1.00 *net. Postage* 12 *cents extra*

Send for Our Illustrated Catalogue of New Books

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

New Books for Children

THE MAGIC FISHBONE

By CHARLES DICKENS



This delightful story, which reminds one by the way of "Alice in Wonderland," was written by Charles Dickens for a children's magazine in America, where it was published in 1867. Purporting to be written by a child of seven, it is a most humorous and engrossing tale of the Princess Alicia, her eighteen brothers and sisters, the magic fishbone, and many other things.

Illustrations in color and in black and white by S. Beatrice Pearse. Small 4to. 60 cents net. Postage 8 cents extra

THE TRIAL OF WILLIAM TINKLING

By CHARLES DICKENS

Written and published at the same time as "The Magic Fishbone," it describes with delightful zest and humor the trial of eight-year-old William Tinkling for deserting his comrade and his affianced bride at a very critical time. *Illustrations in color and in black and white by S. Beatrice Pearse. Small 4to. 60 cents net. Postage 8 cents extra*

Patty's Butterfly Days

By CAROLYN WELLS

A new volume in the ever popular series of "Patty" books. *Illustrated, 12mo,* $1.25.

Bob Dashaway, Treasure Hunter

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

South Seas and buried treasure—a thrilling tale for boys. *Illustrated, 12mo,* $1.25.

Two Young Americans

By BARBARA YECHTON

Teaches true patriotism By the author of "We Ten," "A Lovable Crank," etc. *Illustrated, 12mo,* $1.50.

The Little Fairy Envelope Books

Slip one into an envelope and mail it for two cents.

Each volume daintily bound in a handsome cover, printed in four colors. *Price per volume, 25 cents net. Postage 3 cents extra.*

The Series:
The Pansy Fairy Book
The Daisy Fairy Book
The Rosebud Fairy Book
The Violet Fairy Book

Marjorie at Seacote

By CAROLYN WELLS

Sixth in the popular Marjorie Series, for little girls. *Illustrated, 12mo,* $1.25.

Kitty Love

By ANNA ALICE CHAPIN

A Charming story for little children by the author of "Humpty Dumpty," etc. *Illustrated, 12mo,* $1.25.

The Read Out Loud Books

By JOHN MARTIN

(MORGAN SHEPARD)

Five volumes, each printed in colors, with many illustrations and decorations. The complete set just fits into the Papier Maché Dog—or for those who prefer a cat, there is a remarkably life-like Papier Maché Cat. *Five volumes, small 12mo, boxed, with the Dog Box or the Cat Box, $3.50 net. Five volumes, small 12mo, boxed, without the Dog or Cat Box, $3.00 net. Expressage extra*

Send for Our Illustrated Catalogue of New Books

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

An Estimate of "The Bookman"

The true value of a magazine is found in the degree of effectiveness with which it supplies a given demand, or the fulness with which it meets the requirements of the reading public.

The complexity of human society, with its varying natures and versatile tastes, affords a market place for literature of as many different kinds as there are interests among the people who read it. To supply this demand our markets are flooded with oceans of literature in magazine form to suit the tastes of a great variety of people and to feed the appetites of numberless different interests.

Amid the rise and fall of publications, new and old, there are those which ever hold a pre-eminent position above the rest. Surely, the law of the Survival of the Fittest was never more clearly demonstrated, for among magazines, as among people, there are legions whose rise never attains to a greater height than that of mediocrity, and there are a few that reach above the average into the sphere of eminence.

Fortunately, among these few are found publications which suit the personal tastes of all. In the fields of Literature, Art, Music, The Drama, Science, Politics, Current Events, Sports, etc., we have those which, on account of their peculiar fitness and excellence in their distinctive lines, have come to be known as the Standards.

It is in a spirit of fairness and with a feeling of confidence, that the writer gives to "The Bookman" not only a place among the standards of all lines, but also a pre-eminent place in its own distinctive line, namely, Literature.

Its valuable departments are too well known among lovers of books of worth to call for extensive comment here, but it is only in justice to the real merit of the work to say that its "Chronicle and Comment" constitute a department as rich in valuable information and as broad in its range of readable material, both delightful in its style and instructive in its content, as could consistently be included between the covers of a book so limited in magnitude as a magazine must of necessity be; its verse is of such a standard as to admit of its perusal by the most critical, with keen interest and appreciation; its special articles, broad in scope, are to be depended upon for their consistent value as literary works as well as for the charm of their style, which qualities gain for them admittance into so restricted a medium; and its book reviews and records of sales are all-comprehensive as a guide to our present day literary accomplishments.

It is with a feeling of satisfaction that one turns from the mediocre, or even the worthless pages of the gaudily illustrated periodical, to allow one's gaze to feast upon the genuine delights of a magazine so truly literary in character as "The Bookman."

Admitting the fallibility of human hands, the highest tribute that can be paid is to say that anything attains the height of excellence when it fulfils to a degree of perfection higher than that reached by all its competitors, that particular function for which it is intended. It is the more to be admired when that function is as high as that furnished by Literature.

To say that "The Bookman" fulfils its particular function to just such a degree, is but a modest acknowledgment of its superior value to a literature loving people.

(Signed) J. HARVEY COULTER.

FIVE POINTS TO CONSIDER

¶ People who have a love for books also possess a love for most of the other good things of life. These same people read advertising matter zealously because it is the most skilful literature of the present day.

¶ THE BOOKMAN *subscription list is a census of the Celestial City of Fine Minds.* Once a month THE BOOKMAN goes on little journeys to the homes of the people, who look for it with an interest that is intense. Every number is kept for reference.

¶ To sell something choice, we would appeal to people who are interested in the refinements of life, and no better list of such people can be found for this purpose than the readers of THE BOOKMAN.

¶ You can pay more for advertising space in other magazines than THE BOOKMAN, but you cannot get better value for money.

¶ The readers of THE BOOKMAN stand for beauty, cleanliness, truth, good cheer, and if your products possess these things, you can do your business no better service than to get in touch with Ralph E. DeWitt, Business Manager, THE BOOKMAN MAGAZINE, 443-449 Fourth Avenue, New York.

A Widely Welcomed Newcomer Among American Standard Quarterlies

THE YALE REVIEW

A NEW AMERICAN QUARTERLY EDITED BY

WILBUR L. CROSS

DISTINGUISHED ARTICLES PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

"War"	*William Graham Sumner*
"Thackeray's Centenary"	*Henry A. Beers*
"The Specialist in the Professor's Chair"	*Edward P. Morris*
"Infantile Paralysis"	*Simon Flexner*
"The Present Tendencies of the Drama"	*William Lyon Phelps*
"Arizona Pines"	*Arthur Colton*
"The Irish Theatre and the People"	*Lady Gregory*
"The Plays of John M. Synge"	*Charles A. Bennett*
"The Making of a Democrat"	*Grant Showerman*
"Theodore Dwight Woolsey," in 3 parts	*Theodore S. Woolsey*
"The Sherman Act and Business"	*Guy W. Mallon*
"The New Social Hygiene"	*Havelock Ellis*
"Glacial Man"	*Richard Swan Lull*
"Tendencies of Recent American Biography"	*Allen Johnson*
"Shakespeare's Comedy-Dramas"	*Brander Matthews*
"Mediæval Architectural Refinements"	*William H. Goodyear*
"The Hudson Bay Route"	*Avard L. Bishop*
"The Educated Man in Public Office"	*Simeon E. Baldwin*
"Browning as a Dramatist"	*William Lyon Phelps*
"Political Mexico To-day"	*Frank Lewis Nason*
"What is Truth"	*Vernon Lee*
"The Annexation of Korea"	*George Trumbull Ladd*
"The Republican Party"	*Samuel J. Elder*
"The Progressive Party"	*Herbert Knox Smith*
"The Democratic Party"	*Henry Wade Rogers*
"Letters of a Roman Gentleman"	*Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.*
"The New Science of Geography"	*Ellsworth Huntington*
"The Modern Newspaper"	*A. Maurice Low*
"The Return to Dickens"	*Wilbur L. Cross*

And poems by Arthur Colton, Robert Munger, Fannie Stearns Davis, Clinton Scollard, Thomas D. Goodell, etc.

"Here at last are the beginnings of a great American quarterly," writes an English author. "It should rapidly assume the commanding position among your periodicals of a similar character."

SAMPLE COPIES ON REQUEST THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

THE YALE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

YALE STATION, NEW HAVEN

AT SPECIAL PRICES
BOUND VOLUMES OF
THE BOOKMAN

NICELY bound in light green cloth, without the advertising pages, six numbers in every volume, cover neatly printed in red and green ink, and the volume trimmed and securely bound without the original covers. Each volume contains an index.

Each or any volume will be sent on receipt of $1.50, except Volumes I, II, III, IV and V, which are out of print. The price does *not* include express charges, which vary according to distance of destination of package from New York.

VOL. VI	SEPT.-FEB.	1897-98	$2.50
VOL. VII	MAR.-AUG.	1898	1.00
VOL. VIII	SEPT.-FEB.	1898-99	1.00
VOL. IX	MAR.-AUG.	1899	1.00
VOL. X	SEPT.-FEB.	1899-1900	1.00
VOL. XI	MAR.-AUG.	1900	1.00
VOL. XII	SEPT.-FEB.	1900-01	1.00
VOL. XIII	MAR.-AUG.	1901	1.00
VOL. XIV	SEPT.-FEB.	1901-02	1.00
VOL. XV	MAR.-AUG.	1902	1.00
VOL. XVI	SEPT.-FEB.	1902-03	1.00
VOL. XVII	MAR.-AUG.	1903	1.00
VOL. XVIII	SEPT.-FEB.	1903-04	1.00
VOL. XIX	MAR.-AUG.	1904	1.00
VOL. XX	SEPT.-FEB.	1904-05	1.00
VOL. XXI	MAR.-AUG.	1905	1.00
VOL. XXII	SEPT.-FEB.	1905-06	1.00
VOL. XXIII	MAR.-AUG.	1906	1.00
VOL. XXIV	SEPT.-FEB.	1906-07	1.00
VOL. XXV	MAR.-AUG.	1907	1.00
VOL. XXVI	SEPT.-FEB.	1907-08	1.00
VOL. XXVII	MAR.-AUG.	1908	1.00
VOL. XXVIII	SEPT.-FEB.	1908-09	1.00
VOL. XXIX	MAR.-AUG.	1909	1.00
VOL. XXX	SEPT.-FEB.	1909-10	1.00
VOL. XXXI	MAR.-AUG.	1910	1.00
VOL. XXXII	SEPT.-FEB.	1910-11	1.00
VOL. XXXIII	MAR.-AUG.	1911	1.50
VOL. XXXIV	SEPT.-FEB.	1911-1912	1.50

Bound volumes will be supplied in place of unbound copies for seventy-five cents. This does **not** include expressage on either way.

Cloth covers for THE BOOKMAN, suitable for binding the unbound numbers, will be supplied for fifty cents. This includes postage.

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
Publishers of THE BOOKMAN
443 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Greater Speed
Greater Accuracy
Greater Efficiency are the logical results of installing the

Underwood
Typewriter

Exclusive Underwood features make possible the many important labor-saving systems of modern accounting.



The ever growing demand puts the annual sales of Underwoods far ahead of those of any other machine — making necessary the largest typewriter factory and the largest typewriter office building in the world.

Such a demand from business men everywhere is unquestionable evidence of the practical mechanical superiority of

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

Underwood Typewriter Company
Incorporated
Underwood Building New York
Branches in all Principal Cities

A Burly Blustering Book for Men

THE ONE-WAY TRAIL

By RIDGWELL CULLUM

Author of "The Watchers of the Plains," "The Sheriff of Dyke Hole," and "The Trail of the Axe"

There is no cambric tea for the nursery in this book. It is raw meat for men. No veneer hides the real character of the primitive people who play in this frontier drama. Never was any toast drunk in more intense or dramatic fashion than Peter Blunt's fearful toast to the Red, Dancing Devil.

The advance sale of this book equalled the entire sale of any book of Mr. Cullum's previously published.

Four colored illustrations. $1.25 net; by mail $1.40

THE STAKE

By JAY CADY

Author of "The Moving of the Waters"

A bright, cheerful story with a wholesome freshness blown in from the sea by which the scene is laid. Atherton's Cove, where such quaint characters as "Square" Guilford, Bill Rankin, and the Widow Briggs live, furnishes the setting for a romance which fairly sparkles with life and sunshine. Dick Weston is a splendid type of young American manhood, and the girl he rescues from shipwreck is the bravest of heroines. A novel to refresh and cheer.

Frontispiece in color. $1.25 net; by mail $1.40

Note:—**JINKS' INSIDE** is making its appeal. This little story of the slum child is commanding wider attention every day.

GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO. PUBLISHERS PHILADELPHIA

Matheson
"Silent Six."

A tried and proven chassis of remarkable workmanship. Bodies by Brewster and Quinby, the latest and most luxurious examples of the art.

Built for Those Who Use the Best



Matheson Automobile Company
Wilkes-Barre, Penn.

New York Salesrooms
B'way at 62nd St.

Boston Salesrooms
664 Commonwealth Ave.

KREMENTZ



One-Piece COLLAR BUTTON

The unbreakable standard of collar button perfection. Made in 14-K Rolled Gold Plate that wears a lifetime, also in 10-K and 14-K Gold. A new button free for every one broken from any cause. Quality and name stamped on every button. At all good Jewelers and Haberdashers. Send for booklet of our specialties. Free on request.

KREMENTZ & CO., 76 Chestnut Street, Newark, N. J.

Krementz Bodkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons go in like a Needle—Hold like an Anchor

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Jewelry in the World

"Here is Your Answer;" in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY - THE MERRIAM WEBSTER

Even as you read this magazine you likely question the meaning of some *new* word. A friend asks: "What makes mortar harden?" You seek the location of *Loch Katrine* or the pronunciation of *jujutsu*. What is the *Monroe Doctrine?* What is *white coal?* etc., etc. YOU often long for a quick, accurate, encyclopedic answer. This NEW CREATION is an encyclopedia—equivalent in type matter to a 15 volume set. It answers all kinds of questions in Language, History, Biography, Fiction, Foreign Words, Trades, Arts and Sciences, *with final authority.* It is used as *the* standard of the State Supreme Courts which can be said of *no other* dictionary.

400,000 Words Defined.
2700 Pages.
6000 Illustrations.
Cost $400,000.

The only dictionary with the *new divided page*,—characterized as "A Stroke of Genius."

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.,
Springfield, Mass.

For Nearly 70 Years Publishers of the GENUINE WEBSTER DICTIONARIES.

Get the Best.



WRITE for Specimen Pages Illustrations, Etc. Mention Bookman and receive FREE a set of Pocket Maps.

Name

Address

BIG MONEY IN SONGS

WE PAY 50 per cent. if successful. Send us your Poems, Songs, or melodies to-day. You may be able to write a big seller. H. KIRKUS DUGDALE CO., Dept. 739, Washington, D. C.

The Magazine Maker

Is to the Writer Craft

What "Printer's Ink" is to the Advertising Man

No author can afford to be without it on his desk. When you see a copy you'll understand. It helps you write, rewrite and sell. Send Fifteen Cents for a copy and see.

THE MAGAZINE MAKER
32 Union Square, East, New York City

Sell Your Stories

The Editor of Lippincott's Magazine, Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, in his Short-Story Course of forty lessons, will help you to give your stories the correct form and detail which only training makes possible.



Dr. Esenwein

Story-writers must be **made** as well as **born**; they must master the **details** of construction if they would turn their talents to account.

May we send you the names of students and graduates who have succeeded? And the success their letters prove is **practical.** It means recognition, accepted manuscripts and checks from editors. Let us send you our 250-page Catalogue.

(Mrs.) Sallie P. Harrison of Tasewell, Va., says: "My first effort at short-story construction, done as a part of a lesson in the Home Correspondence Course, was accepted by a leading fiction magazine and I have been asked to do more along the same line. I am greatly indebted to The H. C. S."

We also offer a course in Journalism, taught by Ernest Newton Bagg, formerly literary editor of the Boston Globe; and in all over One Hundred Home Study Courses, many of them under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and leading colleges. 250-page Catalogue free. Please address

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 295, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

TELEPHONES 1823 AND 1824 BRYANT

WILLIAM R. JENKINS CO.

Publishers, Booksellers, Stationers, Printers

FOREIGN We have purchased the old established business of F. W. Christern (Dyrsen & Pfeiffer, successors), foreign booksellers of this city, thereby increasing the supply and variety of our books in French, German, Italian, Spanish and other languages, broadening the scope of our already extensive foreign book business. **BOOKS**

851 AND 853 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
(N. W. COR. 48TH STREET)

F. M. HOLLY

Established 1905

Authors' and Publishers' Representative

Circulars sent upon request. 156 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

WRITERS

I agree to find a publisher for every manuscript that I deem worthy of publication. Manuscripts are critically read and revised by me, and typed and otherwise properly prepared for the publisher by my experts. Translations in all languages.

MODESTE HANNIS JORDAN
615 W. 136th St., New York City.
Send 10 Cents for Writers' Leaflet of Instruction.

¶ To sell something choice, we would appeal to people who are interested in the refinements of life, and no better list of such people can be found for this purpose than the readers of THE BOOKMAN.

LOUISE E. DEW

LITERARY REPRESENTATIVE

Manuscripts wanted. Criticism, revision, placing. 18 years' editorial experience. Circular upon request. Send 25 cents for
"FROM THE EDITOR'S VIEW POINT"
156 Fifth Avenue New York.

MARIE H. LÖHR

makes a specialty of typing English, French, and Italian Manuscripts, Translations. Accuracy guaranteed.
156 Fifth Avenue **New York**

DOROTHY PRIESTMAN

LITERARY AGENT
27 East 22d Street, New York
No charge for preliminary reading of manuscripts.
WRITE FOR CIRCULAR

MANUSCRIPTS TYPEWRITTEN

Neatly ***Promptly*** ***Accurately***

RITA J. MACARTHUR
Tel. 2632 Riverside. **310 W. 95th St.**

AUTHORS Don't send Ms. to publishers before writing us. Our plan assures quick acceptance of all kinds of good Ms. at highest prices.
THE MANUSCRIPT NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

HIGGINS'

DRAWING INKS
ETERNAL WRITING INK
ENGROSSING INK
TAURINE MUCILAGE
PHOTO MOUNTER PASTE
DRAWING BOARD PASTE
LIQUID PASTE
OFFICE PASTE
VEGETABLE GLUE, Etc.



Are the Finest and Best Inks and Adhesives
Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the *Higgins' Inks and Adhesives.* They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean, well put up, and withal so efficient.

At Dealers Generally
CHAS. M. HIGGINS & CO., Mfrs.
271 NINTH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
BRANCHES: CHICAGO, LONDON

Now that there are so many substitutes remember that

"BAKER'S"

is the



COCOA

OF HIGH QUALITY

Absolutely pure, delicious and healthful

Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

Trade-Mark on Every Package

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

SUFFOLK ENGRAVING & ELECTROTYPING CO.,

30 and 32 East 21st Street

TELEPHONE NUMBER : : : 920 GRAMERCY



OLD DOMINION LINE

VACATIONS

MOST DELIGHTFUL TRIPS TO

OLD POINT COMFORT, NORFOLK, RICHMOND OR WASHINGTON, D. C.

Round Trip tickets, including meals and stateroom berth on Old Dominion Steamers.

NEW YORK TO NORFOLK AND OLD POINT AND RETURN

$14.00



Round Trip tickets, including meals and stateroom berth on old Dominion Steamers.

NEW YORK TO RICHMOND OR WASHINGTON, D. C. AND RETURN

$15.00

The Only Direct Line to OLD POINT COMFORT and NORFOLK Without Change

Hot or cold Sea Water Baths can be procured on Steamer without charge.
Steamers are all equipped with the United Wireless Telegraph System.

STEAMERS SAIL EVERY WEEK DAY AT 3 P. M.

Tickets and Stateroom Reservation, Pier 25, North River, Foot of North Moore Street, New York

Phone 3900 Franklin . Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, Desk B.

W. L. WOODROW, *Traffic Manager* J. J. BROWN, *General Passenger Agent*



ROBERT HALIFAX, AUTHOR OF "THE WHISTLING WOMAN"



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

THE STREET OF THE LITTLE COBBLER. FROM AN ETCHING BY HENRY WINSLOW. (SEE ARTICLE "SOME MODERN AMERICAN ETCHERS")

OCT 30 1912

VOL. XXXVI NOVEMBER, 1912 No. 3

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

Stevenson's "Casco"

An English clergyman, the Rev. R. Bruce Taylor, crossed the Atlantic last summer to take charge of a great church in Canada. Landing one afternoon at Victoria, British Columbia, he saw a large fleet of sealing schooners laid up to be sold by auction. One of them bore the name *Casco,* and by inquiries Mr. Taylor found out that it was the very ship which Robert Louis Stevenson hired to make his cruise in the Pacific in 1888. On June 28th of that year the Stevenson party, which included Stevenson's wife, his mother, and his step-son, Lloyd Osbourne, started from San Francisco on board the *Casco* and made straight for the Marquesas, dropping anchor a month later in Anaho Bay. The boat was retained till the end of the year and paid off at Honolulu, where Stevenson finished *The Master of Ballantrae* and *The Wrong Box.* Mr. Taylor wrote a letter to Mr. Clement Shorter of the London *Sphere* telling of his discovery and enclosing a picture of the *Casco* as it appeared this summer in the Victoria Harbour.

George Eliot's Earnings

In one of George Meredith's letters, which are reviewed elsewhere, he says, "I shall send you the *Cornhill Magazine* next month. The author of *Adam Bede* has a new work in it. I understand they have given her an enormous sum (eight thousand pounds, or more! she retaining ultimate copyright)—*Bon Dieu!* will aught like this ever happen to me?" As this letter was written in 1862, it is obvious that he refers to *Romola.* George Eliot did not receive the exact sum upon which her fellow-craftsman comments so characteristically, but rumour was not far wrong. It appears that George Smith, the publisher, was anxious to attract well-known names to his new venture, and he in reality offered the author of *Adam Bede*



STEVENSON'S "CASCO" IN VICTORIA HARBOUR



GEORGE MEREDITH AT THREE YEARS OF AGE

ten thousand pounds for the new book she was at work upon. Though the offer came at a time when she was particularly depressed at the slow progress she was making with her novel of the Italian Renascence, she did not care to accept it, as she hesitated to have the story appear in serial form. The offer, however, encouraged her to finish her laborious task, and it was ultimately published serially, in fourteen parts, since Lewes felt the publicity would help the sale. Smith paid seven thousand pounds for the copyright, though it was not a financial success; George Eliot, in fact, afterward gave a short story, "Brother Jacob," to offstand the publisher's loss. In book form, of course, it justified the publisher's faith.

This remark of George Meredith naturally calls attention to the large sums which George Eliot made from her pen. She received, according to Leslie Stephan, fifty guineas for her first short story, published in *Blackwood's,* January, 1857. This was afterward incorporated in *Scenes of Clerical Life.* It made a greater success with the critics than with the public. The original agreement for *Adam Bede,* published by Blackwood, as were all her novels except *Romola,* had been eight hundred pounds for a four-year copyright; but as the book went through seven editions and sixteen thousand copies were printed during the year, the publisher generously acknowledged the success by returning the copyright, and adding another eight hundred pounds, offering at the same time two thousand pounds for four thousand copies of her next novel. *The Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner* were published on this basis. After the success of *Romola* George Lewes asked Smith for five thousand pounds for the copyright of *Felix Holt,* but this was rejected. *Middlemarch,* she admitted, made more for her than *Romola,* as over twenty-five thousand copies were sold three years after publication. As George Eliot was thirty-six before she began to write, her earnings in twenty years of activity, including *Daniel Deronda* and *The Spanish Gypsy,* approximated thirty thousand pounds.

The Old Legend

Until we took up Miss May Sinclair's newly published volume on *The Three Brontës,* we confess to having well-nigh forgotten the alleged love affair between Charlotte Brontë and M. Constantin Héger, the



M. CONSTANTIN HÉGER



COMMODORE EDWIN W. MORSE, OF THE NANTUCKET YACHT CLUB, ON THE FLAGSHIP "ANGORA." MR. MORSE'S "CAUSES AND EFFECTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY" IS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

little professor of the Pensionnat de Demoiselles, in Brussels. The affair, if affair there was, rested on too slight evidence, was too remote and intangible to stir the imagination. It is all very well to conceive of the creator of *Jane Eyre* as hiding a hopeless passion for some unknown lover who might have served her as model for the stormy-souled Rochester. But when we try to visualise this unknown as an unimportant little Belgian professor, especially with the reproduction of his elderly, amiable, rather weak face before us, it is difficult to take seriously the perfervid histrionics of a biographer like Mr. Angus Mackay, to the effect that she had come "through the furnace of temptation with marks of torture on her, but with no stain on her soul." In short, it seemed one of those cases that are tried and dismissed for sheer lack of evidence. But Miss Sinclair is not satisfied with what amounts to a Scotch verdict of "Not Proven"; she insists upon having the case reopened, and nothing will satisfy her short of a definite acquittal of Charlotte Brontë of even the remotest suspicion of sentimental interest in the prosaic M. Héger of the Rue d'Isabelle. And of course Miss Sinclair's point of view is eminently sane and dignified; it is the rational, commonsense view, that refuses to accept mere conjecture for fact:

> The question is: *did* Charlotte come through a furnace? *Did* she suffer from a great and tragic passion? It may have been so. For all we know, she may have been in fifty furnaces; she may have gone from one fit of tragic passion to another. Only (apart from gossip, and apart from the argument from the novels, which begs the question) we have no evidence to prove it. What we have points all the other way.

But the trouble with raking the embers of ancient gossip is that it almost inevitably fans a little flicker of a flame,—especially under so skilful a touch as that of Miss Sinclair. The logical side of our mind agrees cordially with all her arguments; when Charlotte wrote the often quoted sentence "I was punished for my selfish folly by a withdrawal for more than two years of happiness and peace of mind," the context of the letter amply indicates that she was simply reproaching herself for having been absent from home when sorely needed, and not that she was confessing an illegitimate passion for M. Héger. And later, when the jealousy of M. Héger's wife led her to accuse the dead Charlotte of an absurd and futile passion for her husband, it is undoubtedly quite fair "to conjecture that it was M. Héger and not Charlotte who gave her cause, slight enough in all conscience, but sufficient for Madame Héger." But while Miss Sinclair has won the allegiance of our reason, she has unintentionally kindled our imagination. She is too good a writer of fiction to be wholly successful with fact. In her ear-



AGNES REPPLIER. FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT

nest refutation of the whole legend, she has conjured up so vivid a picture of conditions and circumstances, has made us see so clearly the very things that she insists did not happen, that her net result is the opposite to that for which she has been striving: she has argued the romance out of existence, yet has fixed it more firmly than ever in our minds. It had hitherto seemed unimportant, but now it will be the first thought to flash into mind at sight of a copy of *Jane Eyre*. She meant to give an apocryphal story its death blow, and paradoxically in doing so has endowed it with new life.

When "Trilby" Reigned

If there is one book about which the ignorance of the generation that is just grown up is particularly astonishing, it is George Du Maurier's *Trilby*. Too recent to be regarded as a best seller of yesterday, it has probably been read by fewer of the last two or three years' crop of graduates of Harvard, or Princeton, or Yale,



MARCEL TINAYRE. FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT

or Vassar, or Smith, or Wellesley than the most archaic and hopeless, in a literary sense, of all the yesterday best sellers. In a word, it has lost its first hold, and has not yet found its second hold, though that second one is sure to come. For *Trilby* breathes the very spirit of youth, of "the brave days when we were twenty-one"; it embodies that yearning for an idealised Bohemia which comes to so many men and women at a certain period in young life. A number of novels of the last fifteen or twenty years have had greater sales, but none was ever so amazingly and genuinely popular as *Trilby;* none ever took such a hold on the imagination, and played so conspicuous a part in the life of its moment. Back in the autumn of 1894 it was considered an appropriate lark for men, more or less fitted for the parts, to dress themselves in imitations of Mr. Du Maurier's "musketeers of the brush," and, arm in arm, to march up and down the streets of American cities as Taffy, the Laird and Little Billee. Svengali

was a byword, and everywhere were being presented parodies of the story and its characters of a nature indicated by the accompanying facsimile.

Trilby appeared the year before the establishment of the BOOKMAN, and throughout the early numbers of the magazine there were frequent allusions echoing its extraordinary success. The novel led to the publication of several books dealing with its scenes and people, such as Felix Moscheles's *In Bohemia with Du Maurier*. The amazing



GERTRUDE ATHERTON. FROM A PAINTING BY WALTER I. COX

THIRD GRAND CHRISTMAS EFFUSION OF THE P. A. F. A STUDENTS.

December 29, 1894.

Sensational Production of Chas. S. Williamson's

"TWILLBE"

In Four Acts and One Spectacle

Translated and Adapted from the French of George Domarryher.

THE CAST

Twillbe—with Poetic Feet	John Sloan
Svengali—Musical, magnetic and merciless, in love with Twillbe. Miss Sylvia Amanda Wontville—of East Manayunk	Robert Henri
Little Billee—An innocent kid in love with Twillbe George Domarryher—the innocent cause of it all	C. S. Williamson
Taffy—A Welsh Apollo, in love with Twillbe James McNails Whiskers—with a chip on his shoulder	Everett Shinn
Laird of Pigpen—A canny Scot with a scant kilt and a clear conscience, in love with Twillbe Melpomene—Festive, light and airy	E. Wyatt Davis
Gecko—A Fiddling Genius, in love with Twillbe	W. J. Glackens
Lydia Pinkham—Billee's fond mamma, not in love with Twillbe Mrs. Jack Sprat—An Epicure	J. E. Laub
Professor Darkhurst—A Tiger Tamer The Mermaid—A Nautical Nightingale Hicks—A Waiter	Dennis Kelly
Jack Sprat—A Chronic Kicker Miss Lavina Hunter of Chicago	Frank W. Taylor
Miss Blaggs of Bl The Royal Bengal Tiger	J. M. Preston
The Harper Brothers—who were very sorry	Preston and Taylor

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Scene 1. Noon—Studio of the three Englishers—Svengali Gecko—"Milk Below"—Ben Bolt—We all love her.

Scene 2. Christmas—same studio—"Her left foot haunts me still" magnetic cure—Blood between Whiskers and Domarryher—The Tw Proposal—(in spite of the vigorous efforts of the management to restrain it is feared that during this scene the following specialties will be perp

Death of Mr. Hyde, Taffy (Welsh)

A Bowl of Soup, Svengali.

The Caliopian Quartette Twillbe, Laird, Darkhurst, Little Billee.

Scene 3. Same studio you were in before, only two weeks later—Lydia Pinkham's visit—the elopement—despair and death—the pursuit.

ACT II. Scene 1. North Ninth Street—The Greatest Show on earth Twillbe's Foot.

Scene 2. Interior of museum—the tiger—the waxworks "tis she flight—the baloon—the tiger's meal. The curtain will rise at the end of this act disclosing Memorial Tableaux.

ACT III. Scene 1. The North Pole—Found—The Ice Breaks—Lost.

Scene 2. An Island in the Tropics—more Hypnotism—Lydia again—the escape.

Scene 3. Near Atlantic City—Death of Svengali—Sweet Liberty.

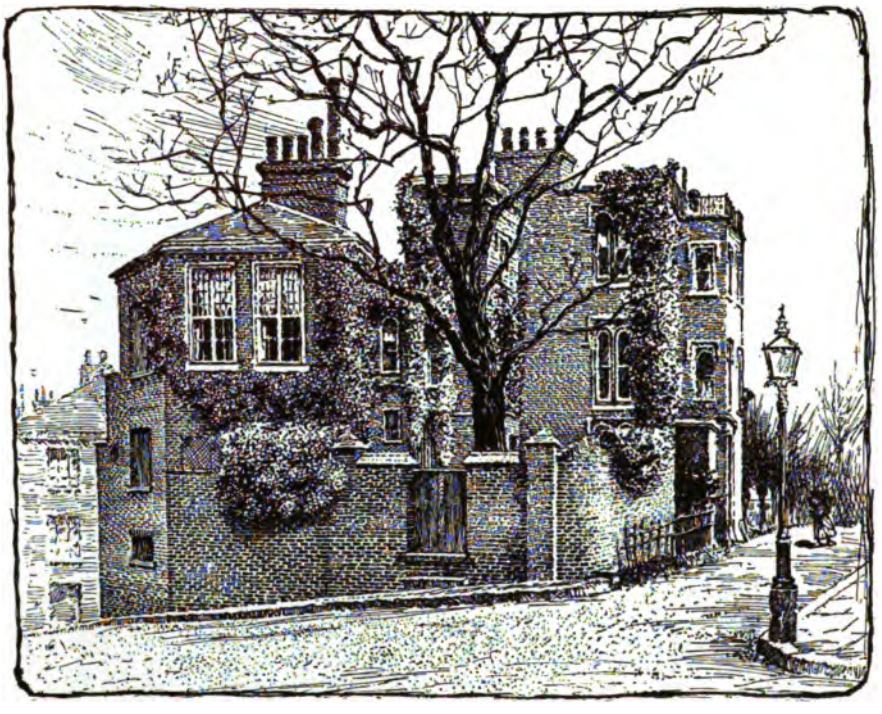
ACT IV. Interior of Ducal Castle of Battlements—Five o'clock tea—Everybody arrives—The three heiresses—The fate of Twillbe. The Tragic muse. Grand Transformation—Mount Hellicon the abode of the muses—Georgous, Startling, Magnificent—March of the muses.

The Orchestra under the direction of Prof. J. C. Fireman will render the following selections. Washington st March. America. Germany. Selection from Princess Bonnie. Il Trovatore and a jingle of popular airs.

EXECUTIVE STAFF.

E. Wyatt Davis,	Business Manager.
Chas. S. Williamson,	Stage Manager and Carpenter.
John Sloan,	Scenic Artist.

PLAYBILL OF A PARODY OF "TRILBY" PRESENTED IN 1894 BY STUDENTS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS



GEORGE DU MAURIER'S HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD, WHERE "TRILBY" WAS WRITTEN

vogue of *Trilby* brought home to the popular mind the unusual conditions under which it has been written. Du Maurier had for many years been a conspicuous figure by reason of his connection with London *Punch,* and his Bunthornes, Postlethwaites, Mrs. Ponsonby-Tomkinses, and Sir George Midases, but when he produced *Trilby* he was sixty years of age and nearly blind, and in the eyes of the world at large, which had paid little attention to the *Peter Ibbetson* of a few years before, practically a neophyte in the art of story spinning. That a beginner could produce a work that provoked comparisons to Thackeray seemed incredible. Some one said as much to Du Maurier himself. The latter pointed to the long series of *Punch* drawings with the text written beneath. "That is where I received my training in literature," he said. "I have been writing all my life, and the best of writing practice at that. Those little dialogues, which week after week have fitted into the drawings in *Punch,* have prepared me. The right word had always to be found, and the superfluous word discarded. It has been *précis* writing, a long apprenticeship in conciseness and repartee, and appositeness."

The plot of *Trilby* was once offered to Henry James as a gift. Du Maurier and James were walking one evening up and down the High Street in Bayswater, when James remarked that he had great difficulty in finding plots for his stories. "Plots!" exclaimed Du Maurier, "I am full of plots;" and he went on to tell the other the plot of *Trilby.* "But you ought to write that story," said James. "I can't write," replied Du Maurier, "I have never written. If you like the plot so much you can take it." But James would not take it; he said that it was too valuable a present. On reaching home that night Du Maurier started to work at the new craft. But it was not on *Trilby* that he began. That story was laid aside for the time, and by the next morning he had written the first two numbers of *Peter Ibbetson.* It seemed to flow from his pen, without effort, in

a full stream. But he thought it must be poor stuff, and he determined to look for an omen to learn whether any success would attend the new departure. So he walked out into the garden, and the very first thing that he saw was a large wheelbarrow, and that comforted him and reassured him; for there is a wheelbarrow in the first chapter of *Peter Ibbetson.*

Paris has a new Prince of Poets. He is M. Paul Fort, who was recently elected by his fellow-poets to fill the office left vacant by the death, within the year, of the late Léon Dierx. Dierx was an old man and a representative of the so-called Parnassian school, which flourished under the Second Empire. Thus his election seemed intended to express respect for his personality, and for his long, honourable, and disinterested literary career, at least as much as admiration for his poetry. M. Paul Fort, on the other hand, is still a young man, and belongs completely to the present. He is the first of their own generation the symbolists have chosen to honour with a title obviously invented in imitation of the "Father Golias" of the mediæval Latin student poets, and originally conferred upon Paul Verlaine. Verlaine was followed by Stéphane Mallarmé; so, altogether, the office possesses a glamour and a prestige that are wanting in many a more serious and pretentious laureateship. A great banquet was tendered to M. Fort on the occasion of his election, and there was much offering of toasts and making of speeches to inaugurate auspiciously the new reign.

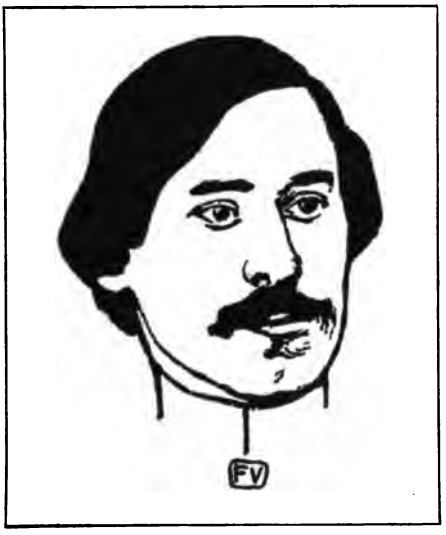
Prince of Poets

Although the "Prince" is little known in this country, he has for many years played a part in the literary world of Paris. Perhaps he owes his election even more to his interest in poetry generally, and to his efforts on behalf of other poets, than to his own work. At the early age of eighteen (he is now only forty), and before beginning to write himself for publication, he founded the *Théatre d'Art,* the precursor of many similar theatrical experiments, both in France, in England, and in Germany. Alone and almost without resources, by sheer force of his enthusiasm, he brought about the production of Shelley's *Cenci,* Marlowe's *Faustus,* and plays by Verlaine, Maeterlinck, Gourmont, and numerous other modern writers. This venture created considerable stir; and, as through it he had acted the "angel" to the new dramatic movement, it must have been of considerable assistance to M. Fort in his own subsequent literary débuts; since in Paris every poet is a critic and vice versa, and the law of literary solidarity and mutual aid is strictly observed there among men of a group. M. Fort's poetic work takes principally the form of ballads. He himself styles them "poems in prose"; but as a matter of fact their only serious difference from conventional poetry lies in their typographical presentation, which disregards the separate lines of the verse in much the same manner in which the ingenious American newspaper reporter airs his cleverness from time to time and lures an unsuspecting reader into beginning a poem without knowing it. This was doubtless "good business" for M. Fort at a period when the possibility of an intermediate style between prose and poetry was being hotly discussed in artistic circles. But to-day it seems a rather cheap and silly device, and one calculated rather to stand off readers of cultivated literary tastes than to attract them. This is a pity, for the verses themselves are often really charming, perhaps the closest approach to popular poetry, in the best sense, that is being written anywhere in the world to-day, showing great variety in the choice of subjects, as well as much simplicity and sincerity in the manner of their expression.

The ceremony of introducing the "Prince" to his new rank was held, not in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame under the light of torches, in the manner of the Middle Ages; but at Luna Park, a garden of switchback railways and mechanical roundabouts. Here is an account of the event from a correspondent of the New York *Sun:*

Ah! 'Twas a pleasing event and how fully

Paris that evening gave way to crazy joy! Its fancy overflowed in unexpected extremes, and most amusing point of all, no one thought of laughing. Imagine a gigantic table at which all the writers of the new generation took their seats, with Jean Richepin of the Académie Française as president; imagine six hundred long-haired heads met together under streamers of multicoloured Japanese lanterns and bannerets, add to that the strains of mechanical organs, the din of the scenic railway, the tumult of several orchestras and the shrieks of visitors, and you will have a faint idea of



that picturesque scene which only the twentieth century could produce. The banquet began with a camel race, with Dranem, Mistinquette and De Max, three of the glories of our Paris theatres, as jockeys; then came the exhibition of Princess Zenobia, whose originality lies in having no legs, and the end came while Jean Richepin, each foot on a chair, strove to dominate the infernal uproar and the cheers of the guests by pronouncing a definite judgment on the art and the future of poetry, for a gigantic display of fireworks suddenly lit up this picture, one of the most astounding minutes Paris has ever lived.

"Punch, Brothers"

We are holding over to our next issue discussion of the official *Life* of Mark Twain by Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, as it is a book that cannot be discussed lightly. At the time of Mr. Clemens's death some one remarked of the biography that Albert Paine had the biggest opportunity of the kind since Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and Mr. Paine seems to have been conscious of his responsibilities. Meanwhile, however, we cannot refrain from quoting from the *Life* the story of a jingle that drove people to madness six and thirty years ago, the jingle of "Punch, Brothers, Punch with Care."

A certain car line had recently adopted the "punch system," and posted in its cars, for the information of passengers and conductor, this placard:

A Blue Trip Slip for an 8 Cents Fare,
A Buff Trip Slip for a 6 Cents Fare,
A Pink Trip Slip for a 3 Cents Fare,
For Coupon And Transfer, Punch The Tickets.

Noah Brooks and Isaac Bromley were riding downtown one evening on the Fourth Avenue line, when Bromley said:

"Brooks, it's poetry. By George, it's poetry."

Brooks followed the direction of Bromley's finger and read the card of instructions. They began perfecting the poetic character of the notice, giving it still more of a rhythmic twist and jingle; arrived at the *Tribune* office, W. C. Wyckoff, scientific editor, and Moses P. Handy lent intellectual and poetic assistance, with this result:

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare.
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

CHORUS

Punch, brothers! Punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

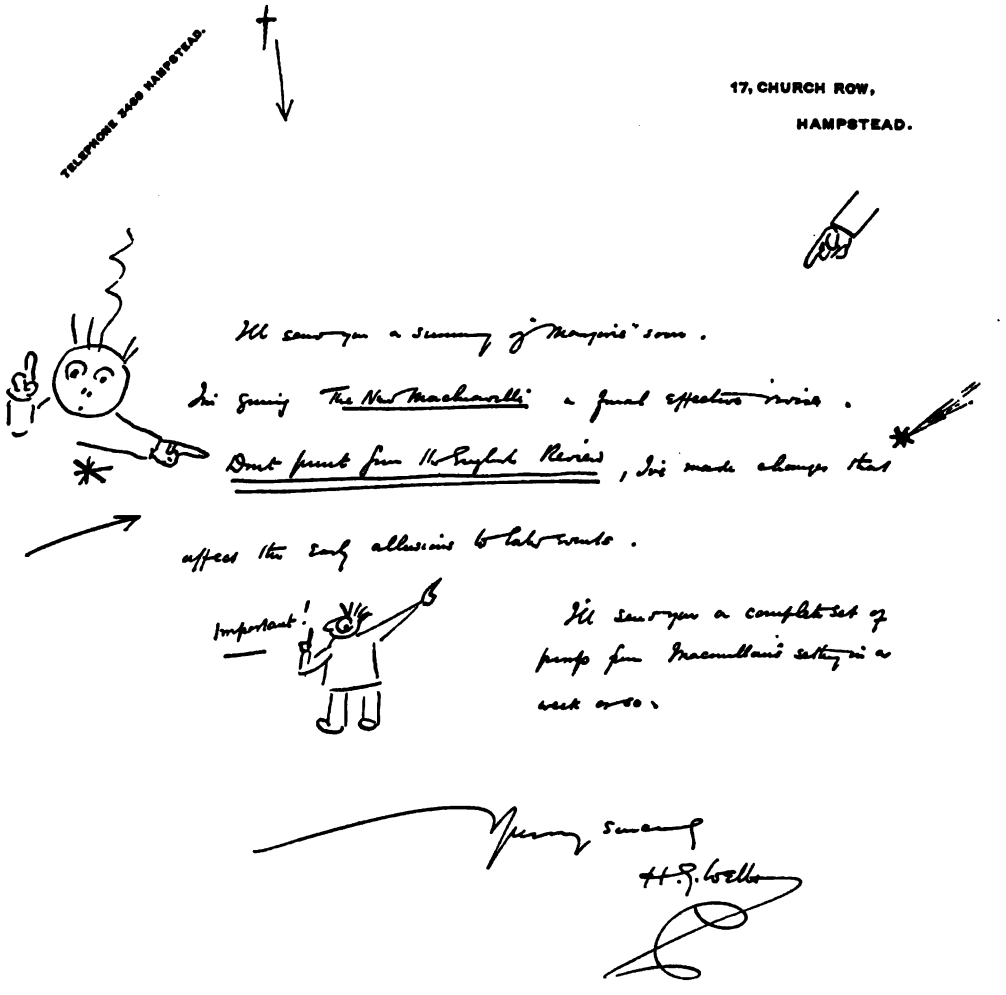
It was printed, and street-car poetry became popular. Different papers had a turn at it, and each usually preceded its own effort with all other examples, as far as perpetrated. Clemens discovered the lines, and on one of their walks recited them to Twichell. "A Literary Nightmare" was written a few days later. In it the author tells how the jingle took instant and entire possession of him and went waltzing through his brain; how, when he had finished his breakfast, he couldn't tell whether he had eaten anything or not; and how,

when he went to finish the novel he was writing, and took up his pen, he could only get it to say:

Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

Howells's children recited it to him in chorus. The streets were full of it; in Harvard it became an epidemic.

It was transformed into other tongues. Even



FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF A LETTER FROM H. G. WELLS

He found relief at last in telling it to his reverend friend, that is, Twichell, upon whom he unloaded it with sad results.

It was an amusing and timely skit, and is worth reading to-day. Its publication in the *Atlantic* had the effect of waking up horse-car poetry all over the world. Howells, going to dine at Ernest Longfellow's the day following its appearance, heard his host and Tom Appleton urging each other to "Punch with care." The Longfellow ladies had it by heart. Boston was devastated by it. At home, Swinburne, the musical, is said to have done a French version for the *Revue des deux mondes.*

LE CHANT DU CONDUCTEUR

Ayant été payé, le conducteur
Percera en pleine vue du voyageur,
 Quand il reçoit trois sous un coupon vert,
 Un coupon jaune pour six sous c'est l'affaire,
 Et pour huit sous c'est un coupon couleur
De rose, en pleine vue du voyageur.

CHŒUR

Donc, percez soigneusement, mes frères
Tout en pleine vue des voyageurs, etc.

Napoleon III in America

Probably no written portrait of the third Napoleon is better known to Americans than that embodied in the rhetorical apostrophe of Mark Twain in *The Innocents Abroad*, where he contrasts the Emperor of the French and the Sultan of Turkey at their meeting in Paris in 1867. It was thought very fine and stirring at the time, but it is a picture to provoke curiosity and amusement to-day. Mark Twain described how the future Emperor carried his dreams with him into exile, how he associated with the common herd in America, and ran foot races for a wager, how he walked his weary beat, a common policeman of London. That he carried his dreams into exile, that his belief in his star never wavered, is unquestionably true. But it is not quite so romantic a figure, not such a dilapidated a Louis Napoleon that we see in the accounts of more careful historians than Mark Twain. For example, there is *Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III*, by the late Baron D'Ambès, which has just come from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. D'Ambès was not with Louis Napoleon in America, but it was from the Prince's own lips that he claimed he received the impressions of that visit. Louis Napoleon came to Norfolk, Virginia, from Rio de Janeiro on the frigate *Andromède*. The commander, Henri de Villeneuve, was very kind to the exile, and the Prince thanked him with the words: "You are obliging a man who will one day be Emperor of the French, unfortunate as he may appear at present. I shall not forget you." The *Andromède* arrived at Norfolk March 30, 1837. The Prince proceeded straight to New York and dined at General Watson Webb's, where he found General Scott, his two brothers-in-law, the Stewarts, and a number of senators and statesmen.

The Bonapartes in America, with their famous home in Bordentown, New Jersey, were an important family, and the Prince naturally saw something of his cousins Achille and Lucien Murat, and Pierre Bonaparte. He also frequented the society of several French Bonapartists — the brothers Peugnier, Lieutenant Lecomte, and M. Cognet; but Americans formed a majority of his acquaintances, among them Washington Irving, Chancellor Kent, the Livingston and Hamilton families, and the poet Halleck. His stay in America extended from March 30th to June 12th. As for "the Prince walking his weary beat, a common policeman of London," here is a passage from the D'Ambès memoirs for the year 1839:

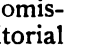
> Whatever London has of choice and elegance is in relations with the Prince. Lord Fitz-Harris is more than a friend already: he is a brother. The Duke of Somerset and of Beaufort, of Bedford and of Montrose, find pleasure in his society. The Earls of Errol and Scarborough, of Chesterfield and of Durham deem it an honour to know him. Wellington is charming; Benjamin Disraeli comes to see him. Sir Lytton Bulwer and Sir Henry Holland, Count d'Orsay, Walter Savage, Londonderry—the greatest names of the nobility—figure at his receptions, though he makes a point of not attending Court or appearing at Ministers' houses. The Earl of Eglinton has invited him this year to his famous tournament. Grand dinners everywhere. And he talks cleverly, adroitly! The shade of Napoleon I following him everywhere, he often finds himself in delicate situations for a talker. He always extricates himself with admirable tact.

All of which goes to show that Mark Twain knew even less about Louis Napoleon than he did about Joan of Arc.

American Literary Shrines

The editor and his caller, each returning from a different part of the world, were on the subject of literary shrines. "What would be generally regarded as the ten literary shrines of America?" queried the former. Well—they began to enumerate them and to jot the names down on a piece of paper, idly—well, there are the Hawthorne and Emerson houses in Concord, the Lowell and Longfellow houses in Cambridge, Poe's Cottage in Fordham, Cooper's palace, Otsego Hall at Cooperstown, Bryant's modest residence east of the Berkshires at Cummington, the Ticknor house in Boston—this, principally by

reason of its noted visitors, and chief among them Thackeray-Whitman's home in Camden, Irving's at Sunnyside, and—but that makes ten already, without counting Drake's grave in the little burying-ground at Hunt's Point, New York, which, judging by the letters that appeared with such frequency in the metropolitan papers for decades concerning the disrepair into which the memorial erected above it had fallen, would seem to be one of the most important of all. Well, that's eleven, anyway, and probably two or three more ought to be added, either in place of some of those already accepted provisionally, or to swell the total to an irreducible minimum of, say, fifteen. We note that there is not one from the South on the list, and we are looking to our Southern friends to make good this omission in letters that will flood the editorial desk by each mail every day for a week or so after the publication of this number. Surely the South must have at least one shrine—a purely literary shrine, that is, and not merely a composite literary and political shrine like Monticello, to which we demur in advance. And the West, too—but there the shrines, while ripening rapidly (we suspect that there will be an active Riley shrine some day in Indianapolis, for example) are a little green as yet to be picked for our present purposes. Well, then, taking the list of eleven as it stands—it is too much trouble to try to reduce it to ten, and to do so now, after having named them, might seem a trifle invidious—and admitting its tentative character, what is the result from the point of view of local distribution? With three exceptions, each place mentioned has a single shrine, which would seem a fair allowance, even for Boston, since hers is a very inclusive one, and since she, in a sense, engulfs Concord and Cambridge as well. The three exceptions are the two places last named and—the Bronx! Strange collocation! How many of our readers have ever even heard of the Bronx save in a vague general way as one of the five boroughs of Greater New York? To be sure, Poe's cottage we have assigned to Fordham for association's sake; but Fordham is in the Bronx, so there we are, as Henry James says. Even very few New Yorkers—old New Yorkers, that is, of the island of Manhattan—know anything about the Bronx, save as they pass through it on the railroad or visit certain restricted localities on the outskirts. This we admit to our faraway readers as a private confidence and not above a whisper, for fear of offending some of our friends north of the Harlem River. Which suggests an anecdote we have just read in a book we are about to speak of: When Gouverneur Morris was asked if he had any objection to the name of Mott Haven being given to the section that had just been purchased from him by the well-known iron-master, Jordan L. Mott, he gave his permission gruffly, adding, "Why don't you change the name of the Harlem River, and call it the Jordan?"



But, to return, any place that possesses two American literary shrines out of a list of eleven—note that New York, proper, does not possess even one—must be worth knowing more about, and that is why we turned with interest to a volume entitled *The Story of the Bronx, 1639-1912*, by Stephen Jenkins, which has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, to learn something about an outlying section of New York, parts of which are said to support the densest population within her limits, and which is already a great city in itself, as unlike New York—the real old New York to the south as possible. (A friend from the West, after having traversed the heart of it, said that it reminded her of Salt Lake City.) If Staten Island once harboured Garibaldi—they still show his candle factory there—the Bronx is hardly behindhand in having once held Adelina Patti in a little house near the station now named Wakefield on the Harlem Road. Morrisania was once thought of as the site for the national capital—at least it was so thought of by Lewis Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who was eager to part with his vast holdings of unprofitable land there, and who wrote a brilliant real estate prospectus to convince Congress of the soundness of his suggestion. The Morrises were the manor-lords of Morrisania. This is the family of which Mr.

Gouverneur Morris, the story-writer, is the present-day scion; and it must be a comfort to him in hours of discouragement, to think that he has the right to lie some day in a family vault, not in any mere commercial cemetery, but in a thoroughly English-looking churchyard (in spite of the walls of surrounding tenements) amid what were once his ancestral acres. And then there is another association: Cooper's Harvey Birch, hero of *The Spy,* used to find the valley of the Millbrook his best channel of communication through the enemy's lines. Poor Harvey! He would have a hard time following that little river, now that it is imprisoned and carried away into the Kills of the Harlem River through a sewer. Alas for romance! Alas for fiction! We are afraid that there is little room for either in the Bronx now. Yet we are not so sure—doubtless still survive in some form, though it would need not a Cooper to-day, but an O. Henry, to find them.

O. Henry in the Square

As is well known, the late Sydney Porter shunned all the Bohemianisms of many of the writer-folk, among whom he was a leader. Porter lived as quietly as possible in a noisy apartment-house and invariably expressed scorn for the members of the artistic cult who endured inconveniences to make their homes down around Washington Square, New York, made famous by its alleged Latin Quarter atmosphere. One of O. Henry's admirers recently said: "Once he showed me a set of green whiskers and a moth-eaten stovepipe hat which he kept hidden under his bed. 'This is my Washington Square uniform,' he said. 'You see, I have some foolish friends who live down there, and now and then I really have to visit them, but I always go disguised, for fear that somebody will rush up to me and ask me if I am collecting local colour. Moreover, I always send a messenger boy three minutes ahead of me to ring the doorbell and ask them to keep the passage clear, so that nobody will see me loitering in the vestibule.'"

Mr. Crosland Reappears

To those who remember Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's *The Unspeakable Scot,* the news that he is promising another venture, entitled *Taffy was a Welchman,* is likely to cause at least mild interest and amusement. The earlier book appeared just ten years ago, and made a sensation from Land's End to John O' Groats. The Kailyard School was then very much more important than it is to-day, and Mr. Crosland had his fling at the two Scotch parishes Thrums and Drumtochty, as conceived by Dr. J. M. Barrie and Dr. Ian MacLaren. "In these beautiful communities," he wrote, "the milk of human nature flows like a river; everybody lives, not for his or for her foolish self, but for somebody else; all bachelors are faithful to sweethearts of their youth 'for forty year and more'; all the women make the best butter in Galloway; all the girls are pretty and angelic of temperament, and, in short, Thrums and Drumtochty are two little bits of heaven dropped onto the map of Scotland."

But *The Unspeakable Scot* was at its best in the chapter in which Mr. Crosland dealt with what he termed "the Burns myth." "After illicit love and flaring drunkenness," he said, "nothing appeals so much to Scotch sentiment as having been born in the gutter." The reason, then, why Burns became and continues to be a sort of patron saint to the peoples north of the Tweed is, that he was a ploughman, an erotic writer, and a condoner of popular vices. Whiskey and women are the subjects which furnished forth for the majority of his flights. As to Burns the man, Mr. Crosland maintained that a more profligate person has seldom figured on the slopes of Parnassus. In love he was as carnal as he was false. He was never, as he has been called, a king o' men. He was simply "an incontinent yokel with a gift for metricism." "Burns, every Scotchman tells you, and tells you truly, has played no small part in moulding the sentiments and tendencies of the Scotch people as we know them. It was he who

gave them their first notion of bumptious independence; it was he who taught them that 'a man's a man for a' that'—which, on the whole, is a monstrous fallacy; it was he who averred that whiskey and freedom gang together; and it was he who gave the countenance of song to shameful and squallid sensuality."

FitzRoy Carrington

Mr. FitzRoy Carrington, the editor of the volume entitled *Prints and Their Makers,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this number, is an Englishman, but the greater part —indeed all the active part—of his life has been passed in this country. His wife is an American and is the sister of Miss Esther Singleton, the writer and compiler of books. Mr. Carrington has for twenty years been connected with the firm of Frederick Keppel and Company, dealers in etchings and engravings, in New York, and for the last fifteen years has been the partner of the late Frederick Keppel, who died last winter. To-day Mr. Carrington is regarded as one of the principal authorities in the country in his chosen field, a man whose judgment is valued and whose advice is sought by leading collectors everywhere. It is to his personal reputation, as well as to his expert knowledge and to his enterprise, that is largely due the success of the magazine he started a little over two years ago, over the Keppel imprint, *The Print Collector's Quarterly,* and of which he has acted as the editor from the start. From its pages are collected the essays and articles that are now appearing in book form. In addition to the *Quarterly,* Mr. Carrington has edited and arranged a whole series of little anthologies, such as *The King's Lyrics, The Queen's Garland, The Pilgrim's Scrip,* and *The Shepherd's Pipe,* as well as a number of larger volumes in which he has revived, with an appropriate setting of text, the illustrative work of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts, and other artists of the period. He has also written many articles on etching and engraving, and was the first to print an appreciative estimate of the work of Anders Zorn in this country.

Mr. Carrington, by the way, has just accepted an invitation from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, to be the head of the Department of Prints with Mr. Emil Richter, who has been Curator for the past twelve years, as his associate. The



T. W. H. CROSLAND

intention is to build up the Museum's collection so that ultimately it may rank with those of the great collections of Europe. Mr. Carrington will also receive from the President and Fellows of Harvard University an appointment as instructor in the department of Fine

Arts. He will continue to edit the *Print Collector's Quarterly,* the publication of which will be undertaken by the Museum hereafter. Mr. Carrington's acceptance is contingent on the subscription of an endowment fund of $150,000, part of which has been already raised.



From a Drawing by William Strang
FITZROY CARRINGTON

Perley Sheehan

It was his first visit to a large city after a long period passed in the wilds of Florida that inspired Perley Poore Sheehan to write *The Seer,* which has just been published by Moffat, Yard and Company. The city is not named, but the conditions portrayed are unhappily those found in almost any large town. Mr. Sheehan has had a rather large experience with the urban aspects of life. A native of Cincinnati, he worked his way though Union College, and then for ten years was an active journalist in New York, London, and Paris. During most of this time he was associated with the foreign service of the New York *Herald* and the New York *Times.* Suffering at last from old-fashioned homesickness, he returned to America a few years ago, and joined the editorial staff of the Frank A. Munsey Company. He was tired of city life, however, and soon afterward withdrew to a deserted orange plantation he had bought on the estuary of the St. Johns. He remained there for two years. It was there he wrote *The Seer.* It tells the story of a country preacher—a mystic, a man of power, a sort of inspired Quixote who charged the old windmills of fear and grief and overthrew them. Mr. Sheehan is once more connected with the Munsey organisation.



PERLEY SHEEHAN

Very Versatile

In THE BOOKMAN for March, 1906, was retold the strange plight of Flora Annie Steel who, though she had for years been an inspector of schools in India, was considered as a poacher on Rudyard Kipling's pri-

vate preserves—some millions of square miles of India—when her *On the Face of the Waters* appeared. But the book made good on its own account, and this year Mrs. Steel, now a woman of sixty-five, has published *King-Errant,* the historical romance of Babar, poet, warrior, lover and first of the Great Moghuls. She still clings to her beloved India. Though sixty-five, a small white-haired woman, Mrs. Steel still keeps up her numerous activities. She tells a story of a Scotch bandsman who said to her, in her early days in India, when she besought him not to linger so long on lower G in Amen, adding that though it was doubtless solemn-like, it was not so written, and she *did* know something about music, "Aye, Mum, we all know you're joost verra versatile." From making coffins to kneading bread or lace-making, from smith's work to gaining a reputation as one of the liveliest after-dinner speakers in London, she has always been and still is versatile. When she was an active inspector of schools, in India, she earned for herself the title of *bad-mash* —perpetual fighter—for the pertinacity with which she tilted at official windmills.



KATHLEEN NORRIS. MRS. NORRIS'S "THE RICH MRS. BURGOYNE" IS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE



CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM AT BAILEY'S ISLAND, MAINE

Jessie Kaufman

Miss Jessie Kaufman, whose first novel, *A Jewel of the Seas,* has just been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, has taken for her setting picturesque Honolulu. She is a well-known Hawaiian authority and has lived intermittently in that picturesque country. Sans Souci, the place where she wrote her novel, and which figures in her dedication, is on the beach at Waikiki, and was once the home of Robert Louis Stevenson. From him it passed into the hands of the family of Frank M. Hatch, a famous judge in Hawaii, and the framer of the treaty between the Islands and America. Miss Kaufman is a native of New York City, but she went to San Francisco to live when she was a small slip of a girl, and since then she has divided her time about equally between San Francisco and Honolulu. She has written short stories for various magazines, many of them with a Hawaiian background, but *A Jewel of the Seas* is her first long romance. Miss Kaufman is a sister of Emma Kaufman, who before her marriage to Arnold W. Brunner, the well-known architect and city planner, was one of the foremost of our women journalists. Since her marriage to Mr. Brunner she has become quite an enterprising playwright. Her first play, *The Independent Miss Gower,* was produced in Chicago three years ago, with Mary Mannering in the principal rôle.



JESSIE KAUFMAN



W. J. HENDERSON

W. J. Henderson

The way Mr. Henderson (author of *The Soul of a Tenor*) became a musical critic one might almost say was due to an accident. He was doing general work on the New York *Times* and especially yachting, in 1883, when Henry Loewenthal, the city editor of the *Times,* who was an enthusiastic musical amateur himself and a member of the Liederkranz, asked Mr. Henderson to go to one of the Liederkranz concerts and simply give him a brief news note on it. When Mr. Henderson got there he found the Thomas Orchestra was to play and two important novelties were on the programme. He returned to the office and said that really the thing ought to be treated as a musical and not as a news item, and they told him to write what he pleased and they would submit it to the night



HUGH WALPOLE, AUTHOR OF "A PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE"

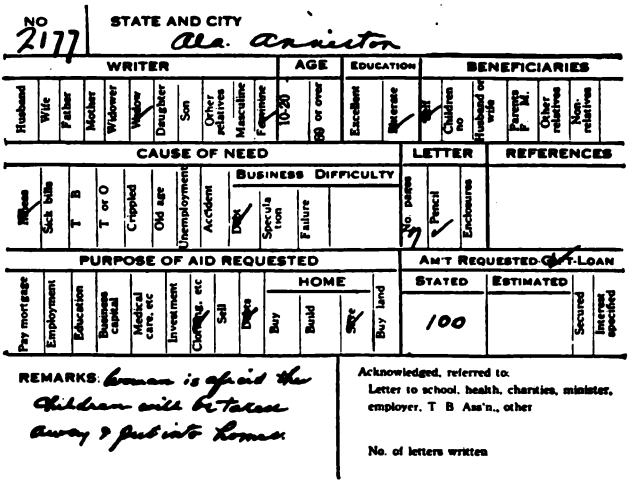
editor. He had never written any musical criticism before, and handed in three-quarters of a column, which was published complete the next morning. Mr. Henderson had always been a student of music and musical literature. He has sung ever since he can remember, though his chief delight is orchestration. Finally, in 1887, Mr. Henderson was regularly appointed musical editor of the *Times,* and afterwards filled the same position on the *Sun.* Previous to that, he had been writing a good deal on music in that paper, helping out the regular musical editor when two musical affairs would conflict on the same night.

B. Paul Neuman

B. Paul Neuman, the author of *Roddles,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is a Londoner by birth, though on the father's side of Continental extraction. He was trained for the law, was the holder of the Equity Scholarship of the Inner Temple, and practised for some years as a Chancery barrister. His first venture in authorship was as joint editor of a huge compendium of Equity. The next was *A Letter to Workingmen* on the subject of Home Rule. Then came a volume of short stories—*The Interpreter's House,* which has for a long time been out of print. In 1896 appeared his first novel, *The Supplanter.* This was followed by *The Uttermost Farthing, A Villain of Parts,* and *The Story of Roger King.* In 1904 *The Greatness of Josiah Porlick* was published anonymously. This book was received with great favour by the critics. Then came *The Spoils of Victory,* an elaborate adaptation of one of Balzac'c stories to English conditions; *Doring's Dollars,* the story of a New York Ghetto boy, who becomes one of the richest men in the world; *The Lone Heights,* and now *Roddles.* Mr. Neuman was a contributor to the famous *Yellow Book,* and has published a volume of poems entitled *Pro Patria,* which is now out of print.



B. PAUL NEUMAN


NO 2177 STATE AND CITY Ala. Anniston

WRITER: Husband, Wife, Father, Mother, Widower, Widow, Daughter, Son, Other relatives, Masculine, Feminine — AGE: 10-20, 60 or over — EDUCATION: Excellent, Illiterate — BENEFICIARIES: Self, Children, Husband or wife, Parents, Other relatives, Non-relatives

CAUSE OF NEED: Illness, Sick kids, T B, T or O, Crippled, Old age, Unemployment, Accident — BUSINESS DIFFICULTY: Debt, Speculation, Failure — LETTER: No. pages 4, Pencil ✓, Enclosures — REFERENCES

PURPOSE OF AID REQUESTED: Pay mortgage, Employment, Education, Business capital, Medical care, etc, Investment, Clothing, etc, Sell, Debts — HOME: Buy, Build, Sell, Buy land — AM'T REQUESTED OUT-LOAN: STATED 100, ESTIMATED, Secured, Interest specified

REMARKS: woman is afraid the children will be taken away & put into homes

Acknowledged, referred to: Letter to school, health, charities, minister, employer, T B Ass'n., other

No. of letters written

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF BEGGING-LETTER WRITING

BY ALGERNON TASSIN



ULES of art are deduced from the continuous practice of the masters, but a new set of authorities must be created when the conditions which attend the making and presentation of any art change overnight. With the publication of *Modern Philanthropy,* by William H. Allen, the brotherhood of an ancient craft will have an insight for the first time into the psychology and methods of habitual donors, and there must ensue at once a radical change in the approved technique of begging letters.

This art is fondly imagined to have attained at present an effectiveness never even dreamed of in its cruder and more impulsive childhood. But it cannot fail to be momentous that the begging-letter craftsmen who once committed their fluttering missives to an impersonal and unrevealing post-box have now an intimate view of their hitherto distant quarry. Those who have beheld each other through the mail darkly are now brought face to face. The situation ushers in a new epoch. Just as the invention of gas made another thing of acting, so the knowledge that philanthropists in these methodic days keep a card-catalogue must change from the ground up the craftsmanship of begging-letters. People whose letters have been unproductive may now know the reason why. The slowly built up technique of appealing ages tumbles down. But begging-letter writers have always been devoted artists, and with knowledge of the new conditions they can be expected to measure up to them. It is for that reason that this article will seek—with the help of this book—to formulate the new rules of the art and derive from the reports of an analysis, of six thousand appeals a series of *Don'ts* for appealers.

At first blush it may seem both to the uncharitable layman and the unbaked economist that any treatise which aims at making begging-letters more effective is of questionable morality. Some, too, may deem so specialised a branch of the writer's craft scarcely worth detailed instruction. But such objections would proceed from an ignorance of the situation. In the first place, the extent of modern philanthropy is little guessed.

Modern Philanthropy. By William H. Allen.

Last year two hundred and seventy millions in large gifts were publicly announced, and at a ridiculously modest estimate there must have been a few millions in smaller amounts. Thus in the next ten years from two to four billions will be given away. Indeed, the passion to find some new cause to endow is sweeping over rich Americans like a whirlwind and threatens to supersede all other forms of self-demonstration among them. Like some of Shakespeare's characters, they have developed a habit of flinging purses at the least provocation and crying, "Spend this for me!" Thus it will be admitted that where there are so many eager givers, something must be done to make the demand equal the supply—that is, to make the demand sufficiently provocative. Besides, it is the natural language of the heart, in face of all this golden evidence, to whisper low, "If you must give to some one, why not me?"

To those who pretend to fear that a treatise of this kind may create beggars where there were none before, one can only answer that the fear and depreciation of beggars are also inspired by ignorance—when they are not mere affectation. It is natural to beg when you are in need, and the person who does not do so either is stupid or illustrates too well that lack of initiative which has perhaps brought him to the gate of necessity. All of our institutions of learning and charity have been built upon begging-letters. Furthermore, the practice of writing them has stronger justification than the familiar one of "everybody's doing it." Like the quality of mercy, a begging-letter is twice blest—it performs a possible service not only to the writer but to everybody else (except perhaps its competitors). To the recipient it may be a soft impeachment which he will not deny, an indication that he has at last reached the goal of his desire and is accounted among the rich. Especially if he has been striving to cut a dash upon a limited income, will it be gratefully received. To the really rich who wishes to keep in the swim of giving, but lacks inventiveness, a begging-letter is a godsend which enables him to be fashionable without much bother. The serious philanthropist hails one with joy as a new opportunity which knocks at the door. It is a lean mail-bag which does not daily pour upon the philanthropist's breakfast-table a few genuine and nation-wide needs. The opportunity to exploit these is as much a boon to the recipient as it is obviously an inestimable service to the State.

The practice of writing begging-letters, then, is both extended and praiseworthy. Thus any attempt to standardise the art of appeal and make it conformable to modern conditions is laudable also. The change of technique demanded by the letter-file of to-day may be summed up in the classic injunction not to forget "there are others." The modern begging-letter writer must, even though it be considerable strain upon his imagination, picture himself as the receiver rather than the writer of the appeal.

First, then, to dispose of a few preliminaries. If you found twenty letters in your mail every morning, you would soon get to feel—rightly or wrongly—that the apparel oft proclaims the man. In matters of stationery, good form without extravagance is your best line. But the particular carrying out of this will be dictated by the nature of appeal and appealed. If you wish to suggest a social rather than a business atmosphere, it is well to write out the date. If you are a washerwoman, it will be unwise to suggest any sophistication by being too precise about the spelling and punctuation; on the other hand, if you are an institution, you should remember that a misspelled word has often warned the reader not to risk any money on your present slipshod methods. If your letter is circularised, the reader will give more money if you take at least the trouble to sign it personally. If you attempt to intimatise a circular letter, be sure the joinings do not show; and remember that the reader has beheld such ruses before. If the donor is a person of importance, it is not wise to allow him to feel that you have saved a cent by multigraphing a letter purporting to be individual. If you are asking a man for twenty-five thousand dollars, for instance, you run a risk of not getting it unless you pay



A COLLECTION OF ADDRESSES

him some personal attention. Above all, if you are in the habit of sending out appeals constantly, keep your mailing list revised. Distracting thoughts may be aroused in the mind of a man when he reads an appeal addressed to his divorced wife, or in Mrs. Smith some years after she has happily ceased to be Miss Brown. Avoid as far as possible, then, making the reader feel that his appeal has been ground out of a machine.

Such considerations as the above, however, were of course not unimportant even in the Victorian period, and they are mentioned here only for the sake of completeness. But another preliminary consideration has become, with modern methods, of greater moment. It is the danger of being too effective. In these times, when every begging-letter shows that its writer has been studying *Hints for Advertisers and the Psychology of Appeal,* it is a very real danger. Recollect that the problem of advertising is, in the last analysis, how to catch the mind by being different; and thus in these highly organised days an appealer is as likely as not to be effective by reason of his being ineffective. Fresh from the perusal of many text-books on the subject, one must also be careful not to mix—as it were—psychologies. If a college president talks like a Dakota farmer's wife who wants a set of teeth, it will seem merely a cold-blooded employment of some of the recognised ingredients of appeal. On the whole, it may be well—within reason—to flatter the expected donor by assuming that he really wants his gift to accomplish something, and hence details of this sort are not particularly appealing to him. Remember

always that there are quaintly sensitive souls who automatically suspect that scientific appealing has a tendency to divert its funds. In the respect of being effective, as in all other respects, the truest art is to conceal the art.

A third general consideration, always operative but never more so than in the days of the deadly letter-file, may seem at first to involve a contradiction. In a begging-letter do not be a beggar. That is, do not employ (systematically at least) the arts and tricks of mendicants. Assume—diplomatically of course—that you are asking only for what you have a right to have and do not spend a disproportionate time contriving effective appealing postures. Do not, as it were, exhibit your wound, exaggerate your palsy, or stump around pointedly on your wooden peg. All these things chill the charitable spirit which is encountering them by the wholesale. Particularly beware of the ruses of mendicants—unless of course you are sure you have discovered a brand-new one.

Picture to yourself a moment the receiving side of begging-letters. If you have conveyed the impression that your letter is different from thousands of others by sending it special delivery or registered or by making it "strictly confidential" to keep it out of the secretary's clutches, you run a more than proportionate danger of annoying the reader and rousing his suspicions against you. In this connection it may be well to say that it is always unwise to throw stones at the secretary, for he will probably read your letter anyway. Similarly it is unfortunate to give the reader the impression that he is reading a letter of congratulation or condolence only to find out his mistake at the end, or to feel that you have been urging for the entire Middle States what would benefit only Yonkers, or that you are seeking to hold him up by a stage-situation, or that you are describing other people's work as if it were your own. All these are tricks of the professional mendicant, and the day has come when they will tell against you.

These general considerations being disposed of, let us now turn to the more important changes brought about by the system of letter-file and card-catalogue shown in the illustrations. With givers and appealers as numerous (and the former as methodic) as at present, it is no longer a neat opening to say that you want only what the reader would never miss. This is not only inapposite but positively detrimental, when the mail of one philanthropist shows that three thousand individuals wanted twenty-nine millions and organised charities wanted two hundred and seven millions. Yet on account of the ignorance of the letter-file and the card-catalogue, this appealing opening still persists even when the sum is appreciably large. As a request "from woman to woman" a lady wrote Mrs. Harriman, "Please do sit down and write me a cheque for one million dollars." Even when the sum is less, a moment's reflection will convince the writer that no fortune is beyond the missing mark when requests are so wholesale. What is asked swells the aggregate, though it be—in the words of another letter—"just a drop from your overflowing bucket for a sister in deep waters."

THE APPROACH

This leads us at once to the discussion of *the approach*. There is a general feeling that a tactful approach is of great consequence; but, while it must be admitted that this to some degree continues the case, the need for and appreciation of introductory tact is decreasing. For the effectiveness of a tactful approach depends entirely upon its infrequency of repetition. "I, too, am a grandmother," began one hundred letters hard upon the newspaper announcement of the birth of Mrs. Harriman's grandchild. When a giver has read several thousand times that he owes the pleasure of this letter to the fact that he has so much and the writer so little, and reads the enclosed clipping which has just caught the writer's despairing eye—such an opening becomes ineffective.

Again, the effectiveness of a personal approach depends upon its nearness or pleasurableness. "To-day is my little girl's birthday also, but she, alas—" is an excellent beginning (provided of course one is not receiving several of them in the same mail), but as the im-

mediacy of personal connection weakens the effectiveness weakens. To have met one's brother twenty-three years ago, to have once been engaged to the cousin of a noble personage who had an indirect relation to a certain man who enjoyed acquaintance with one's family, to possess an article which is the exact counterpart of an article shown in the photograph of one's room in a magazine, to be convinced that your career would have been like one's husband's if Heaven had made you a man—all these have a remoteness which fails to strike fire. To put the responsibility on the shoulders of the supernatural starts things going nicely, but is oftener than not a double-edged tool. Many people have irresistible impulses to write begging-letters because of dreams or obsessions which will not down. Churches, schools, and charities are particularly apt to say, "God put it into my head to let you be His almoner." If you weigh such an approach by the principle of repetition, you may see the danger it runs. It is often advisable, on the other hand, to employ an unstereotype beginning which piques the reader's curiosity. He may read on to ascertain whether you are merely naïve or really impudent. If you employ this beginning, avoid the beaten path of apology or timidity. "Entre nous, this is the first time I have ever" is not as likely to urge the reader to the next sentence as "Send me a cheque at once" or "If you are a barbarian, of course I will have my trouble for nothing."

THE ARRESTING ATTACK

These two at least constitute an *arresting attack*—which is the subject of our second consideration in beginning a begging-letter. Both of these remarks are so suggestive of downright insolence that one seeks to find out the reason for so truculent an attitude. The danger with the arresting attack is that it may be obviously manufactured or merely violent. "I have set my alarm for 2 A. M. Each time it rings I will rise and ask God to ask you for fifty thousand dollars" is certainly obviously arresting, but its ingenuity will perhaps be held to more than offset this disadvantage. On the other hand, "Dear Sis in Christ," while it has the very decided triumph of arresting before the letter begins might be considered by some donors too violent. But as it must be owned one would read on to see whether such an expression were contrived or genuine, the danger of dogmatising in such matters is evident. The man who sends his autographed photograph with his church and secret society and his favourite poem on the back of it, makes a commonplace attack, but perhaps runs less risk of being inopportune than the man who more ingeniously sent once a fortnight a chapter of his life with a package of scented soap.

The arresting attack is, of course, often prescribed by the nature of the proposed philanthropy. The emergency appeal, for instance, is part of the routine of every charitable agency. Since timeliness is the great essential in this branch of the art and such appeals must go out just as the newspapers are exhausting their vocabularies in calling public attention to the need in question, this kind of appeal may with propriety spread itself a little spectacularly. The great danger of appeals based on the first zero weather or heat prostrations is that they must be timed so exactly that they inevitably have the air of having been prepared long beforehand. It will, of course, confirm any such suspicion on the part of the fastidious, if you should happen to forget to put in the date. In this kind of work, too, it is particularly desirable to remember the card-catalogue that awaits you. When every other agency is doing the same thing at the same time, the main thing is originality of treatment. Yet this, too, has its dangers. Calamities, always seized upon as an arresting attack, can be made to play too ingenious a part. The Washington Place Fire became in Mrs. Harriman's letters the demonstration that child oyster-openers in Florida need protection, that tax reform is our only salvation, and that a church home for boys is indispensable.

THE MAIN EMPHASIS

We come now to the body of the begging-letter. The change here is the most radical of all. If, as is so often main-

tained, the scientific atmosphere of the age has withered the tender shoots of poetry, it has certainly shrivelled up much of the attractive impulsiveness of giving. But however deplorable it may be, the writers of begging-letters must reckon with the fact that givers of to-day have organised the spirit of benefaction and more and more do they desire to be shown—thanks again to the deadly letter-file. There may be a partial justification for this. Occasionally the novitiate settlement worker bundles a girl to the hospital for a limp only to have it discovered that the trouble was a wooden leg. Charitable amateurs who are not regularly engaged in the business of dispensing other people's money sometimes fail to investigate. This has happened often enough, even of late, to put donors on their guard. Only a short time ago the ladies of a Western city got up a baby-saving campaign. They secured and fitted out a park pavilion, guaranteed a maintenance fund, procured donations of medical service and daily milk—only to find after all their expenditure that there were no babies. Though it is true that to organise a generous impulse is to run the risk of stifling it, the writer of begging-letters is confronted not by theories which he may dispute but by a condition which he cannot dodge. Nowadays the donor wants to know. Consequently the writer must in the body of his letter bear in mind, however disapprovingly, two things—not to be impractical and not to be indefinite.

The request to build a church where once a year may gather in one grand hallelujah service the thirteen million black souls of the United States, certainly seems impractical—for negroes living at a distance could not afford the railway fare. To found a farm-house for newsboys would certainly seem to demand an explanation how it would fit in with their calling and whether commuting at such odd hours would not interfere with the benefits of country life. Mere money, perhaps, will not found a college which shall produce political leaders for every department of our developing life, and a donor might feel it quite as unprofitable an investment as financing for fifty dollars a plan to make a family of twelve children stop tormenting their neighbours.

The modern philanthropist like the modern everything else seems in league to banish the spiritual and the imaginative from the world. He wants to be shown how the one man and two women he is asked to endow for that purpose can promote harmony between Occidental and Oriental, and why it should seem desirable at so large a figure. He is likely to say, "Why should I send you money to put your grandson through college ten years from now when his photograph shows he is blind in one eye and has adenoids, and you admit your sole subsistence is bread and potatoes?" To cope with such a donor, the successful begging-letter writer of to-day must, alas! be almost prosaic. But let him take comfort in the reflection that though the traditional springs of benevolence are dried up, benefactions themselves hourly increase.

Akin to this is the fact that he dares no longer assume on the part of the reader a desire which may be purely personal to the writer. It might appeal to any donor to buy a family of seven girls summer dresses or erect a tombstone to a maiden aunt, but only a few might feel their hearts beat in unison with a writer who desires to transport eight Sisters of Charity one thousand miles to make a retreat. Nor is it every one who will buy for a large sum "a horn that was taken from the head of a steer that was eat for breakfast by a company of Virginia soldiers."

Again, do not be indefinite. Most writers of begging-letters who have tasted but not drunk deep of the scientific method—half-modernised, we may call them—fear to be too long. But it is worse to be too short. Because Mr. Carnegie refuses to read over one page, don't prejudice another giver by your indefiniteness. Mr. Carnegie is preternaturally devoted to libraries and peace-movements anyway. I speak not of correspondents whose emotion makes them fail entirely to indicate the nature of their trouble, or even of college presidents who have forgotten to sign their names. But business men will often write many pages and not tell how much they want or what

they want it for, and women will exploit at length an engaging personality and neglect to give a single detail to indicate the nature of their projected enterprise. A plan requiring ten million dollars to accomplish more in five years of actual uplift than all the philanthropies since Adam may not be actually impractical, but it lacks definiteness of statement. The same may be said of an unexplained scheme to make intoxicants non-intoxicating. Sometimes a mistaken indefiniteness is intended to impress with the flexibility of the plan. Men who were founding "a national organisation for the intelligent and economical administration of public affairs" answered Mrs. Harriman's request for details with the statement that they would not decide what money they needed or how they would spend it or what they would do until they saw how much money they would get.

When you seek to respond to this meticulous demand for definiteness, be sure to figure things out. The modern philanthropist has a secretary who fussily concerns himself with such things. Writers who want money for buildings and equipment, whenever they do not omit to give the proposed cost, give it wrong—as the eagle glance of the secretary at the enclosed balances and summaries constantly shows. People who want musical training in Europe always understate, not apparently by intention but because they have not taken the trouble to look the matter up. Agencies blithely asked Mrs. Harriman, "Will you be one of fifty to give twenty-five dollars (total twelve hundred and fifty dollars) to wipe out our remaining four thousand one hundred dollars deficit?"

Akin to the indiscretion of indefiniteness or inaccuracy in these days, when donors are growing so repellently business-like, is the unfortunate disposition to treat the reader as a fool. This is a mistake. If he is a fool himself, he pays his secretary not to be one. Therefore, to exhibit in a begging-letter poor or questionable business methods is scarcely good policy. Once one could count upon its being set down to amiable yet overemotional tendencies, but times have changed. Since donors keep records and censoriously confer together, they have somehow arrived at the conclusion that it is no longer honourable for an institution to be forever run at a deficit or to build more buildings than it can equip and maintain.

SPECIAL ADVICE TO COLLEGES AND CHURCHES

Perhaps here it may not be amiss to devote a moment to the two chieftains of the begging-letter brotherhood—colleges and churches. The technique of their appeals appears to be more behind the times than that of any other set of writers. Both rely too much on archaic forms and the traditional paraphernalia of appeal.

College presidents are notably pre-Victorian in their avoidance of facts. When asked for the area from which they may reasonably expect to draw their students, they reply that the only safeguard of a democracy is education; when asked how much real demand exists for a proposed chair, they make the Whitmanesque return that since the Mississippi is wide every American is godlike. In a day when the fledgling collegian earns ten dollars a week if he is lucky and the supply of plumbers' assistants at nearly five dollars a day is unequal to the demand, such scorn of practical details on the part of the college is unfortunate.

The church, too, relies overmuch on ancient shibboleths which are ceasing to be passwords. A lyre with other strings is wanted. The pert modern philanthropist has small patience with the trust in God that chronically fails to keep its powder dry. And when Heaven has directed three hundred churches to ask one hundred and twelve millions of one person, the recipient may not profanely wonder if there has been some mistake in getting the message. "A pipe-organ is the King's business; God directed me to ask you for it"; "we can raise only five hundred dollars for our organ, but nothing less than a five thousand dollar one is fitting for His service in our beautiful church"; "Send four hundred dollars in the Lord's name to a minister whose present automobile is worn out upon His errands"; "God told us to ask you for individual communion cups and

a bath-tub"; "we must have a better edifice to do Him honour and compete with five other churches"—all these are illustrations of the disposition of religious organisations to take it for granted that the mere mention of their need justifies the demand. This sometimes finds most naïve expression, as when a lady's aid society writes that it has guaranteed to pay off one thousand dollars of the church debt and please send at once a cheque for that amount, or when a minister writes that he has lost twenty-five thousand dollars of the church money in speculation and has troublesome creditors.

All at once—with the introduction of the scientific spirit into giving—such appeals from church and college have grown as antiquated as would be any based on the divine right of kings. Yet unaware, both continue to employ an outworn technique and consequently to forfeit many donors.

CLOSING INJUNCTIONS

There remain but two more considerations. The first is imperative, and even the most modern of begging-letters may become ineffective by failure to pay attention to it. *Don't forget what you have written before.* If this seems trivial or superfluous advice, it must be stated emphatically that it is a very real danger. It is one to which the begging-letter is peculiarly exposed, and exposed in precise ratio to its effectiveness. For it is the nature of the begging-letter to blow its own horn as loudly as possible all the time, and the exigencies of this occupation make it merely human to disregard or even to fail to remember what sort of horn and how much it blew before. But the deadly letter-file does not forget or disregard. I have already referred to organisations which indiscreetly ask the same people to help remove their deficit year after year. But here is a better illustration. A woman wrote to Mrs. Harriman for a few thousands to tide over a squall; in a few days she asked for a few more thousands; in the third letter she would go to the wall if not helped, and lose a thirty-thousand dollar position; the fourth asked for aid to secure a job—"I have always thought I would make a good lady's maid," she wrote. "How I wish I could cook!" Each of these letters is highly effective in itself, but the series creates a bad impression. There could hardly be a better instance of how the fatal letter-file has altered the technique of the successful begging-letter.

The remaining injunction is implicit in all the exposition given hitherto. The wholesale bombardment of modern philanthropists is a very different thing from the retail trade of a pastoral period. Refer for a moment to your own experience. If you meet six beggars in one block, you endure the lurid woes of the last with less urbanity than you listened to those of the first. Emotionalism hurts him that gives and him that takes. It makes the speaker incoherent and fumbles the precise point; more importantly still, it progressively callouses the hearer. The agony must ever be piled higher in order to keep on reproducing the original impression. If the first beggar has a starving child at home, the last requires six to wring from you a bored and reluctant nickel. When one knows, then, that he is but one beggar out of many, it is best to make the tale of distress as simple as possible and to eschew adjectives. The modern philanthropist has had his emotions exhausted long since, he can now respond only to facts. Indeed, he has been known to give large sums against his judgment, merely because of his gratitude for what he has been spared in the line of vocabulary.

It is said that a theatrical star who is noted for the subtleties of her art once instructed an actress in her company thus: "Your face must at this moment express anger, dismay, jealousy, pique, and a sense of painful confusion. It is essential that the audience as well as myself get an impression of all of these things. But you will look only at me—although I shall, as you see, be looking the other way—and you will all the while keep your back to the house." The young lady after some discouraged practice wisely gave up the task of infusing into her shoulder blades so many nicely balanced emotions, and devoted herself

to depicting it upon her unregarded countenance. But one night it occurred to her that since her face made no difference to any one concerned, she might as well give it a rest.

So with the begging-letter writer who desires to be up-to-date. No one is any longer looking at him as an individual, he is simply a part of a scientific mechanism. He may doff the trappings of woe, for all that is required of him is to furnish the facts of his needs as unemotionally as possible. One by one this remorseless mechanism has discarded the graces of the earlier age of sentiment. And alas, the end is not yet! Unless the begging-letter writer relinquishes all the glowing details which the entirely commercialised philanthropist now regards as inconsistent, indefinite, exaggerated, and insincere, the next denudation is already threatened. The philanthropist will strike. He will not cease to give, for he has found that in no way can he come before the public so importantly and so satisfactorily. But he will no longer confine himself to one unsympathetic secretary to read his begging-letters. Rather will he pool his issues in a syndicate of secretaries. Such a Bureau of Appeals has already been suggested by Mrs. Harriman. Let it but be established, and alas! the technique of the begging-letter will undergo a still more radical and prosaic change. Indeed, the writing of one would no longer be an art at all. Fancy how much artistry would be made null and worse than void by the receipt in the return mail of Mrs. Harriman's model letter from this stultifying bureau. "Dear Madam—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your respective fifty letters to the following people, et cetera."

"ART WITH A CAPITAL A"

BY GELETT BURGESS

O Scribes, I would call your attention
In this little metrical plea
(If I can without causing dissension)
To a fault that I fain you would flee.
I am willing you all should be free,
And write as you please to, alway;
But refrain, Oh, I beg on my knee,
From your "Art with a capital A!"

Now, it may not be Art that you mention,
But Bosh with a capital B;
But I visit with like reprehension
All Chestnuts with capital C.
They are damned with a capital D;
For gone, ever gone is the day
When readers will welcome with glee
Your old "Art with a capital A!"

So I beg you'll retire with a pension
The phrase that you all will agree
Has become but a dreary convention—
It is trite (with a lower-case T).
And the "common or garden"—*passé*.
Like the motor that "climbed up a tree,"
'Tis a Bromide, Oh, take it from me,
Your old "Art with a capital A!"

E. Ferber (just think of it!), she,
Dicky Davis and Chester—all three
Are the culprits inspiring this lay;
Poor old "Art with a capital A!"

DUST AND DREAM

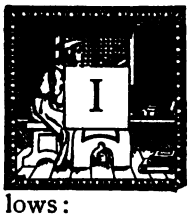
BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Even as rust
 Hides the sword's gleam,
So earth's dull dust
 Obscures heaven's dream.

Yet do I trust
 Death's hour supreme;
For, being dust,
 I shall live the dream!

SOME MODERN AMERICAN ETCHERS

BY CLEVELAND PALMER



N an anonymous article entitled "L'Eau-forte est à la mode," which appeared in the *Revue Anecdotique* for April, 1862, Charles Baudelaire wrote as follows:

> Quite recently, a young American artist, M. Whistler, exhibited at the Martinet gallery a series of subtle etchings, as spontaneous as improvisation and inspiration, representing the banks of the Thames; marvellous confused masses of rigging, yards and cordage; a chaos of fogs, furnaces and corkscrew spirals of smoke; the poetry, profound and complicated, of a vast capital.

Although Whistler was by no means the first American etcher, and although the Thames series, executed in 1859, was not the first work from his hand, the history of American etching as a branch of the great modern art of the aqua-fortist, may be said to date from this recognition of the young man who became the master, by the print-loving French poet, the discoverer and champion of Charles Meryon.

Yet it was not until twenty years later that there was any active or widespread awakening of interest in etching on American soil. Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer gave an account of this awakening in her article on "American Etchers," which appeared in *The Century Magazine* in 1883. Our representative etchers then, a generation ago, were the ten Americans who had just been elected members of the newly organised English "Society of Etchers." They were Mrs. Thomas Moran and Messrs. Thomas Moran, Farrer, Falconer, Swain Gifford, James Smillie, Bellows, Parrish, F. S. Church, and Frank Duveneck. Mr. Pennell had already attracted attention by his sketches of old Philadelphia, but Otto H. Bacher and Charles A. Platt could still be passed over with briefest mention as promising youngsters, hardly to be distinguished from a score of others, most of whom are now as completely forgotten as the obscure pioneers of the thirties and forties of the last century.

Reviewing her article only a little more than three years later, Mrs. van Rensselaer herself declared that it read like "a chapter of ancient history." Already, in that brief intervening space of time, rapid progress had been made. Several men now displayed such marked superiority that the field became narrowed, and many names on her earlier list became clearly negligible. In the exhibition held in New York in the winter of

1885-86, Parrish and Platt carried off the honours between them, according to her statement. The pairing is suggestive, because it throws into relief the contrast between old tendencies and new that was beginning to present itself. Parrish remains to-day the principal representative of the older school, with its pictorial ideals and painstaking methods. It was of him that the late Frederick Keppel used to tell how Seymour Haden, when shown one of Parrish's large and intricate plates, exclaimed: "That young man does not know what the sense of fatigue in making a picture is!"

Such a remark constitutes a serious criticism of the work of an artist. For, to be made conscious, in viewing a picture, of the effort involved in its execution, is to experience a considerable diminution of the pleasure derived from it. And this is particularly true of an etching, the very essence of which should be ease and spontaneity. Few things are finer in their way than some of Parrish's carefully wrought skies. But the fact remains that even finer skies have been created with far fewer lines—and even without any lines at all!—and so his method must be declared inferior. It is, however, the method adopted by nearly all etchers at the beginning, and we are reminded of the fine response of the young American etcher of to-day, Mr. Ernest D. Roth, who, when expostulated with for his over-elaboration and excess of detail, replied that he would begin to leave things out when he was sure that he was able to put them in. Even Whistler began in the same way, and, in fact, almost the only modern etcher who can be thought of as having displayed remarkable selective power in his first plates is the Frenchman, Lalanne.

The only trouble with Parrish, therefore, was that he never entirely "grew up" in this respect, and continued all his life making fine, imaginative, but somewhat overcharged plates. It was on this ground that Mrs. van Rensselaer awarded the palm to his younger rival, Platt, whose accomplishment in "the great *art of omitting* . . . is what gave his prints their simplicity, their harmony, their breadth and unity of effect—what made it impossible to pick flaws in them as we could in the more poetical and fervid work of Mr. Parrish."

Yet, whatever the differences between them, these two men then stood together as equally representative of what still remained, at that period, a characteristic trait of American etching, namely, its fondness for native subjects. So far only a few, even of the younger men, had gone abroad to study with Whistler, and to emulate him in the sketching of Venetian canal scenes and palaces. Chief among these were Bacher and Duveneck, who thus became the pioneers of a whole army of American etchers since then. These have made the city on the Lagoon their Mecca and, so far as subject is concerned, our modern school might almost as well be styled the "Venetian" as the "American." Venice is indeed the etchers' paradise, their siren mistress; and so potent is her spell that it is sometimes difficult for them, on returning to their native land, not to see and interpret this in terms of her beauty. Thus Mr. Pennell's first exclamation as, sailing up the harbour, he saw New York after a long absence, during which the tall forms of her skyscraping structures had risen like the towers of a dream town, is said to have been: "It is as beautiful as Venice!" And the series of New York plates that he subsequently produced are perhaps to be regarded less as literal statements of fact than as so many gorgeous romantic fancies woven out of his golden Italian memories.

It was in 1884 that Mr. Pennell first went abroad, and that he first began fully to find himself. Since then his career as an etcher has been one unbroken series of successes. None of our other roving "knights of the needle" has travelled so extensively throughout Europe, or pictured the romantic aspects of so many old world shrines. He has thus been the most popular of our etchers, while his cleverness in recording his impressions has delighted connoisseurs and collectors of prints all the world over. The late Frederick Keppel, after Whistler's death, proclaimed Mr. Pennell the greatest living American etcher. He is the etcher *par excellence*—one, that is to say, who draws directly on the plate without preliminary studies. Mr. Keppel tells, in

one of his articles, how Mr. Pennell "chooses his place in the crowded street, and stands there quite undisturbed by the rush of the passers by or by the idlers who stand and stare at him or at his work. Taking quick glances at the scene he is depicting, he rapidly draws his lines with the etching-needle upon the copper plate which he holds in his other hand, and, what seems to me an astonishing *tour de force,* he never hesitates one instant in selecting the exact spot on his plate where is he about to draw some vital line of the picture." Of late years Mr. Pennell has shown a tendency to turn from etching to lithography—always a favourite alternative medium with him, however—in order, no doubt, to be able to work upon a greater scale in his depiction of those scenes of modern engineering and industry in which he delights, and of which his Panama Canal views, only just published, are so far his most ambitious interpretation—artistic documents of the highest historic value.

Of Mr. Pennell's association with



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

THE THREE SHIPS. BY OTTO BACHER



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

THE ROAD TO LOUVIERS. BY HERMAN WEBSTER

Whistler it is unnecessary to speak here further than to remark that, in spite of its closeness, the younger man has remained himself to a remarkable degree. Indeed, individuality has always been a striking trait among American etchers, and never more than at the present day. The last decade or two have been particularly important in the history of American etching; and even if there are not now actually more men actively engaged in the practice of the art, or a greater number of genuine artists among them than at any time since Mrs. van Rensselaer wrote her article, there has unquestionably been a steady increase in the ranks of those who employ etching idiomatically as a vehicle for intimate, individual, expression. First among these in point of seniority must be mentioned Mr. Donald Shaw MacLaughlan, a native of Boston, whose arrival was first heralded by the French critics, and notably by M. Octave Uzanne. Mr. MacLaughlan, who, like Mr. Pennell, has travelled extensively, has shown a special fondness for massive architectural subjects, which he handles with marked constructive power, and a feeling for decorative arrangement. His representations are always vigorous and original, but he carries the directness and suggestive force of his method to a point where his work seems ugly to many critics. And it may be admitted that, in the system of peculiar short strokes or dashes with which he is accustomed to render certain textures and vibrations of light, he does occasionally achieve an effect comparable to the hairy coat of some animal!

M. Octave Uzanne assigns Mr. MacLaughlan to "the mastery of Meryon"; but much closer to that great French artist comes Mr. Herman A. Webster, one of the youngest of modern American etchers, and one of the very best to-day. Only a few years ago Mr. Webster was at New Haven, making illustrations for the Yale *Record*. Then he served a two years' apprenticeship on his father's paper, the *Record-Herald,* of Chicago. Now he lives and works in Paris, although, as the last series of his plates—studies of old Frankfort—shows, he can occasionally desert the banks of the Seine for other scenes and subject matter. He



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

GRIM FLORENCE. BY ERNEST D. ROTH

has even returned to this country and, following the example of Mr. Pennell, left his record of New York's skyscrapers in the plate entitled "Cortlandt Street." But it is with the old quarters and old buildings of Paris that he is still chiefly associated. A lover of pure line, he shows in his work a refinement, even a fastidiousness, of romantic sentiment, suggested, at least in the same way, by no other American etcher. Certainly there is none whose prints are more eagerly sought to-day by American collectors—and not only by Americans, either—or whose development is being watched with more hopeful interest by critics and lovers of the art everywhere. Lately he has tried his hand at landscape subjects, and his first experiments in this new field demonstrate his susceptibility to other influences than that of Meryon—notably to that of Auguste Lepère, as well as of the classic landscape school of French etching.

Less accomplished technically than Mr. Webster, yet of scarcely less promise for the future, is Mr. Ernest D. Roth. Though born in Stuttgart, Mr. Roth has spent practically all his life in this country except when he has travelled and studied abroad in the interest of his art. Most of his best work has been done in Florence and Venice—especially the former—and he has treated in both places many of the classical etching subjects, but always in an exceedingly personal and original manner. Mr. Roth is seldom satisfied with the merely picturesque aspect of things, and never strives after effect. His etchings, like the "Grim Florence," here reproduced, are profound psychological studies, as it were, of the buildings which he scrutinises in every crack and crevice for the occult secret of their expression. Hence the almost Leonardo-like, enigmatic note in the representation of the backs of these sinister old palaces; and hence, too, as Mr. Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., has pointed out in a sympathetic study of Mr. Roth's work, a certain tendency to overcharge his plate with detail. The fault is not a grave one



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

LOW TIDE IN THE BAY OF FUNDY, BY STEPHEN PARRISH



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

PITTSBURGH. BY JOSEPH PENNELL



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE. BY CADWALLADER WASHBURN

under the circumstances, and criticism of him on this score led to the wise rejoinder quoted above. In the conscientious and painstaking seriousness of his method Mr. Roth reminds us of some of the earlier American etchers. And if, in recent years, there has crept into American etching some excess of that impressionistic spirit which, while proper to the art, can become too easy a short cut for the ignorance of the young etcher, the example of this thoughtful student helps point the way to the surer paths of progress.

In turning from Mr. Roth to Mr. Cadwallader Washburn, we encounter the veritable knight-errant of etching in America to-day. Not that the adventures of this passionate amateur of sun-bathed Southern architecture have carried him farther afield than others of his fellows, but they have got him into more tight places. His chosen ground for several years now has been Mexico, where he has executed many plates of churches and cathedrals. Making his headquarters at Cuernavaca, he has spent months in exploiting the architectural treasures of the surrounding country. But the political unrest and active rebellion in many of the Mexican provinces have of late greatly interfered with this pleasant and profitable occupation. In the spring of 1911 he was even compelled to evacuate Cuernavaca. To quote from the account of his experiences which he contributed to *The Print-Collector's Quarterly*, the time came "when regretful Prudence raised her warning finger, and the Lares and Penates of a two years' sojourn were hurriedly assembled and gathered into boxes for speedy departure. That the departure ultimately became a flight made the contents of the said boxes no less desirable in the eyes of their owner.

"Sad was the fate of the too optimistical botanical scientist who gladly leased the vacated Cuernavaca home, to be the first victim of a rebel attack within a few weeks!

"After that even the comparative security of the City of Mexico lost its appeal, and I was happy and greatly relieved when Vera Cruz was safely reached and I saw the fruits of my two years' work, including canvases and fifty



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

THE THAMES AT IFFLEY LOCK. BY J. ANDRÉ SMITH

copperplates, safely deposited on the stanch deck of the good ship *Merida.*"

But his troubles were not to end even there. On the night of the 12th of May the ship became involved in a collision, went to the bottom, and Mr. Washburn, barely escaping with his life, lost everything else.

Undiscouraged by these sad but exciting experiences, Mr. Washburn has since returned to Mexico, where, from last accounts, he is still playing hide-and-seek with the revolutionists, and waiting for an opportunity to re-enter Cuernavaca.

With these few brief notes we have by no means exhausted the list of modern American etchers of note, as the accompanying illustrations will show; but the limitations of this article preclude any but briefest mention of some of those who are left. Of these, Mr. J. André Smith has usually preferred American subjects, going to Connecticut for the motives of many of his plates, like Mr. George Senseney, who introduces the novelty of printing in two or more colours. An extra colour, or perhaps only a touch of China white, is also sometimes added by Mr. Addison S. Millar in his poetic renditions of Connecticut and New Jersey landscape, which he is fond of showing in times of storm or by moonlight. Mr. Winslow etches abroad for the most part, in France and in England, while Mr. Deville, a New York architect, has explored that city for many of his subjects. Mr. Thomas R. Manley, one of the early school of American etchers, has recently returned to the exercise of the art, though to his prints collectors will prefer his beautiful landscape drawings in charcoal or in pencil. Canada has produced an etcher in the person of Mr. Gagnon, while one of the youngest recruits to the ranks of copper-plate artists, Mr. H. K. Eby, is also a native of the Dominion.

And still the list is not exhausted. Enough names have been mentioned, however, to show that the art of etching is by no means confined to a few practitioners on this continent, but what it has ever been from the time of



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

UNDER THE BRIDGE. BY H. DEVILLE

its revival in France in the early years of the nineteenth century, a favourite medium of expression for those artists who have not only something to say, but a highly individual way of saying it. It is because art is in an exceedingly healthy condition to-day in America that etching flourishes on our soil, and it is only as formalism and lack of originality creep in (as they are bound to some day, we suppose), that we may look for any diminution of activity, or falling off in vital, interesting expression, in this attractive field.

R. L. S. AND THE FONTAINEBLEAU TRAIL

BY NELL PERKINS DAWSON

WITH DRAWINGS BY IDA PROPER



IN his essay on Fontainebleau Stevenson writes: "If anywhere about that wood you meet my airy bantling, greet him with tenderness. He was a pleasant lad, though now abandoned." The merry Imp, which Stevenson liked to imagine he left behind him with his youth in the forest, will not be met at the Palace, nor yet at the double-starred caravansary across the way. But rather you will find him at Siron's, the old inn in Barbizon, where a fellow could stay and "not pay a stiver for a year," or at the equally hospitable Madame Chevillon's in Grez on the other side of the waving tree-tops. He will be found beyond a doubt at the great gorge of Franchard, where he will lead you as straight as one of the little blue arrows, which everywhere in the forest point the way. For Franchard and the legend of the hermit and the buried treasure gave Stevenson the title for one of his happiest stories, *The Treasure of Franchard,* the scene of which is laid in Grez.

Grez-sur-Loing is one of the many artist-haunted villages fringing the Fontainebleau forest, where Stevenson spent some Acadian hours as a young man, and met Mrs. Stevenson at Chevillon's Inn. But you must go to Grez to appreciate *The Treasure of Franchard,* and you must read the story perhaps to appreciate Grez. Mr. Low, who was one of Stevenson's companions in the Fontainebleau days, has said he does not remember ever having seen him in that time busy with a note book and pencil. But when you go to Grez you realise how faithfully Stevenson has described it in his story, and with what affection.

The "indefatigable" birds still turn and flicker around the old church tower, which, in the midst of the cottages, looks like nothing so much as a big brown hen, surrounded by its cuddling brood of chickens. Only a modern tiled roof or two, among those of "an ancient ruddy brown" which he describes, protrude to spoil the picture. And these fairly squeak with newness. But otherwise everything is as Stevenson describes it. All is as right as right can be: the bridge with its many arches, "long suffering" bridge he calls it, because so many artists have painted it; the ruined castle, and the little river that runs by the garden ends of the houses.

Dr. Desprez in the story of *The Treasure of Franchard* explains to the dead mountebank's boy whom he adopts, that the little river is "our bath, our fish-pond, our natural system of drainage." He should have added "our laundry." For the sound of the washerwomen's paddles comes up distinctly from the river, borne on a breeze fragrant with jasmine? rose? No, none of these, but the malodorous water known as Javelle, which the women unpoetically use to assist their laving.

There was a history of Grez, but the schoolmaster had it and he was away. The schoolmaster must have been at home when Stevenson was there. Dr. Desprez, standing on the hill with the boy, philosophically discourses on the past glories of the little town now dwindled to a toy. He tells the wondering Jean-Marie of the time when Grez was a walled city, thriving, full of furred burgesses and men in armour; how a thousand chimneys ceased smoking at the curfew call, and gibbets stood at the gate as thick as scarecrows. Then the English wars came, which destroyed the hermitage of Franchard in the forest as well as Grez. Gretz—as it was written then—was taken, sacked and burned; and its ruins were a quarry to serve the growth of rivals. "The stones of Gretz are now erect along the streets of Nemours."



BOURRON

And now this once thriving city is a village of five or six hundred people, and boasts, as Stevenson says, only a mill, an ancient church, a ruined castle, and a bridge of many arches. The mill is Hulay, just beyond, "at the end of the world," as the peasants quaintly call the part of the river where the dam makes an impasse for the boats. Once there were six mills in Grez, and Fontainebleau sent its grain here. The church is Notre Dame's, of course. All churches are Our Lady's in France, but this one is also Saint Laurent's. It is more picturesque from the outside than within, where dampness oozes greenly through the walls, and the choir brother, instructing the handful of little boys, entunes through his nose most sweetly. Only the tower and a few scraps of wall remain of the castle, which was the Château de la Reine Blanche.

But the bridge—four, five, perhaps seven hundred years old, is Grez's chief remaining glory, and most captivated Stevenson's humorous fancy. "There is in France scenery incomparable for romance and harmony," he writes, "yet the artist remains faithful to Fontainebleau, to the eternal bridge at Grez." The bridge, "anonymously famous," he calls it, "beaming on the incurious from the walls of a hundred exhibitions. I have seen it in the Salon; I have seen it in the Academy; I have seen it in the last French Exhibition. Long-suffering bridge! And if you visit Grez to-morrow, you shall find another generation camped at the bottom of Chevillon's garden, under their white umbrellas, and doggedly painting it again."

Grez has changed since Stevenson first made its acquaintance a young man of twenty-five. A letter written to his mother telling of spending some days there is dated 1875. It wasn't exactly filled with furred burgesses then, but it was overrun with men in queer armour—artists with all their painting paraphernalia of colour-box, canvas and easel; and young men, like Stevenson, with taste for eccentric costume. "There is something to do in Grez," he writes to his mother, "and something to do is a great enemy to joy." He describes the boating and bathing and other gentle distractions of the river, and longs for the solemn groves and uneventful hours of Barbizon—Barbizon where now the honk of the tourist's motor is most persistent, and the whir of the American reaper drowns the bell of the Angelus.

In the essay on Fontainebleau, Stevenson tells of the infinite pains and tact it takes to found a painting colony, and how a little will undo the labour of years. First of all, the inn-keeper has to be educated. He has to be taught the lesson of unlimited credit, and to welcome as a favoured guest a young gentleman in a greasy coat with little baggage beyond a paint-box and a canvas; who may eat and drink heartily and even borrow, and yet "not pay a stiver for a year."

Stevenson tells of the two penniless painters at Chevillon's, whose nice moral code permitted them to eat and drink their fill, but who drew a sharp moral line at serviettes. Although Madame Chevillon urged, they sternly denied themselves napkins. Moreover, napkins are extra.

But no sooner are the preliminary difficulties overcome of educating the innkeeper, Stevenson tells—out of his own experience—than fresh perils arise. Despite the pains the painters sometimes take to blacken their own waters, like the cuttle-fish, the bourgeois and the tourist arrive—more than ever now in this day of the automobile—and with their long purses undo the work of years. Prices rise and credit shortens. Finally, "when that essentially modern institution, the English and American girl student, walks calmly into the favourite inn, as to a drawing-room—the painter flees. 'Not here, O Apollo!' becomes his song." He goes on to found another colony.



"LONG-SUFFERING BRIDGE"

"It's the beginning of the end," it has been told, Stevenson said after the return from *The Inland Voyage* in 1876, when a friend met him in Paris, and told him of the American woman and two children who had walked into Chevillon's at Grez during his absence. The words were prophetic. He fled, but only to follow the fair invader, even as far as California. And it was the end of his youth and carefree days in the forest.

It was along "that green breezy valley of the Loing," with his "ready-made trousers fluttering about his spindle shanks," that Stevenson made the walking tour with Sir Walter Simpson, and wore the "ill-inspired" costume he describes with such humorous gusto in the epilogue to *The Inland Voyage*, which led to his being "suspect" everywhere, and to his final arrest and half hour in jail at Chatillon.

Madame Chevillon, who is still living, alleges to remember very well this "ill-inspired" costume of Stevenson's. "Très drôle," she called it. They were artists, were they not? And she told of the jacket and queer cap embroidered with gold, quite as Stevenson himself describes them.

"The Arethusa was unwisely dressed," he says in the Epilogue. "He is no precisian in attire; but, by all accounts, he was never so ill-inspired as on that tramp. On his head he wore a smoking-cap of Indian work, the gold lace pitifully frayed and tarnished." Moreover, he adds that his face was not like the faces of happier mortals, a certificate. "He is actually denied admittance at Monte Carlo!" Anyway, at Chatillon-sur-Loire, a gendarme culled him like a wayside flower, and he languished in jail, a long half hour, until the Cigarette arrived, dressed "not with neatness merely but elegance," unblushingly claimed him as comrade, and secured his release.

Madame Chevillon's version of the affair is that Stevenson and a friend—O'Meara she thought, but Simpson was the Cigarette of the walking tour as well as the canoe voyage—arrived from Barbizon, and spent only one night at Grez, setting out the next morning on a petit tour. At Chatillon, where they were arrested, they referred to Madame Chevillon at Grez.

Madame Chevillon, who is now an old woman, no longer conducts the hotel. Perhaps this should be told to her credit, since comfort and cleanliness seem to have departed along with its ancient glory. A cook who married one of the daughters now runs the place:

MAISON CHEVILLON

JARDINS ET BOSQUETS

Bateaux de Pêche et de Promenade

and recently added—

GARAGE POUR AUTOMOBILES

But one automobile a day is enough to create a stir at Chevillon's. Grez is

off the automobile route. The Nemours highway is a quarter of a mile away; and at Montigny, the road to Grez makes a sudden sharp turn, at the Vanne Rouge, up a steep hill on which the church is poised. One wonders how the people get to the church. But motorists, for the most part, are incurious, and thrifty when it comes to tires, and keep to the travelled road.

Madame Chevillon lives across the street from the hotel, on the road that leads over the bridge—Rue du Vieux Pont. She is past seventy-five years old, but still has a remnant of good looks. Her faded eyes are friendly with a mixture of shyness and flurried importance. She is coiffed in the coloured handkerchief as her niece had promised, and wears a large coloured check gingham apron.

Did she remember Mr. Stevenson who had been in Grez thirty or thirty-five years ago?

"M. Steven-song! Mais oui," and the daughter and niece who ably assisted at the interview interrupted with such a volley of violàs and tiens that the old woman herself was in danger of being crowded out of the conversation. But she remembered Stevenson beyond a doubt.



THE NEMOURS HIGHWAY

Did he have an air malade, even then?

"Oh bien malade," she replied. One day he sat in the dining-room, with his head leaning on his hand, comme çà, and did not eat his déjeûner, which was getting cold. She called his attention to the fact, for it is necessary to eat one's déjeûner, is it not?

"Pas d'observation!" he replied, just like that, quite short. Madame Chevillon returned to the kitchen, where Stevenson soon followed her. He put his hand on her shoulder and said he was sorry he had been cross. "Ce ne fait rien," she had replied; she knew he was making des réflexions. She did not want to derange him, only il faut manger one's déjeûner, n'est-ce pas?

"You know it was here M. Stevenson met the lady he married," she volunteered. "Madame Osbourne!" She was in Grez with her two children.

She would also see if she could find a letter she had received from Stevenson in Samoa. It seems some one, for whom he made himself responsible, had left Chevillon's with an unpaid board bill. Stevenson had told them not to distress themselves, that he would personally see that they got their money. They waited three months, and then invited the friendly offices of a painter at Marlotte, who was going to Paris, to seek Stevenson out and give him the bill. But he was not there. Finally, after many years, a letter reached him in Samoa, and he answered immediately, enclosing the entire amount, plus eighty francs for interest.

Then Madame Chevillon was asked about *The Treasure of Franchard*, the story of the mountebank who died in the stable-loft—Tentaillon's the place becomes in the story—and the little waif he left behind, who was adopted by Dr. Desprez and his complacent spouse, Anastasie.

"Did a mountebank ever die there?" Only blank faces met the query. "No mountebank had died in the loft there over the stable across the way?" "U—! c'etait U—!" and the two younger women rose to their feet in the pleasurable excitement of discovery. As for Dr. Pesprez, there was Docteur this and Docteur that, but all had had plenty of children, and had no need to adopt a boy.

Yet it was certain that some one had died in the stable-loft. He was a poor painter. But only the day before he died, he had told the Chevillons that he had sold a picture for three thousand francs. He paid them in full. Then he said, "I have twelve hundred francs remaining in my pocket." He was taken sick that night in the loft above the stable. Here the daughter got up to illustrate how her husband had appeared in the window and cried for her to come. She ran across the yard from the kitchen and

found her husband supporting the poor fellow in his arms.

After he died, they hunted for the twelve hundred francs. If they did not find it, his relatives would think they had taken it, would they not? They hunted everywhere—in all his pockets—but could find nothing. Finally, in a ragged overcoat hanging on a nail behind the door, they found an old dirty envelope, and in it were the twelve hundred francs, exactly as he had said. They sent the money to his brother.

An interesting narrative, as it was related, even if it did not have anything to do with *The Treasure of Franchard*. No wonder Stevenson approved of this story of his, especially of the character of Anastasie, the wife of Dr. Desprez. In a letter to Marcel Schwob he writes: "Alors vous ne détestez pas mes bonnes femmes? Moi, je les déteste. I have never pleased myself with any women of mine, save two character parts, one of only a few lines—the Countess of Rosen (in *Prince Otto*) and Madame Desprez in *The Treasure of Franchard*."



THE TOWER

Anastasie is described as a stout brune, with smooth cool cheeks and steady brown eyes. Anastasie had the placidity of a contented nun, he says, but something mundane in her nature too, having a fondness for oysters and old wine, racy novels and somewhat bold pleasantries. Adversity passed over her like a summer-cloud, we are told. The only thing that could stir her from her contentment was the hint of a return to Paris. She liked the fleshpots, but feared Egypt for one of her husband's gay proclivities, and the mere mention of the word was enough to put her in a blue fear. So it was the threat of Paris the doctor used—"his trusty argument, his Excalibur"—to reconcile Anastasie to the adoption of Jean-Marie.

Stevenson has written nothing merrier than the scene, when Dr. Desprez having discovered the treasure in the forest, the earth-encrusted flagons, candlesticks and patens of the hermitage of Franchard, immediately makes lavish expenditure and fairy plans for the future. They will return to Paris, of course, where he is to be a Deputy no less, and Anastasie is to move resplendent in diamonds.

"But you will not be a Red?" cried Anastasie in alarm. "I am Left Centre to the core," stoutly replies the doctor. And they bow and pledge each other over a bottle of his favourite Hermitage wine.

Even after Jean-Marie steals the treasure to prevent his dear master's return to the dreaded Paris, the doctor's philosophy holds good. Some of the turtle is still left, he says—"the most wholesome of delicacies." He has a new staff, Anastasie a new dress, and Jean-Marie a fashionable new képi. "Besides we had a glass of Hermitage last night; the glow still suffuses my my memory. I was growing positively niggardly with that Hermitage, positively niggardly."

Stevenson wrote *The Treasure of Franchard* in 1883. A letter to Colvin of this date, from St. Marcel, a suburb of Marseilles, tells that he is at work on the story, but that it will not flow. How well it flows, however, will be realised by all who visit Grez. His descriptions of the little town and the bridge and the church tower and the birds and the little rustling river filled with sedge and water lilies are almost photographically true.

"I have always had a fancy to be a fish in the summer, Jean-Marie, here in the Loing beside Grez," the doctor says to the boy. "I should lie under a water-lily and listen to the bells which must sound most delicately down below." It is a fancy that will please all who have been to Grez on the river Loing.

But not only at Grez and Barbizon will you meet Stevenson's "airy bantling." Marlotte, Moret, Montigny, Chailly-en-Bière, Nemours, Cernay-la-Ville, Bourron—he knew them all. "They had sent for the doctor from Bourron," are the opening words of *The Treasure of Franchard*. He tramped all over the country, through the forest, back and forth from Barbizon to Grez, along the valleys of the Loing and the Loire, and over the broad white highways. "And of all the noble sweeps of roadway, none is nobler on a windy dusk," he has written, "than the highroad to Nemours between its tall lines of talking poplars."

He found the artist life more to his liking than studying for the Scotch bar. "Not bad for the Advocate," he writes to his mother after telling how he with his cousin "Bob" tramped the twenty-five miles from Grez to Barbizon in a very "creditable thunder-storm," yet is not tired, and "very glad to be back again in this dear place, and smell the wet forest in the morning." To Mrs. Sitwell he also writes at this time how glad he is to be in the forest all day in the open air, and how he "begins to go right," and the "forest begins to work."

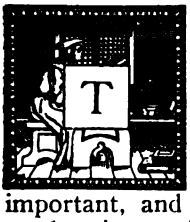
"Et ego in Arcadia vixi," Stevenson writes of his Fontainebleau days, and he urges all to hasten there while they still are young enough. And to young artists especially he tells that if they only get into their hearts the spirit and the inspiration of the woods, they will have gone far toward undoing the evil of their sketches.



THE CHURCH AT GREZ

THE COMEDY OF ATMOSPHERE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



HERE is a type of play whose purpose is not so much to exhibit character through action as to exhibit environment through character. The plot is comparatively unimportant, and the people of the play are less interesting on their own account than on account of the social atmosphere in which they breathe their daily breath. This social atmosphere is what the author is aiming to depict; and, in pursuance of this purpose, he may even dare to sacrifice the all-but-indispensable element of a tense and vital struggle between human wills.

It is very difficult to estimate a play of this abnormal type by those standards of dramatic criticism which have been maintained by nearly all of the important commentators from Aristotle down to Brunetière. Aristotle declared that action was the prime essential of a play, and it was Brunetière who insisted that the necessary element of drama was a struggle of the wills. Yet there are surely certain plays which live without these definitions. There is, in Aristotle's sense, no action in *Bunty Pulls the Strings;* and, for two acts at least, there is no struggle in *The Mind-the-Paint Girl.* And how, by either of these standards, can the academic critic measure such a piece as *Man and Superman?*

In Mr. Shaw's latest work, entitled *Fanny's First Play,* the ultra-Aristotelian Mr. Trotter is confronted with this puzzling question; and his answer is the more interesting since the character is designed as a satire of the author's friend, Mr. Arthur Bingham Walkley, of the *London Times.* Mr. Trotter answers the question by evading it. Of the works of Mr. Shaw and many of his emulators he simply and definitely says: "They are not plays." He is willing to consider them as essays, as discussions, or as conversations; but he will not consider them as plays, since Aristotle never saw the like of them. But this view of Mr. Trotter's seems a little narrow. Surely any story presented by actors on a stage, which interests an audience, cannot be denied the name of play: one might as logically look a lion in the eyes and tell him he was not a lion. And if only an action that is motivated by a struggle of the wills can be labelled with the adjective "dramatic," let us, by all means, hasten to admit that there is such a thing as undramatic drama.

For, what we may call the comedy of atmosphere has flourished in many ages of the theatre. It was probably unknown in ancient days, for otherwise the inductive-minded Aristotle would assuredly have noted it; but it was an accepted type of drama in the spacious times of great Elizabeth, and was practised with success by both realistic and romantic writers. Perhaps the best example of the realistic type is *The Shoemaker's Holiday* of Thomas Dekker. It is doubtful if even a German Ph.D. could discover a structure in this amiably ambling narrative. There is no theme, there is no struggle, there is (in the academic sense) no dramatic action. And yet the piece succeeds richly in producing the precise effect the author aimed at,—namely, to set before us a picture of the daily life of "golden Cheapside" and to give us a vivid sense of how it felt to be an apprentice to "the gentle craft" of cobbling. Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* is another comedy in which the local atmosphere of a specific phase of London is, as it were, the hero of the composition. The piece has neither beginning nor middle nor end; it is merely a series of sketches of contemporary characters. And, if we turn to the romantic drama, we are confronted at once by so illustrious an example as *As You Like It.* In his recent book on *Play-Making,* Mr. William Archer has selected this very work as an instance that makes us doubt the universal application of the catch-phrase, "No struggle, no drama"; for this comedy can scarcely be considered as an effort to set forth a

struggle between human wills. It seems, instead, to have been Shakespeare's purpose to convey an insinuating sense of that subtle air of Arden which turned the minds of all who wandered through that magic forest to thoughts of poetry and love.

But though these plays which are not plays [to use the phraseology of Mr. Trotter] have flourished, as we have said, in many ages of the drama, they have assumed a prime importance only in the present period. For this there are two reasons. The first is that it was not till modern times that, in all the arts of narrative, the element of setting came to be considered as equally important with the elements of character and action; and the second is that only very recently has the physical equipment of the theatre been developed to a point that has made it possible to exhibit the element of setting adequately to the eye.

It was Emile Zola, in his essay on *The Experimental Novel,* who announced it as one of the functions of the art of narrative to exhibit "the environment which determines and completes the man." We have grown latterly to understand that a given person will do a given deed only under certain given influences of environment; and there is no logical reason why the drama should be denied the privilege of analysing this modern instance among the axioms of life.

And recently, since our stage became equipped with all the appurtenances necessary to a visual presentation of the details of any *milieu* of life, it is only natural that the play of atmosphere should have assumed an importance which surpasses its record in all preceding periods. This is the type of play, for instance, that Mr. Granville Barker has chosen for the exercise of his extraordinary talents. A piece like *The Madras House* has no hero and no heroine; it has no plot; it reveals, in the large and general sense, no dramatic struggle; it has no beginning, no middle, and no end; it is (to speak in academic terms) an undramatic drama; and yet it exhibits very keenly the atmosphere of an entire section of contemporary British society, and employs the mechanism of the theatre to make us forget that the theatre has allured us, for an evening, out of life.

What we have called the undramatic drama succeeds most naturally in the mood of comedy. In drama of a more momentous cast, the auditor is more likely to be disappointed if he is denied a definite struggle of the wills and a clearly articulated plot. Yet instances exist of serious, and almost tragic, plays which have aimed primarily at the diffusion of a certain social atmosphere. *The Weavers* of Hauptmann and *The Night Refuge* of Gorky will serve as illustrations. But, in the analogous art of painting, there is a tradition (inherited, apparently, from the ingratiating Dutch) that a *genre* study should always be humorous, or else attuned to that pathos which is akin to humour: and, in the theatre, the best of our *genre* studies are usually pieces that are cast in the comic mood.

"The Mind-the-Paint Girl"

In order to appreciate the latest composition by the master of the modern English stage, we should understand at the outset that the aim of the author was to exhibit a *genre* study, and not to build a drama, in the ordinary sense of the term. So many young peers have recently married show-girls that it became important that some serious British writer should discuss the advantages and disadvantages of these marital experiments; and Sir Arthur Pinero, who had already painted a sympathetic picture of the stage-life of other days in *Trelawney of the Wells,* was obviously the man to undertake a study of the glittering and artificial life that is lived so shallowly and so alluringly in and about Mr. George Edwardes's Gaiety Theatre at the present time.

Of the four acts of *The Mind-the-Paint Girl* only one—the third—attempts to be dramatic. The entire struggle of the play is compressed into a single vital scene, and all that precedes this sudden climax should be classed and judged as *genre* painting. The heroine, Lily Parradell, is the reigning beauty of the Pandora Theatre, and has won her nickname by singing a popular topical song



"THE MIND-THE-PAINT GIRL"—ACT III

"When Lord Farncombe asks Lily to marry him, she replies by telling him the entire story of her life, in order to prove to him that her humble origin and defective bringing-up would unfit her to become a peeress."



"THE MIND-THE-PAINT GIRL"—ACT I

"The heroine, Lily Farradell, is the reigning beauty of the Pandora Theatre, and has won her nick-name by singing a popular topical song called 'Mind the Paint.' In the first act we meet her in her home."

called "Mind the Paint." In the first act we meet her in her home, and in the second act we see her in the theatre. The author's purpose in these first two acts is to make us intimately acquainted with the daily environment of such a girl, both in and out of the playhouse. Over thirty typical characters are set before us, and all of them are sketched with masterly and rapid strokes. After two acts we know them intimately, and we begin to realise that the heroine must be at heart a girl of quite extraordinary worth to have kept herself unspotted from this world of the Pandora Theatre.

She is, indeed, a charming person. Her character is revealed bit by bit, in little sudden deeds and unexpected speeches, until she stands before us every inch alive. In the entire gallery of his invention, Sir Arthur has never exhibited a more perfect portrait; and Lily is the loveliest of all his women. It is a higher achievement to create a human being than to build a plot; and the figure of Lily Parradell alone is sufficient to justify the composition of this comedy of atmosphere.

In the dramatic third act, two lovers battle for her favour. One, the Viscount Farncombe, is a young nobleman who has known her only a week: the other, Captain Jeyes, has been playing the faithful dog to her for many months and has given up his career in the army so that he may haunt the theatre every night. When Lord Farncombe asks Lily to marry him, she replies by telling him the entire story of her life, in order to prove to him that her humble origin and defective bringing-up would unfit her to become a peeress. Jeyes then breaks in, and upbraids her violently for having wrecked his life; and, partly as a reparation to the Captain, but mainly from a desire to defend the Viscount from ruining his life in turn for her sake, Lily refuses the offer of Lord Farncombe and agrees to marry Captain Jeyes.

In the next act, which is a sort of epilogue, the Captain has decided to retire to South Africa, and generously hands the Viscount over to the Mind-the-Paint girl. This act is psychologically true; but the impression cannot be avoided that the author has been pulling wires to bring about a happy ending.

The piece is notable mainly for the veracity of the *genre* painting of its first two acts, and for the literary tact of its dialogue. Lily's recital of her career is the finest single piece of writing that Sir Arthur Pinero has ever penned; and though the piece cannot be ranked with such stirring dramas as *Iris* and *Mid-Channel*, it is, in its own way, an achievement fully worthy of its author's fame.

"Fanny's First Play"

Mr. Bernard Shaw is such a timid and retiring author that it is not at all surprising that he should have chosen to exhibit his latest work anonymously. *Fanny's First Play* is preceded by an induction and followed by an epilogue; and this enclosure of comment is fully as interesting as the play itself.

The Count O'Dowda, a gentleman of eighteenth-century tastes who dresses in the costume of that mannered period and spends most of his time in Venice, has employed a company of actors to give a trial performance of his daughter's first play in a country house in Cambridge; and he has further hit upon the happy idea of inviting the four best-known dramatic critics of London to witness the performance and render a professional opinion of the play. This seems to him the more desirable because his daughter's views are ultra-modern, and therefore distinctly different from his own; for Miss Fanny is a recent graduate of Cambridge and a member of the Fabian Society.

In the epilogue, these four professional critics discuss the play that they have seen. They have not been told that it is Fanny's maiden effort; and they ascribe it variously to Pinero, Jones, Shaw, and Barker. One of them confesses that he cannot express a just opinion of the piece unless he is informed who wrote it; for, of course, a critic would not say the same things of a Pinero play that he would say of a play by Jones or Barker. The critics then pull the work to pieces and set forth an exaggerated exposition of its faults. By this expedient



"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY"—THE PROLOGUE, BEFORE THE CURTAIN

"The Count O'Dowda, who dresses in the costume of the eighteenth century, has invited the four best-known dramatic critics of London to witness a trial performance of his daughter's first play."

the clever Mr. Shaw has stolen a march upon his commentators.

But Fanny's play is worthy of being talked about by more critics than the quartet that Mr. Shaw collected. It is, indeed, conventionally patterned [the author was the first to say so]; but it is written with an inimitable nimbleness of wit. The story deals with the perturbations of two thoroughly respectable families of the middle-class when they find themselves confronted by an unexpected threat of scandal. The young son of the Gilbeys and the young daughter of the Knoxes have both been missing mysteriously for two weeks; and their respective families are horrified to discover that each of them has spent this period in jail. Bobby Gilbey had been impudent to the police while rollicking in the company of a young lady whose character is aptly indicated by her nickname, "Darling Dora"; and Margaret Knox had knocked out two of the teeth of a policeman who had raided an all-night dance-hall whither she had drifted in the company of an amiable Frenchman whom she had casually picked up on her way home from a revival meeting.

In the first act the Gilbeys wonder vainly what they possibly can do to save the face of their respectability; and in the second act the Knoxes similarly wrestle with their own allotment of despair. The third act brings the two families together [for Mr. Knox and Mr. Gilbey are partners in business]; and the hopelessness of the situation is, if anything, increased by the fatuity of their solemn conference. Bobby and Margaret had been conventionally engaged to be married; but it has now become evident that neither can be considered a fit companion for the other. Bobby marries "Darling Dora"; but Margaret cannot wed the Frenchman, because he happens to be already married. Therefore she pairs off with the ultra-respectable butler of the Gilbeys, who has revealed himself to be no less a personage than the younger son of a Duke.

The purpose of this insane, inspired story is to indicate that those habitual beliefs which, with the ordinary person, take the place of a philosophy of life, will be of no avail to guide him when a sudden jolt of destiny confronts him with a situation that is strangely unhabitual. The conventional minds of the Gilbeys and the Knoxes are utterly unable to cope with the unconventional experiences into which their children have quite naturally drifted; and the failure of their philosophy when put to an unexpected test offers the author an opportunity for a triumphant *jeu d'esprit*.



"MAN AND SUPERMAN"—ACT I

"Mr. Robert Loraine's revival of 'Man and Superman' is particularly timely. This comedy is the most searchingly philosophical of all the compositions of Mr. Bernard Shaw."

"Man and Superman"

Mr. Robert Loraine's revival of *Man and Superman* is particularly timely because it enables the public to study this astounding comedy in immediate comparison with its author's latest effort. Although *Fanny's First Play* is the most amusing new production of the present season, there can be no question that Mr. Shaw has done a greater piece of work in *Man and Superman*. In fact, this comedy is the most searchingly philosophical of all this author's compositions; and, although *Candida* is a better play for the theatre, the brilliant review of Schopenhauer and of Nietzsche that is presented in *Man and Superman* is assuredly the highest intellectual achievement of Mr. Shaw.

It is no longer necessary, at the present date, to discuss the content of this comedy, or to consider the soundness of Mr. Shaw's contention that, in that ruthless warfare which is known as love, the female of the species is more deadly than the male. It is sufficient to remember that Mr. Shaw's emphatic statement of the other half of what, for several centuries, had been accepted as the truth induced many of us several years ago to revise our theretofore romantic notions of the strategy of women.

From our present point of view it is enough for us to note that *Man and Superman* is entirely a comedy of conversation, and that, like most of the other pieces that come up for consideration in the present paper, it stands apart from the traditional definitions of the drama. In this play Mr. Shaw has achieved a scarcely precedented triumph: he has dared to describe his hero as a man of genius, and has thereafter proved him to be a genius in the lines assigned to him. The hero is presented as the author of an epoch-making book; and, in the published edition of the play, the text of this book is set forth as an appendix, to indicate that the playwright has not overestimated the intellectual prowess of his hero. The audacity of this experiment is justified by the result; and *Man*



"MILESTONES"—ACT III

"Characters who are young in the first act are exhibited in middle age in the second, and are shown in senility in the third."

and Superman is one of the few plays in which the hero proves himself to be as great a man as the author thinks he is.

"Milestones"

Milestones, by Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Edward Knoblauch, is an interesting instance of the comedy of atmosphere. The purpose of the authors was to produce upon the stage the narrative effect of one of those slow-unrolling novels of Mr. Bennett's which follow the fortunes of a family through successive generations. The scene of each of the three acts is set in the same room; but the date of the first act is 1860, the date of the second is 1885, and the date of the third is 1912. Characters who are young in the first act are exhibited in middle age in the second and are shown in senility in the third; and the piece affords three contrasted *genre* studies of the conditions of daily life in different generations.

Milestones owes its success mainly to the novelty of this idea; and most of its defects were also inherent from the outset in the project of the authors. There can be no continuous progression of dramatic narrative in a composition thus conceived; for each of the three acts is doomed to assume the technical aspect of a first act and to be taken up largely with inevitable exposition. Very little time can be left for the presentation of character in action when so much time must be consumed in merely explaining who has died and who has married and who has had a child in the lengthy interim between the acts.

Another defect of the piece is that the story is not sufficiently sturdy to represent the theme. The purpose of the play is to exhibit the continual recurrence of the struggle between the radicalism of youth and the conservatism of age; but the story is fashioned merely out of a discussion of the rather trivial question whether ships should be built of wood, or of iron, or of steel. A more vital and human problem should have been selected as the subject of contention between crabbèd age and youth.

The dialogue, which was evidently



"A SCRAPE O' THE PEN"—ACT II, SCENE 2

"This play is a *genre* study, pure and simple. The Scottish characters are humanly conceived and truthfully depicted."

written by Mr. Bennett, is a little lacking in that terseness and briskness which is desirable upon the stage; and the tone of the last act is somewhat excessively sentimental. Yet the piece has a picturesqueness which appeals to the average theatre-goer, and is not unworthy as a work of art.

"A Scrape o' the Pen"

A Scrape O' The Pen, by Mr. Graham Moffat, the author of *Bunty Pulls the Strings,* is merely an assemblage of character sketches. It is a *genre* study, pure and simple, and never for a moment does it approach the tensity of ordinary drama. The piece wears a static and sedentary air and refuses to get up and move along. Yet the Scottish characters are humanly conceived and truthfully depicted, and there is a good deal of racy humour in the lines.

The story has been familiar in the English drama since the days of Thomas Southerne, and is the same story that Tennyson retold in his narrative of *Enoch Arden.* A rather flighty young man has persuaded a girl to bind herself as his wife, according to the Scottish law, by signing a paper with him in the presence of two witnesses. Immediately afterward he has run away to Africa; and he has not been heard from since. Meanwhile the girl has married another man, and is living with him very happily. After seven years the runaway turns up to claim his bride; but observing the havoc he would wreak if he should do so, he destroys the "scrape o' the pen" that contains the only evidence against her.

This conventional story is used merely as a frame-work for the exhibition of nearly a score of homely Scottish types, and the author relies upon the humour of his dialogue to keep the piece alive. The merits and the defects of the present play are identical with those of *Bunty Pulls the Strings;* but *A Scrape o' the Pen* is inferior to its predecessor because it is handicapped by the absence of any central character round which



"THE ATTACK"—ACT II

"While the hero's case is pending, the attack upon him grows so vehement that even his own children begin to wonder if he will be able to exonerate himself."



"WITHIN THE LAW"—ACT III

"The heroine asserts that her husband did the shooting, and that, since the intruder was a burglar, the killing had been done 'within the law.'"



"THE GOVERNOR'S LADY"—ACT IV

"In order to exploit his talent for photographic exactitude in the handling of a stage-picture, Mr. Belasco has set this epilogue at midnight in a Childs restaurant in New York."



"THE CASE OF BECKY"—ACT I

"The heroine is normally a sweet and winsome girl; but every now and then she lapses into a sinister personality,—that of an impish hoyden known as 'Becky.'"

the sympathy of the audience can be crystallised.

Mr. George M. Cohan's comedy entitled *Broadway Jones* brings us home from Scotland to that breezy and somewhat blatant aspect of America which this author is particularly fond of representing. The piece draws a contrast between life in New York and life in the little town of Jonesville, Connecticut, and supports the commonly accepted thesis that it is easier to lead a wholesome life in the country than it is in the metropolis. It might be maintained, upon the other hand, that the conduct of life depends more upon character than upon environment, and that the large city offers many more opportunities for the social virtue of being a serviceable citizen than are offered by the rural town. But Mr. Cohan has taken, as usual, the popular view, and has written a popular play.

"Broadway Jones"

The first act is laid in New York. The hero, who is nick-named Broadway Jones because of his love for the meretricious glitter of the Great White Way, has squandered a large fortune and is now so deep in debt that he is reduced to the desperate expedient of proposing marriage to a wealthy widow who is more than old enough to be his mother. At this juncture a telegram from Jonesville informs him that his uncle has died and has bequeathed to him the sole ownership of the chewing-gum factory from which the family fortune has been made. A representative of the chewing-gum trust offers him over a million dollars if he will sell out at once; but, before closing the deal, he decides to run down to Jonesville and look the property over.

The following three acts are passed in Jonesville, and constitute a *genre* study of contemporary American life in a rural town. The story is unnecessarily attenuated, and the movement of the plot would have been more rapid if the author had compressed this material into two acts instead of three. Broadway Jones discovers that his factory has been fighting the trust for several years, and that if he sells out at the present time the works will be shut down, seven hundred hands will be thrown out of employment, and the little city will be ruined. A young girl who serves as managing secretary of the concern persuades him that it is his duty to hold out against the trust; and, owing to her influence, he takes up the fight, settles down in Jonesville, and becomes a serviceable citizen. It is unnecessary to add that the hero marries the efficient secretary.

The dialogue of this comedy is written in that alert and bracing slang of which Mr. Cohan is easily a master; and a general atmosphere of American good-humour makes the piece a pleasant entertainment.

A sharp contrast to these comedies of atmosphere is offered by M. Henry Bernstein's tensely plotted play entitled *The Attack*. This piece is built according to M. Bernstein's customary formula, and exhibits once again his mastery of suspense and of surprise; but the narrative material is unimportant, and the play is therefore less appealing than its predecessors. *The Attack* is an admirable example of the "well-made play"; but its subject-matter seems unworthy of the expenditure of so much technical dexterity.

"The Attack"

A political leader who is running for reëlection and is about to be married for the second time is accused in the public press of having stolen a sum of money in his youth. He is driven to undertake a suit for libel; and, while the case is pending, the attack upon him grows so vehement that even his own children begin to wonder if he will be able to exonerate himself. His young fiancée, however, supports him with unfaltering fidelity. By vigorous measures he establishes his case and wins a recognition of his innocence that is public and complete.

The next moment he breaks down in the presence of the girl who loves him, and confesses that he really had been guilty of the youthful crime of which he had been accused.

Here we observe another instance of M. Bernstein's customary method of building up a second act. He carries the dramatic struggle to an apparent termination; and then, just as the cur-

tain seems about to fall, he turns about and suddenly brings the act to a contrary and unexpected close.

In the third act of *The Attack* the hero narrates to the heroine the attendant circumstances that led up to his early error; and these circumstances are sufficiently extenuating to exonerate him not only in her eyes but also in the eyes of the audience, immediately before the final curtain falls.

"Within the Law"

Mr. Bayard Veiller's melodrama entitled *Within the Law* is a more appealing play than M. Bernstein's, despite the fact that it is not so neatly made. The reason is that its subject-matter possesses an immediate and timely interest.

A shop-girl is accused unjustly of stealing goods from the department-store in which she is employed. Desiring to make an example to terrorise his other employees, the head of the firm employs a clever lawyer to convict her of larceny, and has her sentenced to prison for three years. She denounces her employer for paying his shop-girls wages that are so small that the girls are continually tempted to steal, and assures him that she will be revenged for her unjust conviction after she has served her term. This first act is the most pathetic in the play; but the subsequent three acts furnish an interesting succession of thrills.

During her three years in prison the heroine meditates upon the fact that the rich, by cleverly keeping within the law, may commit with impunity crimes for which the poor are sent to jail; and she resolves to be revenged against that travesty of justice by which she herself and countless others have been victimised. After her release, she organises a gang of more or less reformed crooks; and, by cleverly teaching them never to violate the letter of the law, she engineers with their assistance many predatory attacks upon her former persecutors.

The only scheme by which the police may hope to thwart her is to lure one of her assistants into an injudicious overt violation of the law. They employ a "stool-pigeon" to "plant" a robbery in the house of the dry-goods merchant, and succeed in persuading one of the heroine's lieutenants to join in the projected crime. This man, when he discovers that he has been tricked, shoots the "stool-pigeon" dead; but the heroine, who meanwhile has secretly married the son of the dry-goods merchant, asserts that her husband did the shooting, and that, since the intruder was a burglar, the killing had been done "within the law."

There is a final act at police headquarters, in which the treacherous methods of the "third degree" are exhibited in operation, and a happy ending is deftly brought about for the heroine and her husband.

This play is deficient in the element of character; but the plot is very skilful and provides a continuous sequence of unexpected thrills. It is a very interesting melodrama, and deserves the emphatic success that it immediately attained.

"The Governor's Lady"

Both the merits and the defects of Mr. David Belasco's artistry in stage-direction are exhibited in his two productions of the autumn season. His main merit is an ability, by sedulous attention to details, to reproduce the very look of life; and his main defect is a tendency to employ this power to lend an air of actuality to situations that inherently are false.

The Governor's Lady, by Miss Alice Bradley, is admirably acted and very carefully produced; but it is a weak and straggling play. A self-made man, who is ambitious for political preferment, decides to set aside the simple, plodding wife who has toiled for him throughout his struggling years, in order that he may marry a younger and more attractive woman who may help him in his belated task of social climbing. The wife opposes his effort to divorce her, until she meets her younger rival; but a moving scene between the two women results in each of them resolving to renounce him. The young girl marries a man she really loves; and the wife, upon her own initiative, secures a divorce from her husband.

An epilogue is added in which the parted partners meet by accident two

years later and experience a reconciliation that leads to a remarriage. In order to exploit his talent for photographic exactitude in the handling of a stage-picture, Mr. Belasco has set this epilogue at midnight in a Childs restaurant in New York. The reproduction of this familiar type of restaurant is precise in all details; but the truth remains that the heroine, who has been exhibited as a timid, shrinking woman whose life-long habit is to go to bed at 9 P. M., would never have gone alone to such a restaurant at midnight. The scene is inherently untrue, and therefore valueless as art; and, in this case, Mr. Belasco's elaborate realism has been expended on a lie.

"The Case of Becky"

The Case of Becky, by Mr. Edward Locke, is a more workmanlike and interesting play. In his production of this piece, as in *The Return of Peter Grimm,* Mr. Belasco ministers to that modern phase of the perennial mood of wonder which has been stimulated by recent scientific investigations of phenomena that in earlier periods were deemed occult.

The story deals with an instance of dual personality. The heroine, Dorothy Stone, is normally a sweet and winsome girl; but every now and then she lapses into a sinister personality,—that of an impish hoyden known as "Becky." Becky has a complete memory of Dorothy's experience; but Dorothy knows only by hearsay of her secondary self. Becky hates Dorothy, and is forever playing pranks upon her; and Dorothy is powerless to control the impulses of Becky.

The heroine is placed under the care of a famous specialist, who ultimately succeeds in hypnotising Becky and doing away with her forever by the power of suggestion. Meanwhile the specialist has been investigating the cause of the dis-association of the heroine's personality, and he discovers that the phenomenon has resulted from the fact that in her early childhood she had been employed continually as a subject for the theatrical exhibitions of a professional hypnotist. This dangerous charlatan is a very wicked man; but the kindly specialist succeeds in catching him off his guard and casting him into an hypnotic trance. The power of suggestion is then employed by the specialist to break the villain's hold over the heroine; and, completely cured of her obsession, she is handed over to a young man who long has loved her faithfully.

This somewhat artificial melodrama is performed with an astonishing air of verisimilitude and holds the interest of even a sceptical spectator from the outset to the end. Whatever doubt may be maintained of its pretension to be regarded as a scientific document, it would be futile to deny that *The Case of Becky* is a very interesting entertainment.

EARTH IMAGES

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

I walked within a city strange and far,
 And saw a shadow through an alley fleeing;
 I walked unseen amidst the never-seeing,
 And there were many shadows that were calling
 From lighted windows. O'er the roofs were falling
The reddened ashes of a perished star
 And leaves from trees. And then I knew that all
That lives or sings or weeps aloud or stammers,—
The town that moans, the beggar-child that clamours,—
Is but as sculpture broken by the hammers
 The years upon the hollow world let fall.

"FANNY'S SECOND PLAY"

BY * * * * * * ?

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—*In Mr. George Bernard Shaw's latest and most talked-of theatrical dish, "Fanny's First Play," there are introduced in an epilogue four characters representing as many leading dramatic critics of London—A. B. Walkley, William Archer, etc. These four critics are made by Shaw's pen of delicious satire to discuss the play in their four typical and familiar critical ways. When the play was produced in America it was suggested to Shaw that he come to the United States, study the peculiarities of the local critics, and alter his epilogue so that the indelible attitudes toward everything dramatic of the general native criticerei might be lampooned for American audiences. Shaw was too busy. Being possessed of an hour's spare time and considerable presumption, the present writer essays the task in the Shavian behalf. "Fanny's Second Play" may be any anonymously written play, and the four American critics may hail from New York, or Portland, Oregon. It matters not.*

THE CRITICS

WILLIAM NOVEMDECEMBER — ALVA DIXON
ALSTON HILL — LAWRENCE FENEMY

THE EPILOGUE

FENEMY: You ask me if I like the play. How do I know! If it's by a foreigner, sure I like it; but if it's by an American (particularly a *young* American) you can bet I'll roast it. Why, it's got to the point where some of these young American playwrights are getting to be better known than *we* are, and I'll be darned if I'm going to do anything to help the thing along.

HILL: You're right, Fenemy. Besides, they know how to do these things so much better abroad than our writers do. Take this play. Pretty good, to be sure. But I'll wager it was written by some fellow who used to be a reporter—probably on my very paper. And *I'm* not going to be the one to give him the swelled head. No, sir!

DIXON: If Belasco had only produced this play it would have been a wonder. Belasco's a wizard. I know it, because he has repeatedly told me so himself.

NOVEMDECEMBER: Ah, gentlemen—gentlemen. Why indulge in this endless colloquy over this insignificant proscenium tidbit. Let us remember that howsoever good it may be it was still not written by Shakespeare and that however ably it may have been interpreted, Booth and Barrett and Charlotte Cushman, alas, are no longer with us.

HILL: Oh, you're a back-number, Novemdecember. You're no critic—you're a scholar! Why don't you put a punch in your stuff and get a good job?

FENEMY: I wonder if it's possible this play's meant to be satirical. I'll read what you say about it in the morning, Hill, and if you think it's a satire, I'll see it again and sort o' edit my opinion of it in the Sunday edition.

DIXON: I must say again that I'm so sorry Belasco didn't produce the play. He's a genius. Look what he did for *The Easiest Way*. If it hadn't been for his lighting effects the show wouldn't have stood a chance!

FENEMY: You're right, Dixon. Anyway, *The Easiest Way* was just like *Iris*. Our writers can't touch the English. Besides, Pinero's got a title and Eugene Walter, we must remember, once slept on a bench in Bryant Park.

HILL: I like the title of this piece though, fellows. *Fanny's Second Play*. It'll give me the chance to say in my review of it: *"Fanny's Second Play* won't go for a minute." Catch it? Second—minute. Great, isn't it? I like plays with titles you can crack jokes about.

NOVEMDECEMBER: Alack-a-day, things are not in criticism as they used to be. Dignity, my friends, is what I always

aimed for—dignity and dulness. Poor Daly is dead and poor Wallack sleeps in his grave. Schoolboys, mere schoolboys and shopkeepers run the drama of to-day.

HILL: Oh, cut it out. Daly wasn't half as good a comedian as Eddie Foy! And Shakespeare—why the only time that any interest in Shakespeare has been aroused in the last ten years was when Julia Marlowe and Sothern got married. Give *me* Sutro.

DIXON: But as I was saying, Belasco's the man! Shakespeare in his palmiest moments never imagined a greater effect than that soft lamp-light that Belasco put over the chess table in the last act of *The Concert.*

FENEMY: Correct again, Dixon! Do you think Belasco would use German silver knives and forks on a dinner table in a play of his? Nix! The real stuff for him! *Sterling!* And you can say what you want, it's attention to details like that that makes a play. I suppose *Fanny's Second Play* may be pretty good drama, but *I* never had any experience like the hero in the show and by George, I don't believe it could have happened! Besides, *my* sister never acted that way and consequently I must put the whole thing down as rubbish. The author doesn't understand human nature. No, sir, he doesn't understand human nature!

HILL: The society atmosphere, too, is perfectly ridiculous. Why, I've been in the Knickerbocker Grill Room as many as five times and I never saw any society people act that way. Our American playwrights are not gentlemen, that's the rub.

NOVEMDECEMBER: Ah me, when Sarah Siddons and Clara Morris and Ada Rehan were in their prime—those were the days! What use longer, I ask you, gentlemen, to inscribe praise to actresses if one is no more invited to meals by them? Times have changed. This Mr. Cohan, paugh! This Miss Barrymore, fie!!

DIXON: Sure thing! Warfield's the only one left who can act and *Belasco* taught *him* all *he* knows. Belasco—there's the wizard! Did you notice the way he got that amber light effect in *The Woman?* Wonderful, I say, wonderful——

FENEMY (*interrupting*): But did you ever smoke one of *George Tyler's* cigars?

HILL: About this play we saw to-night. I kind of think I'll have to let it down a bit easy because the management's taken out a double-sized ad. in the Sunday edition. And besides, say it should turn out next week to be by an English dramatist instead of an American! Then wouldn't we feel foolish!

DIXON (*vehemently*): Well, we know who the producer is! Isn't that enough? If it's put on by Belasco, it's great; if it's put on by anybody else, it's a frost—and there you are. That is, anybody but Klaw and Erlanger. No use throwing the hooks into them too hard. They pull too much influence with our bosses.

HILL (*with a self-amused grin*): I wonder what the magazine er-um-um critics, as they choose to call themselves, will think of this play?

DIXON: Humph! Magazine critics? Why they're all *young* fellows. Impudent, too! They think that just because they're educated they know more about the game than we do—than *I* do—and I've had my opinions quoted on as many as two hundred garbage cans in *one* week!

NOVEMDECEMBER: Ah, dear me, gentlemen. In *my* time, a critic was a person with a taste for drama; to-day a critic is largely a person with a taste for quotation in the Hippodrome ads.

FENEMY (*to the others, tapping his temple significantly with his forefinger*): The poor chap actually thinks Molière knew more about playwrighting than Jules Eckert Goodman!

HILL and DIXON (*laughing uproariously*): Fine! Fine!! Better use that line in your review to-morrow. Of course it hasn't got anything to do with *Fanny's Second Play,* but that doesn't matter. It's too good to lose.

HILL: By the way, the *Theatrical Gazette* wrote me for my picture to-day. They're going to print it in the next number. Pretty good, eh?

FENEMY: I should say so! I wish I could get as much advertising as you get, Hill.

HILL (*suddenly*): By Jove! An idea! What if this play we saw to-night was written by Belasco, after all?

NOVEMDECEMBER: Impossible, gentlemen. Had Mr. Belasco written it, we should have had an inkling of the fact through the recent lawsuit calendars.

FENEMY: Maybe it's by Augustus Thomas. It's got a lot of thought in it!

HILL: Yes, it certainly is full of thought!

DIXON: Sure, it's got a pile of thought in it all right enough!

NOVEMDECEMBER (*lifting his eyebrows*): What thought, gentlemen?

FENEMY: Didn't you catch that curious new word in the second act? What was it, Dixon?

DIXON: Psychothrapy.

HILL: No, you mean psychothrupy.

FENEMY: No, no, it was psychothripy.

NOVEMDECEMBER: Gentlemen, you mean psychotherapy.

ALL: Well, it doesn't matter. It's *thought*, anyway—something snappy and new. And Augustus Thomas is the only American playwright who thinks.

DIXON: Did you notice that reference to the "decadent millionaire"? *I* think Charlie Klein wrote it—and I don't like Klein. We've had a personal falling out. I think the play is punk.

HILL: But that third act assault climax sounds to me like Sheldon.

DIXON (*quickly*): Oh, *then* the play's all right!

HILL: But we must remember that Sheldon is a *young* man and that he is a college graduate. He needs taking down a little.

DIXON: But he's a good friend of my dear friend Mrs. Happydew. Anyway, if only Belasco——

FENEMY (*interrupting*): Well, I've got to get down to the office and write my review. (*Looking at watch.*) It's got to be in at twelve o'clock and it's ten minutes of twelve now, and I've got to fill a column. (*Exits.*)

HILL: Between us, Dixon, I personally enjoyed this play immensely; but professionally I think it's very bad.

DIXON: My idea exactly. Of course, if Belasco—— (*Exeunt.*)

NOVEMDECEMBER (*alone, in a tone of deep regret*): Ah me! If *Shaw* could only have been persuaded to write this epilogue!

MEREDITH'S LITERARY OPINIONS*

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON



S George Meredith wrote so he lived: for, unlike many other posthumously published letters, these square the man's life with his own literary pretension. We have here revealed the same largeness and surety of spirit which hovers over all his writing. These are always literature, based as they fundamentally are, in even the most casual notes, upon a criticism of life; for the same philosophy which analyses the aims and struggles of his pen creatures is here flooded interpretatively on the experiences of his own life and his friends: it merely deepened with whitening hair, it scarcely changed. Though the collection is made by his son, William, the number of letters is too large to have concealed any occasional smallness of vision or pettiness of character. They speak of a great soul. To any lover of the man it would be tempting, indeed, to trace in detail the beautiful intimate picture these letters slowly build up: his early struggles and the calm spirit with which he faced his long lack of recognition; the wan, gentle acceptance of his fame in the twilight of his life; the fortitude with which he bore the slow stripping of his friends as the years passed, and the tender understanding he gave to those who were left behind as he was when wife and son were taken from him. And the

*The Letters of George Meredith. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912.

humour and lyric quality of his joy, the deep chord which friendship struck throughout, the excessive exuberance of feeling, amounting almost to buoyant boyishness, his charity, his love of children and dogs, his passion for the Alps, and his ardour for Nature in all forms would tempt one to like extravagances.

He had all the gifts of a superior letter writer: grace, variety and vision: devoid of self-consciousness and with no weather-eye cocked on posterity and the reviewer's table. Here are no obscurities; but clear flashing phrases which fill the depths with meaning. These letters reveal more than any commentary on his work; they disclose, too, the man of wide restless interests whose mind searched endlessly during his long life for the roots of art, literature, science and government.

These opinions—especially his literary opinions—show that Meredith had broad horizons: he liked what was beautiful where he found it. Though a lover of England he was a severe critic of many of its prevailing ideals; for in politics, as in art, he was a cosmopolite. This cosmopolitanism sprang partly from his early education and travels on the Continent, and was accentuated, without doubt, by his wide reading. His pen knew many brothers. Master of languages, these letters reveal a sustained interest in all foreign literature. The catholicity of his taste is remarkable, and hundreds of writers—famous or otherwise—are commented upon in passing. Readers of *Sandra Belloni* will recall in the character of Tracy Runningbrook the author's comment on literature, and here, too, we find more clearly stated his attitude toward style, which to him is "a noble manner in an easy manner." Toward the two schools of fiction, an early letter forecasts the famous opening chapter of *Diana of the Crossways:*

> Between realism and idealism there is no natural conflict. This completes that. Realism is the basis of good composition: it implies study, observation, artistic power, and (in those who can do more) humility. Little writers should be realistic. They would then at least do solid work. They afflict the world because they will attempt that it is given to none but noble workmen to achieve. A great genius must necessarily employ ideal means, for a vast conception cannot be placed bodily before the eye, and remains to be suggested. Idealism is as an atmosphere whose effects of grandeur are wrought out through a series of illusions, that are illusions to the sense within us only when divorced from the groundwork of the real. Need there be exclusion, the one of the other? The artist is incomplete who does this. Men to whom I bow my head (Shakespeare, Goethe; and in their way, Molière, Cervantes) are Realists *au fond.* But they have the broad arms of Idealism at command. They give us Earth; but it is earth with an atmosphere. One may find as much amusement in a Kaleidoscope as in a merely idealistic writer; and, just as sound prose is of more worth than pretentious poetry, I hold the man who gives a plain wall of fact higher in esteem than one who is constantly shuffling the clouds and dealing with airy, delicate sentimentalities, headless and tailless imaginings, despising our good, plain strength.
>
> Does not all science (the mammoth balloon, to wit) tell us that when we forsake earth, we reach up to a frosty, inimical Inane? For my part I love and cling to earth, as the one piece of God's handiwork which we possess. I admit that we can refashion; but of earth must be the material.

It is not surprising then to find no allegiance to any particular school or group, and his own productions are this variable blend of the two methods. His love for the ancient classics is very profound, and in one place, as an example of his acuteness, we find him blaming Tacitus for falsifying the character of Tiberius. He advises his son, Arthur, to study Cicero carefully: "He is a fine moralist, a friend of scholars, a splendid trainer for a public life of any serious and exalted ambition." In a later letter to his son, who throughout his life received the most encouraging and helpful advice, contains a keen analysis of the ancient spirit as contrasted with that of the early nineteenth century:

> As to Ossian and Homer, your choice represents a phase of thoughtful youth. Ossian's imagery is intangible. Homer's is all concrete. Homer's comes up from the heart of Nature. Ossian's is somewhat forced, and seems due to a sentimental habit and the imperiousness of

sentiment in colouring all of its own hue. The Homeric battles, Councils and speeches are still as fresh as ever, owing to the naturalness of the imagery, the vigour of the flow, the manly music of the lines. . . . Of course you must make allowance for the ancient spirit; and the truth is, the modern tone [under the guise of a weird, primeval, mystical melody and system of verse] is what catches you. I am not at all sorry, and you have good examples—Napoleon was once in love with Ossian. It has the same effect on the young as ruins of castles and abbeys seen by moonlight. In fact, you are of an age to like the minor song, and not quite to appreciate the great organ notes.

Boccaccio is "always manly, always fresh," and he turns to Rabelais and Montaigne with relief "after reading the English notions of passion, virtue, and valour." These letters further accentuate Meredith's love of all things French; his intimate knowledge of French literature was both the cause and the effect of this, though, perhaps, one might not disloyally suggest that his second marriage to a lady of French extraction may have contributed to this excessive "passion for France." It was natural then that it should be he who, immediately after the Franco-Prussian war, in his *Ode*, first predicted that France would soon rise from her ruins. Tribute is paid in this poem to her literary greatness, and one anticipates in the volumes before us many comments on her writers. In response to an inquiry, for example, as to which ones he felt best expressed her genius, he gives this terse answer:

For human philosophy, Montaigne; for the comic appreciation of society, Molière; for the observation of life and condensed expression, La Bruyère; for a most delicate irony scarcely distinguishable from tenderness, Renan; for high pitch of impassioned sentiment, Racine. Add to these your innumerable writers of *Memoires* and *Pensées*, in which France has never had a rival.

To this may, not inappropriately, be supplemented his opinion of French criticism, which

is done (by the masters in the art) with so fine an irony that it instructs without wounding any but the vanitous person; and the eulogy confers green laurels instead of gilt. England has little criticism beyond the expression of likes or dislikes, the stout vindication of an old conservatism of taste. I have seen many reviews, not one criticism of my books in prose or verse.

He considers Renan's *Vie de Jesus* "one of the finest works of the generation," and adds with equal enthusiasm that *Les Misérables* "is conceived in pure black and white. It is nevertheless the master work of fiction of this century—as yet (1862). There are in it things quite wonderful." His comment on John Morley's article on *Travailleurs de la Mer* is a good example of Meredith's capacity for enthusiasm:

I scarcely think it does justice to the miraculous descriptive power. The Storm is amazing: I have never read anything like it. It is next to Nature in force and vividness. Hugo rolls the sea and sweeps the heavens; the elements are in his hands. He is the largest son of his mother earth in this time present. Magnificent in conception, unsurpassed—leagues beyond us all—in execution. Not (*nur Schade!*) a philosopher. There's the pity. With a philosophic brain, as well as his marvellous poetic energy, he would stand in the front rank of glorious men forever.

His occasional dirty speech is just a part of his grotesque greatness. It costs me nothing to overlook it—especially in this age of satin.

Contrast this with his excoriating criticism of Mendès:

I have gone through the horrible book of Mendès with the sensation of passing down the *ventre de Paris* and out—into the rat-rioting sewers, twisted, whirled, tumbled, amid the frothing filth, the deadly stench, the reek and roar of the damned. Nigh the end of it, Zola seemed to me a very haven, Maupassant a garden. Who reads must smell putrid for a month. It is the monsterisation of Zolaism. Oh, what a nocturient, cacaturient crew has issued of the lens of the Sun of the mind on the lower facts of life!—on sheer Realism, breeder at best of the dung-fly! Yet has that Realism been a corrective of the more corruptingly vaporous with its tickling hints at sensuality. It may serve ultimately in form of coprolite to fatten poor soil for better produce.

How close in thought is this to Ed-

ward Carpenter's similar passage in *Angels' Wings.*

Meredith was on terms of friendship with Alphonse Daudet, to whom several letters are written. He likes *Numa Roumestan,* and adds (1882): "I do not care for the other novels of Daudet, but this is a consummate piece of work." This is supplemented by a later comment: "the picture of Provence, and the men and women of Southern blood, are astonishingly vivid. His *Contes Choisis* are exquisite. He has real poetic quality." The Provence and its group of rebel poets had long attracted the author of *The Reading of Earth,* and it was characteristic that in the *Mares of Camargue* he should have translated part of the *Mirèio* of Mistral, whom he thought a "really fine poet."

II

Meredith had no regrets at the greater success of his own English contemporaries. At times he was puzzled by the neglect the British public bestowed upon him, but after a few early attempts to woo it, he gave up, followed his star and found contentment in the slow recognition of his genius which came mainly, at first, from America. Even as late as 1887 we find him writing in a much quoted letter to Professor Baker, of Harvard: "In England I am encouraged but by a few enthusiasts." Yet his spirit is always generous to the authors who were plucking success about him, and his interest in their work was unflagging. Among the poets he speaks of in particular were Swinburne, Henley and Tennyson. The last continued throughout his life to be a source of mingled admiration and bewilderment, to one who, in his own phrase, was "inveterate of brain."

The *Holy Grail* is wonderful, isn't it? The lines are satin length, the figures Sèvres china. I have not the courage to offer to review it, I should say such things. To think!—it's in these days that the foremost poet of the country goes on fluting of creatures that have not a breath of vital humanity in them, and doles us out his regular five feet with the old trick of the vowel endings! The Euphuist's tongue, the Exquisite's leg, the Curate's moral sentiments, the British matron and her daughter's purity of tone—so he talks, so he walks, so he snuffles, so he appears divine. . . . Why, this stuff is not the Muse, it's Musery. The man has got hold of the Muses' clothes-line and hung it with jewelry. But the *Lucretius* is grand. I can't say how much I admire it and hate the Sir Pandarus public which has corrupted this fine (natural) singer. . . . Isn't there a scent of damned hypocrisy in all this lisping and vowelled purity of the Idylls? . . . It's fashionable; it pleases the rose-pink ladies, it sells.

And there is this later letter to Morley:

. . . I have looked I forgot to tell you, at Tennyson's *Queen Mary,* and I had great pleasure of my reading. I saw no trace of power, but the stateliness, the fine tone, the high tone, of some passages, hit me hard. Curiously, too, in him, the prose is crisp, salient, excellent. The Songs, if we had not Shakespeare's to show what are not literary forcings to catch a theme to point a comparison, would do. As it is, "Milking the cow" smells of milking the brain. Mary's "Low-low" is an instance of public consciousness—before Victoria's people. But the work seems to me to be good, and how glad I am to have it of him!

Meredith's relations with Swinburne were more personal and extended over a period of nearly fifty years; in fact, once a week, in the early times, he had a room in Sir Thomas More's house in Chelsea with Swinburne and Gabriel Rossetti, whose verse he felt "rich, refined and royal-robed." Very soon he, also, discerned Swinburne's powers, and we find him, in 1861, pointing out what many feel is that poet's fundamental weakness: "I don't see any internal centre from which springs anything he does." Some years later he writes to Frederick Greenwood, originator and publisher of the *Pall Mall Gazette,* "I hope when Swinburne publishes his *Tristam* you will review him. Take him at his best he is by far the best—finest poet; truest artist—of the young lot—when he refrains from pointing a hand at the—" Swinburne and his intimate friend, Theodore Watts-Dunton, on whose poem, *The Coming of Love,* there is a striking comment, exchanged visits with Meredith, though we find mutual regrets that they could not see one another more often. It was a

strange chance that the last letter Meredith wrote should have been sent to Swinburne's friend on hearing of the poet's death:

The end has come! That brain of the vivid illumination is extinct. I can hardly realise it when I revolve the many times when at the starting of an idea the whole town was instantly ablaze with electric light. Song was his natural voice. He was the greatest of our lyrical poets—of the world, I could say, considering what a language he had to wield.

Throughout life Meredith considered himself first of all a poet: he began with verse, and in the last years found consolation in its expression. He was watchful for all true singers, and was ever full of joy when a new voice was lifted above the materialism of the day. We see him frequently warning poets against the danger of public approval, as, for example, his fear that Watson may not survive the "trumpting" of public praise. There are words of regret for the tragic unfulfillment of the author of *The City of Dreadful Night,* a like comment on John Davidson, and a very unusual tribute to Henley, equally revelatory of Meredith's own spirit:

He had the poet's passion for nature, and by reason of it the poet's fervent devotion to humanity. Light of the skies playing upon smoky vapour, city scenery, city crowds, stirred in him these raptures which are the founts of spirited verse. He rejoiced in the smell of the streets. There we have the lover of life rising from the depths. As critic he had the rare combination of enthusiasm and wakeful judgment. Pretentiousness felt his whip smartly. The accepted imbecile had to bear the weight of his epigram. But merit under the cloud or just emerging he sparkled on or lifted to public view.

III

As reader for Chapman, the publisher, as frequent contributor of reviews to *The Fortnightly, Pall Mall Gazette,* and other periodicals, intimate friend of Leslie Stephen, Sidney Colvin, John Morley and such literary figures of the day, it was normal, too, that he should have an intimate interest in the passing and permanent prose writers of his time. One is apt to forget that George Eliot, whom he considered "the greatest of female writers," reviewed his own *Shaving of Shagpat,* and that *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* was written at about the some time as *Adam Bede.* Some sense of his background may be suggested in this little cameo summary of the examples of style in English literature:

Few Englishmen can write a resonant prose dialogue that is not blatant; and when avoiding those alarms, they drop to flabbiness. It is merely to say that Style is rarely achieved here. Your literary hero, lecturing on Style, may have a different opinion. The prose in Shakespeare and in Congreve is perfect. They have always the right accent on their terminations. Apart from Drama, Swift is a great exemplar; Bolingbroke, and in his mild teatable way, Addison, follow. Johnson and Macaulay wielded bludgeons; they had not the strength that can be supple. Gibbon could take a long stride with the leg of a dancing-master; he could not take a short one. Matthew Arnold was born from the pulpit and occupied it, and might have sermonised for all time, but that he conceived the head of the clerk below to be the sconce of the British public, and that he must drum on it with an iterated phrase perpetually to awaken understanding.

The author of *Diana of the Crossways* was not an admirer of his great contemporary, Dickens, nor do we find any criticism of Thackeray in these letters. Ruskin he felt good stimulus, but slyly comments on "his monstrous assumption of wisdom." John Stuart Mill's *Liberty* is "very noble and brave," and Meredith makes this contrast with Carlyle:

Tennyson has many spiritual indications, but no philosophy, and philosophy is the palace of thought. Mill is essentially a critic: it is his heart, not his mind, which sends him feeling ahead. But he really does not touch the soul and springs of the Universe as Carlyle does. Only, when the latter attempts practical dealings he is irritable as a woman, impetuous as a tyrant. He seeks the short road to his ends; and the short road is, we know, a bloody one. He is not wise; Mill is; but Carlyle has most light when he burns calmly. Much of Ruskin's Political Economy will, I suspect, be stamped as good by posterity. He brings humanity into it. . . . I hold that he [Carlyle]

is the nearest to being an inspired writer of any man in our times; he does proclaim inviolable law: he speaks from the deep springs of life. All this. But when he descends to our common pavement, when he would apply his eminent spiritual wisdom to the course of legislation, he is no more sagacious nor useful nor temperate than a flash of lightning in a grocer's shop. . . . Philosophy, while rendering his dues to a man like Carlyle and acknowledging itself inferior in activity, despises his hideous blustering impatience in the presence of progressive facts.

Meredith was brought to Goethe—whom he always revered—by Carlyle who, no doubt, also somewhat affected his style. The best criticism of the great Scotchman's manner of writing is that to be found in *Beauchamp's Career,* and Meredith makes a real contribution, too, in a letter which will, no doubt, be most widely quoted, because of the intimate picture it gives of the two Carlyles:

Your article on Th. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" was prompted, I think, rather by enthusiasm for the lady who stands close and in contrast with him than by an accurate knowledge of his works, nature and teaching. Our people over here have been equally unjust, with less excuse. You speak of vanity, as a charge against him. He has little, though he certainly does not err on the side of modesty—he knew his powers. The harsh judgment he passed on the greater number of his contemporaries came from a very accurate perception of them, as they were perused by the intense light of the man's personal sincereness. He was one who stood constantly in the presence of those "Eternal verities" of which he speaks. For the shallow men of mere literary aptitude he had perforce contempt. The spirit of the prophet was in him. Between him and his wife the case is quite simple. She was a woman of peculiar conversational sprightliness, and such a woman longs for society. To him, bearing that fire of sincereness, as I have said, society was unendurable. All coming near him, except those who could bear the trial, were scorched, and he was as much hurt as they by the action rousing the flames in him. Moreover, like all truthful souls, he was an artist in his work. The efforts after verification of matters of fact, and to present things distinctly in language, were incessant; they cost him his health, swallowed up his leisure. Such a man could hardly be an agreeable husband for a woman of the liveliest vivacity. But that is not a reason for your passing condemnation on him. Study well his writings. I knew them both. She did me the honour to read my books, and make him listen to extracts, and he was good enough to repeat that "the writer thereof was no fool"—high praise from him. They snapped at one another, and yet the basis of affection was mutually firm. She admired, he respected, and each knew the other to be honest. Only she needed for her mate one who was more a citizen of the world, and a woman of the placid disposition of Milton's Eve, framed by her master to be an honest labourer's cook and housekeeper, with a nervous system resembling a dumpling, would have been enough for him. He was the greatest of the Britons of his time—and after the British fashion of not coming near perfection; Titanic, not Olympian; a heaver of rocks, not a shaper. But if he did no perfect work, he had lightning's power to strike out marvellous pictures and reach to the inmost of men with a phrase.

Even at the risk of repeating Homer's Catalogue of Ships—which we understand is never read—we must not, in conclusion, overlook a few of Meredith's other darting criticisms of more recent or still surviving contemporaries. The promised letters from Stevenson to Meredith will no doubt supplement those to the author of *Treasure Island* in these volumes. Meredith had the greatest affection for the gifted author of "the best of boy's books and a book to make one a boy again, without critical reserve as to the quality of the composition. The Buccanneers are real bloody rascals, no sham in it." The creator of the charming Princess Ottilia was among the first to detect Barrie's gift, and he sighs regretfully over *The Little Minister.*

And how I envy you!—not the deserved success of the book, but your pleasure in writing it. The conjuration of Babbie must have been an hour of enchantment. She carries us—criticism can't grow at her heels. Thrums, too, is as hot alive as ever.

It is no surprise to discover him praising and admiring the courage contained in Edward Carpenter's *Sex Love. The Shropshire Lad* is a "revelry of

naturalness," and there are, in addition, kindly comments on the poetry of Robert Bridges, Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson. Thomas Hardy he read faithfully, but was oppressed by his philosophy of life, contrasting as it does with Meredith's faith and optimism soaring above the ironies he, too, saw so clearly. He felt *The Dynasts* would have been more effective in prose, "where he is more at home than in verse, though here and there he produces good stuff." His opinion of *Tess of the D'Urbevilles* is interesting:

The work is open to criticism, but excellent and very interesting. All of the Dairy Farm held me fast. But from the moment of the meeting again of Tess and Alec, I grew cold, and should say that there is a depression of power, up to the end, save for the short scene on the plain of Stonehenge. If the author's minute method had been sustained, we should have had a finer book. It is marred by the sudden hurry to round the story. And Tess, out of the arms of Alec, into (I suppose) those of the lily-necked Clare, and on to the Black Flag waving over her poor body, is a smudge in vapour—she at one time so real to me.

Whatever ultimate place George Meredith will hold in English literature, even his most carping critics will admit that much supreme literature came from his pen. Consequently, it would be within the scope of this paper to add his analyses and criticisms of his own work in which these volumes of letters abound. But space will permit of only one extract:

In origin I am what is here called a nobody, and my pretensions to that rank have always received due encouragement, by which, added to a turn of my mind, I am inclined to Democracy, even in Letters, and tend to think of the claims of others when I find myself exalted. This is the advantage I have gained from sharp schooling. Good work is the main object. Mine I know to be faulty. I can only say generally that I have done my best to make it worthy. Some one accuses me of cynicism. Against that I do protest. None of my writings can be said to show a want of faith in humanity, or of sympathy with the weaker, or that I do not read the right meaning of strength. And it is not only women of the flesh, but also women in the soul, whom I esteem, believe in, and would aid to development. There has been a confounding of the tone of irony (or satire in despair) with cynicism. I must have overcharged the dose, to have produced such an impression.

He says somewhere "our books contain the best of us." To those who have not been able to penetrate beyond them to the man, it will not be surprising if these letters, unusual as they are in their broad humanity, will incite attention to the novels and poems. It is good that such gateways have been opened to a personality so stimulating and inspiriting.

THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Book II

Chapter XVI (*Continued*)



SLOWLY and incessantly the water trickled through the closed lock gates. The sound of it purred in his ears, a gentle accompaniment to the roaring of the water over the weir. That sense of the Sabbath was over everything: The mill wheel was still; the sparrows perched on its arms were pecking at the drying slime they had collected. The rich scent of almonds came from the may-trees. The creeping wall plants filling the niches of the empty lock were burst in bloom. It was still the day of summer dropped in the lap of spring.

But to Dicky, as he struggled between the needs of soul and body, these things were meaningless and had no voice to tempt him from his thoughts. When Mr.

Copyright, 1912 by E. Temple Thurston.

Hollom and Anne returned, they found him still seated on the arm of the lock gates, his legs curled up on the great black beam, his head in his hands staring down into the water.

They had looked for him first in the house; then saw him across the other side of the weir as they came out again into the garden.

"They haven't made it up," Mr. Hollom declared on the first moment as he saw him. Anne felt a twinge of pain in her heart as she heard the note of relief in his voice. She knew then that she wanted them to make it up; that she did not want Dicky to go away at all.

"Where's the pater?" was Dicky's first question.

"He stayed behind," said Mr. Hollom, "to speak to a farmer—Mr. Lipscombe —why?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Dicky; "I only wondered where he was."

At the mid-day meal his attention to his father was conspicuous, but conspicuous only to Anne. Mr. Hollom was a stranger; he would not have noticed it. Mr. Furlong always, and quite rightly, expected attention from his children. He had often said that it was due from youth to age. When, therefore, he received it, it did not particularly arrest his attention. He said "thank you," and smiled at him when Dicky went out of his way to pass him the salt and pepper. He made a jest about the thickness of the bread which Dicky had cut for him; but beyond this and the slight rising of his spirits, he did not show that he was aware of any difference in Dicky's manner. Mr. Furlong's spirits were high, in any case. Lipscombe, the farmer, had chatted to him in a most affable frame of mind. He had even mentioned business, but Mr. Furlong had held up his hand.

"Let's leave it till to-morrow," he had said. "I put business as far from me as possible on Sundays. It won't hurt waiting."

As this had somewhat conveyed to Mr. Lipscombe that he was not so terribly anxious to do business, it had served a double purpose. In his own mind Mr. Furlong felt it had been a just reward for the observance of his principles. When, therefore, after dinner Dicky asked him if they could have a talk together, he looked his surprise, no doubt, but turning it to a smile, he took Dicky's arm and led him out into the garden.

It was with no little curiosity that he waited to hear what Dicky had to say, for this was the first time in all his experience of his son that he had ever taken him into his confidence. Despite all his maintaining that there should be mutual confidence between children and parents, he felt an unexpected thrill of pride at the thought that he was about to hear his secret thoughts from Dicky's own lips. He tightened his hand on Dicky's arm; he looked back over his shoulder to see if Anne had noticed.

But Dicky did not find it so easy as he had supposed. They passed through the open wicket gate; they walked down the hill beneath the flowering apple trees, across the weir to the towing path on the other side of the river, and still he said nothing.

"Well, old chap," said his father at last, "what is it you've got to say?"

With increasing nervousness, Dicky drew his arm away. The certainty of justice in the request he was going to make had grievously diminished in his mind. While still in the heat of his passion that morning, he had known it to be the only true solution to the almost insurmountable difficulty which Nature had thrown so suddenly in his way. But now, in the cold and dispassionate presence of his father, it seemed to have lost the greater weight of its importance. Yet he knew that if it were to be said at all, if it were to be said, moreover, in complete justice to himself, it must be said at once, directly, firmly, with no beating about the bush. He drew a breath and fixed his eyes steadily before him.

"Would it be possible," he began uncertainly, "I mean, is there any reason why I shouldn't be married in a year or two?"

He had never intended to suggest that it should be so long as two years, but so cold was the blood running in him now, that it seemed a year would sound ridiculous to his father's ears. Anyhow, it was said, the words were irrevocably spoken. In the silence that followed them, Dicky heard the reverberating echoes as though

a thousand voices were crying them back with ironical insistence. He dared not look at his father. Even with his eyes set directly in front of him, he could see nothing. The black line of the towing path, losing itself in the long grass at either side, the belt of trees upon the other bank hanging upon the river's edge, the far line of Bredon Hill rising and falling in the brilliant sky, all these things were confused in a shapeless mist before his eyes.

"Married?" said Mr. Furlong at last. He said it in all kindness, meaning most earnestly that now, when his son had come to him of his own accord, he would give every consideration, make every allowance for a nature which possibly he did not too thoroughly understand., The note, therefore, which Dicky had heard in his voice was not that of defiance; but it was the note of despondency, of disappointment. For at the outset Mr. Furlong knew that this was beyond his comprehension. He was not conscious of that knowledge. What came most prominently to his mind was the feeling that Dicky could not be serious, or if he were, then that he did not really know what he was talking about. Still, he held his judgment back until he had heard more. With a conscious effort, he forced the note of kindness on the word; yet to one as sensitive as Dicky, he had not struck it true.

"Married?" he repeated. "Well—tell me, old chap—what do you mean?"

Dicky faltered. He knew he had come to a door that would never open to all his knocking. It was impossible to explain what he had felt while he was in Dorothy's arms that morning. Indeed he scarcely knew the full meaning of it himself. All women were pure. He had said that over and over again. All women like Dorothy were pure. He had heard of others when he was at school. But all women like Dorothy were pure. Therefore, he did not know what he meant, or what he had felt, except that marriage would save him from some terrible catastrophe. Yet to make it clear to his father, this must be explained, and unless it were understood of him without the necessity of words, he knew that he could never explain it himself.

The modesty of a boy with such a training as Dicky is a frail and fragile thing, as brittle as the brittlest glass. Even to the gentle understanding of a woman, he is stilted and ill-at-ease. To one of his own sex he is dumb. When, therefore, Mr. Furlong asked him what he meant, he faltered with a word, only to resume his silence.

"Well, who is it?" his father inquired presently.

"Dorothy."

"Dorothy Leggatt?"

"Yes."

Mr. Furlong smiled beneath his moustache. Of course, it was a boy and girl love affair; not serious in any way, but very amusing, even interesting. He smiled, partly because it called back to his memory an incident in his life when he was younger even than Dicky. He recalled her name. It was Elsie. She had light hair and was two years older than he. He smiled because he thought of what she would be like now. The phrase, fair, fat, and forty crossed his mind. He remembered kissing her at a party; writing her letters from school. But he had never wished to marry her. The question of the possibility of marriage had never entered their heads. There came a time when all was over between them. He had shown the photograph she had given him to a companion. Her dignity was hurt to think that others should know how she had bestowed her affection upon a boy two years younger than herself. And all this was very amusing as it came back in snatches like a long-forgotten tune. Dicky's little love affair no doubt had the same amusing incidents, but he was taking it in all seriousness. Mr. Furlong knew that he must take it seriously, too. But marry within a year or two!

"Well, I'm sure she's a very nice girl," he said presently. "I'm very glad to hear that you're fond of her. I've no doubt it'll steady you a good deal, and I hope it'll last. How long have you known your own mind about it?"

"Since last autumn."

Dicky had not seen his father's smile, but he could read all that was in his mind from those first few opening sentences. Before ever judgment had been given, the spirit of combat had already begun to rise in him. His mind was preparing for

the inevitable clash of their natures. He had a far clearer foresight than his father for the danger which lay ahead.

"That's quite a long time, isn't it?" said Mr. Furlong. He was indeed surprised himself, having imagined that he would hear it was but a few weeks.

Dicky drew a long breath. His cheeks felt hot, that had been as cold as ice.

"And what do you propose to marry on?" Mr. Furlong asked him then and, with the kindest expression in his eyes, he looked into the face of his son.

Dicky's cheeks grew hotter still. It was the gentleness of voice, the kindness of expression accompanying those particular words which rasped against his mind. His father knew that on this point he was disarmed. He had nothing to marry on, nothing but Mr. Furlong's bounty, rewarding him perhaps out of proportion for a time for his work in the mill.

"Well, you know I've nothing," said he at last. "Unless you pay me as you pay Will'um for his work in the mill. I work in the mill, too."

"And what do you think your work is worth?"

There was not the faintest thought of cruelty in his mind as he put these questions. In his own reckoning it would have been cruel to deny Dicky a hearing from the first moment he had spoken; but by these measures which he was adopting, he was showing gently to his son the simple folly of his request. Yet to Dicky, knowing the ultimate issue, assured already in his mind of what his father thought, this cross-examination was the refinement of torture. For some moments he could not trust himself to reply.

"What do you think it's worth?" repeated Mr. Furlong.

"I don't know," said Dicky slowly.

"Well, what do you think you'd require to live on if you were married?"

"We could live on a pound a week," said Dicky. "I don't mean that we could be married now—at once—but in about a year's time or so—I should be just twenty—we could live on a pound a week then."

"Where? Where could you live on a pound a week?"

"Well—if—if we had those two rooms you're not using upstairs in the house—we could pay you ten shillings or even more for our food, and—and if you gave me a small wedding present, I'm sure Mr. Leggatt would give Dorothy a present, too, then we could furnish the rooms—and—and—"

That was all. He had never thought how it could be done until that moment. In that moment invention had come swiftly to his aid. It was all very simple. What could possibly be said against it? Those two rooms were never used. With ten pounds—with less, they could be furnished. They would be transcendently happy in those two little rooms. In one of them, which could be their sitting-room, they would often entertain Anne. He would paint pictures, after all, to hang upon their walls. It was suddenly now becoming so real that he did not even feel the pang of regret at the thought that he would never do better with his painting than that. In the prospect that his invention had raised, hope lifted again in his heart. He really thought that on those lines the thing were feasible enough. Then he looked up into his father's face and all hope withered within him.

Neither of them saw the humour of it; the pathetic comedy of a son paying his father ten shillings a week for two attic rooms in that father's house, of taking there to his heart a girl bride and living with her there like two mice beneath the rafters.

Yet it was a scheme, a scheme to save him from the coarser measures and lessons of life, a scheme which many a father might adopt rather than that his son should seek the harsh teachings of the world in the learning of his manhood. But neither humorously nor seriously did the suggestion appeal to Mr. Furlong's mind. It had just enough of rationality in it to make him realise that his position of kindly disagreement was not so unassailable as he had imagined. It was this very discovery which had so often annoyed him in his discussions with Dicky before. He felt annoyance now.

"Do you realise," he said at length, "that you're only a boy—a boy of seventeen or eighteen—which is it?"

"Just eighteen," said Dicky.

"Well, just eighteen. When I was that age I hadn't dreamed of marriage."

"No, you didn't perhaps, but I have."

"Yes, but, my dear boy, you're not old enough to know your own mind. When you go out into the world, it's quite possible that your mind'll change. You think Dorothy Leggatt lovely and all that sort of thing now, and I've no doubt she is a charming girl, and I'm very glad, as I said, that you're fond of her; but when you get out into the world, it's quite possible that all that may change."

"How can I get out into the world if I have to stay on here in the mill?" asked Dicky. "Supposing all that's true what you say—and that I should change—I've got to stay on here working at the mill. I never shall get out into the world; I never shall see anybody else to make me change my mind."

"Well, when I say out into the world, I'm speaking figuratively. I mean when you get experience."

"But I've said I don't ask that we should be married at once. We'll wait a year. If I care for her still by then, shan't I know my own mind?"

"My dear boy," Mr. Furlong tried to smile, he forced a kindly expression into his eyes; "no man really knows his own mind till he's nearly thirty."

"Do you mean I oughtn't to marry till then?"

"Well, not quite so long as that perhaps."

"But you married soon after you were twenty-one."

"Who told you that?"

"Well, you're forty-four now, aren't you?"

"How do you know I'm forty-four?"

"I know you are—Anne's twenty—nearly twenty-one. You must be something like that."

The expression which Dicky knew so well then settled on his father's lips. It meant that he had passed a certain limit of endurance and would listen to reason no more.

"I didn't come out here to discuss my age," said he.

Dicky turned on his heel, and Mr. Furlong sat down on a stile that led into the meadows. He never looked in Dicky's direction again; but as his mind wandered back into the past, he remembered the sight of Christina as she sometimes sat at dinner in the great dining-room at Wittingham. He remembered the sight of her graceful shoulders and the thoughts which had passed across his mind then. He recalled the struggle through which he had suffered when he had known that to marry her would mean the sacrifice of his father's support in his old age. He remembered how he had given in.

These memories irritated him. He rose with annoyance to his feet.

"But my goodness!" he exclaimed aloud, "I was what? I was twenty then!"

Chapter XVII

As Dicky walked through the fields to keep his meeting with Dorothy in the oak tree, a wild flood of incoherent ideas was racing through his mind. Bitterly he accused his father of all those vices which the want of understanding seems to prove. He was brutal; he was cruel. There was a trait of hypocrisy in him which Dicky had never seen before. How dare he speak of such things as abominable when he himself had married! What right had he to decree that any boy should wait until he was thirty before he took a wife?

These things he said aloud as he walked. In the heat of the injustice which he felt he was suffering, he could see no other aspect of the case than his own. The misunderstanding which Mr. Furlong had shown seemed only intentional to him. There was only one way in which he could meet it. That way, without hesitation, he determined then to take. Mr. Hollom had told him that on Monday he would have the ten pounds ready for him. On Tuesday morning, therefore, he would go; on Tuesday morning when the day was early and no one was astir in the mill.

"I won't stay! I won't stay!" he kept muttering to himself, and in his haste to reach Dorothy, he stumbled over a tree trunk, swearing loudly as he recovered himself from falling.

"I'm changing," he said aloud, "I'm becoming a different person. I don't care what I become—I'll get away."

Dorothy was there already. His talk with his father had made him late. He flung himself into the explanation of everything at once. The difficulty of telling Dorothy that he was going away so soon had become quite easy now. The words tumbled over each other as he informed her of all that had happened in the last few hours.

"So I shall go," he concluded; "I shall go on Tuesday from Pershore. I shall go early in the morning before anybody's up. He'll never see me in that house again. I hate it now. I've hated it really ever since the mater died. It's never been the same without her."

Dorothy's lips were trembling as she heard him. The tears were filling in her eyes. She knew now, even if she had wished it, she had no power to hold him then. He was going right away from her, and he was going in two days. She hid her face on his shoulder. The tears tumbled down upon his coat.

"You said not till June, Dicky," she faltered. "I marked it up on the calendar in my bedroom. It looked terribly short even then—just five weeks—and now—it's only two days."

He patted her shoulder gently. He knew he was a man now, now that he was taking alone the responsibility of life.

"The sooner I go," he whispered, "the sooner I shall be making enough for us both. If I have to wait till I'm thirty, what is the good of staying on at the mill. I'd never have gone at all if he'd have let me marry in a year or two. I'd have chucked it all up for you. But you do believe, don't you, that I'm going to succeed? I know the things I do now are not a bit of good. But I've got it in me. Mr. Hollom thinks I have. He believes that I'm going to succeed. He'd never have given me that frightful lot of money if he didn't think so. You do believe, don't you—little child—little child?"

He stood there with Dorothy crying on his shoulder, and he felt so much a man.

She looked up at him with wet cheeks.

"I do believe," she whispered. And then he pressed her wildly to him. No words a woman can say to a man sound really more wonderful than these. Love he expects—love he means to win; but when she says that she believes in him, it is such tribute as no cries of praise from all the world can equal.

As he heard her say it, his heart swelled once more with the strength and virtue of those hundred men. He felt that the whole world was for his conquering. Within himself, he made a fervent oath she should not believe in vain.

All that afternoon they sat there in the oak tree. On the threshold of that house of love there are a thousand things to say. They talked until the sun began to slant down to the west.

"And where can we meet to-morrow?" he begged of her when she made ready to go.

"Nowhere to-morrow," she replied disconsolately. "I've got to drive into pershore with mother. We shall be there all day."

"But I must see you again," he exclaimed. "I must see you to-morrow, because I shall be going early on Tuesday morning. Dorrie, I must see you. I—we couldn't say good-bye now. Come out to-morrow evening."

"How could I? They wouldn't let me. Father's fearfully strict."

"But you could when they've gone to bed—they wouldn't know then. Dorrie! We couldn't say good-bye here."

"No—but how could I—when they've gone to bed?"

"You could get out by the back door."

"When they're asleep?"

"Yes."

He said it so easily, so readily, that it seemed not so impossible after all. There was no reason why they should find out. And could she bear to let him go now, not to see him again for perhaps a year, or even more? She knew that was impossible. She was clinging to him then as they stood on the hill-side beneath the oak-tree. It would be beyond her endurance if, when they reached the mill, they were just to shake hands and say good-bye upon the road.

"Very well," she said at last, "I'll come—I'll try. They go to bed at half-past ten. I expect in an hour from that they'll be asleep. My bedroom's over the kitchen, they won't hear me getting up. I'll try, Dicky. Be on the bridge at half-past eleven. I'll try and be there then."

Chapter XVIII

For the rest of that evening and all the next day no word passed between Dicky and his father. No doubt it was this smarting under the sense of injustice which made his going the easier. Had he realised the bitter wound which would be inflicted on his father's heart by his departure, Dicky might have hesitated; with the need of Dorothy he might almost have stayed even then. But in his ignorance of the blow about to fall on him, Mr. Furlong seriously imagined that his silence expressed in him the spirit of authority.

"I shall not speak to him again," he told himself, "until he first approaches me in a contrite manner."

So the Monday came and went. Dicky worked in the mill as though nothing were about to happen. At meals, Anne and Mr. Hollom watched the set line of his lips, observed every little expression by which they might see if there were the signs of any deviation from his purpose. There was yet hope in Anne that his courage might fail him at the last; for the same reason there was yet fear in Mr. Hollom. But they saw none. Doggedly and in silence he went through that day. Early in the evening he rose from his chair in the sitting-room, declaring that he was going to bed.

"Good-night," said Mr. Furlong, and, in his voice, he tried to convey the sense of power. The note of it to Dicky was but that of anger. For the last time he endeavoured to quell the spirit in his son with the expression in his eyes; but Dicky would not look at him. When his hand was free, he turned and left room.

In half an hour, Anne was knocking timidly at his door. A distant voice bid her come in. When she entered, she found Dicky leaning out of the window, his face in his hands. Over the willows beyond the weir, a pale yellow moon was rising out into the wide space of heaven. Gently she closed the door and crossed the room to his side.

"Dicky," she whispered, "are you really going?"

"Yes," he replied.

She sat down by the window at his side.

"You'll write, won't you?"

"If you don't let the pater know where I am."

"I promise I won't. And you'll let me know if there's ever anything you want. You won't starve, will you? If you can't make any money, you'll come back."

"People don't starve," said Dicky, and proved his ignorance of the world.

"And—Dicky—"

"What?"

"I want you to take this." She held out a little packet that jingled as it passed from her hands to his.

"Anne!" he exclaimed in wonder.

"There's only two pounds," she whispered. "I'd give you much, much more if I had it."

"Anne!" He threw his arms round her neck. A thousand things were drawn into his memory by that generous gift—the times she had emptied the contents of her money-box to buy him a sketch-book in Pershore, the numberless times her generosity had saved him from difficulty. "I can't take it," he said, and it lay in the palm of his hand and he looked at it.

"Do!" she begged. "You're sure to want it. Ten pounds will never be enough."

"But it's all your savings for ever so long."

"That doesn't matter—I don't want it. It's no good to me."

"But you could buy things with it," he protested. He could not persuade himself that money could be useless to any one—even to a girl. And all the time it lay there temptingly in the palm of his hand.

"I'm as good as buying things now," said she, "when I give it to you. Please ——please take it!"

She made him accept it at last; for when a woman offers, she means in her heart to give; no excuse in the world will ever make her relent. She persisted with her persuasions, finally closing his fingers over it as it still lay in his palm, then once his fingers had shut it out of sight, he gave way. It is the temperament of every artist in the world. He will take money from a woman as a child takes the milk from its mother's breast.

Once she knew there was no fear of its being returned, Anne set to work to pack up the clothes he would need.

"I don't want much," said he. "Put

them in a brown paper parcel. I couldn't sweat to carry a trunk all that way into Pershore."

So the brown paper parcel was made. When all was ready, Anne put her arms around his neck. The tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"Good-bye, Dicky," she said brokenly. "Don't forget me."

He was crying, too. He knew now how much she had been to him since his mother died. They pressed their wet cheeks together and no word was said of what had happened in the sitting-room downstairs.

"God bless you, old girl," he muttered. Without turning back, she left the room.

Aimlessly he returned to the window, almost wishing now that he had never said he would go. What would the world be like without Dorothy, without Anne? In this frame of mind he might ultimately have yielded, but there was yet his pride. When the thought came definitely that he would stay after all, the remembrance of what his father had said, the thousand hopes he cherished of showing them all the things he could do, thrust the suggestion back. He must go! He would go! It was the first wrench, but once that was over and he had begun, he knew in his heart he would be glad of it then.

Soon there came another knock upon his door. Without moving or looking round, he said, "Come in." He knew who it was.

Mr. Hollom closed the door after him.

"Aren't you going to bed at all?" he asked as he came to Dicky's side.

"No," said Dicky. "The train goes at five to six, and it'll take me a good while to walk into Pershore. I mightn't wake in time, and if I don't go to-night I'll never go."

"Beginning to regret it?"

"No, just beginning to find it's difficult, that's all—difficult to leave Anne."

"You needn't worry about Anne," said Mr. Hollom.

"Why not?"

"I'm going to look after Anne, if she'll let me."

Dicky stood up from the window-sill.

"Oh—I'm jolly glad!" he said. "I am jolly glad!" and they shook hands. "Fancy, old Anne—by Jove—I'm glad!"

"Yes—and it's not Anne you're worrying about, young man. But we'll both look after her. When you come back here next year with the money for your first little picture in your pocket, you'll find her all right. I've heard old Leggatt has got a vacancy for a second master. I'm going to apply for it. I'm afraid it won't be any more than I've been getting up in the North, but it'll be enough. I can live cheaper here."

"That'll be ripping," said Dicky, "if you do. Has the pater gone to bed yet?"

"He was just going when I came up. I'd better not let him find me in your room. Good-night, old chap. Take that letter I gave you to Marlowe. He'll be able to help you get a start somewhere. And hoard that money as long as you can. It's all the capital you've got. I'm not going to say anything else—except work like the devil. It'll make you forget you're hungry sometimes.

Dicky took a breath and gripped his hand.

"Thanks—frightfully," he said, It was simple enough. It conveyed all he meant.

Once more, when the door closed then, he turned to the window. Leaning out again, he could hear the signs of his father's approaching departure to his room. A great while seemed to pass before he heard the key turn in the lock of the hall door, before he saw the light through the landing window as his father carried his candle up to bed.

When the light had passed, he stood up in the room and listened. To reach his bedroom, Mr. Furlong must pass his son's door. Dicky heard the soft noise of the footsteps approaching. He could see the faint glimmer of the nearing light through the space at the bottom of the door. The footsteps stopped and he held his breath.

There fell then a gentle knock on the panel. He heard his father speak his name, tentatively, as though to discover if he were asleep. He made no reply. Had he answered, what might not have altered in the life of Dicky Furlong then? For had he answered, Mr. Furlong was weighing it in his mind to say that he had not meant to be unsympathetic in his judgment of Dicky's nature.

As soon as Mr. Hollom had left him downstairs, he had laid aside his book and, dropping on his knees by the armchair, he had prayed to be given that understanding of his son which he had already gathered from the memories of his own experience. It was always the habit of his mind to pray for those things which he had already received. When he had come fully to realise that such passions, though certainly premature in Dicky, were natural and human enough, he then prayed that God would give him such realisation. So he kept burning, as many another does, the light of his faith in the efficacy of prayer.

He determined then that, if he were awake, he would speak to Dicky that very night. He could not allow in his mind that Dicky should be married in a year or two. That would make too much a man of him too soon. But he wished that his son should know how broad was his mind in impartial understanding.

Therefore he knocked; therefore he said Dicky's name. But there was no reply. Dicky stood there in the room, silent, scarcely breathing. At last Mr. Furlong moved on down the passage. The yellow glimmer died away from the space under the door and Dicky sat down to his little table.

"DEAR FATHER," he wrote,—"I'm going away to London to work at my painting. I could never live and work in the mill. It's no good trying to find me, because I shall never come back. I want the experience you say I ought to get. Good-bye, DICKY."

Folding it and placing it in an envelope, he addressed it to his father. Then he took up the bundle of his clothes, softly opened the door, listened, then silently crept downstairs.

As he laid his head on his pillow, Mr. Furlong thought he heard a catch snapping on a door. He sat up and listened. Everything was silent.

"If I were a nervous man," he thought, "I shouldn't be contented until I'd found out whether there were burglars in the house."

Then, glad that he was not a nervous man, he laid his head back on his pillow and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIX

The moon was riding fast in a fair heaven as Dicky reached Eckington Bridge. She was lighting the fleet of clouds, burnishing their sails with silver as they passed her by. Up there a fresh wind must have been blowing, but closer to earth it was almost still. The young leaves of the willows were just rustling, the rustle of silk as when a woman passes through a quiet corridor. Beneath the arches the river murmured, swirling around the old stone pillars, hurrying on to sing its song amongst the reeds. Just these sounds, and but for them the night was silent and still.

Dicky laid his bundle on the ground and stood in the niche where first he had kissed Dorothy. It was not yet the hour of their meeting. Anxiety for her coming had not begun to stir in him. He felt content to lean over the well-worn parapet, to stare into the water below. Whenever the moon rode out into the full open of a cloudless space, he could see deep down below the surface where the trailing weeds swung from side to side, lashed by the passing current. He looked up into the heavens, forcing himself to believe that that same moon was riding over the countless roofs of London. To the right, above him, were the seven stars, which for so many years he had counted from his bedroom window. He fixed these as landmarks which he would know again. The contemplation of all the work he was going to do, the fame he was going to win were secondary matters just then. The thought that he was leaving the known for the unknown almost completely occupied his mind.

Only when Anne had been making up his parcel had he considered it first; then he had discarded garments in order to make place for his sketches and box of water-colours. With this equipment, with a few pounds in his pocket, Dicky began the great career which lay before him. Many a man has had less.

But his thoughts were little of his career in those moments as he stood alone upon the Bridge at Eckington. In a short while he would be leaving Dorothy. He wondered what would happen if his father came after all to his room, found

the note which he had left there and followed him to Pershore to prevent his going. Would he be so sorry if he were brought back; if, with the knowledge o how real his feelings were, his father gave him permission to marry Dorothy in a year or so?

He was in just that unbalanced state of mind as when a man has fixed his resolve and must wait with growing impatience to carry out his determination. That half hour while he waited for Dorothy upon the bridge was the severest test through which he passed. There came the most trying moment of all when, as the silence deepened for the want of those footsteps he so desired to hear, Dicky began at last to believe she was not coming. His heart grew sick. Again the strength of the hundred men dwindled and fell away. He had then but the strength of a boy standing upon the edge of that whirling struggle for life, telling himself, feebly yet persistently against the counsel of his heart, that still he must take the plunge, must loose himself from all those things he held the dearest in order that he might be saved.

This, the first, is the greatest struggle that a man can endure. And the nearer he comes to failure, the greater the victory he wins. When he had listened and listened for the tapping of those footsteps in vain, slowly Dicky leaned down and took his parcel in his hand. She was not coming, and he could not bear to go without seeing her again. However clearly he saw that what he had said to Mr. Hollom was true, however much he realised that if he did not go that night he would never go, yet he was prepared to return. Without seeing her again it was impossible to go.

He knew now that a life in the mill was his portion. His lips trembled at the thought of it. The consciousness of all he was losing in life came strongly to him then. But even at that moment there was something in him more exacting than his liberty. Nature was torturing him in her hands as God had tortured him on the hillside with the fear of death.

Slowly his feet began to move toward Eckington again. He was no good. He knew he was no good. The world was not for his conquering after all.

And then he stopped. A sound in the distance on the road had just come to his ears. Tap—tap—tap—tap it came. He swallowed the rising in his throat. Tap—tap—tap—tap—he made certain of it now. Almost with stealthiness, ashamed of those few steps he had taken, he crept back again to the bridge and laid his bundle down once more upon the ground. Another moment and the moon shot out behind a cloud. The road was light as day, and far off he could see the figure of Dorothy. It was not until that instant did he realise how much they were alone.

Chapter XX

Dicky walked down the road to me t her. Now he left his bundle on the ground. Nervously she put out her hand to greet him. He took it, drawing her close to him and kissing her lips that were quite cold. Nature was sure of her then. She had called and Dorothy had answered. In those first few moments of their meeting, Nature was content to stand aside, to let her be shy and be timid. It was enough for the present that she had come. Dorothy herself but a few days before would never have believed that she could ever have done such a thing as this. Even having done it and escaped all chance of discovery, she still was frightened when she found the darkness all round them and they so much alone.

She may have wished to turn back. The sense of apprehension was vivid in her mind. She did not think that things would happen; but there was that nameless expectation in her thoughts that they might. She did not name those things to herself. They had no name to her. But the mysterious possibility of them was there.

So her lips were cold and her hands were trembling. She had cried that night when first she went up to her room; but no tears were near her eyes now.

"I can only stay a very little while, Dicky," she began.

"Is there any fear they'll find out?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I couldn't have come if

there were. But I mustn't stay long. Besides, it's cold—isn't it?"

"Cold?" he put his arm round her shoulder. "I don't feel a bit cold, and I've been out here nearly an hour."

"Well, I'm shaking," she said; "perhaps it isn't the cold."

He drew her into the niche on the bridge and put both his arms about her.

"Do you remember that night when we stood here?" he whispered, "last autumn when the moon was rising—when I first kissed you?"

She looked up into his face and her eyes answered.

"You wanted me to kiss you, didn't you?"

The falling of her eyes answered him that.

"Do you want me to kiss you again?"

The nameless apprehension filled her mind once more. She trembled.

"Do you?"

Her lips were still cold, but warmer when his had left them. Just then her foot touched his bundle on the ground. She looked down.

"What's that on the ground?" she asked.

"My things."

"What things? Your clothes? Aren't you going back to the mill again tonight?"

He shook his head.

"I've left the mill for good now," said he; "I shan't go back there any more."

The nameless apprehension fled from her. The glaring truth of the present took its place. This was the last time she would see him. He had begun his journey already; soon he would be out of sight. The tears came back into her eyes. She wound her arm through his and held him tightly.

"Oh, Dicky," she whispered, "now I know how true it is. I've hardly really believed it till now. I don't know what I shall do!"

He tried his best to comfort her.

"But are you sure you won't forget me?" she went on pitifully. "You'll find other people to care for—other people'll care for you, but never, never, never so much as I do."

Why should he not forget her? What would there be to bind him to her when once he was gone? Oh, if she could only stop him now! What had she gained by giving way that morning when they had been reconciled? How had it helped her that she had said she would let him go? In a few hours her arms could no longer hold him. She might call a thousand times his name and he would not be there to reply.

In a fit of passionate despair, she threw her arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses. He should remember her by these. The thought of them should steal across his mind whenever some other woman sought to make him kiss her. She knew well that they would do their best. Her bitter hatred of them entered into the fierceness of her kisses. He was breathless beneath that flood of passion and thought it only was the pang of saying good-bye.

"You'll never forget me, will you?" she muttered, as she ceased and looked into his eyes.

"How could I, Dorrie?" he whispered, but she felt as he said it how many a man had said that, too.

No, there was nothing with which to hold him! Even those kisses would grow cold on his lips. Her cheeks burned hot in a bitter anger that life could be so cruel.

Then as they stood there, with her hands still bound about his neck, they became aware of the rumbling of a wagon's wheels coming out of Eckington.

"Listen!" she whispered.

Their lips were parted as they held their breath. Their eyes strained out into the semi-darkness.

"I don't think——" he began.

"Oh, listen!" she muttered nervously.

The sounds grew plainer, more distinct. To her intense hearing, the rumbling came through the silence like thunder drawing overhead.

"It's coming this way," she said at last. "Dicky, what shall I do? If they see me, they'll tell father! Dicky, what shall I do?"

"Why, we can hide behind those willows until it's gone. They wouldn't see us."

"They might," she objected nervously. "Oh, I knew somebody would come by! I knew I should be found out!"

"Well, then, come along to the old

tithe barn," he suggested. "Come on—in the field over here. There's a board out on the other side—I know where we can get through. Come on—over this stile—it's only across this field. Dorrie, not a soul'll see us then."

He picked up his bundle and took her arm. In another moment they were hurrying across the damp grass of the meadow by the river's edge. The cattle stared at them as they passed, turning their heads in heavy curiosity to watch them out of sight.

The old tithe barn stood alone in the meadow. Some parts of it were crumbling in decay. At one end, where it had withstood the passing of the years, a few cows were tethered in a stall. They turned their sleepy eyes on the intruders, as Dicky and then Dorothy crept through the open space.

Her heart was beating in wildest nervousness now, and when an owl with a clatter of wings left its perch on the rafters, flying through one of the crevices into the night, a cry of fear escaped from her lips. She clung fiercely to Dicky's arm.

"Only an owl," said he reassuringly, "I knew she built here. You're not afraid, are you? Dorrie, there's nothing to be afraid about."

"But it's so dark," she said.

"It is at first, but you'll get used to it. At any rate, no one'ud ever know we were here."

"Listen!" she whispered. Her fingers tightened convulsively again. They stood motionless. It was a cow in the far end of the lofty barn, grinding the cud, that dull, measured, satisfying sound which, in the daylight, is so pleasant to the ear, yet at night, in one's ignorance of its making, can chill the blood with terror in the veins.

Many a time had she passed the tithe barn when she was going through the meadows; but never had been inside it until now. She looked fearfully above her. The old oak beams and rafters, arched and curved, were like the vaulted roof of a cathedral. The scent of hay, cooled by the night, rose almost pungently to their nostrils. It was an awesome place in the darkness, but the thought that they were out of sight of any passers-by on the road brought her a sense of security. She clung closely to Dicky still, but she was glad they were there.

He led her across the barn to where the hay was stacked loosely in one corner. Whenever a mouse scampered away before them, Dicky coughed to drown the sound of it in her ears.

"Let's sit down on this hay," said he, "and talk. I've got so many things to say." And when they had sat down, he took her hand and gazed at in silence.

In time the sound of that cow chewing her cud lulled the fears in her. She began once more to think of his going, of what the world would be to her with him gone.

"Have you ever read Browning, Dicky?" she asked presently.

He shook his head.

"Mother gave me a book of his poems. She told me I ought to read them, but I can't understand them very well."

"Why did you ask me?" he inquired.

"'Cos there's one—'Night and Morning'—that reminded me of now—this old barn—your going—everything. The last two lines are wonderful, Dicky."

"What are they? Do you remember them?"

"I can't remember them properly," she replied. But this was not the truth. Word for word they were ringing in her head—

> And straight was a path of gold for him
> And the need of a world of men for me.

She said them over to herself, repeating the last line, lingering over the words that brought her pain and pleasure too.

> And the need of a world of men for me.

They seemed to mean all the long nights that were to come; all the desolation and hunger in her heart. It was so cruel that he must go. For the time being this prospect monopolised her thoughts. She forgot her fear of being discovered, forgot the need of going back.

And Dicky, as he looked about him in the darkness, which to their accus-

tomed eyes was dark no longer, wondered how many men could so be trusted with the woman whom they loved. He knew she was safe from him.

He leaned back upon the loosened hay. The scent of it was strong in his nostrils. It seemed in his mind that he wished to prove the greatness of his virtue, the strength and beauty of the love he had for her.

"Dorrie," he said gently. She bent down to his side. Slowly he drew his arm around her, slowly lest she should have forbidden him. They lay close together now. Her cheeks were touching his. The scent of her hair was like the hay. He drew in his breath as it touched his face. No man, surely, had ever been so much alone with a woman before. The thought of their loneliness suddenly unnerved him. He began to tremble.

"Dicky, you're cold," she whispered.

"No, I'm not," he replied. "Only so soon and I shall be gone."

She lay quite still. So still she lay, she seemed like one who had been hypnotised, and far off in the corner of the great barn the old cow monotonously chewed her cud. Dicky felt the stillness of her body close to him and his own trembled the more. How absolutely they were alone.

"Do you feel sleepy, Dorrie?" he asked presently, when she had not moved.

"No," she replied, and in her voice he heard suffering, but dared not ask what suffering it was.

After a long silence, she asked him in a whisper when he must go.

"As soon as the sun rises," he replied. "It's up at about a quarter-past five. That'll give me just time to catch the train at Pershore."

"When the sun rises," she repeated brokenly after him and, quivering, she drew closer into his arms. There they lay then in silence on their soft bed of hay in the corner of the tithe barn. Sometimes, as the moon rode clear, a white light that was almost day flooded in through the countless chinks and spaces. At such moments, Dicky looked in Dorothy's face. Her eyes were closed, her lips parted, her breath came quick and broken on his cheeks. He tried to understand what it all meant. Was this, in his life, such a moment as he knew must come to every man? He felt that he was groping in the dark. Amazement was coming over him.

In trembling bewilderment, he took her face in his hands.

"Dorrie," he said hoarsely, "Dorrie, say you love me, say it, say it. I feel such a brute—such an awful brute. Say you do love me."

In her breath he heard her say it. The words never reached her lips.

The church clock of Eckington then began to strike the hour. He kissed her wildly lest she should hear and chose to go. But through all his kisses she heard the chime. It came to her thoughts that she must go; but she could not move. Light might end there. It had grown so dark. She loved him so much and in a few hours he would be gone, leaving the need of a world of men to her.

"I love you, Dicky," she breathed again.

Then fell the silence once more, and in the far-off corner of the barn rose that same monotonous note, the old cow grinding the cud between her teeth.

All that night she sat beside him while he slept. Even wonder, even remorse could not keep him awake. His eyes had closed despite himself. In the struggle between his conscience and the overwhelming knowledge of his love, sleep had crept stealthily to his eyes; his head, then resting on her shoulder, had slipped into the hollow of her arm. She knew by his breathing that he would say no more to her until the sunrise, and she smiled.

She sat there then beside him, holding him gently in her arms through all the hours of the night. It was such a moment as when a man sleeps and a woman, with wide eyes, sits thinking till the dawn. Slowly one after another the thoughts passed through Dorothy's mind.

A new courage had come to her. She felt no regret. She looked down at Dicky, and it seemed he was only a child in her arms. He could never forget her now; not with all the countless women in the world could he ever forget her now. There was no bitterness in her heart that he was going to leave her, only the uplift-

ing hope that he would soon return. And he would return, and he would return triumphant!

Now the sense of antagonism had vanished. The victory was to them both. He was going out into the world, and she had won such hold upon his life as he could never put aside. And all these things she vaguely knew; for all these things there was a dim rejoicing in her heart. It rose sufficiently to her consciousness as to drive away all fear of the present, to obscure all fear of what the future might bring to pass.

As the time went by, she thought, too, of her mother, knowing and understanding now all that had seemed inexplicable before. Even she realised the likeness between them, and in a prayer, half spoken aloud, thanked God she was to wed a man she loved. And because they loved, who would say a word against them now? She realised no possibility of suffering or sorrow for herself then. However many the miles which might divide them, inevitably and eternally they belonged. Nothing could separate them now.

So in the darkness, now in the unbroken silence too, Dorothy sat thinking of their lives until, through the open space through which they had come, she saw the first grey light of dawn. Only then did her lips begin to tremble.

With tears gathering in her eyes she sat motionless, watching the kindling of that mighty furnace of the dawn. Slowly the dark grey smoke of it rose out of the east. It rent the darkness of the night and in broad bands crept slowly up the heavens. At the first sign of the gathering fire below the horizon, when the deep grey turned to purple and a strip of palest yellow lay across the line of the hills, she knew that it was nearing the end. Swiftly from that moment then it changed before her eyes.

It was a furnace no tears of hers could quench. Steadily it kindled below that line of hills, as though a city were bursting into flames the other side. Steadily the grey smoke drifted to the west, turning to rosy purple as it caught the reflection of the fire. Steadily the east lit up with the rising flames, burning with red and then with orange, then with gold. And so at last, with leaping tongues of light, it burst above the hills. The furnace of the day was lit, the flames were curling into heaven. The sun was up.

She brushed away the tears that were falling from her eyes.

"Dicky," she whispered, "the sun has risen," and leaning down she kissed his lips.

Then Dicky awoke, and in the hedge that ran beside the barn he heard a blackbird juggling with its notes.

The world had wakened for his conquering.

THE END

THE SPONTANEITY OF YOUTH AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



THERE are many things which the technique of fiction may give the faithful craftsman, through the patient discipline of years; but there is one precious gift which it not only cannot bestow, but which it tends slowly and remorselessly to rob him of, and that is the spontaneity of youth. The conventional attitude toward a new writer is that, according to the familiar metaphor, he must "find his path." But the great and exclusive privilege of youth is that it is not precisely aware that there is a path; it is so much simpler and shorter and altogether more joyous to go across lots, and through field and meadow and woodland, with a free, untrammelled sense that the whole open lies there to choose from. The time must come all too soon, in literature as well as in life, when we are forced to know the meaning of the

word trespass, when the climbing of fences becomes unseemly, and we must learn to travel along the public highways, not rompingly, but subdued to the uniform decorum of our elders. And it is this that tends all the time to reduce literature to the dull dignity of a Sunday church parade.

Not that discipline is in itself a bad thing, or academic standards a mistake. There is no intention in these paragraphs to minimise the quiet joy that comes from the finished art of mature talent, the sheer delight in the matchless technique of Henry James, let us say, in his later years, of Daudet and Maupassant, of Joseph Conrad and Maurice Hewlett. Yet the assured touch is bought at the expense of enthusiasm; artistic symmetry means self-control; there is no place for the audacities of youth in Mr. James's *Golden Bowl,* nor any of the flippancy of *Soldiers Three* in Mr. Kipling's *They* or *Mrs. Bathurst.* And we must all feel that there is a certain irrepressible spirit in *Boule de Suif* that is lost forever to the author of *Notre Cœur* and *Fort comme la Mort.*

Let us assume that a young author has succeeded in attracting a degree of public attention. His book may be built on stereotyped lines and win recognition simply by sheer merit of execution; but this is the rare and exceptional case. Practically every young author who is destined to achieve a name has in him a pent-up energy, a riotous ambition, an assurance that his work has something distinctive, something radically different from the work of other writers. He is the boy in the open, eager to explore unbeaten paths, and confident that rich reward lies at the end of them. This is how it happens that most of the really unusual, eccentric, spectacular experiments in fiction come from the pen of the young writer: Mr. H. G. Wells first caught the ear of the public with extravaganzas like the *Time Machine* and the *Invisible Man,* Robert Hichens by the unsavoury audacities of the *Green Carnation,* Anthony Hope by the light flippancy of the *Dolly Dialogues* and the deft romanticism of the *Prisoner of Zenda,* and E. F. Benson by the clever frothiness of *Dodo,*—and all of these writers, and a goodly number like them are now confining themselves to the conventional novel of manners, of more or less serious sociological import. And still more striking examples may be found in French fiction, as in Maurice Barrès's ultra-symbolic *Jardin de Bérénice,* and Edouard Rod's *Course à la Mort,* with its almost total absence of personal names.

Now what actually seems to happen to the young author is something like this: the world, if it notices him at all, has the air of saying, You have shown what you can do, and it is quite creditable for a beginner; but you lack respect for precedent; you really must curb your originality and write more as other people do; what you need is discipline. And slowly but surely, in a majority of cases, the young author finds himself broken to harness and taught to pace decorously in line with the procession. It is only the exceptional spirit who retains, well into maturity, the spontaneity of youth. Mark Twain did so, through a long succession of years; and Mr. Kipling is another and more recent example. He is losing it now; but of all contemporary writers, he has shown the greatest resistance to the deadening pressure of outside influence, the insistence of critical opinion in prescribing definite limits to his talents and his methods.

Now there are two principal factors that largely control the trend and development of fiction: one is its methods and the other is its material. And, while it is true that the best methods are slowly evolved by the experience and example of the old, the materials are renewed and expanded largely by the venturesome independence of the young. In the eyes of youth, the fact that a certain thing has never before been done in fiction, is not only no obstacle, but the very best of reasons for doing it that way. And fortunate is the young writer who actually does happen upon something really new, and not merely an old idea in modern guise. One very marked change in current fiction in the past twenty years, and one which has come so gradually that it is scarcely noticed

until some one points it out, is the intrusion of business affairs, the downtown office, the world of commerce and finance into the warp and woof of the modern plot. A quarter of a century ago, when the door closed behind the husband after breakfast, and the wife waved good-bye from the window, he vanished from the scene until office hours were over, and his latch-key once more admitted him, in time for dinner. Read Mr. Howells's earlier novels, and those of Mr. James as well, and you will notice that they very largely elude this difficulty caused by the disappearance of the male characters throughout the daytime by making their heroes artists, writers, or men of leisure,—social types that are available for croquet and afternoon tea and general love-making at all convenient hours of the day. In the modern novel, all this has been changed; and the invasion of the novel by business has gone hand in hand with the actual invasion of the business world by the modern woman. But the pioneers of the new fiction were not the veteran writers, but the younger generation, men like Frank Norris, David Graham Phillips, Edwin LeFevre, Harry Leon Wilson, Brand Whitlock, to mention only a few of the names that elbow their way forward in memory,—men who, for the most part, served their apprenticeship in journalism, and who, with the spontaneity of youth, defied precedent, and, when they wrote their first novels, drew upon the resources of the side of life that they knew best.

And it is because the new writer is the one who must be looked to for fresh life in fiction, that he deserves to receive special attention, and in a measure, special indulgence, at the hands of the professional critic. The new writer is important, less for his achievements than for his potentialities; and one of the privileges of criticism is to discern the brilliant promise that often underlies early crudities of execution, and by a timely word of encouragement help a groping talent toward fulfilment. Unfortunately, the critic, as well as the novelist, tends year by year to lose the spontaneity of youth; the eye becomes keener to discern faults of structure, errors in technique, but less alert, less sympathetic toward innovations; and that is a great pity; because technique tends to improve by experience, but the spirit of innovation if once killed is hard to resurrect.

Consequently, it is easy to understand why a reviewer may find a special pleasure in discussing the first really promising work of a new writer. It is idle to pretend that Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* had the literary importance of Zola's *La Debacle,* or Frank Norris's *McTeague* the finished quality of Hardy's *Jude the Obscure;* but the important difference was this: that Crane and Norris offered the chance of saying something absolutely new, of pointing out the big possibilities of two nascent talents of a high magnitude; while Zola and Hardy had long since been weighed in the balance and their plus and minus quantities determined a score of times, until nothing of importance remained to say. And the same is true about any novelist who has been before the public for a number of years and whose next novel can raise no more important issue than whether it is a shade better or a shade worse than its predecessor. And on the contrary, as the present writer glances backward through a score of years, some of the hours of keenest pleasure are those that have welcomed a talent of new promise: D'Annunzio, with *Piacere,* Marcel Prévost with *Les Demi-Vierges,* Norris with *McTeague,* Frank Danby with *Pigs in Clover,* Mrs. Dudeney with *Folly Corner,*—the opportunities have been growing scarcer in more recent years, yet the old thrill was unexpectedly renewed the other day by Richard Dehan's *Between Two Thieves,* replete with the spirit of innovation and the promise of bigger things.

"The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol"

It is interesting, with these thoughts in mind, to take up a varied assortment of the novels of the month, some by veteran writers, others bearing the imprint of names well-night unknown, and to consider to what extent the greater skill in the one case is offset by the greater spontaneity, the fresher conception of life, in the other. And by way of contrast it may be well

to begin with a marked exception, that may help to prove the rule,—*The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol,* by William John Locke. Mr. Locke's literary career has always been something of an anomaly,—perhaps because for so many years he treated it as a relaxation, rather than a serious profession. Spontaneity was precisely the quality in which his earlier novels were deficient; the situations were overstrained, melodramatic, unconvincing; the tone was cynical and a bit depressing; his heroines were women who awoke to a bitter consciousness that they had worshipped idols instead of gods, his heroes knew themselves as derelicts, and stoically made the best of it;—in short, the blithe inconsequence of mood, the jesting paradox, the devil-may-care improvidence that has come to be the hallmark of his later style was a tardy acquisition, the philosophy of the fortieth year. And when he did achieve it in his masterpiece, *The Beloved Vagabond,* it looked for a few years as though with that one effort he had exhausted that particular vein, and that the best that we might expect henceforth was a series of diluted imitations, in which the humour, instead of being spontaneous and irrepressible, was visibly a conscious effort. But last season, with *The Glory of Clementina Wing,*—which in the American edition has suffered an unkind curtailment of title,—he proved that there still remains an abundance of the old originality. And now, with *The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol,* he has given us a character worthy to claim near kinship with Berzélius Nibbidard Paragot. Not that the volume, considered as a literary unity, appeals to such deep sympathies or sounds as serious a note. Pujol is under no shadow of secret grief, or if he is, the author keeps his secret well; and, in the sequence of Joyous Adventures, there is not even a pretence at logical sequence of time or place. In fact the whole structure is blithely picaresque; and whether the adventures stretched themselves out to the number of a score, or stopped at the first half dozen rested with the caprice of the author. Pujol is best described as an incarnate paradox, the personified joy of living; he is perennially happy, but happiest when he is penniless; he never lets slide an opportunity,—and he finds opportunities, or creates them, where no one else could discover a glimmer of hope. Being a Provençal, he has the riotous imagination, the unbounded eloquence of the true *Meridionale;* and his colossal and unblushing falsehoods are invariably believed, and set him on the road to success,—a road which he is constitutionally unable to follow for any distance. Thus, when his glibness of speech has hypnotised an American millionaire into backing an enterprise for turning a half dead little town into a fashionable winter resort, he becomes so intently interested in straightening out the matrimonal difficulties of a pretty inn-keeper's wife, that he misses his appointment with the millionaire, who withdraws in disgust. And again, when a lucky week at the gaming tables has netted him several thousands of francs,—enough of a working capital to start in an honest business for himself,—his sympathy for a simple and attractive English girl, who has engaged herself to a bogus Count, leads him to offer his services in securing the girl her freedom, and incidentally to cash a cheque which proves to be as bogus as the Count's title, thus proving that the girl and her mother were clever confederates in the game. But it is impossible to give any fair idea of the sparkle, the exuberance, the constant unexpectedness of these stories; there is no situation too impossible for Aristide to face and conquer, none so ridiculous that he cannot meet it with dignity, none so desperate that he does not welcome it with a new outburst of his inexhaustible cheerfulness. As is true of all of Mr. Locke's best pages, what Aristide Pujol does is of minor importance as compared with what he is; his adventures are a tissue of delicious absurdity, but his personality is a perennial delight.

"The Streets of Ascalon"

Mr. Robert Chambers, on the other hand, is an author whose manner has for some years been crystallised. We may not foretell the quality of each new book; but there is no room for surprise in regard to environment and subject matter. His

latest volume, *The Streets of Ascalon*, shows a deliberate effort at more careful work, an intention to draw certain types of New York smart society that shall be a little nearer to flesh-and-blood men and women, and a little less like the tailors' dummies and fashion-plate ladies that serve as illustrations to the average magazine story. The workmanship is undeniably good, in a number of ways: the student of American manners and customs, a hundred years later, might find it a valuable source-book of the inanity of contemporary polite conversation, the current cheap, meaningless slang, the flippancy of repartee, the ephemeral vulgarisms of speech that fashion dictates for the passing hour. And the same is true of actions, as well as speech. The people who play the leading rôles in *The Streets of Ascalon* are not vastly different from the types that played their brief parts in *The Firing Line* and *The Younger Set;* but on the whole, they convey the impression that the author was more than usually in sympathy with them; the suspicion sometimes suggested by his other books, that in his women there is an element of caricature, and in his men an element of libel, is lacking in these latest creations. But the gulf that separates this volume from his early work,—even from the frank romanticism of his historical novels, is that he has nothing of importance to say,—or if he has, he fails to make it apparent. Strelsa Leeds is a young widow, whom a final scandal and tragedy has set free from an unspeakable martyrdom of two years. She has brought away from her first venture an unconquerable aversion, not to men, but to the physical element which makes up, as she imagines, man's whole idea of love; and she is determined to go through life on a basis of friendship, but nothing nearer or dearer. But presently two things happen: she meets Richard Quarren, considered in fashionable circles as hopelessly ineligible, because of his lack of money, his indiscretions, and his inability to be of use in the world; and, secondly, just as she is beginning to be afraid of herself, and to avoid Quarren, for fear she will yield to him, she loses her whole fortune in a bank failure, and faces the alternative of abject poverty or a marriage for money. Now, Quarren is a most engaging prodigal, with a truly Irish audacity of compliment and an abruptness of speech that might well take a fair lady by storm. Moreover, the influence of Strelsa Leeds has wrought a startling reform in his character, and turned him from a penniless ne'er-do-well into a prosperous, hard-working man of business. Of course, Mr. Chambers could not afford to make Quarren win his victory too easily, so he first betrothes Strelsa to a hopeless "bounder," to borrow his own characterisation of him,—a man who is further defined as "one of the richest men in America,"—and, after showing him in a series of situations that prove him a cad, a bully and a seducer of women, metes out a lingering and gory punishment by having him gored and trampled to death by an enraged bull. And, of course, Strelsa finally relents, and falls into Quarren's eager arms, murmuring "Teach me not to be afraid!" and Quarren, to all appearances, is quite ready for the first lesson.

"The Flaw in the Crystal"

With each new volume from Miss May Sinclair, the fact is emphasised that she belongs to that not unnumerous class of writers to whom it is granted to write just one book of real importance. She has a rare mastery over what we may call the tools of her craft; language is, in her hands, a subtle and wonderful instrument, adapted to express to a nicety the most delicate inflections of mood. But, with the single exception of *The Divine Fire*, she lacks amplitude of theme, and in place of it strives after the eccentric. Her new volume, *The Flaw in the Crystal*, is not wholly allegory and not wholly a study in insanity, but an uncomfortable blending of both. A young woman, in love with a married man, makes her home in a remote country village, where he can come for week-end visits, and escape from matrimonial wretchedness that is slowly but surely preparing him for a complete mental break-down. The young woman suddenly realises that she has a mysterious gift of sending out from herself certain curative properties; the man whom she loves, and who is not her lover, becomes well again,

because, day by day, in absence as well as when he is with her, she sends out her healing influence. But she realises that if anything should destroy the perfect purity of their love, her precious gift would fail her. So, in order to remove the chance of temptation, she extends her ministrations to the man's wife, changes her nature, brings back her roving affections from another man, and anchors them securely to the husband. At this point, a friend of the girl, a married woman, bowed down by the weight of a great affliction, comes to the remote village, bringing with her a pitiful wreck of a husband, an abject, cowering creature, already crossing the border-line of madness. The girl is sorry for him, and still more sorry for his wife; so she decides to give forth secretly the same blessed curative power that has worked so well in the other cases. But this time she is combatting influences, the strength of which she does not realise. She does, it is true, effect a temporary cure, but at the cost of losing her control over the man who loves her. And because she loses control, he for the first time attempts to spoil the perfect innocence of their love, and almost wins her consent to defy conventions and elope with him. And because she has harboured wrongful, impure thoughts, even for a brief hour, the potency of her gift of healing is impaired, and she realises, through a succession of nightmare days and nights, that the madman she has almost cured must be left to his fate, or else his madness will be transferred to her. So the friend's husband goes to an asylum, and the would-be lover returns to his wife, and the lady of the healing mind is left alone in virginal purity, to comfort herself as best she may with her power of effecting long-distance cures. Of course, the story may be interpreted symbolically; but even so it is rather futile, because, from the tragedy of *Iphigenia* to the frivolity of a French comic opera like *The Mascot,* there is nothing new in the idea of the potency of female purity, as a spell to conjure with.

It is nearly two decades since Mr. Benson sprang into popularity with a "best seller" bearing the flippant title of *Dodo,* the heroine of which, so it was whispered, might easily be identified by those familiar with the inner circles of Mayfair. It would seem as though he was now content to have that enjoyable flash of early spontaneity forgotten, for his later volumes make no mention of it among his published works. And this is a pity, because it was a volume that we mentally shelved somewhere near its contemporary, Anthony Hope's *Dolly Dialogues.* His annual volumes, nowadays, are quite decorous, quite serious, and just a little bit dull. *Mrs. Ames* is typical of this later manner. It is full of the social small talk of a small English town; the gossip, the rivalries, the dinners and card parties, and rarer diversion of a masquerade; an abortive attempt at a suffragette demonstration, and a still more abortive attempt at an elopement. The Mrs. Ames of the title has for years held undisputed sway as social leader; her brilliancy in conversation, her faultless table with its memorable menus, her whole impeccable code of social usage make her the pride and envy of the neighbourhood. To be sure, what we are allowed to see and hear of Mrs. Ames's sayings and doings does not quite live up to the author's assurances of her rare gifts,—but that is so common a failing of would-be clever books that it ceases to be a distinction. Well, the time comes when Mrs. Ames's prestige is threatened by the advent of a slightly younger and prettier woman, a Mrs. Evans, whose husband, a physician, has bought the local practice. Mrs. Evans is a vain, shallow little woman, who chooses to think that her husband does not understand her, and that his only interest in life is wrapped up in his drugs and lotions. So she amuses herself by flirting with middle-aged but still inflammable Major Ames, and actually leading him to the brink of an open and scandalous elopement,—when Mrs. Ames, learning in the nick of time what they are proposing to do, treats the pair like a couple of naughty children, brings them to their senses and once more resumes her sway as local *arbiter elegantiarum.* An eminently tranquil book, full of shrewd observance and mild satire.

"Mrs. Ames"

"The Golden Rose"

The Golden Rose, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann, is a story of an imaginary kingdom which in spirit belongs to the class represented by Stevenson's *Prince Otto,* because of the seriousness with which it treats the problems that it raises. The theme is the morganatic marriage of Rose Aurore, daughter of the proud old house of Karolai, to Ferdinand, second son of the reigning prince of Lusatia. And, because the court etiquette, the governmental machinery, the whole social and political atmosphere of this imaginary little country is a miniature replica of the iron-clad code of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, the story inevitably ends in tragedy. It would be idle to try to recapitulate the crowded happenings of this carefully and minutely built story: chamberlains, cabinet officers, ladies-in-waiting, high dignitaries of the church, throng its pages, each and every one of them a distinct and memorable personality. And always, in the centre of the picture is the pitiful figure of Rose Aurore, tricked into a mere semblance of marriage, to satisfy the petty spite of a discredited maid of honour. Yet for a time there is hope of the union being regulated; Ferdinand is only the younger son, and his brother, the heir apparent, is married and has a son of his own. A wife, not of princely blood, would apparently not affect the succession. But first the brother, and then the nephew dies; and all the pressure of the court circle is brought to bear upon the young prince to repudiate his Golden Rose, and contract a marriage within his own rank. The scene in which the final duel of wits is fought out between the veteran statesman, Aschenbrenner, and the Prince Bishop, Alexis Czarda, and in which honour and elemental justice are sacrificed to diplomacy and precedent, is a memorable one, and in its final moment attains a real and impressive dignity. The book is distinctly an unusual and worthy example of the type it represents.

"Heritage"

Whether Valentina Hawtrey has many books to her credit, there is nothing on the title-page of *Heritage* to indicate, but it has every appearance of having been written a long time in advance of that period when ideas tend to crystallise, and style takes on a stereotyped form. In other words, it comes from an author who eminently deserves to be watched, because she strikes certain new notes, and gives promise of better things to come. Yet this does not alter the fact that *Heritage* is a rather cruel book, gloomy and cynical, with a strength similar in kind, even though not in degree, to *The House with the Green Shutters* and *Broke of Covenden.* The volume opens with the death of Nathaniel Pimblett and the entrance of his son, Martin, into his inheritance. Like his father before him, Martin is a hard, merciless, relentless man. His mother, a young and joyous nature, bore the strain of her husband's iron rule for barely a year when she fled from him, leaving her child behind her. Martin's whole training from babyhood up has been based on his father's determination to make him a woman-hater,—and in this the method has proved perfectly successful. But Martin's first thought, after his father's death, is of his duty to provide an heir to the estate. Two ways are open to him: to marry,—an idea against which his whole nature revolts,—or to adopt and train his young cousin, Cyril Pimblett, instilling into him, if not too late, the family traditions, the reverence for the Pimblett acres and Pimblett heirlooms, and last but by no means least, the Pimblett hatred of women in general, and of one woman, Martin's mother, in particular. Before Cyril has been installed a week as Martin's prospective heir, the latent antagonism breaks out between them. A neighbouring, well-to-do farmer, by the name of Barker, wishes to lease a part of the Pimblett land on which to erect a free public library; and since the farmer has a pretty daughter, Josephine, who is enthusiastic about the scheme, she soon persuades Cyril to use his influence with Martin. But the latter, hating farmer Barker, and hating still more any scheme for raising the people, curtly sends word that he and his library can "go to the devil," and on finding that the daughter had a hand in the matter, tells Cyril that

he may keep the farmer company. This is the first of a series of breaks, each successively more bitter,—until finally Cyril does the one unpardonable deed of going to London to see Martin's mother, now a famous actress, perform her latest rôle. Martin's deadly implacability is powerfully set forth in the unforgettable pages that follow: Cyril is absent on a three weeks' walking tour. During those three weeks, Martin absents himself from home, discovers in a neighbouring town a young woman whom he sizes up with the same frank brutality as though he were judging the points of a horse, and not the future mother of his heir. Then follows a whirlwind wooing, a ruthless bearing down of all opposition,—of the girl herself, who scarcely yet knows her own mind; of the girl's family, who look with troubled eyes on the rash impetuosity of this strange lover; and, strongest of all, of the family priest, since Martin is a Protestant and the girl a Catholic. But Martin comes of a race that will not brook denial; consequently, when Cyril returns three weeks later, hoping that the little quarrel with his cousin has blown over, he finds that he has been supplanted, that his hope of some day being heir to a fortune is over, and he must make a belated effort to earn his own living. It has seemed necessary to give these facts somewhat in detail, although they form merely the prelude to a long story of a woman's martyrdom; but an understanding of them is essential in order to form even a vague impression of the sardonic, immovable, vengeful nature of Martin Pimblett. It is a grim story, told with the pervading greyness of atmosphere that we are apt to think of as the special prerogative of Arnold Bennett's *Tales of the Five Towns.*

"Roddles"

Another pleasant literary discovery of the current month is *Roddles,* by B. Paul Neuman. The present reviewer pleads guilty to complete ignorance regarding the identity of the author, and whether or not this is a first book. But at all events, an emphatic mental note has been registered that no future volume bearing the name B. Paul Neuman, must be allowed inadvertently to slip by. Mr. Roddles, of the title, is a "General Jobbing and Repairing Tailor," a cockney born and bred, vulgar and uneducated. But he has a native shrewdness above his kind. He determines that his two sons, Dick and Jim, shall have the chances in life that he has missed, and if sparing the rod is going to jeopardise those chances, the rod is not to be spared. Part of his plan is that his boys shall go to separate schools. Because, if he lets them have their way and go together, only one at a time can be at the head of his class and win prizes, while in separate schools they can both be at the head of their class all the time,—parental discipline, in the shape of a heavy strap, black and shiny, sees to that. Even so slight an error as the casual dropping of an aitch is cause for speedy retribution: "I does it 'cause I choose to and can afford it; you can't," is his brief and convincing argument. The thing that makes the book a delight is its flavour, which cannot be conveyed at second hand. The wonder of it is that so much of deep human interest could be wrought out of a simple journeyman tailor struggling to raise a couple of boys upward in the social scale to a point where he foresees that they will surely become ashamed of him, while he, in his turn, will have a dogged pride that would choose to starve rather than stoop to ask a single favour. It is rather pitiful, the latter part of the book. The reader cannot share the father's secret pride in the growing fame and prosperity of the successful young surgeon and equally successful young statesman. What the reader sees, overshadowing their success, is their monumental selfishness that prevents them from realising, excepting in an occasional transient flash of enlightenment, that the old tailor, with all his ignorance, his vulgarism, his overfondness for the neighbouring bar, is a finer specimen of manhood than the two of them taken together can ever hope to be. This book, in spite of its unpretentiousness, is a rather big book, because it has something to say and emphatically succeeds in saying it.

Mr. Achilles, by Jeanette Lee, is a blithe little fantasy, done with so deft a touch that it compels indulgence in spite of its obvious improbabilities. Mr. Achil-

les, of the title, is a dreamy-souled Greek who has come to America full of vague aspirations, fantastic notions that he is bringing to a people thirsting for poetry and art a first-hand knowledge of the great treasures of his native land. But an unkind fate, failing to understand the purpose for which he has come, insists on burying him alive as proprietor of a tiny fruit shop in a gloomy Chicago street, where nobody even cares to ask from what corner of the world he came. But one day something rather surprising happens: a certain little girl, a human hothouse plant, daughter of one of Chicago's richest millionaires, has been left by the chauffeur at the house of her music teacher, only to find that the teacher is too ill to meet her. So, for the first time in her life, the child starts to walk home alone, happily unaware of the fact that scarcely a week passes without her father receiving threats that she will be kidnapped. Now this little girl has the born instinct of a scholar and an artist; and of all her lessons that she loves most are her Greek history and her Greek grammar. So, when she runs across the little fruit shop of Mr. Achilles, and notes the Greek letters on the sign, she stops, and, child-like, wanders in. The conversation which ensues is really delightful; it was a venturesome thing to attempt, and the writer has achieved it flawlessly. The great opportunity for which Mr. Achilles has been dumbly waiting has at last come. Here is an American, even if only a child, who is asking what Athens, what the Acropolis, what the Parthenon are like,—and with all the fervour of his poet's soul, and in all the inadequacy of his scanty English, he weaves a dream picture of the noble ruins of his birthplace such as might well take a place side by side with far more pretentious descriptions of that matchless site. As for the rest of the book, it achieves pleasantly what it attempts to do. As any reader of moderate discernment foresees, the little heiress of Chicago millions is destined to be kidnapped, and Mr. Achilles is cast for the rôle of rescuer without police or detective serving as understudy. It suffices for a brief hour's entertainment; but Mr. Achilles's inspired description is worth all the rest of the book taken together.

"Mr. Achilles"

As Cæsar's Wife, by Margarita Spalding Gerry, is frankly a sort of Much Ado About Nothing, in which politics, muckraking, and marital infelicity are hysterically interwoven. Because Ken Ward's wife chooses to devote herself heart and soul to aiding him in his work as district attorney, and happens to run across some facts which it is imperative he should know immediately, it does not occur to her that it is indiscreet to allow a former suitor, Cowperthwaite, to accompany her on a thirty-mile dash late at night into the country. Now an automobile, when it wants to play the mischief, is unrivalled in its effectiveness; and the consequence is that morning has dawned before Cowperthwaite and Mrs. Ward put in an appearance. Ken Ward acts not merely like a jealous man but like a raving lunatic; and in the course of a conversation that is obviously built up to create an artificial situation, her confession that Cowperthwaite had once kissed her is construed by his excited mind into an admission that he has statutory grounds for divorce. Now in real life people simply do not make such blunders; a few plain Anglo-Saxon words are sure before long to clear the atmosphere. But here we have a man who for months tortures himself with groundless suspicions, loses his grip on life, neglects his profession, and even sinks to the ignominy of preparing to sell out to the ring that he is fighting. He has not had the strength of his conviction, to the point of leaving his wife; but when at last she discovers the cruel wrong he has done her in thought, she deliberately and apparently quite definitely leaves him. But the man's overstrained condition automatically saves the situation. A hemorrhage of the brain brings him very near to death, the wife rushes back to his bedside, and the story closes with the man still weak as a little child and the wife indulging in the maternal joy of nursing him back to health. On the whole, an overwrought and rather purposeless book.

"As Cæsar's Wife"

TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I. "The Crime of 1812"*
II. "The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley"
III. "A Polish Exile with Napoleon"

The three volumes under consideration are widely different in design and execution, yet sufficiently homogeneous to be considered together. Singularly enough they all deal with the last period of Napoleon's career. Whether Russia or Spain did more damage to the prestige and contributed more effectually to the ruin of Napoleon is an open question. Public opinion gives the preponderant influence to Russia. The reviewer is inclined to the other side. Here in some senses both sides are presented. The Russian disaster is identified with no single enemy of Napoleon, the Emperor Alexander, old Kutusoff, Prince Begratian, Count Rostopchin and others played their little parts. The dominant factor was the snow. How appropriately can the Russians sing that portion of the Song of the Three Children which runs, "Oh, ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord."

Consequently in Colonel Labaune's tremendous narrative of the advance to and the retreat from Moscow, the cold stands pre-eminent. Probably that was the greatest retreat and the most terrible in history. We do not know the particulars of the retreat of the millions of Xerxes from the Attic peninsula. Perhaps if we did know, the horrors would rival those experienced by the Grand Army on its return to the Neiman. Yet probably nothing can challenge the immensity of that disaster. The hunger, the nakedness, the weariness, the shame, the awful cold, the mad fight for food, for clothes, the desperate battles with the pursuing Russians, the Cossacks ever encircling the blind, broken, retiring mob that was once the proudest army the sun had ever shone upon, the wolves and savage dogs baying and howling on the flanks, the ravens and vultures sailing overhead, the extinction in human hearts of almost every feeling that makes them human, the absolute, complete, entire annihilation of the army, are unmatched in history. Upon the greatest of all great captains was visited the greatest of all great disasters. Even in defeat he surpassed the world.

All this is set forth in plain and simple terms by one who was there. A staff officer attached to the headquarters of Eugene Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, who distinguished himself more in that retreat than at any other time during his life, Colonel Labaume had abundant opportunity to see and hear everything from two points of view, that of the officer and that of the soldier. He made some of the notes which he reproduces immediately after the events he discusses. He describes the carnage of Borodino on the field and he relates what happened at the crossing of the Beresina as he stood on the banks and watched the disaster.

The book is an interesting and valuable contribution to the not too extensive literature in English on the retreat. The officer blames Napoleon. He cannot forget the feelings with which the soldiers regarded the Emperor on that retreat, especially when he was not in their presence, but he loves him, too. Strange mastery over human hearts which that man possessed, a mastery which did not cease with his death.

What the admirable translator calls "The Napoleonic Legend," which causes this modern Attila to become for many the embodiment of human greatness and because of which in this Christian era people are found to worship the memory of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien and the wholesale violator of the moral law," becomes more and more established in the minds of the unthinking majority this very day. People forget the last

*The Crime of 1812. Labaume's Personal Narrative of the Russian Campaign. Done into English by T. Dundas-Phillans, with an Introduction by W. T. Stead. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley, 1787-1817. Edited by Richard Edgcumbe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Polish Exile with Napoleon. By G. L. de St. M. Watson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

two words of the epigram of the witty Frenchman who said that "Napoleon had every attribute of honour and glory except virtue!" Indeed, the chances are that that remark is more epigrammatic than truthful. While the Emperor can be sweepingly condemned he cannot be entirely condemned, and while he is often sweepingly approved, he must not be nearly so much approved as condemned.

The book is provided with a pleasant introduction, in which her meed of glory and honour is awarded to Russia by the late W. T. Stead. The book would be much improved by the addition of the maps and battle plans which the Colonel says in his preface he made at the front. There is only one very indifferent map in the book.

So much for the cold and the snow. Let us turn southward to a warmer clime. The Spanish priest, Spanish peasant and Spanish patriotism were things Napoleon did not count upon. By the way, the Russians confessed and were shriven before the battle of Borodino! In all his Napoleonic reading the reviewer has never seen mention of a chaplain in any of Napoleon's armies. There may have been chaplains, but there is little reference to them. The exhortations of the Spanish priest added the devotion of religion to the fire of patriotism. It was this that undid Napoleon and his marshals in Spain; but neither religion nor patriotism would have won the day had not the Lord raised up a leader, whose military genius, whose persistence and whose devotion were not unworthy to be contrasted with the same qualities in the Emperor himself; and who was the moral standpoint far surpassed the great Corsican.

Naturally Wellington. *The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley* has its chief, and one might almost say its only use, in the light she throws upon the great Duke. The book is not intended to discuss campaigns, although there are a great many interesting side lights thrown upon the war with Spain and the battle of Waterloo is discussed at some length; and many original contributions to its history, mostly of an episodical character, are made by the diarist. She seems not to have met the Duke until after she visited Paris, after the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena. Once having been brought in contact with Wellington, Lady Frances, in a purely Platonic way, became the most devoted and faithful of his admirers. Her pages abound with anecdotal episodes in which the great man is set forth. As no man is a hero to his valet, few remain heroes to their biographers. Yet the more Lady Frances observed the Duke, the more she liked him. Incidentally, the more we like him, too, for she shows us the almost unknown human side of the great captain.

After death the Washington legend began to grow. Men made out of the great Virginian something God-like in which his human lineaments became obscured. We took the graven image in time and shattered it, and now we are beginning to see Washington as a man. The Duke of Wellington lived and died a long time after Washington, but even before his death the Wellington legend had begun. Lady Frances shatters it. The Iron Duke—perhaps that very phrase was the origin of the legend—is shown as the kindest, most genial, most humorous man, utterly, entirely different from the popular conception. We stare and rub our eyes and read again and find it so.

She tells us how he took a ragged little French girl who had wandered up to him on his knee and shared her apple, for he loved children. She shows him riding with other men and women on a merry-go-round in a public garden, tilting for rings! She says that he was the soul of every company in which he was present. Sometimes things were dull and stupid until he arrived, when his genial flow of spirits soon put everybody at ease and got them laughing. It is almost impossible to credit these things and yet it is equally impossible to discredit them.

Incidentally, one sometimes wonders what Shelley, the complaisant husband, thought of all this admiration, which though harmless might have a tendency to irritate a devoted spouse. Probably he and all the rest considered the Duke so far removed from the ordinary level that it was natural for the English femininity to worship at the foot of Olympus upon which he had reared himself and

upon which he stood—the beginning of the legend there!—and yet the picture that is given of the Duke is simple and genial, not at all Olympic.

The book abounds in delightful anecdotes. For instance, Lady Shelley stood by the Duke at a review. She heard him say to an aide-de-camp as a particularly awkward horseman manœuvred in front of him, "Go tell that damned adjutant he can't ride. Tell him to get off his horse."

Again on one occasion the Duke was cheered by his soldiers, whereupon he said to Lady Frances, "I hate that cheering. If you once allow soldiers to express an opinion, they may, on some other occasion, hiss instead of cheer. However," he added, "I cannot always help my fellows giving me a Hurrah! As I rode along the line, after the last battle, they gave me a cheer. But the cheering then was spontaneous, this is, evidently, by word of command." That seems more in accord with the "iron" side of his character.

And here is Lady Frances's report of the Duke's oft-quoted opinion on war and fighting:

"I hope to God," he said one day, "that I have fought my last battle. It is a bad thing to be always fighting. While in the thick of it I am too much occupied to feel anything; but it is wretched just after. It is quite impossible to think of glory. Both mind and feelings are exhausted. I am wretched even at the moment of victory, and I always say that next to a battle lost, the greatest misery is a battle gained. Not only do you lose those dear friends with whom you have been living, but you are forced to leave the wounded behind you. To be sure, one tries to do the best for them, but how little that is! At such moments every feeling in your breast is deadened. I am now just beginning to regain my natural spirits, but I never wish for any more fighting."

There are other interesting portions of the book, travels in Switzerland and Italy are described, the gay, reckless, extravagant society of Paris after the restoration is admirably pictured. Lady Shelley knew everybody worth knowing in her time, and the book is full of pleasant gossip about them all. But the dominant interest and value of the book is in the presentation of Wellington.

When Alexander H. Stephens met Abraham Lincoln with the other peace commissioners in 1864, Lincoln observed with great interest the process by which Stephens, who was very small and dried up, not to say withered, divested himself of an enormous overcoat and other outer wraps which he had worn. When the process was completed he remarked, not to Stephens, of course, that "that was the biggest shuck for the smallest nubbin that he had ever seen."

One is tempted to use the same illustration about the third book under discussion, for there are sixty-four pages of letters embedded in three hundred and four pages of introduction, biography, criticism, explanation, appendix and footnotes. Indeed almost half of the sixty-four pages devoted to the letters is used up with foot-notes. The letters are of little interest. Piontkowski would never distinguish himself as a letter writer. There is little in them that is striking or that in any way contributes anything very important or interesting to our knowledge of Napoleon, except perhaps certain descriptions of the appearance of the great man in the island of St. Helena. Piontkowski himself was not a person of any great importance, neither striking nor interesting, and only the fact that he did manage to get himself sent to attend the Emperor at St. Helena, where he stayed for a short time, afterward being deported, rescues him from oblivion. So much for the letters.

However, there is nothing but praise for the admirable introduction, the careful biography, the critical data, the remarkable appendices and the voluminous notes. Mr. Watson has simply taken advantage of the letters to present us with a vast mass of interesting detail, not otherwise available, upon the last period of Napoleon's life. It is true that a certain amount of knowledge of the St. Helena period is necessary to understand what would otherwise be incomplete, yet no one in the future is likely to write upon the subject without taking advantage of the material in this book, material frequently set forth *in extenso*, although at other times merely indicated

by reference. Every student of that period, in which so much was done by the folly of England to start that Napoleonic legend, is laid under an everlasting obligation by this discriminating book. It is impossible that with such a mass of material, apparently so well digested, at his hand, Mr. Watson should not give us further studies of that period, which like this will be of immense value and which we shall await with deep interest, even if there are no other vagrom Poles about which to entwine his reflections.

Cyrus Townsend Brady.

IV

FitzRoy Carrington's "Prints and Their Makers"*

Dedicated to the late Frederick Keppel by its editor, his business associate, "in memory of a friendship of twenty years," this book, the work of many hands, appearing so soon after his death, and dealing with phases of a subject to which he devoted his life, seems almost to constitute for him such a memorial as the members of a college faculty sometimes issue in honour of a distinguished elder colleague who has passed away. *Prints and Their Makers* also serves in a sense as a companion to the volume which he himself published only last year, *The Golden Age of Engraving*, and into which he put all the wealth of his own knowledge of the history of the engraving arts. Those who read that book, and particularly the charming prefatory chapter of personal reminiscence, will, we think, turn at once, on opening the present volume, to his one contribution, drawn like the other articles here included, from the pages of *The Print-Collector's Quarterly*, a delightful intimate account of some "Personal Characteristics of Sir Seymour Haden, P.R.E."

There was no one concerning whom Mr. Keppel, the friend of so many great French and English artists of the last century, had such a store of entertaining anecdotes, as the President of the Royal Etchers. Haden died in 1910 at the advanced age of ninety-three, and Mr. Keppel, as he tells us, met him often every year for thirty years. The etcher was a wealthy man, an eminent physician, and a conservative Tory aristocrat, set in his opinions, very proud, and exceedingly irascible. Most of Mr. Keppel's anecdotes turn upon these traits, which, doubtless because they were accompanied by downright honesty of character and a certain distorted kindliness of disposition, seem not to have alienated the affections of his friends, though doubtless they helped to widen the breach between him and his brother-in-law, James A. McNeill Whistler.

"The feud between Seymour Haden and Whistler was known throughout Europe," writes Mr. Keppel. "Whistler loathed Haden and Haden detested Whistler. But Sir Seymour drew a distinction between the man whom he abominated and the artist whom he greatly admired. This admiration led him to make a notable collection of Whistler's prints. On one occasion Sir Seymour said to me that if he were forced to part with his Rembrandt etchings or with his Whistlers he would find it hard to determine which master's works he must let go. Later on I repeated this saying to Whistler and that modest gentleman calmly remarked: 'Why, Haden should first part with his Rembrandts, of course.'"

This was not the course that was pursued by the late King Edward VII, it will be remembered, who, on coming to the throne, disposed of the splendid Whistler collection, including those which the artist himself had presented to Queen Victoria, "for the good of the Royal collections at Windsor."

"Among the historic questions which can never be definitely determined," continues Mr. Keppel, "is this one—whether Seymour Haden was the man who kicked Whistler downstairs or whether it was Whistler who administered this violent treatment to Haden. I have heard the story from both, and each of these eminent men stoutly maintained that *he* had been the kicker and his adversary the kicked one."

Perhaps it was their common enmity toward Whistler—for Mr. Keppel also had his feud with the famous "Jimmie"—that made a special tie or bond be-

*Prints and Their Makers. Edited by FitzRoy Carrington. New York: The Century Company.

tween Haden and the American art dealer. Not that they too did not have their quarrels, but these were rather in the nature of sudden explosions of wrath on the part of Haden, and were soon over with, as he himself had the grace to be ashamed of his fits of peevish irritability, and as his friend harboured no resentment because of them. Mr. Keppel has left a record of two such incidents in their intercourse. Once when he was dining at the etcher's table, at the time of the attempt to pass the Irish Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons, he infuriated his host by his praises of Charles Stewart Parnell:

> Sir Seymour got very angry, and so made all the company uncomfortable. Thus far I did not blame myself; but a year later I certainly was ashamed of my own indiscretion. I had quite forgotten about the outbreak of the former year and I again expressed my warm sympathy with the cause of Irish Home Rule. It was just at the beginning of dinner at Sir Seymour's hospitable table, but no sooner had I mentioned the subject than he flung down knife and fork, marched out of the dining-room, banged the door behind him, and tramped upstairs to his bedroom. That sweet woman, Lady Haden, said to me very quietly, "We shall see no more of Sir Seymour to-night," and next morning, before my host appeared at breakfast, his very tactful wife, laying her hand gently on my arm, said to me, "Mr. Keppel, in conversing with my husband, pray avoid the subject of Home Rule in Ireland." Most readers would think that the little incident ended here; but it didn't. Presently Sir Seymour came down to breakfast, and carried in his hand a large and handsome book, which he presented to me. On the fly-leaf I read a long and most kindly dedication by himself; and so *that* was the end of the incident. I remember that when I received this *amende honorable* my first impulse was to recall a characteristic Irish adage, which says: "First cut my head, an' then bring me a plasther."

Lady Haden, whose Christian names were Deborah Delano, was the elder half-sister of Whistler. She was a great lover of music, and organised, among the rustics of the village of Bramdean, near which their beautiful Elizabethan home, Woodcote Manor, in Hampshire, was situated, an orchestra which she herself conducted after she had taught the swains to play the various instruments of which they were wholly ignorant when she took them in hand. Woodcote Manor had lovely gardens, and Haden delighted in the flowers which they contained. It was over some sweet peas there that the second outburst which Mr. Keppel records occurred. Haden, who regarded himself somewhat in the light of a botanist, thought he had discovered a fact of great interest based upon his observation on these sweet peas, and was preparing to address a memorial to the Royal Society on the subject. He first stated his theory, however, to Mr. Keppel, who at once pointed out to him an error in his reasoning and even got the old gardener of the place, who stood in great awe of his master, to substantiate him. Calling the two "a pair of fools," the old gentleman was about to move angrily away, when Mr. Keppel called him back and insisted upon making a practical demonstration to settle the matter. This proved incontrovertibly that Mr. Keppel was right and Haden was wrong: "but his anger against me lasted till bedtime, and it was only next morning that he said to me: 'Keppel, you made me angry yesterday about those sweet peas,—but all the same, I am glad you saved me from making a damned fool of myself before the Royal Society.'"

Some of the most amusing of Mr. Keppel's reminiscences belong to the period of the great etcher's American visit. There is, in particular, an excellent story of Haden's visit to an American family at Yonkers, wholly unknown to him. Though he was greatly surprised at the invitation, he accepted it on Mr. Keppel's recommendation, and enjoyed his week greatly. He was, however, much disconcerted when, at dinner the first night, he was offered, instead of the wine to which he was accustomed, and that he could not do without,—a glass of milk! The next night, after hearing the etcher's tale of woe, Mr. Keppel, who explained to him that his host was a pillar of the temperance cause in this country, managed to smuggle into the house a little excellent sherry by means of an innocent deceit which actu-

ally made the head of the household, who was a veritable fanatic on the subject, an accomplice of his crime! Thus the life of the eminent etcher was saved, or at least he was assured of a good night's sleep, which comes to much the same thing at his age.

In conclusion, the following brief incident, to be set side by side with some of the stories that are told of Matthew Arnold on the occasion of his American visit, as illustrating what Lowell wrote of as "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners!" It occurred while Haden and Mr. Keppel were going up to Yonkers for the above-mentioned visit:

> I remember that from the train we saw the gorgeous sight of the sun setting behind the Palisades, and mirrored in the Hudson River, and Mr. Haden—he was not knighted until after this visit to America—said to me, with something like reproach in his voice: "Now, why have I never been told of the beauty of all this?" Later on he said to me, looking about in the crowded train: "Now, isn't it melancholy to think that nobody among all these people, except myself (and perhaps you), has the slightest sense of the beauty of this magnificent sunset?"

From Haden, another unfamiliar phase of whose genius and personality is presented by Mr. H. Nazeby Harrington in the following article on "The Water-Colors and Drawings of Sir Seymour Haden, P.R.E.," the reader will do well to turn to the account of an interesting and eccentric figure of an earlier age, in Mr. Louis R. Metcalfe's article entitled "A Prince of Print-Collectors: Michel de Marolles, Abbé de Villeloin." It was the collection of this great conoisseur of prints which, as he himself tells us in his catalogue, consisted of 123,400 original drawings and prints, comprising the work of over 6,000 artists, and contained in 400 large, and 141 small, volumes, that Louis XIV purchased in 1666 on the advice of Colbert for the royal library. It constitutes to-day the basis of the great print collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale. Marolles received for his collection the sum of twenty-five thousand five hundred dollars, a price which seems derisory when we consider the treasures it contained. Mr. Metcalfe gives us an inventory of some of its wealth, and it would have been interesting to make a rough calculation of the value of these to-day on the basis of modern prices.

Hardly had Marolles sold this great collection, which it had taken him twenty-two years to bring together, than the indefatigable abbé began a second collection. Little is known of this "except that when it was catalogued in 1672 it was contained in two hundred and thirty-seven folios. What became of it has never been ascertained; in all probability it found its way into the print-cabinets of the many *amateurs* of the end of the century. It is evident that he wished to dispose of it, probably for the purpose of starting a third collection, for we have a letter on the subject addressed to M. Brisacier, *secrétaire des commandements de la Reine*. . . . In it de Marolles describes his second collection as being hardly less important than the one he had previously sold to the King, and as containing a great number of masterpieces which were unique."

Beside such gigantic operations, the efforts of even our greatest private collectors of to-day grow pale, and this Abbé de Marolles may well be taken as their patron saint by all such collectors. In addition to his active work in this field, he compiled a vast history and catalogue of artists and artisans in all mediums, with a description of their works. This was never published and the manuscript is lost. "All that remains of it is the summary, written in bad verse and published under the title of *Le Livre des Peintres et des Graveurs*. It is a curious little book, containing little more than the names of thousands of artists who were obscure in their day and who are now completely forgotten." Thwarted of his fame as a French Vasari of the seventeenth century, Marolles, outside of his collecting mania, is principally remembered as a bad poet and translator of the classics, and for "the rather monotonous self-sufficiency of his Memoirs," in which he details with great gusto his relations with the rich and great and the gifts he received from them. Mr. Metcalfe sees in him the probable original of the "collector" described by La Bruyère in his

Caractères, which is as pertinent to-day as it ever was:

"You wish to see my prints," says Democenes, and he forthwith brings them out and sets them before you. You see one which is neither dark nor clear nor completely drawn, and better fit to decorate on a holiday the walls of the Petit Pont or the Rue Neuve than to be treasured in a famous collection. He admits that it is engraved badly and drawn worse, but hastens to inform you that it is the work of an Italian artist who produced very little, and that the plate had hardly any printing; that, moreover, it is the only one of its kind in France; that he paid much for it, and would not exchange it for something far better. "I am," he adds, "in such a serious trouble that it will prevent any further collecting. I have all of Callot but one print, which is not only not one of his best plates, but actually one of his worst; nevertheless, it would complete my Callot. I have been looking for it for twenty years, and, despairing of success, I find life very hard indeed."

This article by Mr. Metcalfe forms one of three on related subjects by the same writer, the others being excellent studies of the two great portrait engravers of the seventeenth century, "Jean Morin," and "Robert Nanteuil." Together these form perhaps the most striking single feature of the book, though scarcely second to them stands the exhaustive study of "Giovanni Battista Piranesi," the famous Italian etcher of architectural subjects in the eighteenth century, by Mr. Benjamin Burges Moore. This is particularly suggestive in the third part where Mr. Moore traces the influence of Piranesi upon contemporary styles of architecture and decoration, and down to the present, much of which, so far as we know, represents pioneer research. Three articles by as many members of the British Museum staff—"Dürer's Woodcuts," by Mr. Campbell Dodgson; "Some Early Italian Engravers before the Time of Marcantonio," by Mr. Arthur M. Hind, and "Rembrandt's Landscape Etchings," by Mr. Laurence Binyon,—are admirable brief monographs, and are models of what such work should be in method of treatment and style of expression. They are comprehensive yet compact, serious yet not solemn in tone, and reveal at every turn evidence of love of their subject, special study, and independence of judgment. In addition they, and particularly that by Mr. Binyon, a poet well known in England and America, are clearly and charmingly written, and show the stamp of literary culture in men more or less immersed in the subtle problems of modern æsthetic science.

In addition to the articles already mentioned, there is a brisk paper on "Francisco Goya y Lucientes," by Mr. Charles H. Caffin, followed by a sincere and sympathetic brief note on the same artist by Mr. William M. Ivins, Jr.; a pleasant account of a personal enthusiasm by Mr. Royal Cortissoz, in his appreciation of "The Etchings of Fortuny"; a study of Félix Bracquemond as "An Etcher of Birds," by Mr. Frank Weitenkampf, Curator of Prints in the New York Public Library, an institution rich in the work of modern French etchers; an article on the comparatively little known "August Lepère," among these "moderns," by Elisabeth Luther Cary; a vigorous characterisation of the genius of "Anders Zorn—Painter-Etcher," by J. Nilsen Laurvik; a cordial estimate from the angle of personal friendship—though unvitiated in its critical aspect by this fact—of the brilliant young American etcher, "Herman A. Webster," by Mr. Martin Hardie; and an account of the personal relations between "Meryon and Baudelaire" based upon their correspondence recently published in full in France, by the present writer.

In the first paragraph of his article, which opens the volume, Mr. Dodgson makes the following observation: "The first decade of the twentieth century lies not very far behind us, but perhaps it is not too soon to assert that one of its marked features, in the retrospect of a print-lover, is a great revival or extension of interest in every form of engraving among cultivated people who are not specialists." If it were necessary to adduce any evidence in support of this statement, the appearance of such a volume as the present would in itself be sufficient. Here is a book the appeal of which is precisely to such "cultivated readers who are not specialists," and which is even written in part by them.

Nothing perhaps in its pages is more suggestive than the articles which are contributed by the few who are not even professional men of letters, and who testify to the deepening interest of American amateurs in art criticism and scholarship, to the increasing tendency on their part to follow up lines of investigation and inquiry for themselves, and to their growing ability to give reasoned expression to their passions and preferences. Moreover, it is gratifying to note the publication of a book on one of the arts which is not merely a "story" of that art, an elementary primer, or a summary historical survey, bristling with names and dates—an *ouvrage de vulgarisation*—but which clearly presupposes some sort of general historical and technical knowledge on the part of a considerable body of readers who will thus be able to fill up themselves the gaps between widely differing and widely separated subjects, treated without any pretence of unity other than that afforded by the one dominant note of which the editor speaks in his Preface: "A sincere love of Prints and an interest in their Makers."

William Aspenwall Bradley.

V

Professor Sears's "John Hancock—The Picturesque Patriot"*

The subject of this human and pleasantly discursive biography is set against a background amply filled in with many interesting details which show wide reading of Colonial literature and documents. The details are selected in a fashion which testifies, also, to a genial and appreciative eye for the fine humours of things. Nor is the appreciation without its roguishness. For not only does the author fail to take up the cudgel for Hancock—preferring to present the picture as mellowly as is consistent with truth to the facts as he sees them—but he does an unheard-of thing for a New Englander. He takes a sly dig (or at the least permits you to do so) at an institution rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun itself.

*John Hancock. By Lorenzo Sears. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

It was inevitable of course that a Boston Latin schoolboy in those days should go to Harvard—if he goes anywhere to college, it is almost as inevitable now. In that day Harvard woke up at five o'clock in the morning and began work at six. Furthermore, the president himself administered the necessary corporal punishment, with a prayer before and after. In these respects things have changed, but then as now Commencement Day remained the queen of New England festivities. Indeed, the habitual hilarity had reached such an extreme that the year before young Hancock entered three strait-laced gentlemen had offered the college a thousand pounds to hold Commencement "in a more private manner." The Corporation—true to the college ideal to let no gift escape—promptly put it up to the Overseers, but they feared to discontinue suddenly so general a holiday. Thereupon the Corporation strategically suggested that any unfavourable comment could be forestalled by appointing the day as a fast-day. But the Overseers, though not scandalised, doubted if the consolations of religion would be sufficient in so peculiar a case; and that year, as always, the entire population of the town and the strangers within its gates—says Professor Sears—attained to the various degrees of their annual exaltation of spirit.

But the author is by no means content with this exhibition of an irreverent temper. It is remarkable, he suggests meaningly, that so conspicuous and striking a figure as Hancock has hitherto been without a genuine biography. He mentions that a Boston newspaper clipping of a quarter century ago states that materials for such a biography were once collected but later purchased for one thousand dollars and destroyed. Who suppressed these materials? The author never directly answers the piquant idea he has started, but certain details of his narrative cause the reader to speculate on the identity of the interested parties.

Before the outbreak of the war Hancock had been a generous benefactor to Harvard. Liberal and wealthy and of undoubted integrity, he had been considered a most desirable treasurer for the institution; but after he had taken

that office, it was found that his cares first as President of the Continental Congress and afterward as Governor of Massachusetts had diverted his attention from its financial matters. Disconcerted with so divided an allegiance, the college threw out hints and diplomatic requests for either more attention or resignation. Hancock appears not to have considered the possibility of either, and finally there came a peremptory demand to deliver moneys, bonds, and other papers belonging to the Treasury. Hancock claimed much surprise and some serious resentment at this action; and for almost a year the silenced Corporation drew in its horns discreetly. They then tried a more humble tack and appealed to his pity for a college obliged to worry along without interest on its money, but this extracted no answer whatever. After several more equally unavailing letters, they mustered up courage to elect another treasurer, although they had not yet received his resignation. This Hancock regarded as a personal affront and never forgave the Corporation. To conciliate him, they entreated his portrait "to be drawn at the expense of the Corporation." But keeping in his pocket his vanity and their cash-balance, both very sizable, he made no reply. Finally they voted to enter suit, but rescinded their action, having a prudent sense of his popularity and influence. When he became Governor and took his seat as *ex-officio* chairman of the Board of Overseers, the position became one of increased embarrassment for them. But he made no remark when they mentioned that their accounts still remained unsettled. In his last term as Governor when giving notice of his intention to resign he finally made a statement of his accounts, eleven years after their first request. But he made no payment. When he finally promised to pay, he postponed the day so repeatedly that death intervened; and the account was settled by his heirs.

It seems uncharitable, goes on Professor Sears, to insist that fraud was intended; besides he not only gave his long services to the Congress for nothing, but actually omitted to keep a list of his expenses—and so little did he care about money that he voluntarily took a third off his salary as Governor. Furthermore, not even his bitterest detractors in the public press ever tried to make any capital out of his certainly not unknown delinquency. Perhaps wounded vanity inspired his strange behaviour, for he was so great a stickler for etiquette that he once caused a public storm in Boston by refusing to attend General Washington at dinner until the president of a mere feeble Federation should pay his respects to the Governor of the oldest and richest of the Commonwealth. But whatever the cause, Boston never forgave him for humiliating her pride and joy; and the existing prejudice against him there can be attributed to this. The man who held up Harvard College for fifteen years was not a person for a Boston biography. It remains to be seen whether the present Boston publishers will suffer dire consequences for their foolhardy act. *Graham Berry.*

VI

"The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond"*

A complete collection of the poems of the late Dr. Drummond, attractively printed on Bible paper and bound like the Oxford Book of English Verse in blue cloth, will be welcome to the many admirers of this poet. Few are accorded a more immediate recognition than was his on the publication of his first volume, *The Habitant, and Other French-Canadian Poems,* in 1897—his fugitive verses in the patois he has made famous as a literary vehicle had already attracted some attention to him even in the United States—and the successive volumes published during his own lifetime, *The Voyageur, and Other Poems,* and *Johnnie Courteau,* served to swell a reputation that may now be regarded as firmly established. Since his death, his wife has published still a fourth volume, *The Great Fight,* the contents of which have been added to those of the three others in the present edition, which is definitive.

*The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond. With an Introduction by Louis Fréchette and an Appreciation by Neil Munro. Frontispiece Portrait. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1912.

It is a delightful book, even if it is not without its defects as a representation of the poet's genius. One could wish that some friend with the requisite critical judgment had exercised a discriminating supervision over the making of the volume, and had been given the right to exclude such poems as added nothing to its weight and interest. Dr. Drummond had a single vein. But like so many other poets of a *genre,* he was ambitious to develop his gift in other directions. Hence the very ordinary Irish dialect poems, and the quite conventional pieces in literary English, which should have been ruthlessly sacrificed, even had they been very much better than they are, if only for the sake of unity. Drummond is one thing, and one thing only: the interpreter of the life and character of the French Canadian people in a dialect which, just because it is crude and composite, the result of a perpetual creative effort, becomes an admirable vehicle for the expression of primitive sentiments and emotions. For the rest, Dr. Drummond was merely a very mediocre provincial poet whose thin celebrations of the Empire and of Canadian nationality strike a false and artificial note in a book so rich in the qualities of universality.

Even in his own field, however, he did not by any means invariably attain the highest level he was capable of reaching. He was not proof against the temptation to make a merely journalistic use of his gift and of his medium; and many of his verses in the French-Canadian dialect are nothing more than an attempt to put his comments on contemporary events in a piquant dress. If he had had the idea of creating a French-Canadian Mr. Dooley, he might have made his fortune from the newspapers; or if he had had the talent and perspicacity to conceive a series of French-Canadian *Bigelow Papers,* he might have left an exceedingly valuable political and historical document. As it is, his verses which contain the germs of such ideas are too trivial and desultory to be worthy of serious consideration, though it is but fair to add that there are few that do not contain at least some traces of his best manner in touches of tender pathos, and quaint humour, in brief, true, and effective traits of characterisation, and in that mingling of an unfailing sense of the picturesque with a kindly and affectionate understanding of the life and the people portrayed, which is all his own.

It is, however, only when, going straight to the heart of these people in what is the very substance of their lives —their joys and sorrows, their pastimes and vocations—whether as farmers along the shores of the broad St. Lawrence, as lumbermen working their rafts down the swift current of many a tributary stream, or as dwellers in the fastnesses of the great forests, that he becomes inspired with a real poem. Such a poem, one that remains among the very best, as it was one of the first, before its author began, to a certain extent, to manufacture subjects, is "The Habitant." To appreciate thoroughly this little masterpiece, which, in a few simple stanzas and through the idyllic method, sums up the cycle of the farmer's life as it has revolved through generation after generation for more than two centuries in a land of brief, ardent, laborious, summers, and long secluded patient winters, one must have seen for himself something of this life, and of the conditions climatic, economic, and moral, under which it is lived. Organised by the French seigneurs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries on a strictly feudal basis, it retains to-day marked traces of mediæval structure and sentiment. Its essence is the element of piety and respect for the past which, strengthened by the clerical domination, scarcely undermined as yet by modern influences, causes these people, more perhaps than any other, to cling fast to their customs and traditions:

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran'fader, too, an' hees fader also—

In these lines one gets close to the real religion of the people which makes them go on doing what their ancestors have always done before them, regardless of whether or not it is the best way. Thus, even to-day, they go on building their fences of wood, though wood is now comparatively scarce, while stones litter their fields or are built up in secular cairns in the midst of them. And akin

to this traditionalism of the people, this regionalism, as we call it to-day, this sense of being rooted in the soil, and of growing there as a race, is a quality of gentle resignation — of contentedness rather, we might better call it, since there is little consciousness of any effort connected with it. The *habitant* is calm, quiet, and equable, taking life as he finds it without serious complaining and, indeed, with a good deal of blithe buoyancy, of simple spontaneous pleasure in the few unexciting incidents of his social life. Vain indulgences are frowned upon by the clergy—there is little or no dancing—and the family is itself the centre of rest and recreation, as it is of work. To "veiller," as they call it—that is, to visit from house to house and to sit in a large circle of men and women in the dimly lighted kitchen at night—this is the principal amusement, the only excuse for conviviality, when the bottle of "whiskey blanc" or Holland gin is brought from the cupboard and dispensed to the guests.

And tobacco is passed around, too, *tabac* (pronounced "tawbawc") *canayen* which, grown by every farmer for his own consumption and cured over the cowstalls in the *bâtisse,* will never be forgotten by any one who has ever tried to smoke it. Such tobacco gives the point to a story told in verse farther on in the book—a story that reads like a French-Canadian version of a legend once poetised by Rossetti in a Dutch setting. The Devil comes to get Louis Desjardins, who treats him to a smoke:

Wan pipe is all I want for me—
We'll finish our smoke downstair',
De devil say, an' it was enough,
For w'en he tak' de very first puff
He holler out, "Maudit, w'at stuff!
Fresh air! fresh air!! fresh air!!!"

And the upshot was that as long as Louis kept on smoking, the devil could not get near him, and, pipe in mouth, he remains safe till this day.

Glimpses of this interior life are contained in "The Habitant," which thus becomes, though on a slighter scale, the French-Canadian equivalent of such poems as "Snowbound" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Here, too, enters that courting element, so important a feature of all popular poetry. Lovemaking is carried on largely *coram publico.* Otherwise it presents few novel or unfamiliar features, and of course, as in all rustic communities where the women are heavily burdened with domestic work and childbearing, love seems like a cruel lure of nature to lead the young girl almost without transition into haggard middle age. Still the process is accompanied here with less seeming cynicism than in many places elsewhere, and there is much truth in those scenes of domestic sentiment pictured by Dr. Drummond where a faithful and active affection survives the passionate explosions of youth.

The brevity of youth in this Canadian land has its symbol and correspondence in the pathetic brevity of the spring under northern latitudes. The coming of spring, the breaking up of the long death of the winter, is the recurrent theme of all these poems, the point where they best attain rapture and ecstasy and where the poet accordingly reaches his highest poetic level:

Oh! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's comin',
W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue—
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter,
An' back on de medder is sing de gouglou—

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de pasture,
Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,
Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each oder,
An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was crack—

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
So she kick herse'f up, an' start off on de race
Wit' de two-year-ole heifer, dat's pretty soon lef' her,
W'y ev'ryt'ing's crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin',
Along by de shore leetle san' piper ronne—
De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' doré is jompin',
Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de fonne.

There is actually something Chaucerian in the simple joyousness (as well as occasionally in the language) of these animal pictures. But, as the poet continues:

But spring's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long wit' us,
An firs' t'ing we know, she go off till nex' year,
Den bee commence hummin', for summer is comin',
An' purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de ear.

And summer is the season of hard work, how hard only he can know who has seen the *habitant* farmer rushing to get through in two or three months what the New England farmer has four or five in which to accomplish it. The season is one long race. "For," as Drummond writes in another poem:

For de mos' fine summer season don't las' too long, an' we know it,
So we're workin' ev'rybody, w'ile de sun is warm and clear,
Dat's de tam for plant de barley, an' de injun corn we sow it,
W'en de leaf upon de maple's jus' de size of squirrel's ear.

* * * * *

Yass, de farmer's offen worry, an' it sometam mak heem snappy,
For no sooner wan job's finish, dan he got two t'ousand more.

So, although Drummond makes his *habitant* farmer welcome the summer and glory in it, we suspect that most of these farmers themselves are rather glad when it is over and they can take life more easily by their kitchen fires.

Such, in its broad outlines, is the life that Drummond pictures in his poems. He embroiders his presentation with a thousand little details, all of them suggestive and all of them true, so far as one can judge who has seen the *habitants* only in towns, villages, and the farming sections. The poet has seen them everywhere, and that is what makes the value of his work as a social document. The book, which has its historical and legendary background and its dramatic incidents, like that of the Rebellion of 1837, in "The Papineau Gun," is really an epic of the French-Canadian people, told in ballad and lyric. A word should perhaps be said of its language. This is by no means universal. Indeed, it is met with only in those towns and camps and parishes where the *habitant* has come into close contact with the Yankee. In the townships east of Quebec on the north side of the river, French, and French only, is spoken. Even the infiltration of the thousands who return annually from the States—the theme of such returning is a common one in these verses, usually with a comic turn—has no effect upon the large body of the people in these outlying districts. But this question of tongue is not a vital one, and the *patois,* as it is employed by Drummond, is one of those felicitous literary inventions by which one language may be made faithfully to suggest the very idiom of another. It seems a pity that such French words as are actually embodied in this *lingua franca* of the frontier could not have been more carefully edited as to accents, and that the three glaring typographical errors in M. Louis Fréchette's graceful French note of introduction could not have been caught and rectified—something that would have seemed simple enough, since this note was originally contributed to the 1897 edition of "The Habitant" fifteen years ago.

Horatio Hart.

VII

Ida Tarbell's "The Business of Being a Woman"*

The Business of Being a Woman is a book of unexplained blame. The author blames the out-in-the-world women because they do not stay at home. But she blames the stay-at-home women because they lack the qualities which come from going out into the world.

One can but admire the courage with which Miss Tarbell hurls herself against evolution. But one marvels at her method of attack. It is so wobbly. She makes a statement, withdraws it a little way, reasserts it, withdraws it some more, and then lays it down as a law.

*The Business of Being a Woman By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1912.

The method is confusing. It is like the old lady who spoke in prayer-meeting, "I feel, O friends, I feel! I feel—that I feel." But you never find out what she feels nor why she feels it.

But one thing remains unmodified in Miss Tarbell's argument, women are to blame. There is no other underlying principle in this new-old-fashioned book of ancient platitudes arrayed in new phrases. The real trouble seems to be a lack of that fundamental philosophy which enables one to relate facts with principle, cause with effect, and fit the part to its whole. In consequence we have contradictions linked with accusations and retractions.

As a first accusation we are told that "women are uneasy." Of course it is conceded that men are uneasy also, but they have a right to be since they are not sacred. The author's point of view is explained as follows:

> Society distrusts uneasiness in sacred quarters; that is, in her established and privileged works. . . . We would like to pride ourselves that they were permanent, that we had settled some things. And hence society resents a restless woman. And this is logical enough.

Logical enough for what? For dogma or for life?

Then follows a second accusation called "Making a man of herself." Here the argument cross-roughs. All human activities are classified as male. Homemaking alone is feminine. Therefore it is easy to prove that every female person pressed by necessity or natural energy into any line of human activity is merely trying to imitate man. And the conclusion is that woman is to blame.

Miss Tarbell condemns the economic independence of women, but says, "The heaviest burden to-day in productive America aside from the burden imposed by a vicious industrial system is that of its non-productive women."

She extols the home, but admits, "The woman's position at its head is hard. . . . There is nothing done that does not mean self-denial, routine, disillusionment and half realisation." This seems sympathetic, but on the same page we read, "It is not the woman's business that is at fault; it is the faulty handling of it."

There is also a sad chapter on "The Homeless Daughter," in which it is admitted that modern invention has deprived the home of many activities. Therefore the daughter returning from college often finds she is not needed. For this mother, and not modern invention, is to blame.

Then follows the author's opinion of the effect of the women movement on the young woman:

> Man and marriage are a trap—that is the essence the young woman draws from the campaign for woman's rights.

Once more we have a dogma which does not fit the facts of life. Young women of to-day are crazier about men and marriage than old-fashioned women ever were. The old-fashioned woman waited to be wooed, the new woman often does the wooing. Perhaps that is the real essence the young woman draws from the campaign for woman's rights.

Miss Tarbell avoids the use of hackneyed phrases like "woman's sphere." Instead she substitutes the following:

> Human society may be likened to two great circles, one revolving within the other. In the inner circle rules the woman. Here she breeds and trains the material for the outer circle, which exists only by and for her. That accident may throw her into this outer circle is of course true, but it is not her natural habitat. Nor is she fitted by nature to live and circulate freely there.

The efforts of women who reach outside of the circle she repeatedly condemns, but let it not be imagined that the docile women who obediently remain within the prescribed circle are thus justified. On the contrary, they are found guilty of futile, feverish activity, excessive self-adornment, pettiness and personalities.

According to Miss Tarbell woman's narrow and restricted environment is not the cause of her narrow and restricted achievement. Sex alone seems to be the culpable cause of all limitations. But neither sex disability nor domestic environment excuse women from responsibility. On the contrary, Miss Tarbell holds them largely responsible for public corruption, the failure of de-

mocracy, the meat trust, the high cost of living and impure food.

The following paragraphs illustrate the author's view of woman's responsibility:

It is not too much to say that the success of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution depended in the minds of certain early Democrats upon the woman.

It is not too much to say that the revelations of corruption in our American cities, the use of town councils, State legislatures, and even of the Federal Government in the interests of private business have discredited the democratic system throughout the world. . . . And *this has come about under the régime of the emancipated woman.* Is she in no way responsible for it?

In reference to woman's function of spending, Miss Tarbell says:

So poorly have women discharged these obligations that dealers for years have been able to manipulate prices. . . . We have the scandal of American woollen goods, of food adulteration, of false weights and measures. Not one of these things could have come about in this country if woman had taken her business as a consumer with anything like the seriousness with which man takes his as a producer. . . . Her ignorance in handling the products of industry has helped the monopolistically inclined trust enormously.

After asking whether the woman's task calls for the vote, Miss Tarbell answers, "I do not myself see this."

However, lack of citizenship does not lessen woman's responsibility. Within the sacred inner Tarbell circle, where faint echoes of civic and political life may sometimes penetrate, "her great task is to prepare the citizen" and give him "the understanding of the principles of democracy and of the society in which we live." This applies not only to children but also to servants. Miss Tarbell says: "Not one woman in a thousand has recognised that she has an obligation to make a fit citizen of the girl who comes into her home." It is not enough that a woman should make citizens of her servants, she should also see to it that they are happily married.

Is it not part of her business to help settle her servants in matrimony? Certainly any large and serious conception of her business must include this obligation. It is the failure to recognise opportunities for public service of this kind that makes the woman say her life is narrow.

Miss Tarbell refers with considerable sympathy to the loneliness of servants who are restricted to the narrow sphere of home. But she has no sympathy for the home restrained housewife, who should be bright, cheerful and full of stimulating conversation when her tired husband returns at night.

After persuading us through several chapters that home-making is woman's business and the "inner circle" is woman's sphere, Miss Tarbell utters her opinion of the women who reach toward the large circle of broad human activities. She does not praise them. On the contrary she says, "In every profession we have scores of successful women—almost never a *great* woman." Again she says, "Let a woman make success in a trade or profession her exclusive and sufficient ambition, and the result, though it may be brilliant, is repellent." After expressing herself thus critically about the professional woman Miss Tarbell looks about her for an example of the ideal home, and choses as the type of what all homes should pattern after, Hull House, the professional work of a professional woman, whom all the world reveres as great. Women are then urged to emulate the mind and spirit of Jane Addams. The reader is rather dazed by this contradiction. How did Jane Addams develop her spirit and mind? By social, civic and political activities which can only be denominated as non-domestic, by civic work, social work, political work, in short, everything excepting housework. If a woman must stay at home and shut her mind to all large human activities one wonders how she will develop the soul and mind of a Jane Addams?

Miss Tarbell's treatment of the woman question is not sympathetic. It is like the labour movement handled by an employer or free trade discussed by a protectionist. The woman movement is not viewed by Miss Tarbell as by a philosophical outsider. Nor is it regarded

from the inside as by a woman with sympathy for the struggle. Rather is it seen from the point of view of an irritated male resentful of intrusion. This masculine view is not unusual among superior and successful women, who seem bent on preventing other women from following in their footsteps.

Marie Jenney Howe.

VIII

Edwin W. Morse's "Causes and Effects in American History"*

In his preface the author says, "Few things are drier or duller than the bare facts of history. Few things are more interesting than the reasons why great events happened as they did, and why the consequences of these happenings were what they were."

Which is undoubtedly true. But then, is it always, or even usually, easy to discover the whys and to estimate correctly the consequences of great events? History, after all, is a resultant of the exceedingly complex desires, motives and impulses of human nature. The reasons why things happened are seldom those that seem to lie upon the surface.

But this interesting history book is by no means unsuccessful. The author does not indeed always make the reasons why as clear as might be wished; but he has given a very attractive outline of American history, and one that touches the vital points—which in more ambitious works are too often the neglected points—of the history. Certain parts of the book are enlightening and useful in their bearing upon present-day questions. The chapters upon the making of the Constitution and that upon American Commerce and Shipping may be instanced.

Nations are like individuals. They are unwilling learners from experience; and they pay dearly for this concerted obstinacy.

Or rather, is it not a sort of mental and moral laziness? For the average citizen it seems easier to decide questions which the exigency of the hour thrust upon us, according to the impulses and preferences of the moment. We do not want to take the trouble to think: still less are we willing to take the trouble to study. The lessons of history, which are the lessons of experience, are regarded as disagreeable tasks dealing with affairs which we airily dismiss as "back numbers." And truly the lessons of history are none too easy to come at.

A book like this ought to fill an important place. Whether or not the author has succeeded in the wider, philosophic sense in his purpose, he has provided a most attractive outline history, and he has succeeded in catching the vital moments of the history in a way that should prove of real service.

Ira Seymour.

*Causes and Effects in American History. By Edwin W. Morse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

IX

H. G. Wells's "Marriage"†

There can be no doubt that the evisceration of a novel by Mr. Wells for serial publication is bound to do an injustice to his scheme. The earlier novels, perhaps, with their abundance of situations, as such, might not feel this so much as *Marriage,* which, now that the complete work is before us, shows the author to be the same man only with a different illumination. In fact, this novel—bound to attract wide comment—is not one of episodes which can be nicely cut from the context to sustain interest from month to month; here is a picture whose main effect and persuasion is gained by the countless accumulation of petty details, which add significance as they colour and shade into the broad canvas. There is, too, a difference it seems in style and a closer approach to the leisurely method of Arnold Bennett, to whom the book is dedicated. Mr. Wells generally chooses a thesis and rigidly externalises it; in the present novel the new method makes it a more casual picture of a condition in which two very vivid persons are thrown trying the experiment of marriage. It is essentially a study of adjustment not only each with the other, but, further, toward their relation as man and wife to the society

†Marriage. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield and Company.

which made their problem more than individual. Minutely analytical, touching restlessly all the social problems about us, the book seems almost "drunk with thought."

The Popes, if somewhat overelaborated at times, serve to show the chaotic family conditions from which Marjorie escapes, though carrying through life the punishments of such a heritage. The father apparently amused the author, for there is a certain savage delight in revealing a typical middle-class Englishman, lord of his house, egoist, scribbler to the *Times*, and fatuous protestor against the progress which has depleted his conservative purse. His wife, first from protection and then from habit, is always found at the end of a prevarication. It is as easy for one to lie as for the other to domineer, though both are scrupulously and admittedly "moral." They consequently look with approval upon their daughter's engagement to Mr. Magnet, who is comfortably settled, clever, and incidentally over forty. The engagement just happened,—Marjorie doesn't quite understand it, thinking "it was the thing to do"—and it was as quickly broken when Trafford, scientist and thirty, descends unavoidably from a wounded aeroplane. Mr. Wells, as ever, is thoroughly up-to-date, and in a series of delightfully healthy episodes Marjorie loses her heart, violates her family feeling, and marries Trafford. She brings him no dowry but her health, vivacity, devotion, variable moods, unplumbed depths, and a tendency to debts and luxurious indulgences. Trafford, on the other hand, has a future in his research work, no experience to speak of with women, an unsullied uncommercial ambition, a small professorship, which, with an inheritance, nets him about six hundred pounds a year. Having sketched this background for two hundred pages, the remainder of the book becomes in reality a duologue, though, of course, as the story proceeds, Mr. Wells cannot refrain from satirising the "culture-tablet" people, those who lead "uplift" movements, with added illuminating discussions of science, politics, woman suffrage, and the host of kaleidoscopic subjects which one is bound to find so characteristically analysed in any novel by this social surgeon. To some readers these episodes, tangential and dragged in as they seem at times, will be of greater interest than the more intimate intricate problem of husband and wife; and most of them serve, no doubt, to make the warp of the gradual change which comes to Marjorie and Trafford, after they have begun to settle down and their first child has come.

Trafford soon begins to feel the call of his work and the need for the old uninterrupted concentration: Marjorie has time on her hands.

> And now, indeed, the Traffords were coming to the most difficult and fatal phase in marriage. They had had that taste of defiant adventure which is the crown of a spiritual love affair, they had known the sweetness of a maiden passion for a maid, and they had felt all those rich and solemn emotions, those splendid fears and terrible hopes that weave themselves about the great partnership of parentage. And now, so far as sex was concerned, there might be much joy and delight still, but no more wonder, no fresh discoveries of incredible new worlds and unsuspected stars. Love, which had been a new garden, an unknown land, a sunlit sea to launch upon, was now a rich treasure-house of memories. And memories, although they afford a perpetually increasing enrichment to emotion, are not sufficient in themselves for the daily needs of life. With them, as with thousands of young couples in London to-day, the bread winner was overworked, and the spending partner's duty was chiefly the negative one of not spending.

Debts, dawning disillusion and the necessity of sacrificing research for money grubbing, forces them to realise they must halt and take spiritual stock. They go off on a walking trip to Switzerland, and just as they are beginning to find what they think will be the panacea, they are met by wealthy friends who invite the Traffords to their château. Here the husband feels for the first time the lure of luxurious surroundings and sees the opulence of his wife's beauty dressed as she is in borrowed plumage. He follows the instinct of the male and succumbs to the call of money-making, secretly resolving to give but a few years of his life to a proffered commercial part-

nership, and then, when free of financial necessity, to resume the great unselfish work of his life. In seven years his secret process of synthesising rubber brings him a fortune, but with it, however, a growing divergence from his wife. He begins to resent "the sacrifice" he has made for her, though it has not been without advantages to him; and she, too, senses a vague unreality in the situation. They seek to conceal the facts from each other in externals, each groping silently to understand the other. Finally to Trafford comes a resolve to leave it all; but his mother makes him see that if he does not take Marjorie along they will never come together again. In one of the most moving scenes in the novel husband and wife talk it all out, and Marjorie resolves to go with him to Labrador.

It's just the good, the exquisite things in life, that make me rebel against the life we are living. It's because I've seen the streaks of gold that I know the rest for dirt. When I go cheating and scheming to my office, and come back to find you squandering yourself upon a horde of chattering, overdressed women, when I think that that is our substance —then I remember most the deep and beautiful things. . . . Has it been love? Love is a thing that grows. But we took it—as people take flowers out of a garden, cut them off, put them in water. How much of our daily life has been love? How much of it mere consequences of the love we've left behind us? I love a thousand things about you, but do I love *you?* Haven't I lost you? Haven't we both lost something, the very heart of it all? Oh, why should the life of every day conquer us? Why should generation after generation of men have these fine beginnings, these splendid dreams of youth, attempt so much, achieve so much and then, then become—*this?*

It is, consequently, a psychological motivation caused by the pressure of an unhealthy social scheme which prompts them to the desperate extremity of leaving their children and the old life temporarily behind, and drives them to the bareness of an isolated winter in the wilds of Labrador. They had failed to find adjustment once before when they had chosen Switzerland, because civilisation was near to tempt them: there was no such escape in Labrador. The final hundred pages deal with their physical and spiritual experiences there. Trafford is wounded in an exciting battle with a lynx, and upon Marjorie falls the care of him during his helplessness and delirium. Sharp conflict with nature proves the restorative, and brings spiritual recovery, as they suppose; for out of the struggle with necessities they find themselves and more—an answer to "what to do with life." It is difficult at times to trace the logic of this slow readjustment, since the author has covered much of the groping after the truth in Trafford's delirious talk. It is clear, however, that he would have us see the terrific waste of energy in the world through the mere lack of its direction. The whole race needs "understanding," and Trafford resolves to express himself in the future to the utmost limits of his power.

That is the work now that is before all mankind, to attempt understanding—by the perpetual finding of thought and means of expression, by perpetual extension and refinement of science, by the research that every artist makes for beauty and significance in his art, by the perpetual testing and destruction and rebirth under criticism of all these things, and by a perpetual extension of this intensifying wisdom to more minds and more and more, till all men share in it, and share in the making of it. There you have my creed, Marjorie; there you have the very marrow of me.

He rails against the importance of results as contrasted with the lesson of life which lies in patience. He cannot go back to the old work—he has lost that—but he can go back to men. He thus spiritualises his chemistry of research, as it were. He wants to become a part of "this stuttering attempt to express." Marjorie sees his vision, but with more practicality, reminds him that they are after all merely human beings—man and woman. He knows, too, they are full of irreconcilable differences because the male and the female mixed as each element is in each physical structure we call man and woman causes confusion and struggle: the big problem between the two is merely a difference in the in-

ternal struggle that goes on in each. What Wells would have us see seems to be that marriage can be most successful when the life together is sustained by faith and controlled throughout by an aim. It is with this in their hearts that they return home—mutually dependent. But the man goes to his work and the woman—to what? So whether they really solve their problem is artistically left unanswered, for the test of any attitude of mind depends upon its capacity to face the facts of life. And the life of the Traffords was to be lived in the city and not on the wide sweeps of a snow-bound shore. *Griffin Mace.*

X

Kathleen Norris's "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne"*

This little story has a charm which one might expect from the author of *Mother.* There is the same appealing simplicity of characterisation, touched with an amiable optimism, and a quiet power bred of accurate if somewhat idealistic observation. One finds, however, less originality in the plot of this second novel, for the device is only saved from commonplaceness by the author's easy, flowing style, which eddies prettily about all the little details of daily life. Mrs. Burgoyne herself has a strong family likeness to Mrs. Paget, and their mutual love of children seems also to be the most dominant interest of the author's present mood. The earlier novel revealed her as an unusually skilful special pleader for large families, and *The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne,* too, seems teeming with little children. The child *motif* now, however, is somewhat subordinated to a study of the effect of a personality upon an environment.

The scene is laid in a small Californian town, where the women seem to be leading aimless lives, though loaded with good intentions and automobiles. Mrs. Norris gives a kindly, satirical picture of such a community and cleverly hits off the usual types with their clubs and their "movements." Into this comes the fascinating heroine, widowed, with children and supposedly rich. Instead of doing the expected and entering into a social existence she becomes a worker and successful reformer. She lives simply and the town naturally thinks "it is only the very rich who can afford to be poor." The course of the story leads her to fall in love with an old childish sweetheart, who had apparently made a failure of his life until her coming gave it a meaning. Gradually, too, her influence spreads and the entire place seems changed. The story ends happily in the discovery that Mrs. Burgoyne is not rich and the man she loves finds his long deserted wife has been dead for years. The complications, as one may see, are at no time impregnable; it is the charm of the telling, not the situations, which keeps the reader's attention. Frequently it all seems too good to be true, but we suppose there is a host of readers who will prefer this gentle tale to the more strenuous sociological-economic fiction of the moment. At any rate, it serves to show there are tremulous and sensitive writers like Mrs. Norris who see good in everything and make it plausible because they make it charming.

Geoffrey Monmouth.

*The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company.



THE TATTLER

LIVING TREASURE



OOPER and the mathematical philanthropist first met at the Congress for the Adoption of a Universal Standard of Destitution for the Use of Charity Workers which was held last summer in Philadelphia. It was during a pause in the debate on the question whether the metric system could be utilised in determining an International Poverty Index that their friendship began. The stranger, whose name was Smith, must have assumed from Cooper's meek and slightly bewildered air that he was an amateur millionaire philanthropist with an imperfect knowledge of charity technique. At any rate, he lost no time in telling Cooper that he was anxious to obtain the sum of ten thousand dollars as the nucleus of a fund for the study and conservation of infant life. Had it ever come to Cooper's knowledge that every infant life saved meant a gain of $5746 to the community? This was calculating on the basis of the life insurance tables and the prevailing rate of wages in twenty selected industries during the period 1898-1910.

Cooper thought that the capitalised value of our children must form a very important share of the national wealth.

Smith said that was the idea exactly. The value of the annual infant crop in the United States exceeded the value of the agricultural output for the entire country. He warmed to his subject. He pointed out that unlike the corn or cotton crop, which varies greatly from year to year, the annual human harvest was scarcely subject to fluctuation. It was independent of rain, heat and other climatic conditions. Such slight variations in quantity as did occur could be discounted in advance. As for a total crop failure, that was an unheard of thing.

Cooper asked what need there was for worry, seeing that Nature looked so well after her own.

Smith showed that just there was the rub. Nature was generous only up to a certain point. She put forth the young plant and then lost all interest in the matter. The annual infant crop was immune against meteorological and soil disturbances, but it was not immune against the diseases and pests that assail all growing things. The San José scale and the boll weevil were no more inimical to the prosperity of the nation than diphtheria, scarlet fever, and underfeeding. Every year vast numbers of children died from these causes. Put this annual loss at fifty thousand lives, multiply this number by $5746, the ascertained value of every new-born American, and you have a fair idea of what our annual destruction of child life means. It was a wastage of capital that would not be tolerated for a moment in any well-managed business corporation. It amounted to nearly $300,000,000 a year, or enough to build a dozen Dreadnoughts. Smith was sure that if Cooper took it as a simple business proposition, he could not henceforth read the statistics of infant mortality with an indifferent eye.

Cooper subsequently told Harding that he found the idea fascinating at first. It made the world an infinitely richer place than he had ever imagined it to be. Viewed from this standpoint, there really was no such thing as poverty. The wealthy classes had their wealth and the poor had their large families. The mean street in which Cooper has his habitation took on a new aspect. It did not swarm with ill-kept children at play, but, as he saw it now, with riches untold. The street was the channel of golden Pactolus. Wealth surged and eddied about him. It overflowed from the sidewalk into the gutter. It swirled under the very horses' hoofs and the wheels of automobiles. It inundated the dark hallways and the backyards. It trickled down the fire-escapes. Wealth to the amount of nearly $60,000 was represented in a single game of All Around the Mulberry Bush, which was always in active swing under Cooper's windows on warm summer nights.

Cooper thought of his janitor. Seen

in this new light, the tall, blond Scandinavian, who dwelt in a mysterious recess somewhere behind the coal bin, was worth exactly $45,968, calculating at the rate of $5746 per infant capita. They were not quick assets, to be sure. The janitor's legal position was that of trustee for the benefit of society, rather than that of direct ownership. But, after all, to be in active control of other people's money nowadays is pretty nearly the same thing as owning it one's self. Cooper had often observed the janitor's eldest child, a little girl of twelve, possibly. She might be seen any fine afternoon on the avenue carrying a fortune of $5746 in her arms and propelling a baby carriage loaded with wealth to twice that amount. It is doubtful whether even in the most well-to-do circles children of twelve are entrusted with the care of such considerable sums.

At this point in his reflections Cooper grew aware that Smith was speaking to him. "To ensure the success of every movement," Smith was saying, "you must touch the popular imagination. Things must be put so that they will hit the public between the eyes. I leave it to you, which headline in your morning paper would stick faster in the memory —'Thousand Children Cared For' or 'Six Million Dollars Saved.'?"

But here Cooper began to have his qualms. Smith had evidently overshot the mark. Cooper told him that "Six Million Dollars Saved" might not be a very good headline after all. People would think it was a story about an improved method of making automobile frames and would yawn and turn to the baseball page. And besides there was the case of the French people.

Smith said of course there were the French; but it was apparent that he did not quite see what the French people had to do with it.

Cooper reminded him of the fact that France was the richest nation in the world and that in France they had no children; that is, no children to speak of. The annual crop, to use Smith's figure, was a very meagre one. If you multiplied the number of children in a country by $5746 France ought to be at the bottom of the list instead of at the top, whereas the Hindus would be rolling in wealth. If the case of France had any meaning at all, there must be more profitable occupations than the conservation of infant life; wine growing, for instance, or intensive truck gardening.

To this Smith replied that the Latin temperament must be taken into account. Cooper admitted that there was of course the Latin temperament; but as neither man was quite clear as to just how the Latin temperament came into the problem they allowed the subject of French population to drop.

But when it came to the United States, Smith felt himself on firm ground. He was convinced that what we needed most to-day was to put the entire question of infant salvage on a mathematical basis. Parents must be imbued with the spirit of responsibility that goes with the management of great amounts of capital. Every family stood in need of a system of book-keeping for its young, with something like an annual trial balance. There might even be a law providing for the compulsory publicity of such family budgets. The matter was one of considerable detail, but there was no apparent reason why some form of printed schedule could not be devised to be filled in by parents once a year.

Cooper by this time was frankly hostile and he sneered as he asked for a more explicit statement.

Smith reminded him that his scheme was as yet unperfected. But the basis of it would be an annual examination by a corps of competent physicians of every child in the community. Placing the ascertained original value of the child at $5746, it would be for the physicians to determine whether this original capital showed any depreciation at the end of the fiscal year. For every backward feature in the child's development there would be a debit charge against the original capital. Thus, in the case of an exceptionally neglected child the budget account would run somewhat as follows:

DEBIT	
Subnormal chest expansion	$475
Adenoids	300
Trachomic infection of eyes	1,000

Defective teeth	200
Biting finger nails	100
Total	$2,075

CREDIT

Original Capital—one child	$5,746
	2,075
Present value of child	$3,671

Thus at the end of the fiscal year it would be shown that careless business management had effected a depreciation of no less than thirty-six per cent. in the value of the child. In most cases the mere publication of such a damning budget would shame parents into doing better. Where parents were exceptionally obdurate or ignorant and incapable the State might step in and apply to the courts for a referee in bankruptcy. "That is what I mean," said Smith, "when I speak of putting the conservation of child life on a business basis."

Cooper was now doing his best to keep his temper. He succeeded; and borrowing a pencil and a sheet of paper from Smith he proceeded to draw up a budget of his own. When Smith estimated the value of every child to the community at $5746 he had of course taken into account the cost of nurture, housing and clothes, but had he taken into account any other forms of expense involved in the raising of children?

Smith said there was nothing else to take into account.

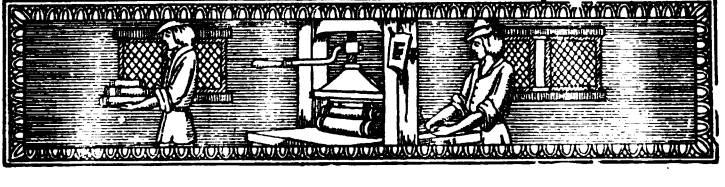
Cooper said there were many things to be taken into account. He first took up the question of loss of sleep entailed, as a result of the teething process, upon the two adult persons most concerned. He estimated the number of sleepless hours per child at six hundred for the father and nine hundred for the mother. At the union rate for night work a fair compensation for the father's time would be about $800. The mother's share was more difficult to appraise, but the sum of $450 was a modest allowance.

Cooper passed on to ailments and infections. He mentioned whooping cough, measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, involving a total loss of three hundred hours of sleep for two persons. This meant a direct loss of $600. But in addition we must count the serious loss in earning capacity for the father, resulting directly from decreased vitality consequent upon lack of sleep. Smith agreed that $1000 was not an excessive estimate. At the same time Smith wished to file an exception, but Cooper waved him aside and went on.

Passing over a decade, he found that at the age of thirteen, if not earlier, the child enters into competition with its father in the industrial field. The depreciation of adult wages as a result of child labour in the factories and shops would easily amount to $3 a week in a case like the one Cooper had in mind. For a period of seven or eight years, or until the child attained its majority, that would make a total of, say, $1300. Finally Cooper asked if $2000 was too high a valuation to set upon parental anxieties resulting from such general incidents of childhood and adolescence as bad habits, unfilial conduct, and so on. Smith said the sum was not too large. He agreed with Cooper that a single act of youthful folly, such as a midnight marriage with a chorus girl, might easily be productive of three thousand dollars' worth of tears, heart ache, and sleepless nights for a boy's parents.

"So there you are," said Cooper. "As a business proposition the conservation of infant life simply does not pay. The protection of infancy means only the encouragement of economic waste."

Simeon Strunsky.



FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

Here is a letter of inquiry from Hanover, New Hampshire. The writer is evidently a Dartmouth Senior.

I have been told that a number of years ago THE BOOKMAN published an All Valhalla Eleven made up of famous characters of fiction, and that in a discussion which followed other elevens of the same kind were suggested. Would it be too much to ask of you to indicate the make-up of these elevens?

A request in keeping with the season. The original All Valhalla Eleven was selected in THE BOOKMAN for November, 1899. It was made up as follows:

Left End.....Michael Volodyovsky
Left Tackle.....Le Noir Fainéant
Left Guard.....Pan Longin
Centre.....John Ridd
Right Guard.....Ursus
Right Tackle.....Taffy Wynne
Right End.....Aramis
Quarter-back.....D'Artagnan
Left Half-back...Wilfred of Ivanhoe
Right Half-back..Porthos du Vallon de Bracieux de Pierrefonds
Full-back.....Athos Comte de la Fere

But our readers were apparently no more satisfied with our selection than are followers of the autumn game outside of New Haven, Connecticut, with the annual selections of Mr. Walter Camp. Opinions were so varied that it was even impossible to choose a composite eleven from those sent in. Here is a typical selection:

Left End.....Mowgli
Left Tackle.....Sir Henry Curtis
Left Guard.....Samson
Centre.....Goliath
Right Guard.....Herakles
Right Tackle.....Kwasind
Right End.....Umpslopagaas
Quarter-back.....Ulysees
Left Half.....Siegfried
Right Half.....Thord
Full-back.....Cœur de Lion

It will be seen that the Black Knight of *Ivanhoe* is a selection for both elevens. Finally Professor J. William White, of the University of Pennsylvania, entered the controversy, with the pertinent criticism that Americans had been unjustly ignored, and offering the following All-American Eleven:

Left End.....Magua
Left Tackle.....Dick Bullen
Left Guard.....Hurry Harry
Centre.....Natty Bumpo
Right Guard.....Chingachcook
Right Tackle.....Hugh Wynne
Right End.....Uncas
Quarter-back.....Van Bibber
Left Half.....Specimen Jones
Right Half.....Jack Hamlin
Full-back.....Richard Carvel

For the original All Valhalla Eleven the suggestion was that Zagloba would make an admirable Head Coach. For that position on the All American Eleven Professor White offered Mr. Dooley, with David Harum as Assistant Coach. A dozen years have gone by, and very likely from the books of these years Professor White would find plenty of new material—material that would lead him to suggest decided changes in his line up. But as they stand they are good teams all and perhaps among them there might be developed another "Sam" White.

II

From a correspondent who writes from the Charcoal Club Art School, of Baltimore.

Is John Brewster Tabb, a poet(?) who lived near here, estimated highly? Are his menatures(?) superior to Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Lanier, Whitman, Riley, Harte, and thirty other acknowledged American poets?

A contention arose here among several poets(?) of the Charcoal Club as to Tabb's true status. Some say he is a first-class poet, others, that he is not one, two, forty; still others, that he was a minature hymn singer for the propagation of the faith.

Will you please give us something positive and tangible about his relative value?

Thanking you now, I am sincerely,

The late Father Tabb was a writer of

delightfully whimsical light verse, and one of the best and most amiable of men. But he himself would have been the first to laugh at a comparison of his work to that of Longfellow, for example.

III

A letter which needs no introduction.

To settle a dispute that has almost broken up a home, will you tell me is Laura Jean Libbey a person or an adjective?

Yours truly,

Hardly an adjective.

IV

From the Rectory of the Greenwood Church, of Des Moines, Iowa.

DEAR EDITOR: In your Mail Bag of last month, Amèlie Rives traced the line "He that runs may read" to a verse from Habakkuk, but you failed to note that the meaning of the two is entirely dissimilar. The line "He that runs may read" is often quoted from Habakkuk and is a curious instance of misquotation. Now, the prophet says: "Make the message plain that he may run that readeth it." That is, that reading the message, one may be so deeply impressed that he will at once run with it to deliver it to another. Whereas, the line "He that runs may read" evidently means that the message should be in bill-poster size, so that one rapidly passing would be able to read, as we read the Bull Durham tobacco signs from a moving railway train.

V-VI

Two letters that recall vividly to our mind Thackeray's *Roundabout Paper* entitled "Thorns on the Cushion."

Permit me to call your attention to an article by Mr. Joseph Pennell, "The Triumph of Whistler," in your October number, from which I quote:

"The fullest general catalogue of Whistlers was that of the Memorial Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, London, 1905. I wrote this—with Mrs. Pennell. It was badly copied at the Paris Memorial Exhibition, worse by the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and comically by Mr. Canfield—without even measurements of the works being given."

As none of my Whistlers was exhibited at the London Exhibition of 1905, and therefore nothing concerning them could have been copied from Mr. Pennell's catalogue, the above quotation is maliciously and intentionally incorrect. Nor have I personally ever written a catalogue of my Whistler collection.

May I ask you to print this statement in the forthcoming BOOKMAN?

I have the honour to be,

Respectfully,

RICHARD CANFIELD.

CHARLESTON, W. VA.

In an article appearing in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN, written by Mr. Montrose J. Moses, and setting out the claims of Sewanee, Tennessee, as a literary centre, I find the relations of the late Dr. Caskie Harrison to the writer's thesis disposed of in the following sentence:

"His dictatorial attitude was stronger than the weak verse of his Horace's *Odes*, and perhaps the older generation might be able to rescue from oblivion his versified invitations to university functions written in Greek."

In an editorial tribute appearing in THE BOOKMAN for December, 1902, my father was described as "a scholar of ripe learning," and likened to the great English authority on English usage, Fitzedward Hall: this though he hardly came within THE BOOKMAN'S horizon, and though he and Professor Peck had definitely parted company many years before. Other critics of distinction have praised with an opener hand. The Brooklyn *Eagle*, lamenting his loss to the citizenship of that city, testified that "his accomplishments, his services and his character have received affectionate tribute, with acute expressions of the sense of loss, from the scholarship of his country." My father's work in the classics won him the hearty and expressed admiration of such scholars as Gildersleeve, Lodge and Goodwin. In 1899 the late George Rice Carpenter told his classes at Columbia that the two great living authorities on the use of English words were Fitzedward Hall of London and Dr. Caskie Harrison of Brooklyn. I believe I am quite within bounds in saying, paraphrasing what some one has said of Gibbon, that the more a man knew about language the less he cared to differ with my father.

I think it is a very unbecoming thing that Mr. Montrose J. Moses, whose right to speak with authority in these matters is unknown to me, should at this day seek to belittle such a man with a few offhand disparagements.

And if Mr. Moses means to say that this is the estimate in which Dr. Harrison is held

at Sewanee—at the university which he served in his young manhood, which afterward honoured him with a doctor's degree, and whose own accounts of itself rarely fail to include a tribute to him of admiration and respect—then I say that his statement is uncalled for and untrue. I have and can produce abundant evidence that those in better position than Mr. Moses to interpret the spirit of the University of the South differ completely from his reports: that in fact most of those whom his article most highly lauds consider that my father in his youth did at least as much as any other one man to quicken and standardise the intellectual life of the University, that he stands to-day as one of its true intellectual founders and fathers.

I have felt no particular necessity to defend my father's scholarship from the breezy depreciations of Mr. Moses. My dissent is from the singular tone in which he has felt free to express himself, a tone the more extraordinary and gratuitous in an article which was manifestly not critical or controversial, but was, on the contrary, committed to saying what was pleasant, or nothing. What relation exists between Sewanee's claims to be regarded as a literary centre and Mr. Moses's allegation that my father had a "dictatorial attitude"? I cannot see. Nor can I conceive that so discordant a digression from an article otherwise agreeable and flattering could have been made accidentally and without ill-feeling. Mr. Moses has shown a desire to disclaim such feeling on his own part. I can therefore only infer that he has unhappily allowed himself to be made the mouthpiece of unknown factionists who have nourished a grudge for thirty years, and of whom the best I can say is that they ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves. Very truly yours,

HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
3. The Sign at Six. White. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
2. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
3. The Antagonists. Thurston. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Nonsense Novels. Leacock. (Lane.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) $3.00.
2. The Loss of the S.S. Titanic. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) $2.40.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Sparks. Zimmermann. (Pub. by author.) $1.00.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys After a Fortune. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Grey Friars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. The Court of St. Simon. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.
3. Diary of Frances Lady Shelley. (Scribner.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Lieut. Ralph Osborne. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.
2. Boys' Life of Edison. Meadowcroft. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Seashore Book. Smith. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.
3. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) $3.00.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Court of St. Simon. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Essential Thing. Hodges. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. Good Indian. Bower. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. My Lady's Garter. Futrelle. (Rand, McNally.) $1.35.
5. The Sign at Six. White. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Concentration and Control. King. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. My Lady's Garter. Futrelle. (Rand, McNally.) $1.35.
5. The Black Pearl. Woodrow. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mind Cure. Zeuner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
2. Soul and Sex. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
3. Hamlet Problem and Its Solution. Venable. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
4. George Bernard Shaw. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Jungle Book. Kipling. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Adventures Every Child Should Know: Pinocchio. Burt. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents.
3. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.
4. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. Blue Anchor Inn. Morris. (Penn Pub Co.) $1.25.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Lame and Lovely. Crane. (Forbes.) $1.00.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Tell Me a True Story. Stewart. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Children's Stories That Never Grow Old. Stone. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. The Best Stories to Tell Children. Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Whispers About Women. Merrick. (Kennerly.) $1.20.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Just and the Unjust. Vaughan. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys After a Fortune. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

DES MOINES, IA.

FICTION

1. Uncle Peter: Heathen. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Penny Philanthropist. Laughlin. (Revell.) 75 cents.
6. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Pluck on the Long Trail. Sabin. (Crowell.) $1.25.
2. Azalia. Peattie. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Jacobs and Read. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Alma of Hadley Hall. Breitenbach. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Bantam. Corcoran. (Harper.) $1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Sun Yat Sen and the Awakening of China. Cantlie and Jones. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. The Call of the Carpenter. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Jacobs and Read. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Scout Master of Troop Five. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. The Dutch Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Court of St. Simon. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
3. The Art of the Musician. Hanchett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Butterfly Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Under the Window. Greenaway. (Warne.) $1.50.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. My Lady's Garter. Futrelle. (Rand, McNally.) $1.35.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
4. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. Spanish Gold. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Play Making. Archer. (Small, Maynard.) $2.00.
2. La Fille du Ciel. Loti and Gautier. (Calmann-Levy.) $1.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Everlasting Mercy. Masefie'd. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Woman. Terhune. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Andorra. Leary. (McBride, Nast.) $1.50.
4. Moths of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Stories. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reil'y & Britton.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori System. Smith. (Harper.) 60 cents.
3. China's New Day. Headland. (Revell.) 50 cents.
4. Christian Faith in the Age of Science. Rice. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Bunnikins-Bunny and the Moon King. Davidson. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.
2. My Robin. Burnett. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
3. Northern Trails. Long. (Ginn.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. My Lady's Garter. Futrelle. (Rand, McNally.) $1.35.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Maggie Pepper. Klein. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry. Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.
3. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60c.
4. Human Efficiency. Dresser. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Glittering Festival. Harrison. (McClurg.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1 50.
4. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.co.
5. The Bride's Hero. Revere. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Kipling's Poems. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Diddie, Dumps and Tot. Pyrnelle. (Harper.) 60 cents.
2. Uncle Remus. Harris. (Appleton.) $2 00.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Officer 666. McHugh. (Fly.) $1.25.
3. In the Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. My Lady's Garter. Futrelle. (Rand, McNally.) $1.35.
5. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Captain Martha Mary. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Rhymes of Childhood. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Bunty Prescott. Phillips. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Our Boy Scouts in Camp. Houston. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. Lulu, Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble. Garis. (Fenno.) 75 cents.
3. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Jacobs and Read. (Page.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. Officer 666. Currie. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mind-Power. Atkinson. (Fenno.) $1.00.
2. The New Pacific. Bancroft. (Bancroft Co.) $2.00.
3. Pennsylvania Business Law. Sullivan. (Winston.) $4.00.
4. The State. Wilson. (Heath.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Quarterback Reckless. Williams. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. Change Signals! Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Likable Chap. Davenport. (Sturgis & Walton.) $1.20.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. Officer 666. Currie and McHugh. (Fly.) $1.25.
2. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Oregon System. Eaton. (McClurg.) $1.00.
3. The American Government. Haskins. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Gill.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Littlest Fairy. Webb. (Dodge.) $1.50.
3. Punky Dunks. (Volland.) $1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. The Court of St. Simon. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Beginner in Poultry. Valentine. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. A New Book of Cookery. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) $1.60.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.
5. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. My Lady's Garter. Futrelle. (Rand, McNally.) $1.35.

5. Blue Anchor Inn. Morris. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
6. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Majority Rule and the Judiciary. Ransom. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
4. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Alma of Hadley Hall. Breitenbach. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Boy Scout Manual. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scout Series. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
2. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
3. Series for Girls. Meade. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.
4. Dreadnought Boys' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Davies. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Plays. Strindberg. (Luce.) $1.50.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Loss of the S.S. Titanic. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. Wonder Workers. Wade. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. In the Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Women's Eyes. Ryder. (Robertson.) $1.00.
2. Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.
3. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
4. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
2. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Rhymes of the Firing Line. Runyon. (Fitz-Gerald.) $1.00.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

[illegible]

NON-FICTION

[illegible] Montessori.

[illegible] White. (Double-

[illegible] Amen. (Houghton

[illegible] Hartford. (Central [illegible] Study of Missions.)

[illegible]

POETRIES

[illegible] Wells. $1.25.

[illegible] Burnett. (Stokes.)

[illegible]

[illegible] Ferris. 75 cents.

[illegible], MASS.

[illegible]

[illegible] Book Supply.)

[illegible] Harper. $1.30.

[illegible] Mifflin.)

[illegible] Chambers. (Ap-

[illegible] Harper. $1.35.

[illegible] Rice. (Cen-

NON-FICTION

[illegible] Stratton-Porter.

[illegible] Amen. (Houghton

[illegible] Beesley.

[illegible] Montessori.

POETRIES

[illegible] Wimfield.

[illegible] Grosset &

[illegible] Porter. (Warne.)

[illegible] the six best-selling [illegible] selected according to the

[illegible] any list receives 10
[illegible] 8
[illegible] 7
[illegible] 6
[illegible] 5
[illegible] 4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

[illegible] ranging lists, the six [illegible] sold best in the [illegible] during the month are:

	POINTS
[illegible] Wright. Book Sup- [illegible]	328
[illegible] the Inn. Smith. [illegible]	169
[illegible] Straight. Amen. [illegible]	168
[illegible] Rinehart. [illegible]	121
[illegible] Stratton-Porter. [illegible]	112
[illegible] Duriess. [illegible]	92



"Tell it not in Gath. Publish it not in the Streets of Ascalon"

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'

NEW NOVEL

The STREETS OF ASCALON

Read "The Streets of Ascalon"—it is a novel of the gay, demoralizing social world—the "magic-lantern" world—the world in which virile men cannot remain very long.

Read how a beautiful society woman illumines in an inherent idler—a social upper servant—something he had unconsciously possessed—another self. How a brief contact with her evoked an aspiration that had never before given signs of existence. How in the midst of flattering, dazzling, deceptive society a great love grew, as pure and deep as any in the penniless world of shreds and patches. The big book of the year.

57 Pages of Pictures by CHARLES DANA GIBSON

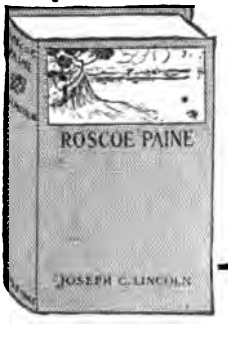
$1.40 *net.* *Postpaid* $1.56

A Romance of Cape Cod, Sparkling with Quaint Yankee Wit and Humor

The RISE OF ROSCOE PAINE

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Cap'n Warren's Wards," etc.



Every chapter of Mr. Lincoln's new story is illuminated with the quaint, shrewd humor of his Cape Cod villagers. The story hinges on a peculiar conflict between a New York millionaire and the leading citizens of the village, which serves to give a young man a new start in life—a man whose spirit of ambition and aggressiveness had been almost extinguished by his father's misdeeds. The story involves a pretty love romance. Throughout the book the reader lives the vibrant life of Cape Cod, and must smile involuntarily at the refreshingly original humor.

Illustrated by Edmund Frederick. $1.30 *net.* *Postpaid* $1.42

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, New York

BURR PRINTING HOUSE, NEW YORK

Consumption and Pneumonia are Preventable!



The use of Platt's Chlorides costs you nothing by preventing sickness.

Impure Air and Sickness are caused by oil and gas stoves, faulty furnaces, etc. In every living-room keep an open vessel containing water and



Platt's Chlorides

The Odorless Disinfectant.

A colorless liquid disinfectant and deodorizer; powerful, safe, and economical. Sold in quart bottles by druggists everywhere. Prepared only by Henry B. Platt, 42 Cliff St., New York.



"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged; thoroughly seasoned. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting.

In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used.

Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

AT YOUR DEALER'S.

Send 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY,
204 Broadway, New York.



This **VOSE** style of **Home Grand** is a splendid grand piano, suited for any home and sold at a reasonable price. The **tone, touch** and **magnificent wearing qualities** of the

Vose Pianos

are only explained by the exclusive patented features and the **high-grade** material and superb workmanship that enter into their construction.

We deliver, when requested, direct from our factory free of charge, and guarantee perfect satisfaction.

Liberal allowance made for old pianos. Time payments accepted.

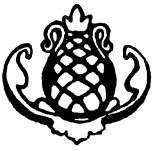
FREE—If you are interested in pianos let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalog that gives full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
150 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

DECEMBER 1912

THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE & LIFE



DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

NEW YORK

New Macmillan Books for Holiday Gifts

THE MODERN READER'S CHAUCER

The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer now first put into modern English by JOHN S. P. TATLOCK and PERCY MACKAYE. Numerous color plates by Warwick Goble. Handsomely bound. A work that has been long waited for. $5.00 *net*

TRAVEL

MR. BRYCE'S NEW BOOK

SOUTH AMERICA: OBSERVATIONS AND IMPRESSIONS

By the Rt. Hon. JAMES BRYCE, author of "The American Commonwealth." "The most comprehensive, clearest, sanest and illuminating volume on South America." $2.50 *net*

PANAMA

By ALBERT EDWARDS. The fascinating story of Panama. Illustrated. $1.50 *net*

SOCIAL BETTERMENT

SOCIALISM FROM THE CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT

By Father BERNARD VAUGHAN, S.J. The broad facts of Socialism and their relation to Christianity. $1.50 *net*

CHRISTIANIZING the SOCIAL ORDER

By Dr. WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH. The new social awakening of moral and religious forces. $1.50 *net*

ART

MORNINGS WITH MASTERS OF ART

By H. H. POWERS, Ph.D. A fine interpretation of the development of Christian art from the time of Constantine to the death of Michael Angelo. Profusely illustrated. $2.00 *net*

A WANDERER IN FLORENCE

By E. V. LUCAS. Richly illustrated and written in the same happy vein as the companion volumes —Paris, London, Holland. $1.75 *net*

FOR THE HOME

SUCCESSFUL HOUSES AND HOW TO BUILD THEM

By CHARLES E. WHITE, JR. With over 400 illustrations. $2.00 *net*

HOME EFFICIENCY

By H. B. and R. W. BRUERE. The management of the home from the practical standpoint. $1.50 *net*

CHRISTMAS

By ZONA GALE. Another of this favorite author's genial stories of American life, similar to "Friendship Village"; a fine vein of romance revealing the meaning of Christmas. Illustrated. $1.25 *net*

NEW NOVELS

THE HEROINE IN BRONZE

JAMES LANE ALLEN's new novel. "An ideal love story by the author of 'A Kentucky Cardinal.'" $1.25 *net*

THE RICH MRS. BURGOYNE

KATHLEEN NORRIS's new novel. Has the same fine appeal as this author's successful novel, "Mother." Colored illustrations. $1.25 *net*

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

By CHARLES WOOD. A thrilling tale of adventure in the stirring war period of 1812. Colored illustrations. $1.25 *net*

DEERING OF DEAL; OR THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL

By LATTA GRISWOLD. A capital story of school life. Illustrated. $1.25 *net*

NEW FICTION THAT IS DIFFERENT

LONDON LAVENDER

By E. V. LUCAS. "A charming novel of quaint and romantic fancy." $1.35 *net*

THE DRIFTING DIAMOND

By LINCOLN COLCORD. A thrilling and dramatic story of adventures in Southern Seas. Colored frontispiece. $1.25 *net*

NEW BOOKS FOR GIRLS

PEGGY STEWART AT HOME

By GABRIELLE E. JACKSON. "A merry story."—*Outlook*. Frontispiece. $1.25 *net*

THE SECRET OF THE CLAN

ALICE BROWN's new book. A story of absorbing interest. Illustrated. $1.25 *net*

THE BOOK OF WINTER SPORTS

By J. C. DIER. All the sports of winter treated in interesting fashion. Handsomely illustrated. $1.50 *net*

THESE BOOKS ON SALE IN ALL BOOK STORES AT THE NET PRICES

The Illustrated Catalogue of MACMILLAN BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS mailed free on request.

Published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 64-66 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

VOL. XXXVI No. 4

THE BOOKMAN

An ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE *of* LITERATURE *and* LIFE

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT PAGE

Sophie's Orthography—The Lesser Evil (with portrait of W. D. Orcutt)—Cross Reference (with portrait of Jean Webster)—Jennette Lee (with portrait)—Arnold Bennett's Sin (with illustrations)—The Chollop Tradition—Conan Doyle and Robert Barr (with portraits)—William H. Allen (portrait)—Some Southern Literary Shrines (with illustration)—Some Poe Questions—Mr. Munday Recalls—A Practical Teacher—Thackeray among the Elements of Rhetoric—A Mistake in Identity—Mrs. Alec Tweedie's Reminiscences (with portrait)—Henry Drummond (with portrait)—A Gentle Reminder—The Donald G. Mitchell Bookplate (illustration)—J. D. Beresford (portrait)—The Old Problem—Chillicothe, Ohio (with portrait of Mrs. Wilson Woodrow)—The Other Side—Edwin Björkman (portrait)—Marion Crawford Memories (with portrait of Mrs. Hugh Fraser)—Caroline Lockhart (portrait) 345–368

SPECIAL ARTICLES

How to Write a Short Story	ROBERT BARR	369
Pierre Loti—Academician (illustrated)	ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE	383
Christmas Voyage and Picture Gallery (illustrated)	ALGERNON TASSIN	391
Hans Christian Andersen and His Tales	GEORG BRANDES	404
Tolstoy and Rockefeller	MAXIMILIAN HARDEN	410
What Makes a Book Sell	ROBERT STERLING YARD	419
The Great Swinburnian Hoax		425
The New Order of Dedication	EDNA KENTON	430

VERSE

The Choice	STEPHEN HENRY THAYER	403

THEMES AND STORIES ON THE STAGE (illustrated)

The New Sin—Anatol—The Blindness of Virtue—Trial Marriage—The Point of View—A Rich Man's Son—Little Women—The Daughter of Heaven—The Yellow Jacket	CLAYTON HAMILTON	372

THE THEORY OF ENDINGS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

The Financier—Mrs. Launcelot—The Soddy—Kirstie—Cease Firing—Clara—Scientific Sprague	FREDERIC TABER COOPER	433

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I	Arnold Bennett's "Your United States"	C. M. FRANCIS	440
II	Bliss Perry's "The American Mind"	C. F. JONES	443
III	John Galsworthy's "Inn of Tranquillity"	E. B. FRENCH	445
IV	H. Noel Williams's "The Love Affairs of the Condés"	ANDRÉ THÉRY	447
V	Duffield Osborne's "Engraved Gems"	FORBES TURNER COLTON	449
VI	Sidney Heath's "Pilgrim Life"	ASHFORD TORREY	452
VII	W. J. Laurence's "The Elizabethan Playhouse"		
VIII	F. Weitenkampf's "American Graphic Art"	CLEVELAND PALMER	453
IX	W. H. Allen's "Modern Philanthropy"	GRAHAM BERRY	456

DAWN ON THE BOOKSHELF HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE 457

A BUDGET OF NOVELS PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR. 461

THE BOOK MART

Sales of Books During the Month	464
The Best Selling Books	472

Published monthly by DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, New York City.

Copyright, 1912, by Dodd, Mead and Company. *All rights reserved.* Entered at New York Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter. *Manuscripts submitted to* THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editor of* THE BOOKMAN."

PRICE, 25 CENTS A NUMBER; $2.50 A YEAR

The Letters of George Meredith

Edited by His Son *2 vols. $4.00 net; postpaid $4.38*

"They open a window into the mind of the man."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Meredith is a writer of infinite faculty for being interesting in detail. . . . They (the letters) are bound to have an exceptional present significance as a revelation of a unique personality."—The Dial.

"Two volumes that disclose the workings of the mind of a genius. There is scarcely a line of them that need be overlooked, for they prove that a writer of Meredith's calibre is frequently, consciously or unconsciously, in the finest of creative or critical moods when he is writing merely for the personal eye of a friend."—Boston Transcript.

The Inn of Tranquillity

By John Galsworthy

This new collection is divided into two sections, one containing papers "Concerning Life," the other "Concerning Letters." The second has a special value in that therein Mr. Galsworthy sets forth his ideas of what art is and of what a novelist and dramatist and poet should be. The first is rather similar to that charming earlier volume of sketches called "A Motley."

$1.30 net; postpaid $1.39



The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands

By Charles Sheldon

Author of "The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon"

With illustrations from photographs and five photogravures from drawings by CARL RUNGIUS

The vivid narrative of Mr. Sheldon's experiences while exploring and hunting for wapiti, bear, and caribou on Vancouver, Queen Charlotte, Montague, and Admiralty Islands, off the coast of British Columbia and Alaska. His adventures, especially that with the big bear of Montague Island, are as thrilling as they are novel.

$2.00 net; postage extra

The Last Frontier

By E. Alexander Powell F.R.G.S.

Late of the American Consular Service in Egypt

"Morocco, Algiers, Tripolitana, Equatoria, Rhodesia, the Sahara, the Sudan, the Congo, the Rand, and the Zambesi; . . . with your permission I will take you to them all, and you shall see, as though with your own eyes, those strange and far-off places which mark the line of the Last Frontier."

This promise Mr. Powell gives in his foreword and makes good in eleven vivid chapters.

Splendidly illustrated with photographs. 8vo

$3.00 net; postage extra

New Trails in Mexico

By Carl Lumholtz

Mr. Lumholtz has a deep love of nature, and his own beautiful descriptions are enhanced by two color plates and many illustrations. But he also has a thorough and large practical knowledge, and his exposition of the opportunities for agriculture and mining are enhanced by two splendid maps made by himself.

$5.00 net; by mail $5.49

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Arm-Chair at the Inn

By F. Hopkinson Smith

"The best he has yet written."—New York Sun.
"It is full of the most delightful reading."—Philadelphia Ledger.
"No bit of the old charm wanting in 'The Arm-Chair at the Inn.'"—Boston Herald.

Illustrated. $1.30 net; postpaid $1.44



Scientific Sprague

By Francis Lynde
Author of "The Price" and "The Taming of Red Butte Western"

Scientific Sprague is a government engineer with a passion for amateur detective work. This he has the chance to gratify through the tangles of difficulties that enmesh the work of his friend, a railroad superintendent of the old Red Butte Western. How he unravels them is told in the graphic narration of a half-dozen exciting and mysterious episodes.

Illustrated
$1.25 net; by mail $1.35

Mary Pechell

By
Mrs. Belloc Lowndes
Author of "Jane Oglander," "The Chink in the Armour," etc.

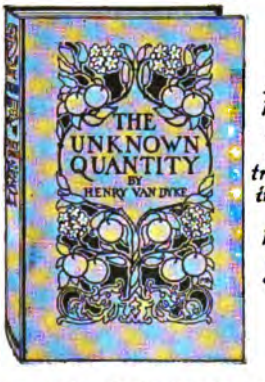
$1.30 net; by mail $1.38

HENRY VAN DYKE'S
Finest work of prose]

The Unknown Quantity

A Book of Romance and Some Half-Told Tales

Price $1.50 net; by mail $1.66



Many handsome illustrations in color and black-and-white

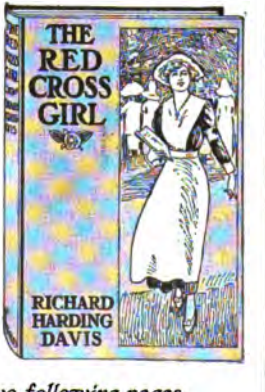
A new work of fiction by Henry van Dyke is an event in literature, eagerly waited for by the many thousands who have read his "Days Off," "The Blue Flower," "The Ruling Passion." This new book is his most important work of prose. Dealers are prepared to meet the great demand.

The Turnstile

By A. E. W. Mason

The romance of Harry Rames, vivid, forceful adventurer, fighting upward in politics with the steady calculation that took him "farthest South," and of Cynthia Daventry, idealist and heiress—this is the central theme in a novel of variegated character and incident that begins on the plain-tracts of Argentina, but shifts to the political stage of England.

$1.30 net; by mail $1.40



The Red Cross Girl

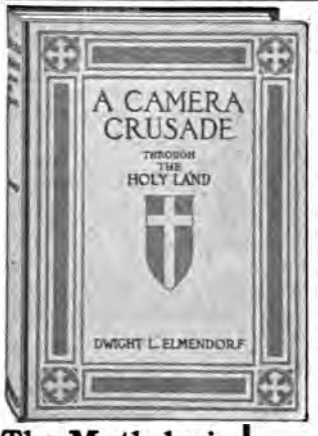
By Richard Harding Davis

You know the excellence of Mr. Davis's stories when they represent the height of his great story-telling talent. These do. The feeling is, he never excelled if he ever equalled "The Red Cross Girl" or "The Grand Cross of the Crescent." The others are worthy to be in the same collection.

$1.25 net; postpaid $1.35

See the two following pages

SCRIBNER'S CHRISTMAS BOOKS



A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land

By Dwight L. Elmendorf

$3.00 net; by mail $3.28

The author writes as well as he lectures—that is all need be said of the first third of this book which is text. But the last two-thirds are most beautiful, clear, full-page photographs—100 in all—of the significant scenes of the Holy Land. No one could come nearer to seeing the region without going there than by seeing these pictures. There is no book anything like this in that respect—no such collection of pictures. A list of biblical passages applying to each is given on the page opposite each.

The Mythological Zoo

Written and illustrated By Oliver Herford

75 cents net; postpaid 83 cents

A Specimen Verse

Although a Fishwife in a sense,
She does not barter Fish for Pence.
Fisher of Men, her Golden nets
For foolish Sailormen she sets.
All day she combs her hair and longs
For Dimpled Feet and Curling tongs.
All night she dreams in ocean caves
Of Low tide Shoes and Marcel Waves
And while the Fishwife, making sales,
May sell her wares upon her scales,
The Mermaid, wonderful to tell,
Must wear her scales upon hersel'.

Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse

By Eugene Field

Illustrated by Florence Storer

In color and black-and-white



$1.50 net

By mail $1.65

Nobody ever caught, held, and imprisoned in print, so successfully as Eugene Field, The Christmas Spirit. But Florence Storer has duplicated his feat of the pen with one of the brush. These eight full-page color drawings—not to mention innumerable pen-and-ink sketches of which the Santa Claus above is one—form a perfect complement to the text. A beautiful Christmas present.

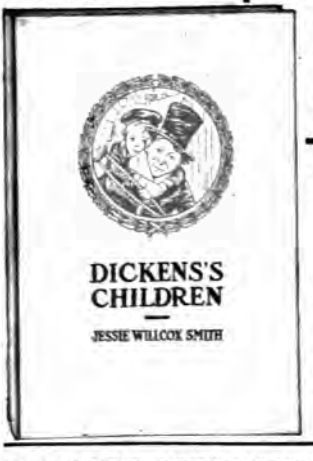
Causes and Effects in American History

The Story of the Origin and Development of the Nation

By Edwin W. Morse

With illustrations, facsimiles and maps, $1.25 net; postpaid $1.35

Aiming to convey a sense, unconfused by detail, of such deep currents of thought, economic, political, moral, as have shaped our national destiny, he deals rather with forces than with incidents, and emphasizes the truly significant.



Dickens's Children

Ten full-page color pictures

By Jessie Willcox Smith

"Dickens's Children" contains ten of the prettiest colored pictures ever seen of Dickens's famous child characters. While Cruikshank's famous caricaturish representations of the Quilps, Micawbers, Wellers are satisfying, it takes the sympathy of a Jessie Willcox Smith to picture the Pauls, Davids, Olivers, and Tiny Tims.

$1.00 net; postpaid $1.08



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Author of **"The Girondins," "Marie Antoinette,"** etc.

THE FOUR MEN

Delicious humor, art—high art—a flavor all its own, new, exquisite, these are attributes of Mr. Belloc's book. Four wanderers—Myself, Grizzlebeard, the Sailor, the Poet—finding themselves on the edge of Sussex, their home county, resolve to tramp through its beloved borders. As they tramp they talk, make verses, sing lusty songs, laugh at Parliament, tenderly recall first loves. They ask of life those deep questions that are never answered; they muse on death.

The reader is bathed in beauty—beauty of thought, beauty of scene, beauty of word. The meaning of the word home takes on fresh richness. The style is nothing short of a delight. Only a skilled workman could maintain the quaint, bygone phraseology. In thought straight from the heart of modernism, there is in manner a reminder of an elder day, a suggestion of those earlier pilgrims of John Bunyan who progressed toward the Heavenly City.

Beautifully Illustrated. 12*mo. Cloth,* $1.25 *net*

By MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

Author of "Miss Selina Lue," "The Melting of Molly," etc.

THE ELECTED MOTHER

This is a story of ballots and a baby. Both concern a lovely young woman who can, on occasion, take what is called a man's part without loss of sweetness and dignity.

Whatever your political creed—or if you repudiate the idea of having a creed—you must rejoice with the elected mother. For Miss Daviess has not only given us an argument for equal suffrage women, she has given us a story. She has not only discussed votes for women, but presented a modern instance. Original, sane, clever, laughable—it is everything that a good story should be.

16*mo. Cloth,* 50 *cents net*

By ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Author of "Smiles Yoked with Sighs," "Chimes from a Jester's Bells," etc.

Old Time & Young Tom

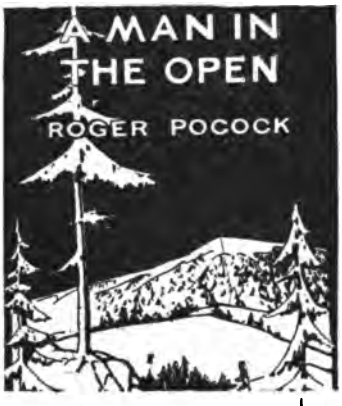
Life and its significance, life and its humor—these are Mr. Burdette's only theme. Always he appears to view men and things through a special spy-glass of his own. "See deep enough and you see humor," he seems to say. Nothing that is amusing, genial, laugh-compelling, tender, escapes him. Throughout all his work a fine vein of sentiment runs. Sympathy glows in his pages. Never does his fun-making bite or sting, but the heartiest laugh has in it something of sweetness.

More than a dozen characteristic sketches and poems, including the famous lecture on "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache," appear here under the title OLD TIME AND YOUNG TOM. Full of smiles and sighs, peculiarly human in quality, they are Burdette at his best.

12*mo. Cloth,* $1.25 *net*

NEW YORK THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY **INDIANAPOLIS**

THE LEADING B



By ROGER POCOCK

A Man in the Open

The author has delineated a man and a woman who are recognizable as breathing human beings, in circumstances almost unbelievable, and made them wholly consistent.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A big, strong man and a most attractive woman—the soul-searching experiences they had before they found the sweet boon known as peace.—*Kansas City Star.*

Price $1.35 net

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

Author of "The Day of Souls" and "My Brother's Keeper."

The Midlanders

An American novel in the fullest meaning of the word; strongly democratic and progressive, resounding with the tramp of young men. Broad in plan, rich in values, timely yet with an enduring appeal.

Illustrated by A. W. Brown. $1.35 net

By WILL IRWIN

Author of "The City That Was."

The Red Button

It is first-class craftsmanship. A capital story.—*New York Sun.*

It's a capital bit of work, pictorial, galloping and unflagging.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Pictures by Max J. Spero. $1.30 net

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY'S

Liberty Belles

At once the largest and most beautiful gift book yet offered the American public. The reproductions have the full size and the full brilliance of original paintings. The decorations are wonderfully soft and artistic. The printing is exquisite.

Cover design and sumptuous decorations by

EARL STETSON CRAWFORD

Size 12x18 inches, Cloth, in a box, $5.00 net.



By
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of "When a Man Marries," "The Circular Staircase," "The Man in Lower Ten," "The Window at the White Cat," etc.

Where There's a Will

"Where There's a Will" is a brisk and amusing novel.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Where There's a Will" contains as many laughs as it has pages.—*Boston Globe.*

All is done in a spirit of spontaneous gayety without any tinge of bitterness.—*Washington Herald.*

Illustrated by F. Vaux Wilson and Coles Phillips. Price $1.30 net.

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Author of "Average Jones"

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

A decidedly vigorous mystery story. *Chicago Record-Herald.*

An analytical detective of a type entirely new.—*New York Herald.*

Illustrated by Schoonover. $1.25 net

All the Year Round

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

With illustrations done on wood and printed in colors by GUSTAVE BAUMANN. "All the Year Round" is a radical departure in gift books. The artist's work is distinctively American and fitting for Mr. Riley's poems.

Cloth, Price, $2.50 net.

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Author of "The Perfect Tribute."

The Marshal

A sustained novel of very ingenious plot; characters drawn with extraordinary skill and understanding; and a charm of manner characteristic of this famous author.

Pictures by Castaigne. $1.35 net.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

Author of "The Prodigal Judge."

The Fortunes of the Landrays

"The Fortunes of the Landrays" is typical of America, big, strong, rich, practical, and yet highly romantic

Illustrated by Bracker. $1.35 net.



NEW YORK — THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY — INDIANAPOLIS

BOOKS OF 1912

A POWERFUL DETECTIVE NOVEL

The Master of Mysteries

This book was written by a well-known author who, for reasons of his own, has preferred to remain anonymous. For the benefit of his friends, however, he has incorporated in the book two cipher messages—one revealing his name, and the other his motives for withholding its appearance from the title page.

Illustrated by Karl Anderson and George Brehm. Price $1.35 net.

By MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS
Author of **"The Melting of Molly," etc.**

The Elected Mother

This is a story of ballots and a baby. Both concern a lovely young woman who can, on occasion, take what is called a man's part without loss of sweetness and dignity. Original, sane, clever, laughable—it is everything that a good story should be.

16mo, cloth, 50 cents net.

By HAROLD MacGRATH
Author of **"The Man on the Box," "Half a Rogue," "The Goose Girl," "The Lure of the Mask," etc.**

The Place of Honeymoons

The theme of Mr. MacGrath's new story is a glittering one. An Austrian Prince, incognito, is a prominent character. Nora from Tuscany is its heroine. She is a grand opera singer and a beautiful woman.

Courtlandt, the young American hero, is a typical MacGrath creation. He is so rich that he cannot get rid of his money fast enough. No love-plot was ever more original. Clearly this is one of the best of the MacGrath stories.

Illustrated by A. I. Keller. Price $1.30 net.



By HILAIRE BELLOC
Author of **"The Girondins," "Marie Antoinette," etc.**

The Four Men

Delicious humor, art—high art—a flavor all its own, new, exquisite, these are attributes of Mr. Belloc's book. Four wanderers tramp through the beloved borders of their home county. As they tramp they talk, make verses, sing lusty songs, laugh at Parliament, tenderly recall first loves.

Illustrated, $1.25 net

By ROBERT J. BURDETTE
Author of **"Chimes From a Jester's Bells," "Smiles Yoked With Sighs," etc.**

Old Time and Young Tom

More than a dozen characteristic sketches and poems. Full of smiles and sighs.

12mo, cloth, $1.25 net

SIGN AT SIX
STEWART EDWARD WHITE



By the author of **"The Blazed Trail"**

The Sign at Six

The plot of Mr. White's story certainly is novel and ingenious.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"The Sign at Six" is a thorough going detective story.—*Springfield Republican.*

Illustrated by Bracker. $1.25 net

BELASCO'S

The Woman

From the play by William C. de Mille
By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

It has the dramatic quality of the play with a fine literary quality, the result being an engrossing novel."—*Buffalo Courier.*

Illustrated by W. B. King. $1.25 net

THE GIFT BOOK OF THE YEAR

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

Drawings by

COLES PHILIPS

The many full-page pictures which illustrate "A Young Man's Fancy" will capture the fancy of any man or any woman, young or old. They are the acme of cleverness, ingenuity, color, grace, sentiment and humor—all that is appealing in Mr. Phillips's art brought together between the covers of one book.

In a box. Cloth. Size 9 x 11
Price, net, $3.00

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER
Author of **"Get Rich Quick Wallingford," etc.**

The Jingo

"The Jingo" is the liveliest novel Mr. Chester has written. It is American through and through. Its supply of fun is fresh and clean and original.

Pictures by F. Vaux Wilson
Price, $1.35 net

THE HENRY HUTT BOOK FOR 1912

Rosebuds

Queen roses in the rosebud garden of girls———these are the visions of loveliness Mr. Hutt has painted for his new gift book.

Boxed, $2.00 net

NEW YORK — THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY — INDIANAPOLIS

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

THE AMERICAN MEDITERRANEAN

By Stephen Bonsal

8vo. Illustrated, with maps. $3.00 net. Postage 20 cents

This is a comprehensive and interesting study of the Caribbean world by an author who knows the various islands of the West Indies, by repeated visits to them and a study of them. The book deals with their history, foreign occupation, and ownership of some of the islands, their relation to this country and the possibilities of developing our commerce with them and responsibilities which we owe these small neighbors of ours.

MARKEN AND ITS PEOPLE

By George Wharton Edwards

Large 8vo. Fully illustrated from original sketches. $2.50 net. Postage 18 cents

This book, full of information, historical allusions and incidents, is polished and easy in style and the book is copiously illustrated by the author-artist from sketches and studies made on this quaintest and most picturesque of islands.

MOTOR RAMBLES IN ITALY

By Credo Harris

Large 8vo. 120 illustrations from original photographs. $2.50 net. Postage 20 cents

A delightful account of a motor trip taken by three friends through Italy. There is hardly a place of interest in that country which has not been covered in this tour. The narrative is delightfully told, and the book is illustrated with over 120 full-page half-tones taken from original photographs.

A CHRISTMAS HONEYMOON

Frances Aymar Matthews

12mo. Illustrated in full color. Price $1.00 net. Postage 10 cents

A genuine Christmas love story, romantic, tender, and human. Saturated with the Christmas spirit. Full of the flavor of old New York. There never was a more winsome or wilful heroine than Betty, a more manly or stubborn hero, nor a more thorough little aristocrat than Pierre de la Quereau.

THE SEER

By Perley Poore Sheehan

12mo. $1.20 net. Postage 12 cents

"The Seer" is the strange and gripping story of how a country preacher, rising to a position of fame and power through the practical application of old truths, sways men and women regardless of creed or race. The odd and unforgettable characters are of a kind rarely touched on hitherto in any book. The quality of the present work is best described in the words of one friend to another: "If you're up against it, read 'The Seer.'"

MELINDY

By Stella George Stern Perry

12mo. Frontispiece. $1.00 net. Postage 10 cents

It is a simple, real life story of absorbing interest, told lovingly, told with exquisite touch, told with real humor and—because it is a real life story—told with some pathos, too. But chiefly with humor because its central figure is Melindy, and Melindy is a very humorous person indeed.

THE FRESHMAN

James Hopper

12mo. Illustrated. $1.00 net. Postage 10 cents

A stirring Football story, with a rattling good account of the game of the year, and of how Carter showed his sand and made good in spite of his being green and awkward.

THE HELPING HAND COOK BOOK

Marion Harland and Christine Terhune Herrick

$1.25 net. Postage 12 cents

Prepared by two experienced housekeepers and writers. Especially written for housekeepers of moderate means. A menu for every meal in the year, and excellent recipes for dishes of all sorts.

MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

116-120 WEST 32D STREET - - - NEW YORK

Two Big Books Ideal For Christmas Giving



☞ This picture shows a copy of "Their Yesterdays" wrapped and tied (no string used) with special package band of "Christmas Greetings"—no extra charge.

Ask your bookseller to show you these

Two Attractive Christmas Packages

They can be mailed—they are not sealed.

This picture shows a copy of "The Winning of Barbara Worth" ☞ wrapped and tied (no string used) with special package band of "Greetings of the Season"—no extra charge.

First Printing One-Half Million Copies

¶ **Philadelphia North American**—Best sellers run away and hide when the author of "The Shepherd of the Hills" comes into the running.



Harold Bell Wright's

New Story of the Love of a Man and a Woman

THEIR YESTERDAYS

¶ Tender with sentiment, pathos, realism. Honors the home, supremely glorifies the wife and mother—delightfully wholesome.

Illustrations in Colors by F. Graham Cootes. Cloth, 12mo. $1.30 Net

Bound uniform with "Barbara Worth"

Harold Bell Wright's Latest and Biggest Novel

Second Printing 750th Thousand

The Most Popular Book in the World

THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH

"A book that will mould and make nations."

A Present-Day Story of Reclamation and Love

Illustrations made on the scenes of the story by F. Graham Cootes

Cloth, 12mo. $1.30 Net

Other Novels by Mr. Wright Uniform With Above

That Printer of Udell's, The Shepherd of the Hills, The Calling of Dan Matthews

¶FOR DESIRABLE GIVING BY PARTICULAR GIVERS—"Their Yesterdays" and "The Winning of Barbara Worth" with extra Ooze Tan Calf Slip Cover that fits neatly over the regular cloth-bound edition (easily removed), making an elegant presentation edition. Each $2.00 Net.

Harold Bell Wright's Famous Allegory of Life

The Uncrowned King

¶The message Harold Bell Wright gave to the world in *Novel* form in "The Calling of Dan Matthews" and then again in *Allegory* in this story of "The Uncrowned King" is so vital to the race that it will have its influence on generations even beyond our own.

Illustrations by John Rea Neill. 16mo. Cloth 50 Cents Net, Full Leather $1.00 Net

Publishers' Selling Agents to the Trade in the U. S.

THE REILLY AND BRITTON COMPANY

1006 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, Publishers, 231-233 West Monroe St., Chicago

Established 1895 **E. W. REYNOLDS, President**

Over Three Million Harold Bell Wright Books Have Been Sold

New Books for the Young Folks

BILL THE MINDER — *Written and Illustrated by* **W. Heath Robinson**

"The finest book for children since Howard Pyle's 'Twilight Land.'"—*The Evening Sun.* "Surely the most charming juvenile since 'Peter Pan.'"—*Living Age.*
Sixteen plates in full color and some hundred line drawings in the text. 8vo, *boxed.* $3.50 *net; by mail* $3.70

PARTNERS FOR FAIR — **Alice C. Haines**

By the author of "The Luck of the Dudley Grahams." A story full of action about a boy and a dog, on the Mexican border. *Illustrated.* $1.25 *net.*

BETTY-BIDE-AT-HOME — **Beulah Marie Dix**

By the author of "Friends in the End." Tells of what befell Betty when she gave up college to look after her family. *Illustrated.* $1.25 *net.*

THE BOY SCOUTS OF BOB'S HILL — **Chas. Pierce Burton**

The fourth in the popular Bob's Hill series. Illustrated by Gordon Grant, the official artist of the Boy Scouts. $1.25 *net.*

SAINTS AND HEROES SINCE THE MIDDLE AGES — **Dean Hodges**

The *Boston Transcript* said of Dean Hodges' "Saints and Heroes to the End of the Middle Ages": "His style is simple and direct . . . of absorbing interest." In his new book he writes of Luther, More, Loyola, Crammer, Laud, Cromwell, Calvin, Knox, William the Silent, Bunyan, Fox, Wesley, etc., etc. *Illustrated.* $1.35 *net.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH — **John Buchan**

A life of this boy's hero told in eleven stories. With double-page illustrations in color. $2.00 *net.*

GULLIVER'S VOYAGES TO LILLIPUT AND BROBDINGNAG — **Staynes Edition**

THE young folks' Gulliver. Every page is illustrated or decorated in color by P. A. Staynes. *Boxed.* $2.25 *net.*

A FEW OF THE LATEST BOOKS FOR

Children of an Older Growth

LEADING AMERICAN INVENTORS — **George Iles**

The author of "Inventors at Work," etc., discusses: Colonel John Stevens (screw-propeller, etc.), Fulton, Ericsson, Whitney (cotton-gin), McCormick, Howe (sewing-machine), Morse, Tilghman (paper from wood, and sand blast), Sholes (typewriter), and Mergenthaler, etc., etc. In "Leading Americans," edited by W. P. TRENT. *With numerous illustrations.* $1.75 *net.*

SOME ENGLISH STORY-TELLERS — **Frederic Taber Cooper**

A BOOK OF THE YOUNGER NOVELISTS; CONRAD, DEMORGAN, HEWLETT, PHILLPOTTS, KIPLING, LOCKE, GALSWORTHY, BENNETT, HOPE, SINCLAIR, OLLIVANT, HICHENS, etc. *With portraits.* $1.60 *net.*
The Dial called his "Some American Story-Tellers" "an invaluable source of information . . . interesting."

GERMANY AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR — **G. H. Perris**

By the author of "Russia in Revolution," etc. A profound, far-reaching study of the modern German character as an evolution of German political history. A sympathetic defence of the German people and their political aims; but it is not less a frank indictment of certain national traits. $3.00 *net.*

TRAILS TRAPPERS AND TENDERFEET — **Stanley Washburn**

In the New Empire of Western Canada. Travel and adventure in the Canadian Rockies. *Illustrated.* $3.00 *net.*

WHY WOMEN ARE SO — **Mary Roberts Coolidge**

Explains and traces the development of the woman of 1800 into the woman of to-day. It interprets and justifies to women their struggle for better things. The *New York Sun* says: "Her comments have somewhat the homely ring of truth that one finds in the stories of Mary E. Wilkins. . . . An interesting and generally sound book." ($1.50 *net*).

THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE — COMPILED BY **Burton E. Stevenson**

The best American and English short poems (1580-1912), and such long ones as the entire "Rubaiyat," "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," etc. 3,120 poems by 1,100 authors. Complete indices. India paper—single column—good-sized type. *In a volume but 2 inches thick.* $7.50 *net.*
"A remarkable book. The distinctive mark of the collection is its catholicity and the large number of poems by very modern authors. The editor and publishers alike deserve all praise."—*New York Sun.*

THE SOUL OF A TENOR — **W. J. Henderson**

The Times Review calls this book by a famous musical critic "A really great novel." Walter Littlefield in *The Chicago Record-Herald:* "The world of opera in all its throbbing movement and color. The book has humor, too." $1.35 *net.*

PHOEBE ERNEST AND CUPID — **Inez Haynes Gillmore**

"They dearly love a good time; they are entirely unaffected, entirely alive, entirely American. . . . We recommend it with all our heart; it is not only cheerful, it's true."—*The Times Review.* Illustrated. $1.35 *net.*

Postage on Net Books 8% additional. Special Circulars of books on MUSIC or DRAMA on application.

HENRY HOLT & CO., 34 West 33d St., New York

BOOKS for GIFTS

ILLUSTRATED BY DULAC AND TYNDALE

THE NEW DULAC BOOK FOR 1912

THE BELLS AND OTHER POEMS.

By Edgar Allan Poe. Quarto Handsomely bound in cloth. Boxed. Net, $5.00

Illustrated with 30 plates in color and many decorations in black and white by Edmund Dulac.

Special Limited Edition signed by the artist. Handsomely bound in leather. Net, $25.00

AN ARTIST IN EGYPT. Written and illustrated in color by Walter Tyndale, R. I. With forty illustrations in color. Large Quarto. Net, $5.00

In most picturesque and illuminating fashion with pen and brush Mr. Tyndale gives the romance of Egypt, visualized by superb pictures in color.

Special Limited Edition signed by the artist. Handsomely bound in leather. Net, $25.00

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE ADVENTURES OF KITTY COBB. Pictures and text by James Montgomery Flagg. Quarto boards. Net, $2.00

Distinctly the clever book of the season. In this book Mr. Flagg tells the story of Kitty Cobb and her adventures from the time of her leaving her country home, through the trials, vicissitudes and triumphs of a city career. In wit and pathos he tells the story briefly in attractive legend and where your normal romanticist takes pages for description and dialogue Mr. Flagg tells more in each one of his thirty-six inimitable pictures.

BOOKS BY IRVIN S. COBB

BACK HOME: Being the Narrative of Judge Priest and His People. Illustrated. Net, $1.25

With rare faculty for humorous narrative Mr. Cobb has made BACK HOME one of the finest, most genuine and admirable of novels.

COBB'S ANATOMY: A guide to humor. Illustrated by Peter Newell. Decorated boards. Net, $0.75

An ingenious book in which there is a genial philosophy, and a hearty laugh on every page.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

THE LOST WORLD: Being an account of the recent amazing adventures of Professor Challenger and others. Illustrated. Net, $1.25

CHALLENGER. DOYLE'S central character creation in this thrilling adventure story easily contests for first place in novelty and craftiness of conception with the author's immortal SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY HELEN S. WOODRUFF

MIS' BEAUTY. Illustrations in color by W. L. Jacobs. Net, $1.00

A deliciously sweet and fragrant story of Southern life by a daughter of the South.

BY RALPH CONNOR

CORPORAL CAMERON of the North West Mounted Police. Net, $1.25

This is the eagerly awaited Ralph Connor story of the Mounted Police. It is the most picturesque subject yet undertaken by this famous novelist in his story-history of the West.

BY PAUL WEST

JUST BOY. Illustrated. Net, $1.20

Here, as truthfully as in "Huckleberry Finn," we get a humorous glimpse of the world as seen through the eyes of a healthy, mischievous specimen of a young American boy.

Have You Ever Seen The Kewpies?

THE KEWPIES AND DOTTY DARLING. Verses and Pictures for Children by Rose O'Neill. Decorated Cover. Quarto. $1.25

Not since the days of Palmer Cox's BROWNIES has there appeared a book of such genuine and compelling originality as THE KEWPIES. These cunning little figures have such good times and such funny experiences, and their story is so charmingly told in sweet verse by Rose O'Neill, that KEWPIES is bound to be the friendliest child's book creation of many years.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, New York

PUBLISHERS IN AMERICA FOR HODDER & STOUGHTON

H&S H&S H&S H&S H&S

Choice Books for Christmas Giving

For the print enthusiast

Prints and Their Makers

Essays of authority on engravers old and modern. Edited by FitzRoy Carrington. Illustrations from 197 original etchings and engravings of rare interest and value. Beautifully made.

Royal 8vo, 275 pages of text. Price $3.50 net, postage 21 cents.

A specially satisfying gift-book

Why Go To College

By Clayton Sedgwick Cooper

This broad survey of academic life and influence has a message for every man and woman interested in the equipping of the young men of our nation for efficient citizenship.

Attractive illustrations from etchings and drawings by Thomas Wood Stevens and others.

8vo, 212 pages. Price $1.50 net, postage 13 cents.

For the thinking citizen

The New Industrial Day

By William C. Redfield

A fresh and vital discussion of pressing problems by an authority, dealing with fundamental, economic and sociological laws. A book of live interest.

12mo, 275 pages. Price $1.25 net, postage 12 cents.

For the friend who loves old things

By-Paths in Collecting

By Virginia Robie

A delightful guide for both the experienced and amateur collector in the quest of rare and unique old china, furniture, brass, etc.



A charmingly made volume. Frontispiece in rich color. Eighty interesting insets from photographs.

Lovely headbands and tailpieces by Brennan.

8vo, 600 pages. Price $2.40 net, postage 16 cents.

Everybody's St. Francis

By Maurice Francis Egan
United States Minister to Denmark

A biography of rare sympathy and charm, the story of the life and work of perhaps the most widely known and loved saint of all history.

Eight exquisite full-page illustrations in the colors of the originals, and twelve in black and white, by the noted French artist, M. Boutet de Monvel. *Royal 8vo, 195 pages. Price $2.50 net, postage 12 cents.*

For every Lincoln lover

Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln

By Helen Nicolay

A delightful and illuminating record, based largely upon material gathered by the late John G. Nicolay, one of Lincoln's private secretaries. An intimate and sympathetic revelation of many unfamiliar phases of the great American's private life.

Reproductions of handbills, invitations, letters, and documents in Lincoln's own writing.

Tall 12mo, 387 pages. Price $1.80 net, postage 14 cents.

THE CENTURY CO. Union Square NEW YORK

Choice Books for Christmas Giving

A happy gift

The Lady and Sada San



The long-awaited sequel to that popular success, "The Lady of the Decoration," by Frances Little. The later story of "the Lady" and Jack and their share in the romance of an adorable Japanese girl—whimsically and delightfully told.

Lovely frontispiece in color.
Price $1.00 net, postage 6 cents.

"C Q"

By Arthur Train. A dashing, spicy romance of the Wireless House.

Price $1.20 net, postage 12 cents.

For the friend who delights in Maurice Hewlett

Mrs. Lancelot

Three men—very different—loved Mrs. Lancelot of elusive charm. Which of the three did *she* love? The author of "The Forest Lovers" has done nothing more fascinating.

Unusual illustrations. Price $1.35 net, postage 13 cents.

A specially acceptable gift for a man

Smoke Bellew

Jack London's best story—and Jack London at his best is among the mightiest. A virile, gripping tale of love and adventure in the Klondike.

Spirited pictures. Price $1.30 net, postage 13 cents.

The friend to whom you send it will bless you

Daddy-Long-Legs

By Jean Webster. "Daddy-Long-Legs" is the nickname of a young philanthropist who sends an orphan girl through college. Spicy, original, overflowing with fun.

Out-of-the-usual illustrations. Price $1.00 net, postage 8 cents.

For many a friend

A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill



The new book by Alice Hegan Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Quaint humor of the Mrs. Wiggs type is woven into a love story of unusual charm and much power.

Attractively illustrated. *Price $1.25 net, postage 12 cents.*

For the Boys' and Girls' Christmas Stockings

Russian Wonder Tales

The folk-tales of all the Russias. With twelve quaint and beautiful full-page pictures in the colors of the originals by the famous Russian artist Bilibin.

Price $2.50 net, postage 19 cents.

Jataka Tales

A book of fascinating jungle lore and primitive folk-tales—adapted from the sacred books of the Buddhists. Thirty-six unusual pictures in silhouette.

Price $1.00 net, postage 8 cents.

Ralph Henry Barbour's

Crofton Chums

A fine new book—new scenes, new characters, plenty of foot-ball—by the popular author of "Team-Mates." Illustrations by Relyea.

Price $1.25 net, postage 12 cents.

Francis Arnold Collins'

The Wireless Man

A host of true stories of wireless adventure on land and sea, by the author of "The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes." Many illustrations.

Price $1.20 net, postage 11 cents.

Rupert Sargent Holland's

The Knights of the Golden Spur

Imagine the fun of it—a boy of to-day sharing in the adventures of half-a-dozen of the most famous knights in history. Fine illustrations by Reginald Birch.

Price $1.25 net, postage 12 cents.

By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe

The Lucky Sixpence

A stirring tale, telling the many adventures of a little English girl shipped, by strange chance, to the Colonies. Attractively illustrated by Becher.

Price $1.25 net, postage 12 cents.

Frederick Orin Bartlett's

The Lady of the Lane

A prettily told tale of how a rich father's daughter found the secret of happy living. Illustrations by Caswell.

Price $1.25 net, postage 12 cents.

Maria T. Daviess'

Sue Jane

A story of many good times at a girls' boarding-school, with an unusual note in it. Delightfully told by the author of "The Melting of Molly."

Price $1.25 net, postage 10 cents.

Our Illustrated Holiday Catalogue is rich in suggestions for Christmas planning and giving for young and old. We are glad to send it on request.

THE CENTURY CO. Union Square NEW YORK

GIFT BOOKS FOR EVERY PURSE AND TASTE

Just-So Stories By Rudyard Kipling

Mr. Gleeson has executed a series of twelve drawings in full colors, which we and many others believe are the best things that have ever been done. We believe that any one who loves the "Just-so Stories" will experience a new and unexpected delight when he sees Mr. Gleeson's illustrations. *Net* $2.50. *12 illustrations in colors by J. M. Gleeson. This edition is the first impression from new type.*

Reminiscences of the South Seas By John La Farge

Author of "100 Masterpieces of Painting," "Great Masters," etc.

Among the artists the thing for which Mr. La Farge stood pre-eminently was his pictures of the South Seas. He left behind him a journal and series of letters covering his stay in Samoa and Fiji, which show in words the sense of the rich charm of color and line that make his paintings things of beauty. *Illustrations. 32 in color, 16 in black and white, by the author. Net,* $7.50.

Browning and His Century

By Helen A. Clarke

Author of "Browning's England," "Hawthorne's Country," etc.

This volume is immensely suggestive to all who are in the least familiar with the poet; while to others it will give that which is so difficult to get—a rounded-out notion of the age, the man, his work and his message. Coming as it does in the centennial year, the book has an added significance. *Illustrated. Net,* $1.50. (Ready in November.)

Composition

By Professor Arthur Wesley Dow

Revised and Enlarged. Seventh Edition

The purpose of this work is to present authoritatively the synthetic method of teaching art—the approach through Design, instead of through Drawing (from nature)—considering art as something *built up* of synthetic line light and dark and color. *Illustrated in color. Net,* $4.00.

Illustrated Holiday Edition



KIM

By RUDYARD KIPLING

This is a new and beautiful edition of "Kim," made noteworthy by the reproduction in colors of the terra-cotta placques, executed by John Lockwood Kipling, father of the author, for the story of "Kim." For all lovers of Kipling the present edition will be a treasure, both for its finished workmanship and also as a tribute to John Lockwood Kipling, who in his day was said to know more about India than any other man in or out of it. *This edition is the first impression from new type. Net,* $3.50.

The Land of Foot-Prints By Stewart Edward White

Author of "The Rules of the Game," "The Cabin," "The Riverman," etc.

Mr. White has discovered a *new* Africa by the simple expedient of finding the *real* one. The public has been taught to believe that Africa consists of lions, rhinos and native guides. Mr. White has found a real people whose life is highly interesting and whose progress is wonderful. *Illustrated. Net,* $1.50.

The Spider Book

By John Henry Comstock

This is a scientific work, but is written with the clarity and simplicity of style that has made the author's "Manual" a classic in the literature of insect life. This first comprehensive book on the habits and classification of a vast natural group is a notable contribution to the literature of science. *Illustrations, 1 in color and over 700 in black and white. Net,* $4.00.

The Book of Woodcraft and Indian-Lore

By Ernest Thompson Seton

Author of "Two Little Savages," "Rolf in the Woods," etc. Mr. Seton has here developed the woodcraft principles set forth in his earlier interesting manual, "The Birch-Bark Roll." By Woodcraft he means nature study, certain kinds of hunting, the art of camping and all good outdoor athletics. *Illustrated. Cloth, net,* $1.75.

Aesop's Fables

Illustrated by Arthur Rackham

This volume adds another classic to the list of popular priced books for which Arthur Rackham has done such wonderful illustrations. Last year his Grimm's "Fairy Tales" had a remarkable success as a Holiday gift-book. The present volume is uniform in style with his "Alice in Wonderland." *Net,* $1.50. *De Luxe Edition, 250 copies, net,* $10.00.

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

THE BOOKMAN ADVERTISER

The Call of the Carpenter

By Bouck White

A revolutionary yet reverent interpretation of the life and mission of Christ. A book of the newer Christmas spirit. *New Edition. Frontispiece by Balfour Ker. Net,* $1.20.

Gulliver's Travels

Edited by Clifton Johnson

Gulliver was never more fascinating than in this book, in which has been left all the thread of the wonderful adventures. Though the author has taken out certain parts which were neither suitable nor desirable for children's reading. *Illustrated by D. Groesbeck. Net,* $1.20.

New Demands in Education

By James P. Munroe

A most interesting discussion of modern educational methods in the light of present and future needs. *Net,* $1.25.

The Man Farthest Down

By Booker T. Washington

Author of "Up From Slavery," "My Larger Education," etc.

This is the record of a trip made by Dr. Washington for the purpose of studying conditions in Europe, and it is a most illuminating book. There is no one whose keen sympathy and understanding enables him really to depict so well the conditions of the man farthest down. *Net,* $1.50.

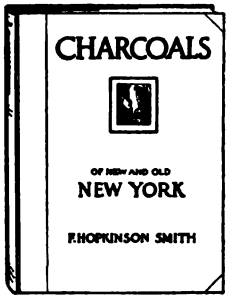
The Man Who Bucked Up

By Arthur Howard

The man who bucked up at the age of thirty-eight and in eighteen months owned a newspaper and was mayor of a town of forty thousand people tells his own true, frank story. Used to wealth and luxury, spending thousands of dollars a year in fashionable New York restaurants, a waster, disowned by his father, he pulled himself up by the boot-straps. You may not believe it in a novel, but you'll have to believe Howard's own story. *Net,* $1.00.

A

BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOOK



Charcoals of New and Old New York

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

Author of "A Day at Laguerre's," "Col. Carter, of Cartersville," "Peter," etc.

Wall Street, the Brooklyn Bridge, Castle Garden (where Jenny Lind sang), Old Trinity Church—these and many others make up this beautiful volume. 20 *illustrations. Net,* $5.00. *Also Limited Edition de Luxe on large paper with special features and signed by the author,* 125 *copies only. Price, net,* $25.00.

Anticipating the ultimate appreciation of the value of this superb work, Himebaugh & Brown of 415 and 516 Fifth Avenue, New York, have purchased the entire De Luxe edition.

Boy's Book of New Inventions

By Harry E. Maule

Stories of the latest of the world's great inventions are told for the young reader whose mind turns naturally to machines and machinery. Practically every world-important achievement of the last ten years is treated in the ten chapters of the book. *Sixty-three illustrations. Net,* $1.00.

Princess Rags and Tatters

By Harriet T. Comstock

Author of "Joyce of the North Woods"

She was not a real princess, but when she walked out thinking she was, every one turned to look admiringly at her. And this make-believe princess did find one little boy's grandfather for him, and her own beautiful garden, which was after all a real one. All of her adventures are interesting.
Illustrated in colors. Net, 75 cents.

The Ben Greet Shakespeare

Edited and with stage directions by Ben Greet

Every volume has the text, with the stage directions on the page opposite and full details for scenery. David Belasco says: "It is a splendid arrangement by Mr. Greet, but then why should it not be? Mr. Greet is one of the few artists in the world who has a real understanding of all the wondrous charm of the great bard."
The Volumes: Midsummer Night's Dream; The Tempest; As You Like It; Two Gentlemen of Verona; Taming of the Shrew; Merchant of Venice; Comedy of Errors; Julius Cæsar.
Each vol., cloth, net, 60 *cents. Leather, net,* 90 *cents.*

Songs from Books

By Rudyard Kipling

Mr. Kipling says of this book: "Here will be found the greater part of the verses scattered through my novels and stories, with the exception of children's stories. In several instances, where only a few lines or stanzas were originally used, I have given in full the song, etc., whence they were taken."
It is surprising with how fresh an appeal these verses come to one in this collected form. *Net,* $1.40.

Published by DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, Garden City, N. Y.

A Beautifully Illustrated Holiday Catalogue Sent Free

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

THE BOOKMAN ADVERTISER

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS



CHILDHOOD
By BURGES JOHNSON

A beautiful quarto volume, elaborately printed and bound, containing the best verse about children that has yet appeared from Mr. Johnson's talented pen. Illustrated by 20 fine full-page photographs by Cecilia Bull Hunter and Caroline Ogden. Cloth, $3.00 *net*. Postage 30 cents.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF JAPAN
By F. HADLAND DAVIS

A fascinating and informing work on Japanese lore and literature, which will command the keenest interest of readers young and old. 32 illustrations in color by Evelyn Paul. $3.50 *net*. Postage 25 cents.

A MEXICAN JOURNEY
By E. H. BLICHFELDT

A complete, up-to-date survey of this interesting country by a traveler and writer thoroughly posted on its affairs political, commercial, and industrial. Map and 32 illustrations. $2.00 *net*. Postage 20 cents.

THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA
By H. W. VAN DYKE

A description and discussion of all the countries of South America. Introduction by HON. JOHN BARRETT. Map and 32 illustrations. $2.00 *net*. Postage 20 cents.

THE ALPS AS SEEN BY THE POETS
Edited by J. W. McSPADDEN

An unusually pleasing volume of verse celebrating the glories of the Alps, selected from the works of the greatest poets. 16 superb reproductions in color of paintings of noted Alpine scenes. $1.50 *net*. Postage 15 cents.

YULE-TIDE CHEER
Edited by EDWARD A. BRYANT

The most comprehensive, discriminatingly chosen collection of Christmas verse ever included in one attractive volume. Over 200 world-famous poems, carols, and hymns are given. Photogravure frontispiece. Flexible cloth, $1.00 *net*. Limp leather, $1.50 *net*. Postage 10 cents.

WAGNER'S MEISTERSINGER
Translated by OLIVER HUCKEL

The great poet and dramatist's only humorous opera, translated and retold in style uniform with Dr. Huckel's other well-known renderings of the Wagner productions. Printed in two colors. Four illustrations. 75 cents *net*.



KIRSTIE A Novel
By the Author of "The Journal of a Recluse"

"High-keyed, beautifully phrased, full of reflection and observation upon life." $1.25 *net*. Postage 12 cents.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, New York

Splendid Books for Christmas

ROYAL AUCTION BRIDGE

By R. F. FOSTER

Author of "Foster's Complete Hoyle," etc.

A handbook of the new count (Lilies) giving full advice as to bidding tactics, which have completely changed under the new suit values, and latest official rules of the Whist Club of New York. *$1.00 net; postpaid, $1.09.*

MY ROBIN

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "The Secret Garden," etc.

This little story of the real robin from whom Mrs. Burnett drew the robin in "The Secret Garden" is sweet, tender and true-hearted. Instinct with whispers of the out-doors in springtime. *50 cents net; postpaid 56 cents.*

The SPIRIT of CHRISTMAS

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

An ideal Christmas remembrance for anyone who enjoys the perfect expression of thoughts really beautiful.

Cloth, 16mo. 50 cents net; postpaid 56 cents.



EPOCHS of CHINESE and JAPANESE ART

By ERNEST F. FENOLLOSA

Professor Fenollosa was Imperial Commissioner of Fine Arts for Japan, and this, his life work, is written in interesting, often poetic style. It deals with the significant, creative periods and passes over the intervals of imitation. New theories of great importance are advanced. With 184 full-page illustrations in colors and black-and-white. *In two vols. Cloth, 4to, in box, $10.00 net; express paid $10.60.*

The TAPESTRY BOOK

By HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

Author of "Decorative Styles and Periods."

At once a guide to collectors and a volume of general information for those with a taste for art. It explains the technical terminology, describes the processes of manufacture and their variations in different periods, relates the history of the art from antiquity to modern times, describes great sets and devotes chapters to identification and manufacturers' marks. The volume is no mere handbook, but is full of anecdote. *With four full-page illustrations in colors and 96 in black-and-white. Net $3.50; postpaid $3.69.*

The CURTISS AVIATION BOOK

By GLENN H. CURTISS and AUGUSTUS POST

The most human book on aviation ever written. Curtiss here tells intimately how he worked his way up from a typical village boyhood. He describes just how he felt on the historic Albany to New York flight, just how he planned and worked out each detail of his hydro-aeroplane, just what he, from immense "inside knowledge," believes the aeroplane will do in the future. Captain Paul Beck, of the Army, and Lieutenant Theodore Ellyson, of the Navy, discuss the future of the aeroplane in war. With copious illustrations. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.35 net; postpaid $1.45.*

Important Fiction

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES

By RICHARD DEHAN

Author of "One Braver Thing."

A novel called a masterpiece by critics, telling of the fight of a man against tremendous temptation before and during the Crimean War. The background is of heroic size, and the book is big in every way. *$1.40 net; postpaid $1.53.*

The LONG PORTAGE

By HAROLD BINDLOSS

Author of "Winston of the Prairie," "Vane of the Timberlands," etc.

A story of the towering, clean-aired forests of the Northwest. An exciting race in the forest, the shooting of treacherous rapids and plenty of out-door action lead to the unexpected outcome. *$1.25 net; postpaid $1.37.*

KING-ERRANT

By FLORA ANNIE STEEL

Author of "On the Face of the Waters."

A novel based on the romantic career of Baber, the great Hindu conqueror. Full of the color of the East, the exotic characters of its men and women, and the kaleidoscopic changes of its war and politics. With frontispiece in color. *Cloth, 12mo., $1.30 net; postpaid $1.42.*

AMERICAN TYPES

By CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

A large book of pictures containing 16 full-page reproductions in colors and 46 in black-and-white, of Underwood's famous ideals of womanly beauty and other "American Types." The text consists of appropriate *vers de societe.* Handsomely printed and bound. In box. Cloth, 4to, *$2.50 net; postpaid $2.77.*

The STORY of IDYLLS of the KING

A beautiful gift book, containing 11 illustrations in colors by Maria L. Kirk. Tennyson's original "Idylls," with a good prose version, comprise the text. Handsomely printed and well-bound. End-papers in two colors. Cloth, quarto, in box, *$2.00 net; postpaid $2.20.*

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Send for full descriptive catalog of many excellent books for children.

OTHERS

are fully described in our "Budget of News."

Bk. 12-12

F. A. Stokes Co.
443-449 Fourth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me 1. New Books for Children. 2. A Budget of News for Lovers of Books.

.....

.....

Publishers - FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY - New York

ANNOUNCING

An Important New Novel by

EDITH WHARTON

Entitled

THE REEF

A story of American society people residing abroad, the chief characters among whom are an attractive widow and an extremely interesting girl who is obliged to earn her living as a companion and secretary. "The Reef" is a remarkable study of the character of a woman of the world. The story is the happy solution of one of the perplexing problems of society.

$1.30 net *Postpaid, $1.42*

D. APPLETON & COMPANY

Publishers :: New York

GIFT BOOKS

Four exquisite little Christmas stories, beautifully and appropriately printed and bound



Blue-Bird Weather

By Robert W. Chambers

The romance of a pretty country girl and a young clubman, who meet at a duck shooting station on Chesapeake Bay. Pictures by Charles Dana Gibson.

Cloth. $1.00 net; postpaid, $1.09

Where the Heart Is

By Will Irwin



This well-known author, in a lively little story, shows that Christmas is what you make it, and that true happiness is independent of material surroundings.

Cloth. 50c. net; postpaid, 55c.

The Going of the White Swan

By Sir Gilbert Parker

A pathetic little story of the Canadian woods, telling of a priest's sacrifice to reconcile a husband and wife.



Cloth. 75c. net; postpaid, 82c.



Mrs. Budlong's Christmas Presents

By Rupert Hughes

A side-splitting attack on the Christmas present mania. A story that will keep the reader in a continuous roar of laughter.

Cloth. 50c. net; postpaid, 55c.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, New York

Choose Your Gifts from DUTTON'S HOLIDAY LIST



Illustrations reduced from a color-plate in Blake's "Songs of Innocence."



LADY CLIFFORD.



ILLUSTRATED TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Karakoram and Western Himalaya
An account of the expedition of
H. R. H., Prince Luigi Amadeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi
Dr. Filippi's interesting narrative of perilous adventures yielding scientific information of great value has a double claim to be the most notable travel book of the year. *In two cr. 4to volumes, superbly illustrated. The set, $15 net.*

Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London By A. St. John Adcock
74 illus. from pen drawings and 16 portraits. *8vo, $2.50 net; postpaid, $2.67*

Rambles in the Pyrenees By F. Hamilton Jackson
With plans and nearly one hundred illustrations chiefly by the author.
Cloth, 8vo, $6.00 net; postpaid, $6.24

England's Riviera By J. Harris Stone
A description of Land's End, Cornwall, and adjacent spots of beauty and interest. *137 illustrations. 8vo, $4.00 net; postpaid, $4.19*

Aspects of Algeria By Roy Devereux
Historical—Pictorial—Colonial. *Cloth, 8vo, $3.50 net; postpaid, $3.67*

A History of South America By Charles E. Akers
With a new chapter bringing the history to date. Maps, 710 pp. *8vo. $6.00 net*

New Volumes in the "Things Seen" Series

Things Seen in Palestine By A. Goodrich-Freer
Illustrated. Cloth, 75 cts. net; leather, $1.00 net; postage 6 cts.

Things Seen in Russia By W. Barnes Steveni
Illustrated. Cloth, 75 cts. net; leather, $1.00 net; postage 6 cts.

BIOGRAPHIES RICH IN PERSONALITY

Michael Angelo By Romain Rolland
With 24 plates in monochrome. Just ready. *8vo. $2.00 net; postpaid, $2.13*

Tolstoy By Romain Rolland
"A most satisfying book."—*Chicago Tribune. Cloth, $1.50 net; postpaid, $1.64*

George Borrow: The Man and His Books By Edward Thomas
"The best book on Borrow obtainable."—*Daily Chronicle*, London.
Just ready. Illustrated. $3.00 net; postpaid, $3.17

T. DeWitt Talmage as I Knew Him An Autobiography
Concluding chapter by Mrs. T. DeWitt Talmage. *Illus. $3.00 net; postpaid, $3.17*

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Heroes and Heroines of English History By Alice S. Hoffman
Author of the best "Children's Shakespeare." Illustrated in color and line by Gordon Browne. *Red cloth, full gilt, $2.50*

Bee: The Princess of the Dwarfs By Anatole France
Retold in English by Peter Wright. Beautifully decorated and illustrated in colors by Charles Robinson. *Decorated covers, $2.50 net; postpaid, $2.67*

A Child's Book of Warriors By William Canton
Author of "The Invisible Playmate," "W. V., Her Book," etc. Illustrated in color and line by Herbert Cole. *Decorated cover, gilt top, $2.00*

Songs of Innocence and Other Poems By William Blake
Immortal verses exquisitely illustrated in color and line. *$1.50 net; postpaid, $1.59*

Jolly Calle and other Swedish Fairy Tales By Helena Nyblom
With decorations in line and plates in color by Charles Folkard. "Really refreshingly new and original." *Decorated cover, $2.50*

At Seneca Castle By William W. Canfield
A boy's story of war scouts and Indians. *Illustrated. $1.25 net; postpaid, $1.38*

THE LATEST DUTTON NOVEL

The Honourable Mrs. Garry
By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (Lady Clifford)
Author of "Peter's Mother," "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square," etc.
$1.35 net; postpaid, $1.47

SEND FOR DUTTON'S NEW HOLIDAY CATALOGUE. JUST READY

Address the Publishers **E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY** **31 W. 23d St. NEW YORK**

LANE'S HOLIDAY BOOKS

TAPESTRIES: THEIR ORIGIN, HISTORY, AND RENAISSANCE. By GEORGE LELAND HUNTER. This is a fascinating book on a fascinating subject. It is written by a scholar whose passion for accuracy did not prevent him from making a story easy to read. The book is indispensable to lovers of art and literature in general, as well as to tapestry amateurs, owners and dealers.

With four full-page plates in color and 150 half-tone engravings. Cloth., $5.00 net
Postage 25 cents

THIRTEEN YEARS OF A BUSY WOMAN'S LIFE. By MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE, author of "The Maker of Modern Mexico: Porfirio Diaz." Mrs. Tweedie tells a dramatic story of youthful happiness, health, wealth, and then contrasts that life with the thirteen years of hard work that followed the loss of her husband, her father, and her income in quick succession. It is a remarkable book with many personal sketches of some of the best-known men and women of the day.

With 16 Illustrations. $4.00 net. Postage 20 cents

FAMOUS PICTURES OF REAL BOYS AND GIRLS. By L. M. BRYANT, author of "Pictures and Their Painters," "What Pictures to See in Europe in One Summer," etc. The author begins with events that happened several hundred years ago and comes down to incidents of to-day, gathering the stories from Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, England and America.

Fully illustrated. Cloth. $1.25 net. Postage 12 cents

THE JOYOUS ADVENTURES OF ARISTIDE PUJOL. By William J. LOCKE, author of "The Glory of Clementina," "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," etc. Aristide Pujol, that Protean son of Provence, is a most attractive personality. With breathless interest we follow him through a career as disconnected as a pack of cards, and with a chuckle and a sigh of regret we close the book on his last adventure—that of matrimony.

With illustrations by Alec Ball. Cloth. $1.30 net. Postage 12 cents

THE CAREER OF BEAUTY DARLING. By DOLF WYLLARDE, author of "The Story of Eden," "An Unofficial Honeymoon," etc. A thrilling story of the career of a beautiful girl who, after a hard struggle and many bitter experiences, became a star of the stage and the rage of a great metropolis.

Cloth. $1.30 net. Postage 12 cents

THE GOLDFISH. By JULIAN STREET, author of "The Need of Change," "Paris a la Carte," "Ship Bored," etc. The story shows how, by the aid of a goldfish, a small boy was taught that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and was also able to obtain the desire of his heart—a youthful companion and playmate.

With colored illustrations and page decorations. Cloth. 70 cents net. Postage 6 cents

JOHN LANE CO. NEW YORK



EMBODIMENTS OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT



HOLIDAY ATTIRE

PIKE COUNTY BALLADS — **By John Hay**

Jim Bludso and others illustrated for the first time. One of the few so-called holiday books appropriate for men of all ages and tastes. *Illustrated in color by N. C. Wyeth.* $1.50 *net.* *Postage* 13 *cents.*

SHADOWS OF THE FLOWERS — **By Thomas Bailey Aldrich**

A selection of fifty charming passages from Aldrich's writings, illustrated and printed in a style quaintly unique. $2.00 *net.* *Postage extra.*

OUR HOUSE — **By Elizabeth Robins Pennell**

London life as seen from an upper apartment overlooking the Thames, illustrated by a collection of remarkable sketches drawn from the apartment windows by Joseph Pennell. *Boxed.* $2.50 *net.* *Postage* 18 *cents.*

BOSTON NEW AND OLD — **By T. Russell Sullivan**

Well-known and remote corners of Boston are leisurely described and strikingly illustrated in a volume of rare beauty and distinction, destined to increase in value because of its limit to 750 copies. *Illustrated by Lester G. Hornby.* $7.50 *net.* *Postpaid.*

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

EGYPTIAN DAYS — **By Philip S. Marden**

Not so much a book of travel as a book of comment, humorous, informing and entertaining. *Boxed.* *Illustrated.* $3.00 *net.* *Postage* 19 *cents.*

PILGRIM LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES — **By Sidney Heath**

Designed to serve and entertain the general reader who is interested in the religious pilgrimages of olden days, of which so many memorials still remain in England. *With* 43 *illustrations.* $3.00 *net.* *Postage* 19 *cents.*

THE PATH OF THE CONQUISTADORES — **By Lindon Bates, Jr.**

The romance of the search for Eldorado and the Conquest of Guiana and of many other things, among them present-day affairs, sports and social life in the Tropics. *Illustrated.* $3.50 *net.* *Postage* 16 *cents.*

THROUGH THE HEART OF AFRICA — **By F. H. Melland and E. H. Cholmeley**

This story of the adventures of two British explorers makes fascinating reading, while it throws important light upon many geographical, ethnological and political problems. *With* 80 *illustrations from photographs.* $4.00 *net.* *Postage* 20 *cents.*

AROUND THE CLOCK IN EUROPE — **By Charles F. Howell**

"For those who have not been to the interesting cities of the Continent here is an opportunity to revel in a series of literary moving pictures."—*N. Y. American.* *Boxed.* *Illustrated.* $3.00 *net.* *Postage* 20 *cents.*

SPECIAL TOPICS

ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY — **By Henry D. Sedgwick**

An important contribution to the field of Italian historical scholarship. Mr. Sedgwick is well known as one of the most brilliant of contemporary essayists and historians. *In two volumes. Illustrated.* $5.00 *net.* *Postage extra.*

THE TASK OF SOCIAL HYGIENE — **By Havelock Ellis**

"An admirable example of a sane and intelligent handling of a subject which in this country is apt to be treated from one of the two extreme points of view."—*N. Y. Sun.* $2.50 *net.* *Postage* 15 *cents.*

THE CHILDREN'S READING — **By Frances J. Olcott**

A review of the entire field of juvenile literature, together with an analysis of what elements are necessary to make up children's books, by the former head of the Children's Department of the Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh. $1.25 *net.* *Postage extra.*

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL — **By Kate Douglas Wiggin**

One of our classics, appropriately illustrated and bound, and sold at a price which all can afford—a necessary family book. *Illustrated in color.* $1.00 *net.* *Postage* 12 *cents.*

BILLY POPGUN — **By Milo Winter**

A new little character is added to the popular group of Alice in Wonderland, Davy and the Goblin, combining the quaint humor of Arthur Rackham and the poetic imagination of Howard Pyle. *Illustrated in color by the author.* $2.00 *net.* *Postage* 15 *cents.*

THEIR CITY CHRISTMAS — **By Abbie Farwell Brown**

An appealing Holiday Episode told for little children by one who understands them thoroughly. *Illustrated.* 75 *cents net.* *Postage* 8 *cents.*

These are but a few selected titles from our list of autumn publications. A holiday bulletin illustrated and describing more than one hundred books will be mailed free on request to the publishers.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON



GIFTS OF PERMANENT DELIGHT



ESSAYS

HUMANLY SPEAKING — **By Samuel M. Crothers**

Delightfully whimsical essays in which the author of "The Gentle Reader" travels, observes and arrives at certain interesting conclusions. $1.25 *net*. *Postage* 12 *cents*.

AMERICANS AND OTHERS — **By Agnes Repplier**

Piquant essays dealing with such topics as "The Nervous Strain," "A Question of Politeness," "The Mission of Humour," etc. $1.10 *net*. *Postage* 11 *cents*.

THE PROVINCIAL AMERICAN — **By Meredith Nicholson**

A novelist of fame becomes an essayist of distinction writing of present-day problems such as "Should Smith Go to Church?" and "The Tired Business Man," concluding with "The Confessions of a Best Seller." $1.25 *net*. *Postage* 10 *cents*.

THE AMERICAN MIND — **By Bliss Perry**

A study of American traits, as expressed in the books and the men, the ideas and the impulses which are most characteristic of our people. $1.25 *net*. *Postage* 10 *cents*.

A DOCTOR'S TABLE TALK — **By James G. Mumford**

The problems, responsibilities, and mitigations of the medical profession written with wisdom, humor and a fund of knowledge and inspiration. $1.25 *net*. *Postage* 10 *cents*.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY IN THE SONNETS OF SHAKSPERE — **By George H. Palmer**

An essay of unusual interest combining literary and religious exposition and criticism. 75 *cents net*. *Postage extra*.

TIME AND CHANGE — **By John Burroughs**

Mr. Burroughs in his best vein writes on "The Grand Canyon," "The Spell of the Yosemite," "The Phantoms Behing Us," "The Muse of Rock and Soil," etc., etc. $1.10 *net*. *Postage* 10 *cents*.

POETRY

A DOME OF MANY-COLOURED GLASS — **By Amy Lowell**

This collection of unusual poems, many of which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, combines marked technical ability with a rare and individual poetical feeling. $1.50 *net*. *Postage* 6 *cents*.

ROMANCE, VISION AND SATIRE — **By Jessie L. Weston**

A spirited and faithful rendering in original meters of one of the most interesting groups of poems in English literature. $1.25 *net*. *Postage* 13 *cents*.

POEMS AND BALLADS — **By Hermann Hagedorn**

Of the younger American poets few have made a deeper or wider impression on readers of contemporary verse than Mr. Hagedorn. His new collection shows a still wider range and a distinct advance in poetical achievement. $1.25 *net*. *Postage* 7 *cents*.

THE POEMS AND PLAYS OF WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

The poet's complete works, including many noteworthy unpublished pieces, together with a Memoir by John M. Manly. In two volumes. With frontispiece portraits. Each, $1.50 *net*. *Postage* 11 *cents*.

BIOGRAPHY

THE THREE BRONTËS — **By May Sinclair**

"Nowhere, not even in the book by Mrs. Gaskell, has so fine a novelist made so fine a biographer."—*G. K. Chesterton in New York Times*. Illustrated. $3.00 *net*. *Postage* 18 *cents*.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST — **By J. O. Fagan**

The varied experiences and the wise observations of an unusual man, whose career has taken him to South America, to Cape Town just before Jameson's Raid, and to the United States, where he is well known in railroad circles. $1.25 *net*. *Postage* 11 *cents*.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD — **By Yoshio Markino**

The vivid and picturesque narrative of childhood experiences in Japan, and of youthful adventures in San Francisco by a Japanese artist, the author of "Miss John Bull." *Illustrated by the author*. $1.50 *net*. *Postage* 15 *cents*.

J. M. SYNGE: and the Irish Dramatic Movement — **By Francis Bickley**

In this brief biography, Mr. Bickley, one of the ablest of the younger English critics, tells the story of Synge's brief but picturesque career and analyzes his work in a convincing and instructive way. *With portrait*. 75 *cents net*. *Postage* 5 *cents*.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN RICKMAN — **By Orlo Williams**

"A book that should prove a valuable addition to our knowledge of Charles Lamb and his circle, apart from the individual interest attaching to its subject."—*Westminster Gazette*. *With* 9 *illustrations*. $3.50 *net*. *Postage* 15 *cents*.

These are but a few selected titles from our list of autumn publications. A holiday bulletin illustrated and describing more than one hundred books will be mailed free on request to the publishers.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON



LITTLE, BROWN & CO.'S

Romantic Days in the Early Republic

By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

Depicts vividly the social history of the old Atlantic seaboard cities. *With 50 illustrations. In box, $2.50 net; by mail, $2.71.*

Historic Summer Haunts

By F. LAURISTON BULLARD

Describes the historic and literary landmarks along the New England coast from Newport to Portland. *With 32 sketches in tint by Louis H. Ruyl. Boxed, $2.50 net; by mail, $2.70.*

A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets

By ELIZA CALVERT HALL

The first book on old-time coverlets enumerating 350 varieties. *With 64 plates, 16 in color. 8vo, $4.00 net; by mail, $4.20.*

The Broad Highway

By JEFFERY FARNOL

New illustrated Holiday Edition of this famous story. *With 24 full-page colored plates by C. E. Brock. 8vo, boxed. $3.00 net; by mail, $3.21.*

The Party Book

By WINNIFRED FALES and MARY H. NORTHEND

A comprehensive work on party-giving invaluable to every hostess. *Fully illustrated. $2.00 net; by mail, $2.16.*

John Hancock, the Picturesque Patriot

By LORENZO SEARS

A genuine biography of a striking personality. *Photogravure frontispiece. 12mo, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.61.*



From Illustrated Edition of "The Broad Highway."

Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow

By E. B. D'AUVERGNE

Treats of the life and customs of the Swiss. *Fully illustrated. 8vo, boxed, $3.00 net; by mail, $3.18.*

English and Welsh Cathedrals

By T. D. ATKINSON

Historical and architectural descriptions of famous edifices. *40 plates, 20 in color, and 48 plans. 8vo, boxed, $3.50 net; postpaid $3.71.*

The New Grant White Shakespeare

POCKET EDITION

Richard Grant White's authoritative text edited by WILLIAM P. TRENT, BENJAMIN W. WELLS and JOHN B. HENNEMAN. *With 48 photogravure plates. 12 vols. 18mo, full limp leather, $1.50 net, per volume.*

Romances and Travels of Theophile Gautier

POCKET EDITION

Translated by Professor F. C. DE SUMICHRAST. *ROMANCES, in 10 vols., with 30 photogravure plates. Full limp leather, $15.00 net. TRAVELS, in 7 vols., with 21 photogravure plates. $1.50 net, per volume.*



Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings

By MARY H. NORTHEND

A handsome volume authoritatively describing old-time houses and their contents. *With 225 half-tone plates. Royal 8vo, $5.00 net; by mail, $5.26.*

Woman in the Making of America

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

A historical review of woman's activities in our development. *Illustrated. 12mo, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.61.*

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston

HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS



A Cry in the Wilderness

By MARY E. WALLER

A story of present-day life by the author of "The Wood-carver of 'Lympus." *Frontispiece by Keller.* 428 *pages.* $1.30 *net; by mail,* $1.42.

The Tempting of Tavernake

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Another typical Oppenheim novel, with the "Prince of Story Tellers" at his best. *Illustrated.* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.36.

The Destroying Angel

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

"His best tale of adventure since 'The Brass Bowl.'" *Illustrated.* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.36.

All the World to Nothing

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

A realistic tale of a man's fight against great odds. *Illustrated.* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.36.

Good Indian

By B. M. BOWER

A realistic Western ranch story by the author of "Lonesome Land." *Illustrated.* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.36.

A Little Book of Christmas

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Stories that breathe the Christmas spirit. *Illustrated in color.* $1.00 *net; by mail,* $1.07.

The White Blackbird

By HUDSON DOUGLAS

An amazing adventure story. *Illustrated in color. Cloth.* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.36.



From "A Cry in the Wilderness"

Pride of War

By GUSTAF JANSON

Remarkable stories showing the tragedies of the Turko-Italian War. $1.30 *net; by mail,* $1.42.

The Gift of Abou Hassan

By FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT

A rollicking, up-to-date Arabian Nights Tale in modern New York. *Illustrated. Cloth.* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.36.

The Court of St. Simon

By ANTHONY PARTRIDGE

A compound of love, mystery and adventure. *Illustrated.* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.36.

A FEW ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Bunnikins-Bunnies and the Moon-King

By EDITH B. DAVIDSON. *Illustrated in color.* 50 *cts. net; by mail,* 56 *cts.*

The Fir-Tree Fairy Book

By CLIFTON JOHNSON. $1.50

Henley's American Captain

By FRANK E. CHANNON. $1.50

Mother West Wind's Animal Friends

By THORNTON W. BURGESS. $1.00

Donald Kirk

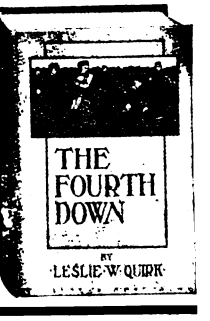
By EDWARD M. WOOLLEY. $1.20 *net; by mail,* $1.30

Dave Morrell's Battery

By HOLLIS GODFREY. $1.25

The Fourth Down

By LESLIE W. QUIRK. The great football story of the year. $1.20 *net; by mail,* $1.30



Buddie at Gray Buttes Camp

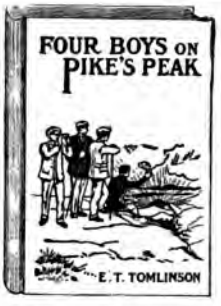
By ANNA CHAPIN RAY. $1.50

Ned Brewster's Year in the Big Woods

By CHAUNCEY J. HAWKINS. $1.20 *net; by mail,* $1.30.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

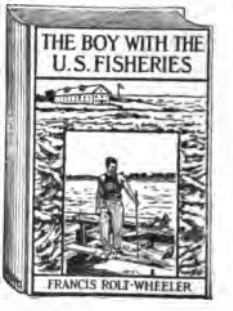


FOUR BOYS ON PIKE'S PEAK

By E. T. TOMLINSON

Sixth volume of "Our Own Land Series." Illustrated. $1.50

There is something attractive about the very name "Pike's Peak," and Dr. Tomlinson is the man to bring it out in a story for boys. The characters are the same four youths that have given readers so many good times before. They meet with many adventures in the wild and wonderful regions in which they travel, and are richly repaid in what they see and experience, as the eager reader will learn.



THE BOY WITH THE U. S. FISHERIES

By FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

Fourth volume of "U. S. Service Series." Illustrated from Photographs taken in Government Work. $1.50

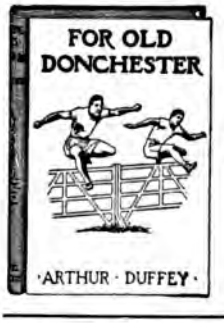
With a bright, active American boy as a hero, is told the story of the Fisheries, which in their actual importance dwarf every other human industry. The book does not lack thrilling scenes. The fish-farms of the United States are as interesting as they are immense in their scope. In strange and wild places this work goes on, wonderful in its possibilities for our future welfare. This is the season's book of books for young Americans.

LITTLE QUEEN ESTHER

By NINA RHOADES

Eleventh volume of the "Brick House Books." Illustrated. $1.00

Rich humor that may be enjoyed by any age enlivens every stage of the story, and good sense appears in every description. Little girls will probably think the very nicest part of the story is where a "fairy in the wall" turns out to be most delightfully real.



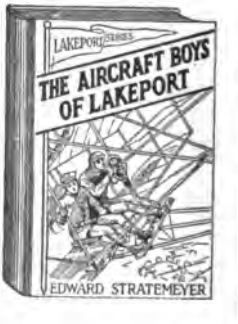
FOR OLD DONCHESTER

Or, Archie Hartley's Second Term

By ARTHUR DUFFEY

Second volume of "Donchester Series." Illustrated. $1.25

"Donchester" is the famous Worcester Academy. This is a splendid story of school life and athletics, yet through it all runs the most practical argument for physical culture and clean living that has appeared for many a day.



THE AIRCRAFT BOYS OF LAKEPORT

Or, Rivals of the Clouds

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER

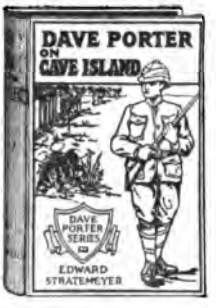
Sixth volume of the "Lakeport Series." Illustrated. $1.25

In this sixth volume of the well-known "Lakeport Series," the lads who in the past have done so well at hunting, baseball playing, rowing, football playing, and automobiling, take up a new pastime, that of aviation. There is a great race, and the description of a truly thrilling flight in a thunderstorm. All up-to-date boys will enjoy this book.

For sale by all Booksellers. Send for Free Complete Catalogue

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO., BOSTON

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



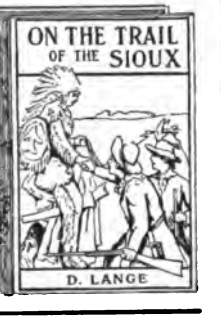
DAVE PORTER ON CAVE ISLAND

Or, A Schoolboy's Mysterious Mission

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER

Eighth volume of "Dave Porter Series." Illustrated. $1.25

A mysterious robbery occurs, which will ruin Dave's benefactor, to whom he owes his education, unless something of great value is recovered. The resourceful Dave, accompanied by his devoted chums, starts in pursuit of the scoundrels. The boys continue the chase to a tropical island of volcanic nature, whence its name, "Cave Island." Here most exciting experiences take place which once more prove the mettle of Dave and his chums, but end triumphantly for our bright and manly hero.



ON THE TRAIL OF THE SIOUX

The Adventures of Two Boy Scouts on the Minnesota Frontier

By D. LANGE

Illustrated. Net, $1.00. *Postpaid,* $1.10

The story is based on the last desperate stand of the brave and warlike Sioux tribes against the resistless tide of white men's civilization, the thrilling scenes of which were enacted in the early days of the Civil War. History is not in the least distorted in telling the adventures of two sturdy lads.

MR. RESPONSIBILITY, PARTNER

How Bobby and Joe Achieved Success in Business

By CLARENCE JOHNSON MESSER

Illustrated. Net, $1.00. *Postpaid,* $1.10

This is frankly a book with a purpose, and its purpose is to teach boys the fundamental business customs of every-day life. This is done by a good and interesting story of some live boys, whose experiences will hold the attention of every one.



JOHN AND BETTY'S SCOTCH HISTORY VISIT

By MARGARET WILLIAMSON

Fully Illustrated from Photographs, $1.25

One of the greatest elements of value in the journeys of John and Betty is the fact that each place mentioned has been visited and thoroughly studied by Miss Williamson. One wonders at the ability of the author to give so much of value in so fresh, simple and enjoyable a way.



NEXT-NIGHT STORIES

By CLARENCE JOHNSON MESSER

Illustrated. Decorated Cover. Net, $1.00. *Postpaid,* $1.10

A master hand at telling "animal stories" holds the attention of four bright children so successfully that the demand for a "next-night story" cannot be denied, and twelve of the finest stories since "Uncle Remus" and Hans Christian Andersen are in this book. Children will be charmed, and grown-ups will be glad of such fine material for captivating young listeners.

For sale by all Booksellers. Send for Free Complete Catalogue

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO., BOSTON

Books That Are Worth While

Winston Photogravure Books



These exquisite volumes include the finest classics of literature, absorbing accounts of travel and fascinating periods of history. *Lorna Doone*, Carlyle's *French Revolution*, *Japan and Her People*, and *The Mediterranean and Its Borderlands* indicate the literary value of the thirty-six titles included in the series—which takes its name from the surpassing photogravure illustrations which have been lavishly inserted in these volumes. Printed in large, clear type on specially made paper, and sumptuously bound in silk cloth with rich gold decorations, gilt tops and silk markers. Special edition in crushed levant.
Single volumes, cloth, $3.00. *Two volume sets,* $5.00. *Illustrated Brochure mailed on application*

NEW FICTION:

The Gulf Between — By Anna Costantini

A dramatic revelation of the married life of a beautiful American girl and an Italian nobleman, by one "on the inside." With fidelity to both American and Italian character, and with great dramatic power, the story depicts the girl's unrest—her jealousy—the counter-suspicion—the duel—rebellion—flight—and the final heart-driven awakening. One of the strongest novels of the year—a book everyone will read and talk about.
Four illustrations by HUGH BODINE. *Cloth, 320 pages.* $1.20 *net. Postage, 14 cents*

A Living Legacy — By Ruth Underwood

A story of a marvelous girl—bewitching, exquisite—with strong, clear views of life and duty—always sane, but sometimes startling. The man is a big, broad-minded, open-hearted man who does great things in the service of humanity. There is a love-story that grips and carries you almost breathlessly through the climax. A book to charm and do good.
Cloth, 438 pages. Illustrated. $1.35 *net. Postage, 12 cents*

NEW REFERENCE BOOKS:

International Bible Dictionary — By F. N. Peloubet, D.D.

An invaluable guide for every Bible reader, by an illustrious editor. Abreast of the latest modern scholarship, and illuminated from every possible source that can aid the reader to know and love the word of God. Richer in subjects, in their treatment, and in number and value of illustrations, than any other work of like purpose.
Library Buckram (more durable than leather), 812 pages, 508 illustrations, 14 colored maps. $2.40 *net. Postage, 38 cents*
Descriptive circular mailed on application

International Encyclopedia of Prose and Poetical Quotations — By William S. Walsh

The latest and most authoritative work, containing all the good features of former similar works, and many new and important features not found elsewhere. Compiled from the literature of the world. Arranged alphabetically by subjects. Complete concordance, topical index with cross-references, and author's index.
Cloth, 8vo, 1029 pages. $3.00. *Postage, 25 cents. Descriptive circular mailed on application*

NEW JUVENILES:

The Mary Frances Cook Book — By Jane Eayre Fryer
Or Adventures Among the Kitchen People



The Mary Frances Cook Book is the exceptionally clever and fascinating story of a little girl who wanted to learn to help her mother. Only it is much more than a story. It tells in story form how Mary Frances learned to cook. It gives the recipes in the simplest, plainest words. Every operation clearly described. The book stimulates the imagination and creates a desire to follow Mary Frances' example.
Cloth, 176 pages. Over 200 colored illustrations. $1.20 *net. Postage, 15 cents. Descriptive circular mailed on application*

The Launch Boys' Cruise in the Deerfoot
The Launch Boys' Adventures in Northern Waters — By Edward S. Ellis

Two intensely interesting stories of the adventures of three attractive boys during a cruise in a motor-boat. The technical side is handled brilliantly and accurately, and appeals strongly to every wide-awake boy.
Cloth, 328 and 336 pages, respectively. Illustrated. 60 cents per volume (singly or in sets). Postage, 12 cents per volume

The Ranch Girls at Rainbow Lodge
The Ranch Girls' Pot of Gold — By Margaret Vandercook

The western adventures of four charming girls, by an author thoroughly in touch with the West and with her audience. Two wholesome and interesting narratives of just the sort that parents wish their daughters to read.
Cloth, 296 and 297 pages, respectively. Illustrated. 60 cents per volume (singly or in sets). Postage, 12 cents per volume

The Supreme Development in Bible Making

From over 600 styles of our "International" Self-Pronouncing Bibles we select for special mention No. 86X, "Fit for a King." In paper, type, binding and Study Helps, it is unsurpassed. With over 1,500 pages, printed in type almost an eighth of an inch high, 60,000 references, 400 pages of Helps and 17 colored maps, it is only 1⅛ inches thick, and weighs only 28 ounces. Printed on India paper; bound in Persian Seal, with overlapping covers, and superbly finished. Equal to any other $9.00 Bible. Price, only $5.00.

FOR SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

Our catalogue of 600 "International" Bibles, or of 2,000 other books, or both, free on request

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
WINSTON BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

"A Scuffler is one who struggles to keep that station in life in which God has placed her. A Scuffler is absolutely feminine."

EDWIN MARKHAM
Says of

SCUFFLES

By

SALLY NELSON ROBINS

($1.00 net; by mail $1.10)

"This is a brave smiling story out of the South, good to read and good to own. These flashing pages are written with the power of genius touched with love."

OTHER FICTION

Burton Dane
By ALFRED E. CHIRM

$1.35 *net; postpaid* $1.45

The story of an athletic Virginian who won't be downed, a winsome heroine of whom the world needs more, a sturdy, lovable American boy who feels it his duty to lick a little British newcomer (who can't see it that way), and a man who "just has to burgle!"

His Uncle's Wife
By RUTH NEUBERGER

$1.00 *net; postpaid* $1.10

Clever in plot, interesting throughout. A ticklish situation, but the firm hand of the author handles it satisfactorily.

TRAVEL

City of Sweet-Do-Nothing

$1.35 *net; postpaid* $1.49

Anonymous letters of a vivacious American girl whose life holds much of international romance. Filled with the subtle spell of Naples, they should be read by every one interested in Italy.

POETRY

The Road of Life
By MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

$1.00 *net; postpaid* $1.05

The renaissance of poetry gives special value to this second edition. Miss Smith touches the heights and depths of human and spiritual man. Her work is to be found in best magazines.

Wilt Thou Not Sing?
By ALICE HARRIMAN

$1.00 *net; postpaid* $1.10

Mr. Alexander Harvey, of "Current Literature," says in the Foreword: "Because she has retained the childlikeness of inspiration Alice Harriman gives us verses like a draught from the cup of Nature. One is tempted to compare her with the poets of the Lake School."

Gates of Love
By GRACE WOOD

75 *cents net; postpaid* 80 *cents*

An illustrated brochure of fantasy, with a thought for the discerning.

The Victory of Defeat
By FANNY DE GROOT HASTINGS

$1.00 *net; postpaid* $1.05 (*boxed*)

The first book of a young poet with an imagination and a future.

THE ALICE HARRIMAN CO.
2 WEST 45th ST., NEW YORK CITY



Modern Dancing

By J. E. CRAWFORD FLITCH, M.A.

The author discusses the development of all kinds of dancing—the ballet, skirt dancing, serpentine dancing, and the latest classical and Russian dancing, etc.

With 8 illustrations in color and 40 in black and white. Large 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, $3.75 net.

A MONUMENTAL WORK

The Mineral Kingdom

By Dr. REINHARD BRAUNS

Translated by

L. J. SPENCER, M.A., F.G.S.

An encyclopedic and popular work treating thoroughly every department of the Mineral Kingdom.

91 full-page plates (73 in color). 275 figures in the text. 450 pages. Demy quarto. Half Morocco. $17.50 net.

THE BOOK OF THE WOMAN QUESTION

The Advance of Woman

By

Mrs. JANE JOHNSTONE CHRISTIE

This remarkable volume treats of the rise of the feminine from the earliest times down to the present. It is not an argument for woman's rights, but it is a most convincing picture of her proper place in the whole scheme of things.

12mo. Cloth, $1.50 net. Postpaid, $1.65.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY'S HOLIDAY BOOKS

THE 1912 TRAVEL BOOK OF ADVENTURE

The Flowing Road

ADVENTURING ON THE GREAT RIVERS OF SOUTH AMERICA

By CASPAR WHITNEY

Mr. Whitney's expedition to reach the unknown land at the head of the Orinoco river through the unfriendly Indians, and almost impassable natural barriers, with only one treacherous native companion, is a chapter of travel adventure which has rarely been equaled. He also tells of his five overland and river expeditions into the heart of South America.

24 inserts and maps. 8vo. Cloth, $3.00 net. Postpaid, $3.25.

The Grandeur That Was Rome

By J. C. STOBART

This is a companion book to "The Glory That Was Greece." The author's purpose in this magnificently illustrated volume has been to trace the evolution of Roman culture and civilization.

Profusely illustrated. 8vo. Cloth, $7.50 net.



General Jubal A. Early

Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War Between the States. With Introductory Notes

By R. H. EARLY.

In this volume General Early has dealt with phases of the War, manœuvres of the troops, and plans of the leaders, which no work has heretofore covered. It is written in the conscientious style, true in every detail, that would be expected from the pen of this veteran.

Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth, $3.50 net. Postpaid, $3.75.

Wild Life and the Camera

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, F.R.G.S.

Author of "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds."

This remarkable book covers certain of the fauna of America and contains 64 full-page illustrations of game animals in native environments. A book which will be of incalculable value and interest to sportsmen and lovers of natural history in this country.

64 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, $2.00 net.

FINE LIMITED EDITIONS

The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and Its Neighbourhood



By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN and HORACE MATHER LIPPINCOTT

This work describes Philadelphia's colonial homes and family history, giving a picturesque account of the period.

72 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, $5.00 net. Postpaid, $5.25.

Old Time Belles and Cavaliers

By EDITH TUNIS SALE

A collection of intimate life histories of the lovely women and high-born men who were the backbone of our nation in Colonial Days. This volume might be termed "A Family History of Colonial America." These stories of the staunch devotion and stalwart patriotism of our forefathers are inspiring reading.

62 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, $5.00 net. Postpaid, $5.25

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY'S
HOLIDAY BOOKS

THE "GIFTIEST" OF ALL GIFT BOOKS

The Harbor of Love



By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Golden Heart," "Kitty of the Roses."

This handsome gift-book is unquestionably one of Mr. Barbour's most delightful stories. The scenes are laid in and about the water, and the "Harbor of Love" is reached only after many pleasant surprises.

Beautifully bound and decorated. Small quarto. In a box. $1.50 net. Postpaid, $1.65.

The Dixie Book of Days

By MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS

A dainty gift-book of Southern quotations, anecdotes, and historical incidents for every day in the year.

Frontispiece. 12mo. Decorated cloth, $1.00 net. Postpaid, $1.10.

Literary Hearth-Stones of Dixie

By MRS. LA SALLE CORBELL PICKETT

A collection of Mrs. Pickett's charming talks on great Southern writers such as Poe, Lanier, Timrod, Hayne, "Uncle Remus," and others.

16 illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50 net. Postpaid, $1.65.

Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal

A set of the original lithographs costs about $400.00. The entire twenty-eight are reproduced in this volume, together with Mr. Pennell's experiences and impressions.

Beautifully printed on dull-finished paper, and artistically bound. Large 8vo. $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.40.

With Carson and Frémont

By EDWIN L. SABIN

A rattling good tale of fearless American pioneers, based on fact.

Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

A Dixie Rose in Bloom

By AUGUSTA KORTRECHT

A delightful and charming book for girls.

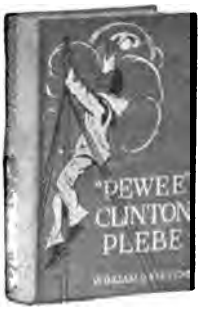
Frontispiece. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

"Pewee" Clinton—Plebe

By Prof. W. O. STEVENS

"Pewee's" adventures at Annapolis will delight many youthful readers.

Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.



The Boy Electricians as Detectives

By EDWIN J. HOUSTON

The adventures of three boys who form a club to amuse themselves in learning the use of electricity.

Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.



The Lady Doc

By CAROLINE LOCKHART

Author of "ME—SMITH"

THE BIG WESTERN NOVEL OF 1912

"The humor is at times irresistible."
—*Philadelphia Press.*

"A compelling story—one so absorbing that hours slip by unnoticed until the end is reached."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

The First Hurdle and OTHERS

By JOHN REED SCOTT

These stories are full of dash and go, witty dialogue, and clever character drawing.

Frontispiece by Flagg. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

A Jewel of the Seas

By JESSIE KAUFMAN

An enchanting novel of Hawaiian social life.

Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

The Ordeal

By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

An impassioned romance of a strong man's reawakened love for the woman who jilted him, now the widow of another man.

Frontispicee. 12mo. Cloth. $1.20 net. Postpaid, $1.32.

THE

MOSHER BOOKS

MEMORIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

comprising

I. When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd
II. O captain! my captain!
III. Hush'd be the camps to-day
IV. This dust was once the man

BY WALT WHITMAN

In place of what would have been a large paper edition from the same type used in The Lyric Garland, Mr. Mosher offers an entirely new large-type reprint of Whitman's greatest poem. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address is given, followed by a short but beautiful appreciation by Horace Traubel, with selections from the Hon. F. W. Lehmann's address, also from William Marion Reedy, John Burroughs, and the great passage on Lincoln from Lowell's Harvard Commemoration Ode.

The text of the poem is in 14-point old-style Roman, with initial letters in green and head-bands and tail-pieces of becoming dignity. The frontispiece of Lincoln is a photogravure from the original negative with facsimile of signature in full.

300 copies, medium octavo, on Italian hand-made paper, old-style olive green Fabriano boards, stamped in color to match, in slide case, $3.00 net.

50 copies on Japan vellum, numbered, $5.00 net.

Postpaid on receipt of net price.

Complete New Catalogue free on request.

Thomas B. Mosher

PORTLAND, MAINE

The Girlhood of Queen Victoria

Edited with an Introduction by VISCOUNT ESHER, K.C.B., G.C.V.O. 2 Vols. With Illustrations. Medium 8vo. (Uniform with "Queen Victoria's Letters.") $9.00 *net*. (*Postage extra.*)

Extracts from the private diary of her Majesty from her thirteenth year (1832) until her marriage in 1840—an intimate revelation of the interests, activities, and growth of mind and character of one of the most remarkable personalities of the nineteenth century. Of especial interest are the illustrations, which include reproductions of the Queen's own drawings, and portraits specially painted for her and never hitherto reproduced.

History of English Literature

From "Beowulf" to Swinburne

By ANDREW LANG, M.A., Hon. Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. $1.75 *net*. (*Postage* 16 *cents.*)

"For mere ordinary, enjoyable reading (and not much else is really reading) the book is entirely delightful."—*London Daily Chronicle.*

"Written with the author's characteristic lightness of touch and easy command of his theme."—*Dial.*

Miriam Lucas

A Novel

By CANON P. A. SHEEHAN. Crown 8vo. $1.35 *net;* by mail, $1.50.

The story of an Irish girl who starts out in life handicapped by some mystery connected with her birth and parentage and by a curse which hangs over her old home. Ostracised by "Society" she turns to the poor people for sympathy and affection, and becomes an ardent upholder of their rights. From Ireland the scene is transferred to New York, where, after many adventures, Miriam finds her long-lost mother, and also her husband in the man who, with her, is destined to lift the curse from her home at Glendarragh.

John and Irene

By W. H. BEVERIDGE. Crown 8vo. $1.40 *net.*

A selection of sayings, from many times and countries, concerning woman in all her aspects. The quotations are arranged by subjects, and are further arranged so as to illustrate a modern love story which is told in the Introduction.

The Book of Saints and Heroes

Edited by ANDREW LANG. With 12 Colored Plates and 18 full-page Plates in Black and White by H. J. FORD. Small 8vo. Gilt top. $1.60 *net;* by mail, $1.75.

In Mr. Lang's twenty-fourth annual Christmas book the subject matter is drawn from the wealth of mediæval Christian legend. Each of the twenty-three chapters is devoted to the story of some saint around whose life a fabric of miraculous detail has gradually been woven, and older children will here be introduced to those whose names are familiar to us, and some whose names are not so familiar. A preface explains in a form suitable for youthful readers how all these ancient and famous legends first grew up.

Longmans, Green &Co.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Send for our new Illustrated Holiday Catalogue. 48 pages Describing nearly 400 Books for Presents

The Story of the Bronx

From the Purchase Made by the Dutch from the Indians in 1639 to the Present Day

By STEPHEN JENKINS

Author of "The Greatest Street in the World—Broadway." 8vo. With over 100 illustrations and maps, $3.50 net; by mail, $3.75

The romantic history of the northern section of Greater New York from the days of Jonas Bronk, after whom the Bronx was named, through the centuries crowded with events that have issued into the present. The geographical landmarks acquire a new significance as around them this accurate historian of local events and conditions weaves the substantial fabric of fact and more sparingly the lighter web of tradition.

By the Author of "The Rosary"

The Upas Tree

A Christmas Story for All the Year

By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY

Frontispiece in Color. $1.00 net; by mail, $1.10

The book has a strong love interest and contains many tender passages. It is a story of rare charm, powerful in conception, compelling in narrative, wholesome in effect.

By the Author of "Lavender and Old Lace"

The White Shield

By MYRTLE REED

Frontispiece in Color and Four Other Illustrations by Dalton Stevens. Second Printing. $1.50 net; by mail, $1.65

"Uniformly sweet and tender in tone, characteristically wholesome and uplifting in spirit."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

The Letters of Ulysses S. Grant

To His Father and His Youngest Sister. 1857-78

Edited by His Nephew **JESSE GRANT CRAMER**

8vo. With Portraits. $1.75 net; by mail, $1.90

In this volume have been gathered together the letters that Grant wrote to his father and his youngest sister during the anxious months preceeding the Civil War and during strenuous years of campaigning. It is a human document of rare value—a revelation of character as well as a record of military achievement.

Kings and Gods of Egypt

By ALEXANDRÉ MORET

Sub-Director of the Musée Guimet, Professor of Egyptology in L'Ecole des Hautes Etudes

Author of "In the Time of the Pharaohs," etc.

Translated by Mme. Moret

8vo. With 20 Illustrations. $2.00 net; by mail, $2.20

A popular account of some of the most representative figures in Egyptian history and worship, considered in connection with localities that have proven veritable lode-stones to the tourist, and in connection with events of far-reaching importance.

Thy Rod and Thy Staff

By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

Author of "The College Widow." $1.50 net; by mail, $1.65

"Once more Mr. Benson has put forth one of his appealing and eloquent studies in human motive; and once more he has succeeded, with unfailing certainty of touch, in getting out of his study a remarkable and impressive effect."

The Japanese Nation

ITS LAND, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS LIFE

With Special Consideration to Its Relation with the United States

By INAZO NITOBE, A.M., Ph.D.

Author of "Bushido." Cr. 8vo. $1.50 net; by mail, $1.65

A thorough study of Japan by one of her foremost scholars. It is one of the very few existing accounts of this much misunderstood nation. The book is thoroughly vital, infused with thought, brilliant in style, and should prove serviceable to to all who want to arrive at a true impression of the Japanese people.

The Diaries of William Charles Macready

1833-1851

Edited by **WILLIAM CHARLES TOYNBEE**

Author of "Vignettes of the Regency." 8vo. 2 volumes. With 49 full-page illustrations. $7.50 net; carriage, 50 cents

This exceedingly valuable and interesting personal record of the stage career of one of the greatest actors contains a great deal of material hitherto withheld from publication. In a style full of candor, the author speaks of the stage rivals and illustrious contemporaries with whom he came into contact.

NEW YORK
45th St., 2-4-6 W.
23d St., 27-29 W.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

LONDON
24 Bedford Street
Strand

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

Books for Christmas

NEW BOOKS

AND STANDARD BOOKS

FOR THE HOLIDAYS 1912-1913

Published by

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street New York City



DANCING AND DANCERS OF TODAY

The Modern Revival of Dancing as an Art

By CAROLINE and CHARLES H. CAFFIN

THIS book by Charles H. Caffin, perhaps the leading art critic in the country, and his wife, is on dancing, its history, significance and development, with particular emphasis on notable modern dancers in America. Written in the delightfully interesting manner which the Caffins employ, and illustrated with photographs of modern dances and dancers, this book will appeal not only because it is attractive in appearance, but because it is utterly new and unlike any other holiday book. *With many illustrations. 8vo. Boxed.* $4.00 *net. Postage* 30 *cents extra.*

Books for Christmas

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS

THE HARRISON FISHER BOOK FOR 1912

MAIDENS FAIR

With many full-page illustrations, beautifully reproduced in four colors from the latest drawings of HARRISON FISHER



Copyright 1912, Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE HARRISON FISHER girl is to-day the most popular of the creations of all American artists. She greets you from the covers of the periodicals with the biggest circulation and smiles at you from the covers of the best selling novels. She is omnipresent, but ever welcome. Here is the book that permanently preserves the newest and best of Mr. Fisher's pictures—dashing, spirited, fetching types of American girls. And with each picture there is an appropriate poem. Surely, this is just the book that the wise young man will select for a present if he wishes to make himself very acceptable to the most attractive girl he knows.

Size 9¼ x 13 inches. Boxed. $3.50 *net. Postage 27 cents extra.*

Former HARRISON FISHER Successes

Bachelor Belles	-	-	-	-	-	$3.00 *net.*	*Postage*	27	*cents*	*extra*
A Garden of Girls	-	-	-	-	-	$3.50 "	"	"	"	"
American Belles	-	-	-	-	-	$3.50 "	"	"	"	"

Books for Christmas



THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

With 24 Full Page Illustrations in Color and 120 Pictures in Black and White

By RENÉ BULL

RENE BULL has been a famous war artist for the big English illustrated weeklies, "Black and White," and others, for years. He has campaigned in Greece, South Africa, the Soudan, India, and in fact created a record by passing through three campaigns in three different continents within ten months. His ability as an artist, and his extensive and first-hand knowledge of the Orient, has led him to make a series of wonderful illustrations for some of the most picturesque of the Arabian Nights Tales.

Large 8vo. Boxed $3.50 *net. Postage 30 cents extra.*

Books for Christmas

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS

THE LIFE OF THE BEE

Illustrated Edition

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Translated by Alfred Sutro. With mounted, full-page illustrations in color by Edward J. Detmold



NEXT to "The Blue Bird" the most widely read and deeply enjoyed of all Maeterlinck's works is undoubtedly "The Life of the Bee." It has been described as "the most beautiful, fascinating and inspiring book that has appeared in years. It is truly a zoology of the honey-bee, and a very exact and careful one, but it is a great deal more—it is a philosophy, a poem, and a book to be read for its literary grace, wholly apart from one's interest in the special subject pursued."

Edward J. Detmold, an English artist who made his reputation by a series of remarkable illustrations for Kipling's "Jungle Book," has illustrated "The Life of the Bee" beautifully and fittingly.

Elaborate holiday cover. Large 8vo. Boxed. $4.00 *net. Postage* 36 *cents extra.*

NEWS OF SPRING AND OTHER NATURE STUDIES

Comprising a New Essay and Some Already Published

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos

With Mounted Full-page Illustrations in Color by Edward J. Detmold

IT would be hard to find any book more ideally appropriate for a true lover of nature than this. For who, besides Maeterlinck, is master of that delicate mingling of the fantastic, the imaginative and the scientific that give his nature writings their peculiar excellence? Who else combines the exactitude of scientific statement with the charm of poetic expression? "News of Spring," beautifully illustrated, artistically printed and bound, containing the cream of Maeterlinck's nature essays, is one of the most attractive books, inside and out, of the season.

Elaborate holiday cover. Large 8vo. Boxed. $4.00 *net. Postage* 36 *cents extra.*

Books for Christmas



From full-page illustration in color by A. I. KELLER

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

THE NEW NOVEL by GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
Author of "Graustark," "Brewster's Millions," "The Day of the Dog," "Truxton King," etc., etc.

THERE is no slipping by degrees into this novel, no gradual awakening of interest, no slowly developing realization on the part of the reader that here is an unusual story, a compelling story, an absorbing story. Instantly, from the start, from the first situation, tense, dramatic, unique and powerful, you realize that this is away

Books for Christmas

FICTION

head and shoulders above the average novel; and as you go on, the first prediction is more than justified. "The Hollow of Her Hand" does not flatten out, does not pall, does not hang fire; on the contrary, the first striking situation is developed with masterly handling of plot, suspense, surprise, clear through to the end.

In the hollow of her hand a beautiful widow holds her husband's family—wealthy New Yorkers of the most exclusive set. And she holds, too, the fate of a charming girl—one of those delightful, lovable heroines that the author of "Graustark" knows how to draw so well—and a big, confident irresistibly attractive hero of the type that the author has already made vastly popular. For a year or more the slender, white hand of the fascinating widow holds the strings of their lives. And we venture to predict that thousands of absorbed and enthusiastic readers are going to be held in "The Hollow of Her Hand."

This is not a "Graustark" story. It is not like anything that McCutcheon has done. It is new, it is different. Yet those who have read it in advance have no hesitation in affirming emphatically that it is by all odds the best novel that George Barr McCutcheon has written.

Beautifully illustrated in color by A. I. KELLER

12mo. 430 pages. $1.30 *net* *Postage* 13 *cents extra.*

The Novels of GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Graustark	$1.50	Mary Midthorne	*net* $1.25
Castle Craney Crow	1.50	The Hollow of Her Hand	*net* 1.30
Brewster's Millions	1.50	The Day of the Dog	1.25
The Sherrods	1.50	The Purple Parasol	1.25
Beverly of Graustark	1.50	Cowardice Court	1.25
Nedra	1.50	The Flyers	1.25
Jane Cable	1.50	The Husbands of Edith	1.25
The Daughter of Anderson Crow	1.50	The Alternative	1.25
The Man from Brodney's	1.50	The Butterfly Man	1.25
Truxton King	1.50	What's-His-Name	*net* 1.20
The Rose in the Ring	1.50	Her Weight in Gold	*net* 1.00

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

Author of "Exton Manor," "The Eldest Son," etc.

MR. MARSHALL has a method and an atmosphere of his own, leisured, mellow and eminently agreeable. English country life, and the characteristics, foibles, peculiarities and personalities of what are called "county people," form the basis of his novels. So delicate is his characterization, so vivacious his sense of humor, and so sympathetic his attitude that he deserves the encomium of a well-known English critic as "one of the most pleasantly human of living novelists." Admirers of "Exton Manor" will find a new field of enjoyment in the author's later story, "The Squire's Daughter," which deals with the same people among the same scenes, in the same finished and delightful way. *12mo.* $1.25 *net.* *Postage* 15 *cents extra.*

Books for Christmas

FICTION

THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM

Novelized from the Play

by

DAVID BELASCO



DAVID BELASCO'S hauntingly powerful drama has been successfully transmuted into a book. Stubborn old Peter Grimm, with two ideals closest to his heart—the perpetuation of the business of raising flowers, which has been in the family for generations, and the happiness of his sweet and flower-like young niece—thinks that he has achieved his dearest wish when he is able to give both the business and the hand of his niece to a favorite nephew. And in a glow of happiness he dies; he dies, but does not depart. The nephew is unworthy, the girl who is pledged to him is unhappy, and Peter Grimm, remaining in the haunts of his lifetime, unseen but seeing, learns at last the most unwelcome truth. How the every-day life goes on about the helpless, pleading figure of the old man, who is a part of it and yet shut off by an impassable barrier; and how in the end he does bridge the chasm between the living and the dead, makes a hauntingly powerful play and a hauntingly powerful book.

Illustrated in color by JOHN RAE. *12mo.* $1.25 *net.* *Postage* 13 *cents extra.*

ADRIAN SCROOP

By R. A. WOOD-SEYS (Paul Cushing)

Author of "The Honourable Derek," "Sappho in Boston," etc.

IT is hard to see how there could be objection to the international marriage in which this delightful story culminates, although the happy girl is an American millionairess and the very fortunate man an English Earl, and an impecunious one at that. And for this most desirable and satisfactory state of things a very shrewd, capable, devoted millionaire papa is responsible. For the secret, all millionaire papas, all heiresses in search of titles, and all the legion of Americans besides who are attracted by the glamor of wealth, nobility and romance are respectfully referred to "Adrian Scroop." *12mo.* $1.25 *net.* *Postage* 12 *cents extra.*

Books for Christmas

FICTION



MR. ACHILLES

By JENNETTE LEE

Author of "Uncle William," "Happy Island," etc.

MISS JENNETTE LEE possesses a happy faculty for writing stories with genuine heart interest. So it was with "Uncle William," and "Happy Island," and so it is in this latest product of her pen, "Mr. Achilles." The Greek who left Athens to sell fruit in this country and incidentally tell Americans about the beauties of the Parthenon and the Acropolis is a pathetic figure indeed, in Chicago, until he meets little Miss Harris, heiress to the cattle on a thousand hills—or heiress to some acres of stock yards, which is the Chicago equivalent. The friendship between the beauty-loving Greek, heir to the age of Pericles, and the little girl who is hungry for beauty makes a sweet and touching story. It is a story, too, of sudden turns and surprises—one that is interesting, touching and altogether charming. *Illustrated. Small 12mo.* $1.00 *net. Postage* 10 *cents extra.*

MISS PHILURA'S WEDDING GOWN

A Sequel to "The Transfiguration of Miss Philura."

By FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

Author of "The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia," etc.

THOUSANDS of readers, in fact tens of thousands, have enjoyed the delightful story of the little woman who, having thought she was a plain old maid, discovered, through a singular accident, that she was by no means plain, not so very old, and was wanted exceedingly by a would-be husband. "The Transfiguration of Miss Philura" has been one of those rare books, a perennially popular one, finding a new crop of delighted readers year after year. And now comes the second step in Miss Philura's romance—the wedding. How the lady, as poor as a church mouse, and as mouse-like, sets her heart on having a beautiful white wedding gown, and how by the exercise of childlike faith and simplicity she gets it, make this sequel every bit as good as the first Miss Philura story.

Illustrated. Small 12mo. $1.00 *net. Postage* 10 *cents extra.*

Books for Christmas

BIOGRAPHY

REMINISCENCES OF A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE

A Continuation of

"A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands"

By MRS. HUGH FRASER



MRS. HUGH FRASER

"LET us have more," said the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, in its review of the first part of this autobiography. And lo, here is more from that same accomplished sister of Marion Crawford, who has already given the literary and artistic world two delightful volumes of sensible and witty gossip. The present work begins where its predecessor left off, at Vienna, in 1882, where the author's husband was the secretary of the British Embassy. It also is made up of a series of sketches of the author's actual experiences, diversified by innumerable stories, all interesting and told with charming vivacity as well as notable literary skill.

With illustrations. 8vo. $3.00 *net. Postage* 26 *cents extra.*

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE IN MANY LANDS

By MRS. HUGH FRASER

"THERE is not a dull page in the two large volumes," says *The Rosary Magazine.* "Proving once more that skilfully written life stories are, after all, the very best books to read."—*Chicago Examiner.*

Illustrated. Large 8vo. Boxed. $6.00 *net. Expressage extra.*

WHAT WAS THE GREATEST BOOK OF 1911?

"'WAGNER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY,' " said Walter Damrosch, "has been the greatest book of the year. The only book comparable to it is Jean Jacques Rousseau's 'Confessions.' Wagner's story of his life will live along with Rousseau's 'Confessions' and Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.' "

" 'Wagner's Autobiography,' " said Clyde Furst, Secretary of the Carnegie Institution, "is the greatest book of the year 1911. This book is sure to have a widespread interest in the long run. It will be considered forever by students of great men. It is a really permanent and invaluable contribution to the study and understanding of great men."

MY LIFE

The Autobiography of RICHARD WAGNER

2vols. Large 8vo. Boxed. $8.50 *net. Expressage extra.*

Books for Christmas

ESSAYS, POETRY AND THE DRAMA

A MISCELLANY OF MEN

By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

Author of "Tremendous Trifles,"

"What's Wrong with the World," etc.



GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

"CHESTERTON may end his days in a mad house," says a contemporary, "but never in an old ladies' home." Which remark, worthy of Chesterton himself, means that the author is not likely to fail through mental inanition. Every new volume of Chesterton's essays seems more brilliant, breezily humorous and astonishingly clever than the last. Nor must one hastily conclude that the author is not profound because he is constantly witty and frequently funny. On the contrary, he reasons admirably and sees keenly and justly. And this combination of snap and sparkle with underlying solid sense make him peculiarly attractive to clever people.

12mo. $1.50 *net.* *Postage* 13 *cents extra.*

OTHER BOOKS OF G. K. CHESTERTON

The Defendant	1.25	*net*
Varied Types	1.50	"
Charles Dickens. A Critical Study	1.50	"
Tremendous Trifles	1.50	"
The Man Who Was Thursday. A Novel	1.50	
What's Wrong With The World	1.50	*net*
Alarms and Discursions	1.50	"
Wit and Wisdom of G. K. Chesterton.	Cloth 1.00	"
	Limp leather 1.50	"

Add 10% of price for postage

RHYMES OF A ROLLING STONE

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

Author of "The Spell of the Yukon," etc

A YOUNG Scotchman a few years ago wrote a volume of poetry about the Klondike, and before long he was hailed as the Canadian Rudyard Kipling. His book succeeded as few books of any kind have ever succeeded in Canada, and reached a sale in this country that is unprecedented in recent times for poetry. A new volume from the gifted author of those tense, virile, stirring songs of the Yukon is a literary event of no slight importance.

12mo. $1.25 *net.* *Postage* 12 *cents extra.*

Books for the Children's Christmas

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

PATTY'S BUTTERFLY DAYS

By CAROLYN WELLS

Author of "Patty Fairfield," etc.



PATTY, heroine of the "Patty" books and darling of thousands of young readers, makes a long visit at "Red Chimneys," the home of her friend Mona. The two girls entertain a house party, where sunshiny Patty is every one's favorite and friend. Her escapades; her first taste of society; her flights in "Camilla," the motor car which has lasted over from an earlier volume; and her merry appreciation of attentions from young men, make Patty still as ever one of the most wholesome and delightful heroines of recently written books for girls.

Illustrated. 12mo. $1.25

IN THE SAME SERIES

Patty Fairfield
Patty at Home
Patty in the City
Patty's Pleasure Trip
Patty's Summer Days
Patty in Paris
Patty's Friends
Patty's Success
Patty's Motor Car

Price per volume, $1.25

MARJORIE AT SEACOTE

By CAROLYN WELLS

Author of the "Patty" books, etc.

THIS is the story of Marjorie's summer by the sea, where, with her beloved parents, she enjoys about all the pleasures that can fall to the lot of a little girl at the seaside. Marjorie is brimming with life and full of fun, yet she is also unselfish, considerate and mindful of her manners. In short, she is a very dear little lady, and as such deserves the friendship of the host of little girls who read about her.

Illustrated. 12mo. $1.25

IN THE SAME SERIES

Marjorie's Vacation
Marjorie's Busy Days
Marjorie's New Friend
Marjorie in Command
Marjorie's Maytime

Price per volume, $1.25

THE GOLDENROD FAIRY BOOK

By ESTHER SINGLETON

THE book was originally published at $2.00 net. Its attractive appearance, striking illustrations in color and clever selection of the world's best fairy stories made it a wide favorite. At the new and greatly reduced price it is splendid value. *Full-page illustrations in color by C. B. FALLS. 12mo.* $1.25

Books for the Children's Christmas

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

TWO YOUNG AMERICANS

By BARBARA YECHTON

Author of "We Ten," "A Lovable Crank," etc.

ABOUT some American boys and girls, and one boy who, although born an American felt that he was not very proud of the fact. The way he became a patriot makes an interesting story with a skillfully concealed but none the less effective moral. *Illustrated. 12mo.* $1.50

YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

PRESENTS in concise and pleasing perspective the lives and works of the most famous American authors, arranged in historical order and in natural groupings. The style is clear, sprightly and realistic. There are abundant illustrations, literary extracts, valuable suggestions for reading, and attractive poems to be memorized. *Illustrated. 12mo.* $1.50 *net. Postage* 15 *cents extra.*

OTHER BOOKS BY IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

Young People's Story of Art. *Illustrated. 8vo.* $2.00

Young People's Story of Music. *Illustrated. 8vo.* $2.00.

The Christ-Child in Legend and Art. *Illustrated. 12mo.* $1.00 *Net.* In collaboration with Sara E. Grosvenor.

BOB DASHAWAY, TREASURE HUNTER

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

BOB DASHAWAY, the sturdy young American who in the first volume of the series found hard knocks and some glory aboard a privateersman in the War of 1812, has a thrilling time indeed on a cruise to a faraway spot in the South Seas after buried treasure. *Illustrated. 12mo.* $1.25

KITTY LOVE

By ANNA ALICE CHAPIN

GENTLE and lovable little Kitty Love typifies the triumph of amiability. In her home life, in her school work, in her friendships, and in whatever troubles or difficulties she meets, she is loving and unselfish. Good news for the friends of Kitty Love, and may there be thousands of them, this is only the first in a series of books all about love and Kitty Love. *Illustrated. 12mo.* $1.25

Books for Christmas

FICTION

THE CLOSING NET

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

Author of "The Magnet," etc.



NOW here is a vigorous, exciting, well-written story that swings along at a lively pace. The American burglar, pre-eminent in his profession, who goes to Paris, reforms, meets the one woman, and incidentally comes into conflict with the most dangerous and ruthless criminal in all Europe, makes a capital hero. He's brave, quick-witted, square, fierce when necessary, a friend to the death and an ardent lover. If one wants a spirited tale of action and danger, full of thrills, full of surprise, full of healthy excitement, let him read "The Closing Net." Not the least of its merits is the fact that the author knows his Paris like a book, its night life and day life, society side and seamy side, so that as the drama unfolds with flying automobiles, popping pistols, midnight adventures, suspense and daring, the background wonderfully well and graphically drawn, is modern Paris.

Illustrated. 12mo. $1.25 *net. Postage* 13 *cents extra.*

THE VANISHING MAN

A Detective Romance

By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN

A REAL mystery story is one that remains a mystery right to the very end. "The Vanishing Man," therefore, is a real mystery story. For when John Bellingham, prosperous, well-known and inoffensive, disappears suddenly and completely from his little world, a train of guessing is set on foot, an unwinding of clues and unravelling of secrets that tasks all the powers of a knot of clever doctors and lawyers—and a girl whose presence adds more than a breath of romance—to follow successfully to its conclusion. And it is a story to pique the reader who is a good guesser and takes pride in that fact. For in the last analysis one of the oldest of human industries and one of the newest are brought into juxtaposition—an idea so bold in conception and so perfectly worked out that "The Vanishing Man" deserves to be called the exceptional detective story. *12mo.* $1.25 *net. Postage* 13 *cents extra.*

BIG MONEY IN SONGS

WE PAY 50 per cent. if successful. Send us your Poems, Songs, or melodies to-day. You may be able to write a big seller. H. KIRKUS DUGDALE CO., Dept. 739, Washington, D. C.

The Magazine Maker

Is to the Writer Craft

What "Printer's Ink" is to the Advertising Man

No author can afford to be without it on his desk When you see a copy you'll understand. It helps you write, rewrite and sell. Send Fifteen Cents for a copy and see.

THE MAGAZINE MAKER
32 Union Square, East, New York City



For His Christmas Gift

buy a set of the famous and permanently satisfactory

Krementz Collar Buttons

packed in this attractive, ribbon tied **Krementz Gift Box.**

Contains four Buttons—one for front of neck; one for back of neck; two for sleeves

Set A. Four 14-K. Rolled Gold Plate Collar Buttons Retails for **$1.00**
Set B. Four 10-K Gold Collar Buttons. Retails for **$4.00**
Set C. Four 14-K Gold Collar Buttons. Retails for **$6.00**

Ask to see them at any leading jeweler's or haberdasher's. Or, if you cannot find them in your town, will be sold direct on receipt of price. Booklet on request.
See also our Bodkin Sets and Cuff Buttons.

KREMENTZ & CO.
76 Chestnut Street **Newark, N. J.**
Largest Manufacturers of high grade Jewelry in the World.

TELEPHONES 1823 AND 1824 BRYANT

WILLIAM R. JENKINS CO.

Publishers, Booksellers, Stationers, Printers

FOREIGN We have purchased the old established business of F. W. Christern (Dyrsen & Pfeiffer, successors), foreign booksellers of this city, thereby increasing the supply and variety of our books in French, German, Italian, Spanish and other languages, broadening the scope of our already extensive foreign book business. **BOOKS**

851 AND 853 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
(N. W. COR. 48TH STREET)

F. M. HOLLY

Established 1905
Authors' and Publishers' Representative
Circulars sent upon request. 156 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

WRITERS

I agree to find a publisher for every manuscript that I deem worthy of publication. Manuscripts are critically read and revised by me, and typed and otherwise properly prepared for the publisher by my experts. Translations in all languages.

MODESTE HANNIS JORDAN
615 W. 136th St., New York City.
Send 10 Cents for Writers' Leaflet of Instruction.

¶ To sell something choice, we would appeal to people who are interested in the refinements of life, and no better list of such people can be found for this purpose than the readers of THE BOOKMAN.

LOUISE E. DEW

LITERARY REPRESENTATIVE
Manuscripts wanted. Criticism, revision, placing. 18 years' editorial experience. Circular upon request. Send 25 cents for
"FROM THE EDITOR'S VIEW POINT"
156 Fifth Avenue New York.

MARIE H. LÖHR

makes a specialty of typing English, French, and Italian Manuscripts, Translations. Accuracy guaranteed.
156 Fifth Avenue **New York**

DOROTHY PRIESTMAN

LITERARY AGENT
27 East 22d Street, New York
Helpful—Reliable—Progressive—Efficient
ASK THE PUBLISHERS or write us for circulars and references

MANUSCRIPTS TYPEWRITTEN

Neatly *Promptly* *Accurately*

RITA J. MACARTHUR
Tel. 2632 Riverside. **310 W. 95th St.**

AUTHORS Don't send Ms. to publishers before writing us. Our plan assures quick acceptance of all kinds of good Ms. at highest prices.
THE MANUSCRIPT NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

HIGGINS'

DRAWING INKS
ETERNAL WRITING INK
ENGROSSING INK
TAURINE MUCILAGE
PHOTO MOUNTER PASTE
DRAWING BOARD PASTE
LIQUID PASTE
OFFICE PASTE
VEGETABLE GLUE, Etc.



Are the Finest and Best Inks and Adhesives
Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the *Higgins' Inks and Adhesives.* They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean, well put up, and withal so efficient.

At Dealers Generally
CHAS. M. HIGGINS & CO., Mfrs.
271 NINTH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
BRANCHES: CHICAGO, LONDON

Now that there are so many substitutes remember that

"BAKER'S"

is the



COCOA

OF HIGH QUALITY

Absolutely pure, delicious and healthful

Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

Trade-Mark on Every Package

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

SUFFOLK ENGRAVING & ELECTROTYPING CO.,

30 and 32 East 21st Street

TELEPHONE NUMBER : : : 920 GRAMERCY



HOTEL CUMBERLAND



NEW YORK

BROADWAY AT 54TH STREET

Near 50th St. Subway Station and 53d St. Elevated

"Broadway" Cars from Grand Central Depot pass the door.
Also Seventh Avenue Cars from Pennsylvania Station

New and Fireproof

Best Hotel Accommodations in New York at Reasonable Rates

$2.50 with Bath, and up

Special Rates for Permanent Guests. European Plan
All Hardwood Floors and Oriental Rugs

Ten minutes' walk to 30 Theatres

Excellent Restaurant. Prices Moderate. Send for Booklet.

HARRY P. STIMSON, formerly with Hotel Imperial

Only New York Hotel Screened Throughout

DEC 4 1912

VOL. XXXVI DECEMBER, 1912 No. 4

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
 And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses, or who wins the prize.
 Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays)
The sacred chorus first was sung
 Upon the first of Christmas days:
The shepherds heard it overhead—
 The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentle men!

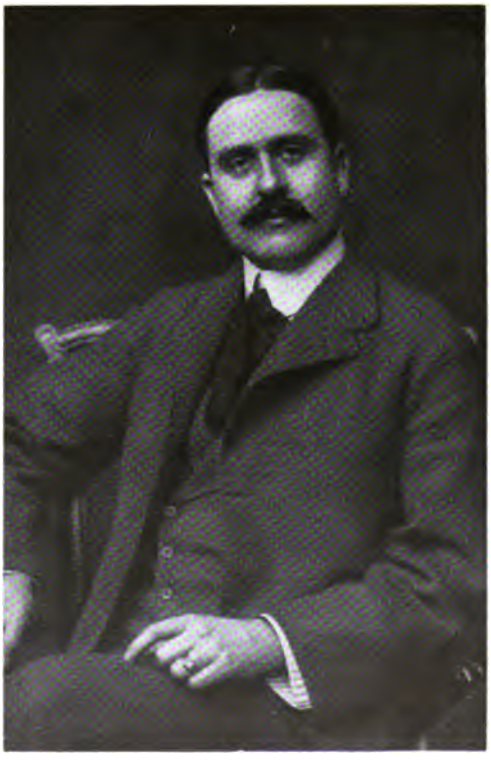
My song, save this, is little worth;
 I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
 Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
 To men of gentle will.

Sophie's Orthography

An unfamiliar Dumas story. The great Alexandre was sitting at dinner with some friends. They had just complimented him upon the excellence of his kitchen. "Yes," he said reflectively, "I have a cook who is a wonder. Her name is Sophie. And do you know, she has achieved a miracle in orthography. She writes her first name without employing a single letter that belongs to it." "But it isn't possible." "Absolutely true, I give you my word. She writes it Caufy!"

The Lesser Evil

Mr. William Dana Orcutt belongs to a club most of whose members spend their leisure in motoring. Mr. Orcutt not only writes novels, but for eight hours every day manages a big business enterprise. One evening after dinner at the club the talk



WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT

was on the usual topic of motoring. One member turned to the author inquiringly. "Why don't you go in for automobiling? Don't you like it?" "Oh, yes," said the author, "I like it, but you see I use my leisure in another way. If I motored I couldn't write novels." An evening a week later Mr. Orcutt, on entering the club, paused a moment before the bulletin board. Posted conspicuously on the board was a subscription list to buy him an automobile.



JEAN WEBSTER

Two or three years ago it was Miss Montgomery with her books about a certain entertaining Anne who was associated at different times with places known as Avonlea and Green Gables who was causing us some little minor troubles for which she herself was in no way responsible. Now again we are confronted with troubles of exactly the same kind, and this time the innocent offender happens to be Miss Jean Webster, who won merited attention by *Just Patty*, and whose latest book is *Daddy-Long-Legs*. Not to hark back to the earlier experiences, let us confine ourselves to the complications of the present. Two or three weeks ago we received the following communication from the vice-president of the very dignified house which is publishing Miss Webster's stories.

Cross Reference

May we ask you to request the person in charge of classifications to keep a lookout for *Daddy-Long-Legs*, by Jean Webster, especially to see that it is not classified under the juveniles, either best sellers or otherwise. It was classified in the Sunday *Times* with the juveniles, and as the hero is a man of forty, and as it is a love story, the heroine a girl in college, it is hardly the proper place to put it. We would much prefer to have it left out entirely of any lists of best sellers rather than to see it among the juveniles.

Now we hasten to concede the complete justice of this protest and of those other earlier protests when it was a matter of Miss Montgomery's books. But as we have pointed out in our replies, we are quite powerless to change in any way any of the reports which come to us from the various cities throughout the country, and which are printed at length in the Book Mart in the closing pages of every issue of the magazine. While we fear that possibly there may have been individual cases where lists have been sent in not absolutely in accordance with merit, we are thoroughly convinced that in the bulk these lists are honest and accurate, and give a very reliable indication of the general demand for books by American readers. Certainly the last thing that we could afford to do would be to make editorial changes which might have the result of substituting one book for another in the eventual summing up of the "six best selling books." To confine ourselves to Miss Webster's *Daddy-Long-Legs*. For the sake of illustration suppose that the returns from some city gave six other books as the "best sellers" under the fiction department, and indicated that *Daddy-Long-Legs* was the leading so-called juvenile. There is the predicament. Without inviting immediate and justified criticism, we could not drop any of the six books in the original list and substitute Miss Webster's story no mat-

ter how strong our own convictions that it deserved a prominent place in the list. We intend this explanation not only for Miss Webster, Miss Montgomery and their publishers, but also beg to call it to the attention of our friends throughout the country who are supplying lists.

Jennette Lee

Jennette Lee, the author of *Mr. Achilles,* was born in New England and has spent most of her life there. But she was for three years in Chicago, where the scene of *Mr. Achilles* is laid. The character of Achilles was suggested to her by a story she heard Jane Addams tell of a Greek who came to Chicago full of the spirit of the past and looking forward to telling the Americans of the ruins and temples and gods of Greece; they would of course be eager to hear about them, since they had no ruins or beautiful things of their own! The story took shape as she listened, and when she went home she jotted down the notes of it substantially as she has written it in *Mr. Achilles.* But she did not actually write anything on it until a year or two later, and even then it grew a few chapters at a time. The first part of it was published as it was finished, in *Harper's Magazine,* and later chapters in *The Outlook* last summer. Many letters have come to Mrs. Lee from readers of these magazines, of pleasure in Mr. Achilles and in little Betty. The child's character had no prototype in Miss Addams's story. But she seemed a natural counterpart of the Greek.

There are several child characters in Mrs. Lee's work; the first story that she wrote was of a child, her first three books all had children's characters in them, and one of her best-known short stories, "A Village Child," is a village full of children. "The Village Child" was one of three stories accepted in the Collier short-story competition a few years ago. Twelve thousand short stories were submitted in the competition. Out of the twelve thousand Collier accepted sixty for publication, and of the sixty selected, three were written by Mrs. Lee. Mrs. Lee's time is divided into parts according to the days of the week. Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays she writes on some short story or book or play; and on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays she teaches a short time each morning at Smith College, where she has the position of Professor of English Language and Literature. On the days that she teaches she does no writing of any kind, and on the days of writing she forgets the college.



JENNETTE LEE ON THE SMITH CAMPUS

Mr. Arnold Bennett's Sin

A reviewer for the *New York Times* accuses Mr. Arnold Bennett of "deliberate insincerity or inexcusable ignorance" because in his book on the United States, reviewed elsewhere in this magazine, Mr. Bennett says he found no trace of the proverbial American "rush" at any time during his recent visit. He ought, says the reviewer, to have tried strap-hanging, and "it seems he did not try it." Therefore in the opinion of the reviewer he was dishonest or culpably negligent, "for it is as plain as the nose on a man's face that the 'rush' of New York is something no honest visitor to our shores can afford not to see, or even pretend not to

see." Furthermore he finds in this and in other matters signs of a deplorable snobbishness on the part of Mr. Bennett. This seems unaccountably high dudgeon even supposing Mr. Bennett guilty of the crime. But was he guilty? It is a small matter, but while about it one may as well be exact. In the first place Mr. Bennett seems to be pretty well aware of the sort of "rush" to which the reviewer refers, that is, the homeward scramble of New Yorkers in the afternoon, in his description on p. 172 of the young wife who is forced to fight every time she takes a street car, and on p. 173 of the young husband, worn-out and nervous, "after his own personal dose of street-car." Nor does he seem altogether ignorant of strap-hanging when he speaks on p. 114 of a Boston host who took him on a car journey to Cambridge "as a sort of robustious outing" and of

the citizens of Brookline—reputed to be the wealthiest suburb in the world—strap-hanging and buffeted and flung about on the way home from church, in surface cars which really did carry inadequacy and brutality to excess.



STRAP HANGERS. FROM ARNOLD BENNETT'S "YOUR UNITED STATES"

If he studied the phenomenon at close range in Boston instead of New York it is proof rather of his good sense or good fortune.

Says the irate reviewer:

Even supposing a lavish American hospitality has so contrived it that the guest of the republic has been spirited about in limousines with only occasional lapses into taxicabs, it remains true that the New Yorker about his daily business—except for a quite inconsiderable number of him—does not travel so, unless perhaps he chances to be showing somebody from the Five Towns a time. . . . It was even his duty as a conscientious realist and first impressionist to try strap-hanging, and strap-hanging at the rush hour.

What would this merciless person have? Surely an honest "first impressionist" need not receive the impression on his own back or ribs. No humane reader will regret that Mr. Bennett's impressions of our street-car crowding were not indented on his bodily frame.

In the second place, the "rush" which Mr. Bennett did not find commensurate with his expectations had nothing to do with strap-hanging, as appears from his remarks on the subject on page 35. He had expected for some reason "an overwhelming violence of traffic and movement" in the business quarters of New York, and a reckless crowd "going furiously upon its financial ways" and a fearful racket in the Stock Exchange, and he was disappointed to find that these vivacities were equalled if not surpassed in certain capitals of Europe. He is not the first visitor to remark the comparative slowness of the American "rush" in certain respects. A year or so ago another Englishman was making the same complaint and presented in the *Atlantic Monthly* a really formidable bill of particulars.

The Chollop Tradition

But supposing Mr. Bennett had been altogether in the wrong, how account for the reviewer's indignation? Why does he care? And why, on the other hand, does he correspondingly rejoice when something

American exceeds Mr. Bennett's expectations?

Every true American, whether his birthplace be Kieff or Omaha, must glow with honest pride at the praise which is bestowed upon Fifth Avenue.

Here, once more, we have that mysterious attitude of American reviewers toward the visiting impressionist on which we have so often pondered in these columns. Seldom do we find these quaint survivals of our early provincial anxieties, save in the pages of the newspaper reviews. Even there they are growing rarer. The true American glowing with pride or paling with wrath at what any scurrying British novelist says about Fifth Avenue would, we believe, be very hard to find. But there are reviewers who still think that he is numerous—reviewers who still live in the Hannibal Chollop tradition that the "country, sir, must be cracked up" and who would vindicate America against the impressions even of a balloonist who admitted that he had never once touched earth. Why should the stationary reviewer de-



THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, WASHINGTON ROAD, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

"AND AFTER THE INN AND THE CLUB I WAS CONDUCTED INTO A TRUE AMERICAN HOME, WHERE THE LARGEST AND MOST FREE HOSPITALITY WAS BEING PRACTISED UPON A FOOTING OF UNIVERSAL INTIMACY. YOU ATE STANDING; YOU ATE SITTING; YOU ATE WALKING THE LENGTH OF THE LONG TABLE; YOU ATE AT ONE SMALL TABLE, AND THEN YOU ATE AT ANOTHER. YOU TALKED AT RANDOM TO STRANGERS BEHIND AND STRANGERS BEFORE. AND WHEN YOU COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO SAY, YOU JUST SMILED INCLUSIVELY. YOU KNEW SCARCELY ANYBODY'S NAME, BUT THE HEART OF EVERYBODY. IMPOSSIBLE TO BE CEREMONIOUS! WHEN A YOUNG WOMAN BLUNTLY INQUIRED THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THAT FAR-AWAY LOOK IN YOUR EYE, IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO REPLY FRANKLY THAT YOU WERE DREAMING OF A SECOND HELPING OF A MARVELLOUS PIE UP THERE AT THE END OF THE LONG TABLE; AND IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO EAT ALL THE THREE SEPARATE SECOND HELPINGS THAT WERE INSTANTLY THRUST UPON YOU! THE CHATTER AND THE GOOD-NATURE WERE ENORMOUS. THIS HOME WAS AN EXPRESSION OF THE DEMOCRACY OF THE UNIVERSITY AT ITS BEST. FRATERNITY WAS ABROAD; KINDLINESS WAS ABROAD; AND THEREFORE JOY. WHATEVER ELSE WAS TAUGHT AT THE UNIVERSITY, THESE WERE TAUGHT, AND THEY WERE LEARNED. IF A PUBLICIST ASKED ME WHAT AMERICAN CIVILISATION HAD ACHIEVED, I WOULD ANSWER THAT AMONG OTHER THINGS IT HAS ACHIEVED THIS HOUR IN THIS MODEST HOME."—ARNOLD BENNETT'S "YOUR UNITED STATES."



CONAN DOYLE AT FIFTY-THREE

mand that the impressions of each new bewildered, flying novelist be identical with his own? No man standing at the foot of a stairway has the same impression of it as the man who is rolling down. This truth is elementary, yet seems to be quite unknown to those who rebuke so solemnly the necessarily haphazard remarks of our whirling international impressionists. If Mr. G. K. Chesterton, for example, were to spend four days amongst us, leaping and dancing and praising God, and then in the next four days to produce the inevitable vol-

ume, the result would no doubt be delightful and most people would understand the rules of the game. But of one thing we may be quite sure: A dozen serious American reviewers would immediately announce that Mr. Chesterton had misjudged the United States in several important particulars.

Robert Barr and Conan Doyle

About twenty years ago Mr. S. S. McClure conceived the idea of a series of "Real Conversations" between persons of interesting achievement, and one of these conversations was a dialogue between Conan Doyle and Robert Barr, recorded by the latter. Mr. Barr died last month, and Conan Doyle is a somewhat sedate Knight come to three and fifty years. But twenty years ago, or to be more exact, eighteen, Robert Barr was in the full swing of his achievements, a conspicuous figure among the clever story-tellers of the day; while Conan Doyle, after years of unremunerative struggle, both as a writer and as a medical practitioner, had found his "Open Sesame" in the creation of Sherlock Holmes, and was becoming a prominent literary light in England and in this country. This "Real Conversation" was genuine, because the men talked shop. As it was designed for publication in an American magazine it was naturally exceedingly polite to Americans, but for all that there was no reason to doubt seriously the sincerity of the talkers. Mr. Barr had a characteristic fling at the other conversations in the series by pointing out that in them everybody had agreed with everybody else, whereas, as a mater of fact, no literary man ever agrees with any other literary man. He sometimes pretends to like the books another fellow has written, but that is all humbug. He doesn't in his heart; he knows he could have done them better himself.



ROBERT BARR



WILLIAM H. ALLEN. DR. ALLEN'S "MODERN PHILANTHROPY" IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

On this point Dr. Doyle chose emphatically to disagree. His argument was that a fellow-author knows the dif-

ficulties to overcome; appreciates the effect aimed at; his criticism, even if severe, would be necessarily helpful and intelligent. Then the two turned to an amiable discussion of the writers of the day, Mr. Barr pointing out that Mr. Howells, who had no English axe to grind, considered literature in England to be a thing of the past, maintaining that authors no longer understood even the rudiments of their business. But Doyle did not concur in this view. To his mind there were at least a dozen men and women who had made a deep mark.

BARR. "A dozen! You always were a generous man, Doyle. Who are the talented twelve, so that I may cable to Howells?"

DOYLE. "There are more than a dozen—Barrie, Kipling, Mrs. Olive Schreiner, Sarah Grand, Miss Harraden, Gilbert Parker, Quiller-Couch, Hall Caine, Stevenson, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope, Crockett, Rider Haggard, Jerome, Zangwill, Clark Russell, George Moore—many of them under thirty and few of them much over it. There are others, of course. These names just happen to occur to me."

BARR. "You think a man improves up to fifty?"

DOYLE. "Certainly, if he keeps out of a groove and refuses to do his work in a mechanical way. Why, many of the greatest writers in our fiction did not begin until after forty. Thackeray was about forty. Scott was past forty. Charles Reade and George Eliot were as much. Richardson was fifty. To draw life, one must know it."

BARR. "My experience is that when a man is fifty he knows he will improve until he is sixty, and when he is sixty he feels that improvement will keep right on until he is seventy; whereas, when he is twenty he thinks that perhaps he will know more when he is thirty, but is not sure. Man is an amusing animal. Now I would like an American dozen, if you don't mind."

DOYLE. "I have not read a book for a long time that has stirred me as much as Miss Wilkins's *Pembroke*. I think she is a very great writer. It is always risky to call a recent book a classic, but this one really seems to me to have every characteristic of one."

BARR. "Well?"

DOYLE. "Well!"



A SOUTHERN LITERARY SHRINE OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE. POE'S ROOM, NO. 13 WEST RANGE, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

BARR. "That is only one. Don't you read American fiction?"

DOYLE. "Not as much as I should wish, but what I have read has, I hope, been fairly representative. I know Cable's work and Eugene Field's and Hamlin Garland's and Edgar Fawcett's and Richard Harding Davis's. I think Harold Frederic's *In the Valley* is one of the best of recent historical romances. The danger for American fiction is, I think, that it should run in many brooks instead of one broad stream. There is a tendency to over-accentuate local peculiarities; differences, after all, are very superficial things, and good old human nature is always there under a coat of varnish. When one hears of a literature of the West or of the South, it sounds aggressively sectional."

BARR. "Sectional? If it comes to that, who could be more sectional than Hardy or Barrie —the one giving us the literature of a county and the other of a village? You know that a person in a neighbouring village said of Barrie, that he was 'no sae bad fur a Kerrimuer man.' When you speak of a section in America, you must not forget it may be a bit of land as big as France."

DOYLE. "Barrie and Hardy have gained success by showing how the Scotch or Wessex peasant shares our common human nature, not by accentuating the points in which they differ from us."

BARR. "Well, I think Howells is demolished. What do you think of him and of James?"

DOYLE. "James, I think, has had a great and permanent influence upon fiction. His beautiful, clear-cut style and his artistic restraint must affect every one who reads him. I'm sure his 'Portrait of a Lady' was an education to me, though one has not always the wit to profit by one's education."

BARR. "Yes; James is a writer of whom you English people ought to be proud. I wish we had an American like him. Still, thank goodness, we have our William Dean Howells. I love Howells so much that I feel sure you must have something to say against him; what is it?"

DOYLE. "I admire his honest, earnest work, but I do not admire his attitude toward all writers and critics who happen to differ from his school. One can like Valdes and Bourget and Miss Austen without throwing stones at Scott or Thackeray and Dickens. There is plenty of room for all."

Some Southern Shrines

Scarcely had been launched the inquiry in the November number of THE BOOKMAN concerning Southern literary shrines, than the answer came in the shape of a little book by La Salle Corbell Pickett entitled *Literary Hearthstones of Dixie.* Mrs. Pickett is the widow of the famous Confederate General Pickett of "Pickett's charge" at Gettysburg and is the author of an earlier volume called *Pickett and His Men.* Patriotic sentiment and hallowed associations therefore ensure the present book being a fairly full and reliable record of literary shrines south of the Mason and Dixon line. Some of these may indeed aspire to a wider national recognition, as, for example, Poe's room at the University of Virginia, Number 13, West Range, which will rank with Number 28, South Barracks, West Point, as a place of interest connected with the poet. In Richmond itself memorials of Poe seem to be few, since most of the buildings associated with his residence there are apparently no longer standing. Mrs. Pickett demolishes the legend of Mr. Allan's "stately mansion" in which Poe was supposed to have passed his youth, and reduces this domicile to the second story of a tobacconist's establishment. The most important literary centre which Mrs. Pickett mentions is Charleston, which, before the war, was ambitious to become the literary capital of the South —a southern Boston, in short. There dwelt William Gilmore Sims and his young friends and disciples, Paul Hamilton Hayne and Henry Timrod. Hayne's historic home was, however, destroyed in the bombardment of Charleston, and his latter years were passed in what he himself called "a little apology for a dwelling" on Copse Hill in the pine-barrens of Georgia, eighteen miles from Augusta. Timrod, too, died in exile from the "city by the sea," in a pretty cottage on Henderson Street, Columbia, which is still standing. Sims's real home was Woodlands, a mansion that his literary hospitality made famous in ante-bellum days, near Midway, the half-way stop between Charleston and Augusta. This shrine also was burned during the

war, and Sims passed his declining years, and died, in the town itself where most of his editorial work had been done. A monument now commemorates his name and fame on the Battery.

"Even war places were literary shrines for Lanier," writes Mrs. Pickett, "for wherever he chanced to be he was constantly dedicating himself anew to the work of his life. In Petersburg he studied in the Public Library. In that old town he first saw General R. E. Lee, and watched his calm face until he 'felt that the antique earth returned out of the past and some mystic god sat on a hill, sculptured in stone, presiding over a terrible, yet sublime contest of human passions'—perhaps the most poetic conception ever awakened by the somewhat familiar view of an elderly gentleman asleep under the influence of a sermon on a drowsy midsummer day." But the real shrine of Sidney Lanier, "the sunrise poet," is the family home, which is still to be seen on High Street, in Macon, Georgia. "It is a wide, roomy mansion, with hospitality written all over its broad steps that lead up to a wide veranda on which many windows look out and smile upon the visitor as he enters. One tall dormer window, overarched with a high peak, comes out to the very edge of the roof to welcome the guest. Two, smaller and more retiring, stand upon the verge of the high-combed house-roof and look down in friendly greeting. There are tall trees in the yard, bending a little to touch the old house lovingly"—in short the very picture of what a literary shrine should be. In West End, a suburb of Atlanta, stands "Snap Bean Farm," where Uncle Remus wrote his stories. A deplorably tasteless modern structure this, but to be forgiven in spite of its ugliness by the memories of Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit which cluster around it. The editorial rooms of the Atlanta *Constitution* may also serve as a shrine for the same literary deity. Mrs. Pickett tells an amusing story of trying to find him there:

> Being in Atlanta some years ago, I called up the office and asked if I might speak to him. The gentleman who answered my call replied that Mr. Harris was not in, adding the information that if he were he would not talk through the telephone. I asked what time I should be likely to find him in the office. "He will be in this afternoon, but I fear that he would not see you if you were the angel Gabriel," was the discouraging reply. "I am not the angel Gabriel," I said. "Tell him that I am a lady—Mrs. Pickett—and that I should like very much to see him." "If you are a lady, and Mrs. Pickett, I fear that he will vanish and never be found again."

Finally she did find him, however, and when told of the morning's conversation, he said: "I never talk through the telephone. . . . I do not like to talk in a hole. I look into a man's eyes when I talk to him." On M Street, which used to be Bridge Street before Georgetown became West Washington, stands the house that was once the home of Francis Scott Key, which is still maintained as a museum, though the relics have all been removed to the Betsy Ross house in Philadelphia, and the house itself is soon to be sold and demolished for business purposes. In Christ Church nearby there is a memorial window to the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Other Southern writers of whom shrines are cherished with a sense of sectional pride and affection, even if they are not likely to be accepted on any national scale, are Father Ryan, Dr. George William Bagby, and Margaret Junkin Preston, not to forget Augusta Evans Wilson, "the 'Mother' of *St. Elmo*," who lived the best years of her life, and wrote the books that brought her widest ante-bellum fame, in a beautiful home on Ashland Place, Mobile, Alabama, which passed out of her hands some time before her death and is now the property of others.

Some Poe Questions

Quite recently some English critics have seen fit to question the story that Edgar Allan Poe, from a reading of the first instalment of Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*, anticipated the entire plot of that novel. The story has long been an accepted one, and there is a legend to the effect that Charles Dickens himself, commenting upon the

American's astonishing feat, exclaimed: "Why the man must be the very devil." In the Virginian Edition of the works of Poe there will easily be found a critical essay on *Barnaby Rudge,* which begins with the statement that in a certain publication of a year and a half before, the writer, from a perusal of the first instalment of the Dickens story, made certain deductions, and that these deductions, with the exception of certain minor details, had been quite justified by the complete narrative. The question that the English critics have brought up is whether that first essay to which Poe alludes had ever actually been written, or whether the allusion to it after *Barnaby Rudge* had run its full course was merely a literary whimsicality on the part of Poe. We have not gone deeply into the matter and we do not remember ever having seen that actual first paper. At all events, the point is an extremely interesting one, and of real importance to Poe lovers and to American letters.

Another Poe mystery. We take it for granted that our readers remember, in a general way at least, *The Mystery of Marie Roget* and the conditions under which it was written. Briefly they were these. Some time in the forties of the last century, a certain Mary Rogers, known as "the beautiful cigar girl," disappeared from the shop on Broadway, New York, in which she was employed. Several days later her body, bearing marks of extreme violence, was found in the Hudson River, at a place near Weehawken, New Jersey, known as the Sybil's Cave. It was the celebrated case of the hour. Poe made it the basis of his story, brought in his famous Dupin whom he had used in "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" and "The Purloined Letter," shifted the scene from New York to Paris, substituted the Seine for the Hudson, and Gallicised the heroine's name to Marie Roget. In the form in which the tale has come down to us it ends abruptly with an editorial note to the effect that for obvious reasons only so much of Mr. Poe's story could be printed. Now the inevitable questions are, was this merely a trick of the author's, or had he actually carried the narrative to a conclusion which could not be printed at a time when justice was still on the scent of the murderer or murderers of Mary Rogers? In support of the latter theory there was the vague impression that we had read somewhere that Mr. Poe in the continuation of the narrative had fastened the guilt upon a United States naval officer.

It was a number of years ago that we first became interested in this question. Indeed we had hoped that some day we could print in this magazine the full story of *The Mystery of Marie Roget* at a time when, through the lapse of years, such publication would be perfectly permissible. Quite recently we fell to discussing the matter again with Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson. Now Mr. Stevenson is himself the inventor of very intricate mysteries and a librarian of many years' standing as well. Yet he could throw no light whatever upon the subject. So we referred the matter to that very distinguished Poe authority, George E. Woodberry, whose answer in part is as follows:

> I think the form of the story has never varied in successive editions, and I know of no manuscript. I supposed the ending was only one of Poe's hoaxes. I have seen that statement about the naval officer, but in the confused mass of my newspaper clippings I cannot now find it without a long search; and it is probably only another of the innumerable Poe legends. I got a copy of the evidence of the trial, but it contained nothing of interest, merely hallucinations of a spiritualist sort as I recall it.
>
> P. S. In favour of my view it is to be observed that Poe reprinted and revised the tale (1845), and retained with slight changes the editorial note in brackets. Had the editor and not he himself suppressed any portion, he had the opportunity to restore any omitted passage, and did not.

Mr. Munday Recalls

Mr. Luther Munday's *A Chronicle of Friendships* could not, without the most extreme exaggeration, be called a book of literary reminiscences, but here and there in the volume there are some exceedingly vivid literary impressions. For example, Mr. Munday

speaks of meeting George Meredith at Reading. He remembers Meredith's saying that he could only speak sitting down; standing up to make a speech killed his ideas. Mr. Munday calls to mind sayings and doings of those whom he has met. "Israel Zangwill said that the two greatest writers who have sinned against the laws of writing are Browning and Meredith, the one in verse, the other in prose. Here are a few more acid drops: Carlyle said that Walt Whitman wrote as though the town bull had learned to hold a pen. In earlier days Pope said of Dr. Johnson that a dictionary maker might know the meaning of one word but not of two put together. Neither Browning nor Emerson saw anything in Shelley's poems. Carlyle speaks of Bronté's Rochester as a wooden figure in the shape of a man. Swinburne speaks of Rochester as the one supreme masculine figure. Carlyle of Browning: 'For my soul's salvation I could not make out the meaning of this Agamemnon.' Carlyle of Swinburne: 'There is nothing the least intellectual in anything he writes.' Keats, the son of a livery stable keeper, appealed to Tennyson as the greatest poet of them all; while Carlyle said of Keats, '*Isabella* might have been written by a seamstress who had eaten rich food and then slept upon her back.' Heine described Liszt to Chopin as a swaggering little insect; George Sand said of Chopin 'There was nothing constant about him but his cough.' She called his heart a cemetery; he called her a necropolis."

One of Mr. Munday's friendships was Robert Browning. The personal impression the poet made upon him was not commanding, and Mr. Munday comments that one would not have judged him a poet, much less as the man who shared with Tennyson the laurels of the nineteenth century. Once when they were speaking of clubs, Browning told how the Athenæum Club had posted his name as a defaulter by mistake. It has been generally supposed that the famous poem "Good News from Ghent" was historical or legendary, but Mr. Munday reprints a letter in which Browning tells that it was altogether an invention of his own, written at sea, inspired by the wish to be once more on the back of a horse at home. Some more epigrams quoted by Mr. Munday. "Tennyson speaks of Bacon's essays as 'Bundles of antitheses offering weapons to combatants.' Oscar Wilde on George Meredith, 'Who can define him? His style is chaos, illumined by lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything except language. As a novelist he can do everything except tell the story. As an artist he is everything except articulate.' "

Mr. Munday was introduced to Ouida at the Langham Hotel in London, whither he was taken by a friend to counteract any emotional display of gratitude that she might show. He confesses to a shock at the meeting.

Poor Louise de la Ramée was at that time in a chronic state of hard-up; friend after friend took it in turn to help her. My earliest literary susceptibilities revelled in and were satisfied by her drawings of guardsmen, who bathed in scent, and of ladies who threw guinea peaches at flies; but Ouida's description of sensuous luxury is Sunday-school writing compared to Pliny's on the same subject; he says that Cleopatra gave for us in her bath the equivalent of sixteen pounds, sixteen shillings per pound, for unguents of scent, imperceptible to the persons inundated with them, but perceptible to others. However, Ouida's silly vanities and petty weaknesses disappear when she writes about her beloved Florence and about animals. When I gazed on her I thought of Verschoyle's words: "I have lived long enough to know that there were other feminine virtues in this world besides that of chastity."

A Practical Teacher

Mr. A. F. Wilson, New York University's new instructor in the craft of magazine writing and making, has, if his interviewer correctly reports him, been taking Mr. Augustine Birrell's advice in regard to standard writers. Mr. Birrell in an essay denouncing the practice of admiring by tradition, urged any man who in his heart disliked a literary master to pluck up courage and hit him a "rap over his classical costard." Mr. Wilson smites right and left. At the head of Robert

Louis Stevenson he hurls the writings of Mr. Jeffery Farnol, and in the teeth of Nathaniel Hawthorne he flings Dr. Henry van Dyke. The finest story ever produced in America is, in Mr. Wilson's opinion, "The Municipal Report" by the late O. Henry; and he has made a collection of the best contemporary short stories in French and English exhibiting a "craftsmanship and technique which would put Poe and Du Maupassant in the kindergarten class of authors." This seemed to the interviewer somewhat excessive, although he represented the *New York Times Book Review*, which is astonishingly liberal toward contemporary literary merit, and he started to interrupt, but Mr. Wilson waved him aside—

"Oh, I know you do not agree with me," he continued. "Every college professor in the country would throw up his hands in horror at the mere mention of such an idea. If you are going to be academic you have got to be careful, and smack your lips over a dead bone that has already received some attention. But put the old school and the new school to the acid test. What will you read after dinner to-night? Will it be Hawthorne and Poe, or James Oppenheim and Edna Ferber?"

I had been waiting for this opportunity, so that I drove home my next question with some force.

"Then you will throw the old fellows on the scrap-heap, and use your Ferbers and Van Dykes as examples and models in your classes?"

He did not flinch an inch. "The old school furnishes the foundation and the historical value, but if we stopped there the students would not be able to sell a single manuscript in New York City."

To the interviewer's modest suggestion that this might be a reproach of the present magazines rather than of the older writers, Mr. Wilson replied that almost every editor in New York would agree with him. The aim of the new teacher is eminently practical. He believes magazine writing can be as successfully taught as shoe-making or bricklaying, and he is already able to point to the following solid achievements: A student from the east side with no knowledge whatever of magazine writing had, before the end of the year, contributed to *Life* and several other periodicals. Another, a young woman, won a place on the editorial staff of one of the largest of our women's periodicals. A third had articles accepted by the *Outlook, Short Stories, Lippincott's,* etc.

Now why does he suppose college professors will throw up their hands in horror at these ideas? College professors are perfectly aware that the people with whom magazine editors are mainly concerned do prefer James Oppenheim to Edgar Allan Poe for after-dinner reading and are more likely to pick up the *Saturday Evening Post* than the Bible. College professors are used to the ecstasies of editors and advertisers over every new thing. It is unfair to them or to any other class of men to say that they are shocked by anything so familiar and tame as the outstripping of the Hawthornes, Du Maupassants and Poes by the Van Dykes, Oppenheims and Ferbers—in the opinion of magazine editors. Moreover, a college professor of economics proposed this very plan of a factory for short-story writers more than a dozen years ago, and as it may offer some suggestions to students in Professor Wilson's course we reproduce a portion of it here—

Essential novelty displeases the usual reader if he notices it at all. Superficial novelty is his delight, but he must be standing on good solid familiar ground to enjoy it. The homely language, the obvious humour, and the grotesque incident of the local-colour stories appeal to him. In other respects there must be identity with what he is used to. Long after the few active-minded persons have grown weary, the majority of magazine readers continue to enjoy. The commonplace is the most promising financial field for the writer of today. It puts a premium on compilation as opposed to composition. It completely reverses the artistic canon and requires not that a man shall think what he has to say and how best to say it, but what people wish to have him say and in what form they expect him to say it. He should write with a divided mind, keeping the better half of it on his public. To the majority of readers literary commonplace is the breath of their life. They buy it from day to day in increasing quantities. They will pay for it pretty nearly all that is asked.

From their standpoint the note of imitation against which the critic warns the young is precisely the thing to be preserved. The advice of the critic or the more experienced writer is apt to be lacking in frankness. It assumes that an imponderable something, which is called literary merit, is a determinant of success, and it ignores the broad and promising field of literary endeavour in which this quality has nothing whatever to do with success. The very negative side of a young writer, the absence of those qualities which the few prize so highly, may be one of the chief elements in his success by smoothing his way and giving him a larger audience. For long periods of time the popular demand remains so uniform that it would be feasible to establish training-schools for literary producers. Compare the qualities which one hundred short stories of the second rank have in common. Their elements are not indefinable, nor is their mechanism especially complex. There is nothing about them to lead you to say that one author could not have written this or the other that. A careful recombining of the elements with an avoidance of anything like verbal plagiarism would, I believe, give a resultant story quite as good as any in the list. It would probably find a publisher, since it would have about it those reminiscences of success which a publisher always values.

Thackeray Among the Elements of Rhetoric

Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, one of the editors of Loeb's Classics, urges upon us the study of Greek, that we may learn to write lucidly in English. A good many others have been before him in this, but his argument is noteworthy for its recourse to concrete examples. He turns passages from English novels into Greek, aiming to show how by the very nature of the latter language the loose or superfluous terms permitted by English usage are excluded. For example, there is the following from Thackeray's *Vanity Fair:*

> The observant reader, who has marked our young lieutenant's behaviour, and has preserved our report of the brief conversation which he has just had with Captain Dobbin, has possibly come to certain conclusions regarding the character of Lieutenant Osborne.

He turns it into Greek, which may be thus rendered: "If you marked what [the before-mentioned] George did before and the things he said, not many, to [the before-mentioned] William perhaps you have perceived already what manner of man he is." Thereupon he remarks:

> You see that the English does not make it clear that our young lieutenant is Lieutenant Osborne; says the same thing twice when the "observant reader" "marks"; does not make clear how the report is preserved; and uses five abstractions which call up no image whatever, "behaviour," "report," "conversation," "conclusions," "character." Four of these five abstractions are acts and are properly expressed by verbs; one is a dead metaphor, which does not express the thought better, or indeed as well as an adjective. It is true that this can be expressed simply in English: "If you have noticed what Osborne did, and if you remember what he said, as I told it, you will know something of what kind of a man he is." It can be so put, but the point is that it is not so put; the roundabout way is the usual way in English, whereas the straight way is not only the usual way in Greek, but it is the only right way.

No one is likely to dispute Dr. Rouse's main contention. It is true, as he says, that

> No language can express so many fine variations and shades of thought. Thus the student has to carry further the art of saying what he means. . . . My point as before is, not that English cannot be simple, but that it is not, and that Greek study may help to mend this.

But when he puts this principle into practice and cites such an instance as this, he hurts the good cause he has at heart. For Thackeray was not writing telegrams, nor do Dr. Rouse's Greek and English substitutes convey the essentials of what Thackeray had to say. Even the single sentence quoted has in it something of Thackeray's genial presence, and if a longer passage had been reduced in that manner to its lowest terms it would be still more evident that all signs of Thackeray had been obliterated. The Greek version, therefore does not move more quickly to the point. It misses the main point altogether, leaving none of that delightful per-

sonal intimacy with the author which is conferred by these very superfluities. In this instance surely the longest way round is the shortest way home, for the main thing sought by all loyal readers of Thackeray is Thackeray himself. And while not believing in his literal inspiration they do not like to think of that gracious, easy-going, confidential personality stripped, pared down, purged of pleonasms, tautologies, periphrases, anacolouthons, polysyndetons, metaphors, dead, dying, or mixed, hurried up and sent about his business with no fooling by the way. But somehow in his dilatory manner he did contrive to do that of which Mr. Howells complains, and in which others rejoice, namely, to "paint himself in with the picture."

Dr. Rouse's test seems rather severe even when applied to ordinary novelists about whose personalities nobody cares. He objects, for example, to such sentences as "She tapped her little foot," "She opened her blue eyes at him" and "He followed the black-robed figure," because the size, shape and colour have nothing to do with the point. And he is quite savage with the following sentence:

The team spoke well for Miss Hollister's stable, and the liveried driver kept them moving steadily.

"Why liveried?" he asks. "A liveried driver drives no better than a driver without livery," and so on with other bitter questions, and he shows that it all comes down to saying that "The good horses proved that her horses were good." Such expressions, he says, are highly offensive in Greek prose. Now the pity of it is that a man so right in principle should be so absurd in practice. People are bound to say of classic studies, By their fruits ye shall know them, and the fruits he exhibits are all instances of precision run mad. Thus is Greek wounded in the house of its friends.

A Mistake in Identity

In taking up a volume of English reminiscences of recent years, written by some person who has been thrown in with literary and artistic life, we can prophesy with a certain amount of assurance just what writing men are likely to be brought into the pages. There will be of course considerable about George Meredith, the last survivor of the Victorian school. To Rudyard Kipling there will probably be half a dozen references of no particular importance. To J. M. Barrie, Anthony Hope, Maurice Hewlett, A. W. Pinero, Conan Doyle, Austin Dobson and Robert Hichens, there will be a slight passing allusion or else nothing at all. On the other hand, there is certain to be a great deal about the American Whistler, the Scandinavian Ibsen and the Hibernian Shaw. We had reached this general opinion before taking up Mrs. Alec Tweedie's *Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life*, and in the book we found nothing to change it. The genial G. B. S. is the hero of several of the volume's most entertaining anecdotes. For example, Mrs. Tweedie tells of a certain embarrassing mistake in identity. At the dinner of the Society of Authors in 1907, Mrs. Tweedie's seat at the top table placed her between Mr. Shaw and Lord Dunsany. Exactly opposite was one of the fork tables that filled the room and gave accommodation to about two hundred and fifty guests. In the corner sat a little old lady who looked at the person sitting at Mrs. Tweedie's left, consulted her programme, on which she read the name of Bernard Shaw, smiled with delight, and then the following conversation began:

OLD LADY (*beaming across table*): "I do love your writing."

GREY-BEARDED GENTLEMAN (*bowing*): "Thank you very much."

OLD LADY: "One sees the whole scene so vividly before one."

(*The* GREY-BEARDED GENTLEMAN *bowed again.*)

OLD LADY (*bending a little nearer*): "They live and move. The characters almost dance before one."

GREY-BEARDED GENTLEMAN: "It's good of you to say so. So few people read my sort of stuff as a rule."

OLD LADY: "They are works of inspiration! By the by, how does inspiration come to you?"

GREY-BEARDED GENTLEMAN: "Well, it's rather difficult to say. Anywhere, I think. An idea often flashes through my mind in a crowd, or even when some one is talking to me."

OLD LADY (*flapping her wings with delight,*

and evidently hoping she was an inspiration): "Would you be so very kind as to sign my autograph book?"

"With pleasure," was the reply. And thereupon she produced a tiny little almanac from her pocket and a stylographic pen, and with a beaming smile remarked:

"Under your name, please write *Man and Superman!*"

He turned to her with a puzzled look, and then this is what ensued:

"That is my favourite play."

"Is it?"

"Don't you love it best?"

"Never read it in my life."

"What! never read your own masterpiece!"

"No, madam. I am afraid you have made a mistake."

"What! You do not mean to say that you are not Bernard Shaw?"

"No. I'm only Lewis Morris, the poet."

Naturally the old lady collapsed. The point of the matter was that at the last moment Shaw had telegraphed that he could not come till the meat course was over and Sir Lewis Morris had asked if he might take his place.

On one occasion Shaw had much to say to Mrs. Tweedie about his methods of rehearsing his plays. Mrs. Tweedie was lunching at the Shaw home in London overlooking the Thames. She told him that she had first heard of him in Berlin, in 1892, long before he had been talked of in England. She had seen *Arms and the Man* in the German capital—eight years later she was haunted by *Candida* in America, and then returned to find him creeping into fame in England. That delighted him. He told her that he insisted on rehearsing every line of his own plays whenever it was possible. He liked the actors to read their parts the first time. Then he could stop them, and give them his interpretation, and when they were learning them at home, these suggestions would soak in. If they learned their words first, they would also give interpretations of their own, which would have to be unlearned. Mrs. Tweedie asked Shaw if he thought Ibsen's influence was so great. "Undoubtedly," was the reply, "but the movement was in the air. I had written several of my plays, which, when they appeared, the critics said showed Ibsen's influence, and yet at that time I had never read a word of Ibsen. He emphasised and brought out what every one was feeling; but he never got away from the old idea of a grand ending, a climax —a final curtain."

Shaw went on to tell Mrs. Tweedie of some of his curious experiences with plays:

A few years ago I received a letter from a young man in the country. He said his people were strict Methodists, he had never been in a theatre in his life, he had not even been allowed to read Shakespeare, but *Three Plays* by Shaw had fallen into his hands, and he had read them. He felt he must write a play. He had written one. Would I read it? I did. It was crude, curious, middle-aged, stinted, and yet the true dramatic element was there. He had evolved a village drama from his own soul. I wrote and told him to go on, and showed him his faults, but never heard any more of him.

Once a leading actor-manager of mine took to drink. I heard it; peril seemed imminent. I wrote and told him I had met a journalist, named Moriarty, who had found him drunk in the street; explained that under the influence of alcohol he had divulged the most appalling things, which, if true, would make it necessary for me to find some one else to play the part. Terrible despair! Many letters at intervals. I continued to cite Moriarty, and all went well. One fine day a letter came, saying my manager had met the tale-bearer. He had happened to call at a lady's house and there Moriarty stood. The furious manager nearly rushed at his enemy's throat to kill him; but being in a woman's drawing-room, he deferred his revenge. Nevertheless, he would, by Jove, he would do it next time, if he heard any more tales. Vengeance, daggers!

Then I quaked. I had to write and say my "Moriarty" was a myth, so he had better leave the unoffending person alone.

One pleasant memory that Mrs. Tweedie introduces in her chapter "Canadian Peeps" is that of William Henry Drummond, whose work we were discussing in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN. The morning after her arrival in Montreal in September, 1900, various people

presented themselves on errands of friendship, or through introductions. One was announced as "Dr. Drummond." The name conveyed nothing to her and she wondered at the visit.

"If I can be of any service to you," he said, "you have but to command me. I knew your father. His profession is my profession, your profession is mine, too."

"You write? Are you any connection of *the* Dr. Drummond who wrote the *Habitant?*" I asked.

"I am he."

"Oh, then, you can indeed do something for me."

"And that is?"

"Take me to see the Habitants in their own homes."

Accordingly I spent several days among the farms and cottages of the old French-Canadians with this large-hearted man. I shall never forget his recitation of his own poems. They brought tears to my eyes and lumps to my throat, they were so simple and so real. And these poor folk loved him. It was a treat to see a man so respected and adored by the people whom he had been at such pains to make understand. Drummond was the Kipling—the Bret Harte of Canada. He was not much of a French scholar. His accent was horrible, but he comprehended. He had the human understanding and perception that count for more than mere words. He would sit and smoke in the corner with an old man, and draw him out to tell me stories while the wife made cakes for our tea.

Complimenting me on my French, he said:

"I can't speak like you; often I can't even say or ask what I want."

"Perhaps if you knew more, you would not



MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE



WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

be able to make your poems so quaint," I replied.

"I believe you are right. I jot down the English or French words just as I use them, as the Habitants use them, and perhaps if I knew more I should not do that."

A Gentle Reminder

Professor J. M. Kettle of Dublin University expresses with remarkable exactness what a good many of us feel on the well-worn subject of the literary "moderns," especially that brilliant English group, including Messrs. Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Bennett and Belloc, who try and gather all mankind in the hollows of their hands. And all who, like ourselves, admire those charming and clever writers as individuals, and have not the slightest respect for them as sociologists, economists, philosophers, or world forces, will do well to consult Professor Kettle's admirable little paper "On Being Narrowminded" in the New York *Times Book Review* for October 27th. Contemporary books, says he, are the attempts of individual minds "to come to terms with the modern world as a whole"; which is like trying "to decant the Atlantic into a thimble."

The characteristic note of our day is not



THE NEW BOOKPLATE DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY FREDERICK SPENCER, OF NEW YORK, TO BE USED IN THE DONALD G. MITCHELL LIBRARY AT NEW HAVEN

pride. It is not Professor Schäfer's threat that, if we are not very nice to him, he will one day manufacture a frog out of an old pair of boots and a bowl of sugar. Nor is it the graver threat of the Eugenic Society that if we are very nice, they will arrange for the birth of a race of beings so glorious as to be indistinguishable from the members of their own committee. Nor that less scientific and more tolerable will-o'-the-wisp, the Superman, lately deceased; nor any other proclamation of our imminent omnipotence.

On the contrary, it is the rediscovery of the intoxicating fact that man is finite, fallible, prone to sin, dyspepsia, and influenza, and that in general he is rather small beer.

Hence that constant excitement over the fact that the world is large, its population numerous and its affairs complicated. Lord Rosebery, for example, is so disturbed by the number of books which he can never read that he urges us to burn the libraries, "which poison his originality." Mr. Balfour retires from politics saying that "politics have become so complicated that he cannot understand them any longer." And Mr. H. G. Wells, in his last book, *Marriage*, having set the hero to

thinking about modern life through several hundred monologues, unloaded on a very patient young lady, is obliged to send both of them to Labrador to cool their heads.

Thus, says Professor Kettle, the inadequacy of the thimble has been proved.

This crowded complexity of life has touched many of our finest minds. It tortures Mr. Wells with a metaphysical headache. It so affects Mr. Arnold Bennett that in his recent novels, if the hero meets a policeman and a porter at a railway station, you may safely expect a footnote or an inset advertisement, announcing that in 1914 Mr. Bennett will pub-



J. D. BERESFORD AT HOME

lish, in a further supplementary novel, the spiritual history of the policeman, and in 1916 that of the porter.

Of course to any human being reasonably grounded in the past, and really aware that the world was not made yesterday, the "modernity" of Messrs. Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Bennett, Belloc *et al.* has nothing whatever to do with their merits as writers. If they were not tottering beneath the burden of "social problems" we should love them just as much. And why are they so concerned for modern civilisation as a sort of potted plant that may be killed by frost of a morning? Professor Kettle argues that they are thus left shivering, "naked in the winds" of modern doctrine because they have neither faith nor philosophy. "Human life," says he, "needs a garment of philosophy."

If a man will but consent to accept that which has been woven for him by the secular labour of civilisation out of many intermixed fibres—God, immortality, the Christian creed, marriage, property and freedom—he need not shiver.

Of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc, however, he makes exceptions—

It is because Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc stand for these romantic and redeemed commonplaces that they are the greatest spiritual forces in English letters. But even they shine with a dimmed lustre. I cannot forgive Mr. Belloc that knock about anarchism. And who can forgive Mr. Chesterton his awful jolliness? Show him a corpse, just fished out of the Thames, or the murderer of it, or an international financier, or any other hideous object, and he is off at once to dictate an article for the *Daily News,* explaining how awfully jolly the whole thing is.

"Greatest spiritual force in English letters" as applied to Mr. Chesterton and especially to Mr. Belloc is a rather absurd use of the superlative. Except for that Professor Kettle deserves the gratitude of all rational men for his sensible words on the windiest of contemporary literary subjects.

The Old Problem

Those who are given to noticing coincidences will be interested in the experiences of Robert McMurdy, a Chicago attorney, in choosing a title for his new novel, *The Upas Tree.* The original name of the book was *In the Shadows,* but this was abandoned when another book appeared written by a coloured man, in which he detailed the woes of his people, under the title *In the Shadow.* The title of *The Upas Tree* was then chosen. A year or two afterward, in checking up the data on the poison referred to in the book—digitalin—Mr. McMurdy was surprised to stumble upon the fact that the upas trees belongs to the same family of poisons as digitalin. Work upon the book lagged until an attack of pneumonia produced a serious resolution to complete the undertaking, and it was hurried forward to meet a referendum upon the death penalty in Oregon, for the book deals largely with this problem. The publisher in due time announced the book, and his surprise can easily be imagined when he found another *Upas Tree,* that by Mrs. Barclay, when both books were too far advanced to admit of a change of title. About the same time it was discovered that there was still another *Upas Tree,* published in England in 1898. That book is a collection of articles, largely on forbidden subjects, and is apparently an advertisement of a health institute. Meanwhile, yet another *Upas Tree* had been discovered, published in the United States as long ago as 1887. No copy seems to be extant except in the Congressional Library, and the book

is reported to be a "treatise upon dancing."

Chillicothe, Ohio

Every now and then we hear advanced the claim of some town or other to be considered with more or less seriousness as a literary centre. Conspicuous examples of comparatively recent years are Carmel, California, and Provincetown, Massachusetts. But an old town that must not be entirely overlooked is Chillicothe, Ohio, which was once the capital of the Northwest Territory, and later became the first capital of the State. For example, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, who has just published *The Black Pearl* as a successor to four or five other novels, was born and married there. There have been a number of stories growing out of the similarity of her name and that of our President-elect. That similarity is explained by the fact that her husband was the first cousin of Woodrow Wilson. Chillicothe was also the birthplace of Woodrow Wilson's mother, and as a boy Woodrow frequently visited the members of the family who remained in the old town. Anne Douglas Sedgwick, the English writer whose *Tante* was recently so conspicuous a success, spent many months of her youth in Chillicothe, which was the birthplace of her mother. In Chillicothe too was passed much of the youth of Helen R. Martin, the writer of Pennsylvania Dutch stories. Of minor mention are Charles Carey Waddell, John Bennett and Jane W. Guthrie, fairly well-known magazine writers, who were all born and brought up in Chillicothe. But the only writer who has in a full sense remained loyal to the town is Burton Egbert Stevenson, who as a contriver of ingenious mystery stories holds deservedly a place in the front ranks of contemporary American story spinners.

The Other Side

Last month in calling attention to a new book by Mr. T. W. H. Crosman, we referred to the writer's volume of ten years ago, *The Unspeakable Scot,* and its excoriation of Robert Burns as "an incontinent yokel, with a taste for metricism." On the whole we prefer to quote the concluding passage of Ian Maclaren's essay on Robert Burns contained in *Books and Bookmen,* a posthumous volume of Dr. Watson's essays which has just come from the press.



MRS. WILSON WOODROW

While he lived Scotland had begun to love her chief poet, and now there is none borne of woman, in her long history, whom Scotland loves more dearly, for Robert Burns was bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. He shared the lot of the people to its last grain in his labours, his sufferings, his sorrows, his sins. He has told what the people think and feel, and love and hate. An imperfect man, a sinning and foolish man if you please, but one of the twelve great poets of the human race, and in every drop of his blood, and in every turn of his thought, the poet of Scotland. We remember the joy he has brought

to our lives, and the expression he has given to our sorrow. We remember how he stirs us as no other voice in poetry. And for the rest of it, to quote a passage of wise charity from a delightful book of letters published within recent years, "The most wholesome attitude is to be grateful for what in the way of work, of precept, of example these men achieved, and to leave the mystery of their faults to their Maker—in the noble spirit of Gray's 'Elegy':

"'No further seek his merits to disclose
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.'"

Burns himself was ever anticipating his trial at the bar of human judgment, and he made his own irresistible plea for frail mortal man in the immortal words:

"Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman;
Tho' they man gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:



EDWIN BJÖRKMAN, THE TRANSLATOR OF AUGUST STRINDBERG

One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving WHY they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it."

Marion Crawford Memories

There are some comparatively unfamiliar memories of the late F. Marion Crawford in Mrs. Fraser's *Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife.* One period when Mrs. Fraser was with her talented brother was in the summer of 1883, when he was living in a study in the rocks overlooking the Bay of Naples. He was then twenty-nine years of age and had already won a public with *Mr. Isaacs.* In that summer one book was completed and another begun. The first was *To Leeward,* which contained much of Sorrento and much of personal experiences of various kinds. *To Leeward* was rather adversely criticised when it came out. Mr. Crawford's first publisher had refused it because the story in parts did not conform to the rather prudish standards of the time. Marion Crawford was exceedingly angry at the refusal and sent his next book, which happened to be *Saracinesca,* to another house. But *Saracinesca* was not the book which Crawford thought out in 1883. That was *Zoroaster,* which appeared later, and which, while less popular than some of his other stories, brought the author the gold medal of the French Academy, a tribute which gave him the purest pleasure and which he treasured devoutly all his life.

Mrs. Fraser tells of a day with Marion Crawford passed at Pompeii, when he was very full of *Zoroaster.* It was a day all blue and white, of the thousand clear and tender shades, that the vertical midday sun of the south draws from marble and sky and sea, and they were reconstructing the Pompeii of two thousand years ago, with the fine Roman ladies and their lords and cavaliers and troops of clever slaves, the dancers and singers, the busy shop keepers and the smart garrison and the brown fisherfolk, when Marion began to read the "Chant of the Priests" which he had just written for the opening chapter of *Zoroaster.*

He was always a wonderful reader, with his full voice, his restrained and sonorous balancing of phrase. But that day some strong, compelling chord had been touched, and Mrs. Fraser recalls that after the first few words his hearers were in Italy no longer, but in the heart of the older world, the gorgeous, gold-clothed, sun-worshipping Near-East.

Then there are memories of later years when the brother and sister were together at the Villa Crawford in Sorrento. Henry James went to visit them there, and life at the villa was one round of gaiety, with the continual impromptu tableaux vivants. Marion Crawford was mad over this form of entertainment. When once the magic word "tableaux" had been spoken, he let everything else go to the winds and flung himself into the dramatic stream with a zest that carried the whole establishment with him. James's presence spurred them to extreme efforts, and a smile of pleasure and approbation from him was worth working for. Some twenty years before Mrs. Fraser had acted before him one of Musset's diaphanous little comedies. Youth and confidence had carried her through it, but she had realised her rashness when Mr. James took her aside and said, "Why didn't you come to me first? I could have taught you some of Madelaine Brohan's touches! You missed some of the best points." Of Henry James's personality Mrs. Fraser writes:

> It was a treat to have Mr. James in the house. His keen interest in everything, his utter absence of "side," the exquisite urbanity which tempered every expression of his unerring judgment of men and women; above all, his amazing humility about his own achievements, made up a most endearing personality. He greatly admired Marion and would lure me on talk of him on every opportunity. We all felt quite poor the day Henry James left the villa.

Mrs. Fraser gives a very pretty impression of her sister-in-law, Mrs. F. Marion Crawford. Although Marion had passed two years in India at newspaper work on the Allahabad *Pioneer*, the Near-East he knew in spirit only when he began to write *Zoroaster*. But soon he made his first visit to Constantinople, drawn thither by the personality and face of Elizabeth Christophers Berdan, whom he had known first in Boston. Miss Berdan's father, General Berdan, a talented officer of the Civil War, was just then fitting out the Sultan's troop with the "Berdan rifle." Miss Berdan's mother was a complete cosmopolitan, who in the early days of her married life in Berlin had been called the "Star of the North." In Berlin her eldest daughter was married to a French diplomatist, Count d'Aunay, while the future Mrs. Marion Crawford was still a little girl in the school-room, much in request at the Palace as a playmate for the young German princesses. In later years she showed Mrs. Fraser a little ring that one of them had given her, saying apologeti-



CAROLINE LOCKHART

Miss Caroline Lockhart spends much of her time on her ranch at Cody, Wyoming. Her latest novel, "The Lady Doc," tells of the adventures of a lady doctor in a little "cow-town." Like "Me—Smith," her former story, it is a portrayal of Western types.

cally, "I would like to give you something finer, Bessie—but—Granny Vic is so stingy." Marion Crawford, though cordially received by the Berdans on his first visit to Constantinople, was still too diffident, and made another journey in the later summer of 1884, when his suit prospered and was followed by his marriage to Miss Berdan on the fifteenth of October of that year. Constantinople supplied him with a new background for romance, and *Paul Patoff* was the literary fruit of these visits.



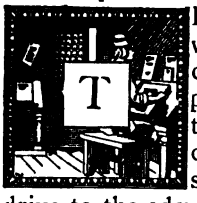
MRS. HUGH FRASER

To revert to the days when Mrs. Fraser and her brother were together at Villa Crawford. After her sad return from Japan in 1894 she went to him in October, and had been there only a few days when he begged her to take to writing. "Write a children's story," he said, "it will take your mind off other things and will sell well—there is a dearth of good stories for children just now." So she began the *Brown Ambassador,* and in that rigmarole of fancy could completely forget her own identity as long as the pen was in her fingers. The greatest pleasure she had out of the little book was in her brother's delight over its absurdities. His great happy laugh over the scene where Squawx, the wicked old crow, gets drunk, rings in her ears still, she tells us. Much good advice he gave her too. It was not addressed to her, but to a young writer who complained that he could not compose in uncongenial surroundings. "My dear boy, composing is entirely a matter of habit. If you made up your mind to do it, you could write a treatise on ice cream in Hell."

As has been said, *Paul Patoff* was the literary fruit of Marion Crawford's visit to Constantinople in 1883 and 1884. The story treated of the disappearance of a man in Constantinople, and the ultimately successful search of his friend. In the narrative, Paul Grigg, a character generally accepted as Marion Crawford himself, brings his influence to bear upon the private secretary of the Sultan, with the result that after a long and arduous search the missing man is found. At the time of its appearance the book was roundly abused by a Turkish friend of Mrs. Fraser, Reshid Bey. Never, he declared, could such an outrage occur as the kidnapping of a foreigner in Constantinople. The city was as civilised, as well policed, as London or Paris or Berlin, and the whole thing was a cruel calumny. But a few years later Mr. Crawford had a friend visiting him at his home in Sorrento. The friend in question went thence to Constantinople and soon afterwards disappeared mysteriously. The story told in the novel was played out detail by detail. Mr. Crawford secured the assistance of the original of the Sultan's secretary in the book. They followed the same plans and had the same suspicions. There was but one difference. It was that in actual life the man was never found.

HOW TO WRITE A SHORT STORY*

BY ROBERT BARR



HERE was a man once who, wishing to engage a coachman, took the applicants for that position to a road bordering a cliff, so that each might show how near he could drive to the edge with safety. One competitor brought the wheels of his vehicle within a foot of the precipice; another had nine inches margin; a third, six inches; while another daring individual left barely an inch between himself and destruction. The final aspirant, however, crossed to the other side of the road, and drove as far from the precipice as possible, and him the man engaged as coachman.

I don't know that this fable has any direct application to what I am about to say concerning short stories, but it came into my mind on reading the comment of an editor on a short story I have written, and which I believe appears in *The Temple Magazine* for March. The editor wrote: "It occurs to me that your story ends rather too abruptly. Will you pardon my suggesting this, and will you see whether another hundred words added to the proofs would not improve it somewhat?"

Now, I leave it to any sensible author, in a fair way of trade, if the suggestion that his story *can* be improved does not come upon him with a shock of surprise. Nevertheless, I gave what time I possessed to the problem, and after mature deliberation admit the story may be strengthened, but not by lengthening it. My contract was to get those two young people over the border safely, and that done, my task ended; yet must I go maundering on telling what became of the innkeeper, which had nothing to do with the story; therefore, cut a hundred words off, Mr. Editor, if you like; but any addition to the narrative, it seems to me, would make it worse than it now is.

I think a rightly constructed short story should always allow the reader's imagination to come to the aid of the author. I am myself thoroughly convinced that those two young people married each other, and doubtless lived happily, in less tumultuous lands than France, ever afterward; but I submit that my commission extended not so far as that. I saw them secure across the

*Reprinted from the BOOKMAN for March, 1897.

boundary, and after that, God bless you both! My undertaking was to save their necks from the sharp blade of the guillotine by whatever means was practicable, and if, afterward, they threw their arms round the spot where the axe might have fallen, that was not my affair, so I turned my back and looked the other way—an action which, I doubt not, all true lovers will commend.

I think it will be generally admitted that up to a few short years ago the English story-teller was outdistanced by his brother of France or of America. If I were put to it to find an English writing compeer of Guy de Maupassant, I should have to go to California and select Ambrose Bierce. America has been particularly notable in her short stories, from the time of Washington Irving and Edgar Allan Poe to the to-day of Howells, Stockton, Aldrich, and Henry James. It would be difficult to find the equal in ingenious short stories of *Marjory Daw,* by T. B. Aldrich, or *The Lady or the Tiger,* by Frank Stockton; while as far as serious short stories are concerned, *A Man without a Country,* by the Rev. Edward E. Hale, and some of the short stories by Mary E. Wilkins, reach a very high level.

I take it that the reason of this discrepancy is because the Englishman has been hampered by tradition, while the Frenchman and American have not. Up to a very recent date a story of less or more than six thousand words was hardly marketable in England. I have in my possession a letter written by the editor of a first-class London periodical to whom I sent a story of two thousand four hundred words. The editor wrote that he was pleased with the story, and that if I would make it six thousand words in length he would take it.

It would have been an easy matter to have padded the effort several hundred per cent., with the result of spoiling the story, but much as I desired to appear in that celebrated journal—for I was young then—I had the temerity to point out to the editor that this was a two-thousand-four-hundred word idea, and not a six-thousand-word idea; whereupon he promptly returned the manuscript for my cheek.

I am pleased to see that the younger periodicals are driving from the field the stodgy old magazines that have done so much to handicap the English writer of short stories, and so we may look upon the six-thousand-word tradition as sadly crippled, if it is not yet dead. But the tradition is still rampant in England, and nowhere else, in other fields of writing industry. The Englishman dearly loves to have things cut into lengths for him. In the sixpenny reviews you will find articles all of a size, while in the great dailies, I suppose the heavens would fall if the leading article were more than an exact column in length; therefore a ten-line idea has to be rolled exceedingly thin to make it run to a column of space. Then among the horrors of London is the "turn-over" in some of the evening papers. I often picture to myself the unfortunate wretches who labour upon these deplorable articles. They must toil away, piling word on word, till they slop over the leaf, and then their task is ended.

The body of French and American short-story writers is largely recruited from the brilliant young men of the press; but if you put upon young men the iron fetters which English newspaper work imposes, they soon become fit for nothing else than the production of stories six thousand words in length, to the letter.

Five years ago the editor of a magazine sent me a note asking me to write for him a five-thousand-word story. I promised to do so as soon as a five-thousand-word idea came to me. He wrote frequently for that story during the first three years, but lately he seems to have given it up. He is not more discouraged than I am: he might as well have expected a man to eat an eight-course dinner with a four-course appetite. To my sorrow, I haven't met with a five-thousand-word idea since 1891.

It seems to me that a short-story writer should act, metaphorically, like this—he should put his idea for a story into one cup of a pair of balances, then into the other he should deal out his words; five hundred; a thousand; two thousand; three thousand; as the case may be—and when the number of words thus paid in causes the beam to rise on

which his idea hangs, then is his story finished. If he puts a word more or less he is doing false work.

I have, finally, a serious complaint to make against the English reader of short stories. He insists upon being fed with a spoon. He wants all the goods in the shop window ticketed with the price in plain figures. I think the reader should use a little intellect in reading a story, just as the author is supposed to use a great deal in the writing of it. While editor of a popular magazine I have frequently been reluctantly compelled to refuse my own stories, because certain points in them were hinted at rather than fully expressed, and I knew the British public would stand no nonsense of that sort. The public wants the trick done in full view, and will have no juggling with the hands behind the back.

I often think there was much worldly wisdom in a remark the late Captain Mayne Reid once made to me. "Never surprise the British public, my boy," he said; "they don't like it. If you arrange a pail of water above a door so that when an obnoxious boy enters the room the water will come down upon him, take your readers fully into your confidence long before the deed is done. Let them help you to tie up the pail, then they will chuckle all through the chapter as the unfortunate lad approaches his fate, and when he is finally deluged they will roar with delight and cry, 'Now he has got his dose!'"

I believe if I had accepted this advice I might have been a passably popular short-story writer by this time.

In a recent book, the name of which I shall not mention, for I cannot conscientiously recommend it to the gentle reader, dealing, as it does, with envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, I endeavoured to give a series of stories told without a superfluous word, and in the writing of this book I had a model. Our world has been a going concern too long for any effort to claim originality. My model is Euclid, whose justly celebrated book of short stories, entitled *The Elements of Geometry*, will live when most of us who are scribbling today are forgotten. Euclid lays down his plot, sets instantly to work at its development, letting no incident creep in that does not bear relation to the climax, using no unecessary word, always keeping his one end in view, and the moment he reaches the culmination he stops. My own book, based on this model, was reviewed at some length by the critic of one of the sixpenny reviews. Now, one may perhaps be justified in expecting that a man who is paid for giving his estimate of stories will peruse them with more care than one who buys the book and reads them for nothing; yet this critic, although highly commending the book, and desiring not only to be just but generous to the author, selects two stories, the first and last in the volume, and in each case completely misses the point on which each story hinges. The first is an unpleasant story about a man and his wife, who hate each other so thoroughly that each resolves to murder the other—the man by brutally flinging his wife over a precipice in Switzerland; the woman by flinging herself over the same precipice under circumstances that will convict her husband of her murder. The story hinges on the fact that neither suspects the other of murderous thoughts, and this, so far as the woman is concerned, is shown by her last words, "I know there is no thought of murder in your heart, but there is in mine"; yet the critic says, "In 'An Alpine Divorce' we have a wife who divines that her husband means to throw her over a precipice."

In the second story are a Russian wife, a French husband, and a French girl, who is the wife's rival. They are seated together at lunch in a room belonging to the wife. The Russian has saturated the carpet and walls of the room with naphtha, which, as every one knows, is a volatile substance, and when so used would at once fill the room with an inflammable gas ready to destroy all within if a match were struck. The cause of the final catastrophe is hinted at in the conversation between husband and wife:

"What penetrating smell is this that fills the room?" asked Caspilier.

"It is nothing," replied Valdoreme, speaking for the first time since they had sat down. "It is only naphtha. I have had the room cleaned with it."

The critic, speaking of this story, says: "'Purification' turns upon the revenge of a Russian wife upon her rival, which she secures by the means of *an explosive cigarette.*"

These instances, and other indications similar to them, lead me to the opinion that if a man wishes to be successful as a short-story writer he must lay it on with a trowel. If he is going to consume his characters with naphtha, he must state the number of gallons used and the method of its application. All of which goes to show that that eminent writer of romance, Euclid, is an unsafe model for the modern short-story writer to follow.

THEMES AND STORIES ON THE STAGE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



IN olden fairy-tales we read of many honourable souls condemned to dwell in cramped and crooked bodies, and we also read of many goodly bodies that walk the world untenanted by any soul. These fables lay a finger on one of the monstrous ironies of life. It would seem to our finite minds that if the creative spirit of the universe were at all reasonable in its workings it would clothe a fine soul with a fair body and use a foul body as the tenement of an evil soul; but this harmony is seldom to be seen in actual creation. The wicked Mary Stuart looks the loveliest of women; the serene, sagacious Socrates wears a funny face; and very few people enjoy, like John Keats, the privilege of looking like themselves. Seldom does the soul fit the body, or the body fit the soul; and this might almost be imagined as a reason for that disassociation known as death.

What is true of human beings is also true of works of art; for any genuine work of art, because it is a living thing, may be imagined to have a body and a soul. Sometimes, as in the case of the poems of Walt Whitman or the paintings of El Greco, the soul is finer than the body; sometimes, as in the case of the paintings of Andrea del Sarto or the poems of Poe, the body is fairer than the soul; but very rarely are the two of equal beauty, as in the supreme poem of Dante and the supreme painting of Leonardo.

The soul of a play is its theme, and the body of a play is its story. A play may have a great theme and an inadequate story, or an interesting story and scarcely any theme at all: it may be a noble-minded hunch-back or a shallow-pated Prince Charming; but only a few great plays reveal profound, important themes beneath the lineaments of engaging and enthralling stories.

By the theme of a play is meant some principal, or truth, of human life—such a truth as might be formulated critically in an abstract and general proposition—which the dramatist contrives to convey concretely to his auditors through the particular medium of his story. Thus, the theme of *Ghosts* is that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and the theme of *The Pigeon* is that the wild spirits and the tame spirits of the world can never understand each other. Granted a good theme, a playwright may invent a dozen or a hundred stories to embody it; but the final merit of his work will depend largely on whether or not he has succeeded in selecting a story that is at all points worthy of his theme.

As an instance of the desired harmony between the two we may point to *A Doll's House,* which succeeds in illustrating Whitman's maxim that "the soul is not more than the body" and "the body is not more than the soul." The theme of this modern tragedy was thus formulated by Ibsen in a note pencilled on the back of an envelope in Rome on October 19, 1878: "There are two kinds of spir-

itual law, two kinds of conscience—one in man, and another, altogether different, in woman. They do not understand each other; but in practical life the woman is judged by man's law, as though she were not a woman but a man. . . . A woman cannot be herself in the society of the present day, which is an exclusively masculine society, with laws framed by men and with a judicial system that judges feminine conduct from a masculine point of view." This thesis is the soul of *A Doll's House:* its body is merely a story setting forth an instance of the commonplace crime of forgery. Yet this instance is so skilfully selected that the story develops naturally and inevitably to that astounding final dialogue which incorporates the essence of the theme and seems not of an age but of all time. Here is a story that is eminently adequate to the occasion that called it forth; and yet it is conceivable that Ibsen might have invented an entirely different narrative to carry and deliver the message of his drama.

That the playwright's range of possible invention is almost limitless is proved by the fact that the same theme has often served as the basis of several great plays, by different authors, whose stories have shown no obvious resemblance to each other. Thus, the theme of *Macbeth* is that vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself will fall on the other side; and this is also the theme of *The Master-Builder,* which tells a very different story. Likewise *Hamlet* and *L'Aiglon,* which are unlike in narrative details, are identical in theme—the essential basis of each being the failure of a man of poetic and reflective temperament to cope with circumstances that demand a man of action.

In view of the wide range of possible invention, it is surprising that so many of our playwrights fail to devise stories that are worthy to incorporate their themes. No other source of failure in the theatre comes more often to the fore. An instance of this inadequacy is offered by the current play called *Milestones.* The soul of this piece is a great theme—namely, that "crabbèd age and youth cannot live together," because youth is always radical and forward-looking and age is always backward-looking and conservative; but its body is merely a sedentary, unimportant story that deals with such a minor problem as whether ships should be built of wood or iron or steel, and such an ordinary question as who shall ultimately marry whom. And because of the inadequacy of its narrative, the critic who envisages the theme of *Milestones* must regard the finished fabric as less impressive than the authors should have made it.

Sometimes, but more rarely, the contrary fault may be exhibited in the theatre. There is a type of play that commands attention by its cleverness of plot and its deft manipulation of suspense and of surprise, without revealing any central and essential theme or conveying any general truth of life for the auditor to add to his experience. Such a play may succeed for the moment, but it is not likely to live in after years. For [to return to our former statement] a work of art is like a human being; and nothing can survive of either but the soul. As Browning remarked, with sardonic truthfulness —"The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discerned." Generations breathe and eat and laugh and love and die; but only those few men remain immortal who leave their souls behind them. If a man shall say, not merely with his mouth but with the entire mood and meaning of his living, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty" or "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," the world must evermore remember the life of which this message was the theme; but it easily forgets the million men whose inexpressive dust returns to dust. So it is with plays. Those that succeed in saying something have earned an opportunity to live; but those that say nothing must suffer, sooner or later, the iniquity of oblivion. A good story is necessary in order that a play may attain an immediate success; but a great theme is necessary in order that it may require the attention of posterity.

"The New Sin"

To such people as are willing to think in the theatre, *The New Sin* was one of the most interesting plays that have been disclosed in many seasons. It is the first dramatic work of Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings, the editor of the London *Bystand-*

er; and it augurs well for his future as a playwright. Mr. Hastings has brains —a fact of which this present effort gives abundant evidence; and he is also endowed with a natural instinct for the theatre. *The New Sin* discusses a momentous theme with extraordinary intellectual intensity, and the author has developed his plot with a sure sense of theatrical effectiveness. Yet the play failed badly in New York; and the only logical reason for the failure was that the story of the drama was not equally as important as the theme. The average person can seldom see through a body to the soul; and the average audience can rarely look behind a particular story for the general truth that it incorporates.

The essence of *The New Sin* is a struggle between the right to live and the duty to die; and the author's purpose is to imagine a man so circumstanced that his mere continuance to live shall seem to him a sin, because his death would obviously benefit a dozen of his fellow-beings. This theme was familiar enough in the life of ancient Rome and is still familiar as a point of honour in Japan; but in England at the present day the theme looks strange and new, because it has been traditional in Europe for nearly sixteen hundred years to assume as an axiom the right to live and to deny, even as a theoretic possibility, the duty to die. Hence this modern play, in which the author intended to weigh life and death in an impartial and reasonable balance, was destined from the outset to be a startling work; and it might have been a great work if Mr. Hastings had succeeded in inventing a story that was worthy of his theme.

But the story of *The New Sin* is scarcely satisfactory, because it is based upon an assumption which, though not impossible, is so extraordinary as to seem incredible. Hilary Cutts had quarrelled with his father; and, before dying, the old gentleman had tied up his large fortune in such a way that Hilary should never receive a penny of it. Not only did he leave all his money to the ten or a dozen of Hilary's younger brothers and sisters; but, fearing lest they should give or lend a share of their legacies to him, he made a provision that the money should not be paid to them till Hilary should die, or, in the event of his continuance in life, until the lapse of twenty-one years. It is difficult to accept this eccentric will as the condition precedent to an earnest intellectual discussion; but if this initial weakness of the story be condoned, the critic must admit that the subsequent progress of the plot seems at all points truthful and inevitable.

It happens that Hilary is the only member of the family who is of any use. He is a promising painter, and is easily able to earn his own living; but his brothers and sisters are incapable of self-support and are soon reduced to want. Hilary, who stands between them and their fortune, gives them nearly all the money that he earns, and thereby so hampers his own career that he is prevented from accomplishing any genuine service to the world; but even this quixotic generosity does not lift his family above the level of desperation. He therefore decides, after mature deliberation, that it is his duty to commit suicide, in order that his helpless brothers and sisters may succeed to their inheritance.

Hilary's younger brother, Max, a weak-minded and iniquitous youth, has been discharged for misconduct from the draper's establishment in which he had been working. He happens to meet his ex-employer in Hilary's rooms; and, impulsively seizing the pistol which his brother had intended to turn against himself, he shoots the draper dead. The situation is intensified by the fact that the draper was a sensual and brutal beast and that society has obviously been benefited by his taking off. Hilary's course is now clear. He can both save his brother and accomplish his own determined suicide by assuming the guilt of the murder and getting himself judicially executed. He is convicted on his own confession and the corroborative testimony of Max, and is condemned to death. But at the last moment his sentence is commuted to imprisonment for life; so that his desperate relatives are, if anything, worse off than they were before.

With this ironic note the play originally ended; but Mr. Hastings was persuaded to add another act for American audiences, in which Max confesses his

guilt and Hilary is set free, after which Hilary sells a picture for a large sum and buys his relatives off by giving them the money.

The intellectual power of this play cannot be suggested by any summary of its story, since the story is less worthy than the theme; but the dialogue is crammed full of thought which is both earnest and profound. The author occasionally speaks in his own person instead of allowing his characters to speak for themselves; but all that he says is interesting. The characters are clearly and powerfully drawn, and the dialogue is admirably written. No woman appears upon the stage throughout the entire course of the action; and though the play is all the better for this unusual omission, the general public may have been disappointed by the suppression of the eternal feminine. But whatever may have been the cause of the failure of *The New Sin*, the fact remains that it is a work of quite uncommon intellectual distinction. It is deplorable that the New York public should permit such a worthy play to fail.

"Anatol"

Arthur Schnitzler's *Anatol* has been noted for a decade on the continent of Europe. It is not a play, but merely a sequence of seven conversations between a bland young light o' love of gay Vienna and seven different women, with whom he finds himself, at the moment, falling in or out of love. Five of these dialogues are now presented at the Little Theatre in an English paraphrase by Mr. Granville Barker.

The worldly-wise and witty Schnitzler is deeply versed in the phenomena of love, and these smiling dialogues are remarkable for their psychologic subtlety and for the amiable cynicism of their satire. None of the episodes attains the tensity of drama; but the sequence exhibits an interesting series of characters, and the conversations are clever and amusing. *Anatol* is an entertainment that is very well suited to the aristocratic clientèle of Mr. Ames's tiny playhouse. It hits the note of after-dinner conversation.

"The Blindness of Virtue"

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton has handled a very important theme in *The Blindness of Virtue*. The piece is intended as an attack on the sheltered-life system of bringing up young girls, and as a warning to those prudish and prurient-minded parents who allow their children to cross the dark ferry of adolescence in ignorance of the basic facts of sex. Yet the story which Mr. Hamilton has selected to incorporate his theme seems scarcely stern enough. As Emerson said to the young man who had ventured to criticise adversely the philosophy of Plato, "When you strike at a king you must kill him." If this question is to be discussed at all in the theatre it should be discussed grimly, as in Wedekind's *The Awakening of Spring*. But Mr. Hamilton's story merely touches the problem lightly and then dances daintily away to an arbitrary happy ending.

The heroine, Effie Pemberton, is seventeen years old. She is the only child of the vicar of a small living in Middlesex, and has been brought up in utter ignorance of life. Quite naturally she falls in love with a boy of twenty-one who has been sent down by his father to be tutored by the vicar. The boy, whose name is Archie, is called away to London for a day or two; and Effie misses him so sorely that she drifts to his empty room at midnight and waits there till four o'clock in the hope of his return. The boy comes back at seven; and, hearing him in the house, Effie casts a kimono over her night-dress and rushes to his room to greet him. She mistakes his apparent aloofness for an indication that he is not glad to see her; and, in the utter innocence of her wounded childish heart, she makes unconsciously so strong a physical attack upon him that he cannot forbear to gather her eagerly and passionately into his arms. At this moment her father enters. The scandalised vicar accuses Archie of having seduced his daughter; and this accusation is so deeply wounding to the boy that he is driven to the verge of suicide. But the vicar learns in time that the apparent guilt of Effie has resulted merely from her injudicious innocence; and the play ends happily, with an indication that the young people will be married in the near future.

"Trial Marriage"

The particular instance of trial marriage that Mr. Elmer Harris has chosen as the basis for his dramatic discussion of this interesting problem is so exceptional that the apparent answer of the play cannot be accepted as having any necessary application to the general question.

A social experiment that has been advocated by so wise a mind as that of George Meredith calls for popular discussion in the theatre; but the theme is so serious that it will not do to tamper with it.

Blair Thomas, in Mr. Harris's play, is a popular lecturer who advocates trial marriages; and Marie Louise Ridgway is a young woman of wealth who believes in the independence of women and pursues the profession of trained nurse. These two fall in love with each other and desire to unite their lives. Thomas insists that, before binding themselves to remain married till death shall part them, they should first live together in freedom for three months in order to put their congeniality to the test. To this the heroine consents; but the initial weakness of the plot is that she does so against her individual desire. Any experiment in trial marriage which is not entered upon with equal eagerness by both parties cannot be accepted as a typical instance of the problem.

The couple retire to a cabin in the woods of Maine; and their life for three months is ideally happy. Then Thomas becomes unreasonably jealous of an elderly friend of the heroine's who has loaned the cabin to them. This friend feels a fatherly affection for Marie Louise, and does not hesitate to demonstrate it. Finally there is a flare-up, in which Thomas, in a jealous rage, nearly chokes the heroine to death, after which she renounces him forever and sends him forth into the stormy night.

By this time the hero has been exhibited as a weakling and a cad. He is, indeed, the sort of person that George Meredith would have consigned to eternal damnation, with volleyings of hostile thunders. He has ceased, therefore, to be a worthy protagonist against the world in favour of a theoretic social innovation. But in the last act the author allows the heroine to accept a reconciliation with him and to agree to marry him legally for good and all. This conclusion represents a feeble surrender to public sentiment, and subtracts from the importance of the play.

"The Point of View"

The title of *The Point of View,* by Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman, calls attention to the one thing that is lacking in the play. The author tells an interesting story, and tells it very well; but his narrative materials are traditional, and he does not succeed in making his audience regard the phase of life that he depicts from any novel and illuminating point of view.

The heroine, Myra Dimsley, is an inherently virtuous young girl who has been led astray by her love for an unworthy man who has seduced and then deserted her. She is befriended by a wealthy young woman, named Frances Lawton, who dedicates her life to helping fallen girls. Miss Lawton takes Myra to live with her in her apartment; and the heroine soon discovers that her betrayer is no other than Robert Lawton, the brother of her benefactress, though she had known him only under another name.

Robert is now engaged to marry a society girl of his own set, but he offers to do the right thing and marry Myra. This offer she rejects, because she knows that Robert no longer loves her; and, without any word to her benefactress, she runs away and hides herself in an obscure boarding-house. When the Lawtons finally find her in her hiding-place she states hysterically that she has had many illicit lovers before and after Robert, and thereby forces them to leave her alone. But in the last act Miss Lawton discovers that her original faith in Myra had been rightly founded; and the heroine determines to marry an honest-hearted man from her home town who knows her tragic story but is willing to forgive and to forget the error of her past because he genuinely loves her.

This story is told by Mr. Goodman with a technical dexterity that is above the ordinary. There are many thrilling moments in the plot; and the gravity of the most emphatic incidents is relieved and lightened by several intervening passages



"THE NEW SIN"—ACT II

"Max happens to meet his ex-employer in Hilary's rooms; and, impulsively seizing the pistol which his brother had intended to turn against himself, he shoots the draper dead."

of comedy. But after the play is over the critic cannot feel that the author has really succeeded in saying anything. *The Point of View* tells an interesting story; but it lacks a theme.

"A Rich Man's Son"

The story of *A Rich Man's Son,* by Mr. James Forbes, is also devoid of an informing theme. Mr. Forbes has demonstrated in the past that he possesses several rare gifts for the theatre. He can catch the atmosphere of an entire *milieu* of life—the life of chorus-ladies or travelling salesmen or commuters, for example—and exhibit it upon the stage in *ensemble* scenes made up, like mosaics, out of many little bits of character. He has a sense of fun, a sense of sentiment; and he can write expressively in slang. But in *A Rich Man's Son* he has afforded himself very little opportunity for the exhibition of these gifts. He has not elected to depict the humours of any chosen *milieu* of life. Some of his characters are simple and true, but others are elaborate and false. The sentiment is artificial; and even the humour appears a little forced. The central trouble seems to be that the play [as the phrase is] is not about anything. It tells a fairly entertaining story; but the story conveys no meaning and no message.

A rich man's son falls in love with a capable young woman who is his father's confidential secretary. Against the girl's will (although she loves him) he carries her off in his automobile with the resolve to marry her. He is arrested on the road for speeding, and thereby overtaken by his mother and father. His father threatens to disown him if he marries the secretary; but his gentle-hearted mother realises that the girl will be the making of him, and finally persuades her husband to consent to the marriage.

That is all there is to Mr. Forbes's story; and it will be noted that the narrative is scarcely worth rehearsing. Yet in the character of the mother the author has created a living human being who is well worth meeting and listening to. The part of the heroine, however, is very badly written. The dialogue of the entire play is curiously uneven—some passages being humorous and human and others artificial and rhetorical.



"THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL"

"A conversation between a bland young light o' love of gay Vienna and a woman with whom he finds himself, at the moment, falling out of love."



"TRIAL MARRIAGE"—ACT II

"Thomas becomes unreasonably jealous of an elderly friend who has loaned the cabin to them."



"LITTLE WOMEN"—ACT I

"We are rescued from the roar and glitter of Broadway and whispered away to the poetry and peace of little old New England."



"LITTLE WOMEN"—ACT II

"We breathe for a delicious evening the aroma of a departed domesticity: we know ourselves to be in Concord half a century ago."

"Little Women"

Miss Marian de Forest's stage-version of Louisa May Alcott's immemorial story, *Little Women,* may be lacking in a well-articulated body, but it reveals a lovely soul. This justly famous novel is not at all dramatic; and Miss De Forest has wisely refrained from any attempt to turn it into a play. Instead, she has merely opened the covers of the book and allowed the characters to step alive upon the stage. The result is one of the most ingratiating entertainments of the year.

It would be impossible to praise too highly the delicate and charming taste that is displayed in this reverent resurrection of the old familiar story of the four immortal girls imagined by Miss Alcott. We are rescued from the roar and glitter of Broadway and whispered away to the poetry and peace of little old New England. We breathe for a delicious evening the aroma of a departed domesticity: we know ourselves to be in Concord half a century ago, and we experience a pleasurable sense that Emerson himself may lift the latch at any moment. Here is a wholesome entertainment which is, in an essential and ancestral sense, American. It is a source of present pleasure and of smiling memory.



"THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN"—PART III, SCENE 2

"The Empress loves the Emperor; but, impelled by her ancestral pride, she takes poison and dies within his arms."

"The Daughter of Heaven"

It is scarcely worth while for the critic to devote detailed attention to the widely heralded production of *The Daughter of Heaven,* which is utterly unworthy as a work of art. This piece unfolds a panorama of eight pictures, purporting to represent the life of contemporary China. The costumes are costly and the scenery is sumptuous; but the production evokes the atmosphere of Italian opera instead of the atmosphere of China. The characters wear mandarin cloaks in a battle-scene upon the ramparts of Nankin; although everybody knows that Chinese soldiers at the present day wear the ordinary service-uniform of khaki. In a street-scene near the great gate of Peking the colours are all wrong. The Chinese people of the lower classes dress habitually in blue; but they are here exhibited in red and yellow, brown and green and buff.

This lavish but unauthentic panorama is accompanied by a literary commentary written orginally by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier, and translated into English by Mrs. Golding Bright. M. Loti is a great stylist; but his languorous and luscious prose is ill-adapted to the demands of terse dramatic dialogue. And the story of *The Daughter of Heaven* is lacking in dramatic interest. The Emperor of the ruling dynasty of Tsin falls in love with the Empress of the rebel dynasty of Ming. He captures her in battle, and



"THE YELLOW JACKET"—PART II
Wu Hoo Git makes love to Moy Fah Loy.

proposes to end the enmity between their races by a marriage that shall establish them as equal rulers over a united China. The Empress loves the Emperor; but, impelled by her ancestral pride, she takes poison and dies within his arms.

This is a quite ordinary story; but it takes the French authors several hours to tell it, to the accompaniment of operatic scenery. There is no dramatic tensity in the action; there is no literary merit in the translated dialogue. The panoramic spectacle never induces the illusion of reality; and the sympathetic critic is merely moved to regret that so much money should have been expended to so little avail.

"The Yellow Jacket"

But *The Yellow Jacket,* on the other hand, deserves to be recorded as the most remarkable artistic achievement of the present season. This is a veritable Chinese play devised and written and produced by Mr. J. Harry Benrimo and Mr. George C. Hazelton, Jr.

It may probably be stated as a fact that Mr. Benrimo knows more about the Chinese stage than any other American to-day. It occurred to him that it would be interesting to devise a play out of the traditional materials of the Chinese theatre and to present it precisely in accordance with the conventions of the Chinese stage. He planned a typical story and called Mr. Hazelton into collaboration to write the lines. Mr. Hazelton's text is subtly humorous, richly lyrical, and touchingly poetic; it represents a literary achievement of extraordinary worth. The story drifts pleasantly through a magical variety of moods; and many passages allure the mind to philosophic thought. But perhaps the main interest of this unique and utterly unprecedented composition is derived from the manner of its presentation.

The conventions of the Chinese stage are, at nearly every point, identical with the conventions of the Elizabethan stage, for which Shakespeare devised the greatest of all dramas; yet these conventions are so unfamiliar to the theatre-going public of to-day that they seem both ludicrous and childish. It is a principle of the theatric art that, whenever an author encounters an essential weakness in his dramatic project, he should not endeavour to cover it up, but should rather call attention to it in order to get the audience [so to speak] upon his side. In pursuance of this principle, the authors of *The Yellow Jacket* have wisely contrived to make the conventions of the Chinese theatre seem a little more funny than they actually are. They have invited their American audience to laugh at these conventions; and they have forced their audience, by this very act of laughing at them, to grow so familiar with the Chinese conventions as to accept them ultimately as media for the expression of delicate poetry and poignant pathos. This psychological achievement must be recorded as a signal triumph of a simple and sincere, but very hazardous, artistic purpose.

It would be superfluous to summarise the story of this play, since no enumeration of its ever-fluctuating flow of incidents could suggest the whimsical and subtle art with which the story is unfolded. The black-robed property-man [who is supposed to be invisible] piles a few chairs together in the middle of the stage, smoking all the while a careless cigarette and looking ludicrously bored at the performance. A young man and a young woman climb upon the chairs, and tell you that they are reclining in a flower-boat that is drifting slowly down a river. Two attendants [imagined to be boatmen] stand behind the chairs and pole rhythmically at the unresisting air with slender bamboo rods [imagined to be oars], while a musician [in full view of the audience] scrapes two pieces of sand-paper together to imitate the swish of water along the bilge of a boat; and lo! in spite of [or perhaps because of] the crudity of these conventions, the auditor finds himself really and truly [because imaginatively] drifting in a boat, banked with flowers and lyrical with song and redolent of youth and love. To achieve such an eloquent effect as this by means so primitive and childish is a scarcely precedented triumph of theatric art; and the critic can merely toss his hat aloft in praise of the imaginative prowess of Mr. Benrimo and Mr. Hazelton.

PIERRE LOTI—ACADEMICIAN

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

"As Wagner is to Beethoven: so is Loti to Shakespeare."—JULES LEMAITRE.



THERE is in the modern Frenchman, probably more than in the native of any other country, something of the dual personality of Alphonse Daudet's immortal Tartarin of Tarascon. One moment he is Don Quixote Tartarin, musing wistfully of adventure, responsive to the magic of names, building magnificent day dreams of splendid, heroic achievement in lands exotic and remote; then Sancho Panza Tartarin, after all quite well pleased with commonplace existence and the material comforts of every-day life. Some day in the vague future he will go forth to visit strange seas and continents; for the present he will content himself with strolling leisurely to his favourite café, and sipping a mild *apéritif*. Is not Monsieur Loti conveniently at hand to tell him of Barbary, Morocco, Cochin China, Iceland, and Tahiti; to feed that remnant of the ancient tribal nomad spirit? To that remnant, to the slumbering wanderlust, to the thirst for the mysterious "elsewhere" just beyond the ken Pierre Loti owes the instantaneousness of his success. Always a magician in words, he struck from the beginning a note which made him at once an immortal of to-day and of to-morrow.

With all due appreciation of his remarkable achievement, it must be conceded that in the peerage of art and letters Pierre Loti is one of the rarely favoured sons. When we recall the arduous beginnings of many another novelist of the foremost rank, the seven years of Maupassant's servitude under the tutelage of Flaubert, the youth of Alphonse Daudet, passed in writing unessential little verses and tales, the plodding patience of Zola, under contract to turn out two volumes a year for the meagre salary of five hundred francs a month, and the long, irksome tutorship of Bourget, the almost immediate success of this young French naval officer, the rapid vogue of his early books, the benevolent interest of his critics, appear at first sight phenomenal. Even Ferdinand Brunetière, who begrudged a word of praise to any line writer later than the eighteenth century, was surprising and unwontingly gracious. "It is truly a pleasure," he wrote at the beginning of a long study devoted to *Mon Frère Yves*, "and a satisfaction of rather a rare sort when we have had reason to fear that a writer, still young and possessed of real talent, was in donger of compromosing his best qualities along a path which was not precisely the best path, to see him of his own accord recognise his error;" and in conclusion he adds, "a work that has the stamp of originality is not, as so many fancy, a work in which you can write at the bottom of each page 'beautiful! admira-



THE LOTI OF YESTERDAY



"THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN." THE PALACE GARDENS AT NANKIN

ble! sublime!' It is simply a work behind which after you have said all that you have to say of it, you must acknowledge that there is a personality; and this must be acknowledged of *Mon Frère Yves;* and it is something that we do not have to acknowledge every day." To which Lemaître added: "As I turn the last page, I feel quite intoxicated. My soul is like an instrument which has vibrated too much, so that even the silent persistence of past vibration is painful."

But long before Brunetière and Lemaître discovered Loti, the world had found keen delight in the very volumes for which the former had, at times, scant tolerance; volumes with strange, bizarre names, redolent of the mysterious east. And the reason why volumes like *Azyade, Le Mariage de Loti, Le Roman d'un Spahi* have such swift appeal is not far to seek. Loti came at an auspicious hour. French fiction, through constant perfecting of technique, was tending to become stereotyped. No one questioned that; thanks to the labours of Flaubert, the De Goncourts, Daudet, Maupassant, and Zola, it had made vast strides from the loose construction of Balzac and of George Sand. But the greatest excellences of the modern masters were excellences that they had in common. And there was an unspoken, perhaps unconscious, yet widespread desire for something new and original, even if not quite so faultless. Loti responded to this desire. He was without training as a writer, he had no knowledge of technique, he was not even much of a reader; his business was to circumnavigate the globe, under government orders; and the great part of the year he was utterly outside the over-refinement of the boulevard and the salon, unconscious of the fads and tendencies of the hour, isolated between the two immensities of sea and sky, companioned chiefly by his memories and his dreams. And so he wrote primarily to please himself, which, as his case proves, is sometimes not a bad way of pleasing others.

II

The Loti of yesterday was very much like the Loti of to-day: the child was the father of the man. In the house in the seaport town of Rochefort in which he now lives, a house which has been transformed into a fairy palace, Julien Viaud was born on January 14, 1850. The Viauds were an old Huguenot family, some of whom emigrated to Holland at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The childhood of Julien Viaud was the uneventful, somewhat harsh childhood of most French boys. But it was coloured by wonderful dreams. From the earliest years his surprising imagination manifested itself. He grouped about him other children, told touching stories, of which his little friends could never hear enough; built little theatres, composed plays and acted them. He was a musician at a very early age. He developed in the members of his family a love of the beautiful in all its forms. Landscapes, flowers, filled him with delight, and it was often difficult to arouse him from ecstatic contemplation. Actual life was a myth; the only reality was that dream life in which he so ardently believed; in which he was a hero playing his part to the verge of danger. As a kind of preparation for this dream life he gave himself an extraordinary education, which made of him a gymnast, even an acrobat, a passionate lover of all physical exercise. For his family, especially for his mother, he had a kind of adoration. Religion influenced him, and he was so affected by the grandeur of Biblical poetry that at one time he dreamed of becoming a pastor. This idea soon made way for the more adventurous one of life as a missionary. But what he regarded as the severity of religion soon threw a shadow over these plans, and the monotonous sermons preached at the church grew wearisome to him. Of the career as a missionary only one aspect continued to appeal—the adventure, the pursuit of the "elsewhere." He was sent to college, but was not happy there. His companions were of a different, a coarser clay. Incapable of writing the conventional compositions demanded of the school boy, he found solace in a journal of his own, in which he jotted down his dreams and aspirations. He was fourteen when the idea of becoming a sailor first dawned upon him. Then he went to

Paris, lived the life of a student in the Latin Quarter and did not like it. The Bohemia of the grènier and the grisette was to him "dull, sickening and unhealthy." Some one has described him in the Latin Quarter as "a bird who had been caught and caged too late in life."

Julien Viaud entered the naval school, and made his first real voyage on the *Jean-Bart* in the Mediterranean. Then he started from Lorient to join the *Flore,* a vessel navigating from San Francisco to Valparaiso and sometimes visiting the coast of Polynesia. The journal of his childhood was assuming serious proportions. When he was not on duty he was writing or drawing his impressions of the new lands. He was twenty-three, the age of McAndrews in the Kipling poem:

> By day like play-house scenes the shores slid past his sleepy eyes;
> By night the soft, lascivious stars leered from the velvet skies.

His father had died, his elder brother was dead, his mother and sister were in a precarious position, and Loti was helping them with part of his very meagre officer's pay. While serving on board the *Flore* he spent several weeks at Tahiti, falling in love with the enchanting scenery and the beautiful inhabitants, and drawing from them the inspiration for his *Rarahu.* In 1876, when a sub-lieutenant, he was transferred to the *Gladiateur* at Constantinople. He is described as having been at that time extremely cold and reserved, looking much younger than he really was, making few friends, always going on shore alone, and when the service allowed, staying for long periods away from the ship, walking about the streets of Stamboul dressed as a Turk, and in the company of natives. Very likely at this epoch he was living the romance of *Azyade.*

III

In January, 1879, *Azyade* appeared with the following title: *"Azyade* (Stamboul 76-77): Extracts from the notes of a lieutenant of the English navy in the service of Turkey, killed under the walls of Kars." In common with the earlier volumes of Loti, *Azyade* has scarcely any structure at all. As Henry James has phrased it, after pointing out what he calls Loti's "almost impertinent amateurishness and laxity of composition," "I know of no case in which literature, left to come off as it can, comes off so beautifully." From first to last Loti was surprisingly naïve in the matter of sheer form. The early tales are simply a series of amorous adventures, beyond the borderland of civilisation, wherein women of exotic beauty, primitive passions and dusky skins hold the hero-author in their thrall through a brief sequence of keen and ardent days. In *Azyade,* it is Constantinople and a Circassian girl; in *Le Mariage de Loti,* it is Tahiti, and Rarahu, the "little arum-flower," with black, silken tresses and eyes set so near together beneath the brow that when she was laughing or gay, they gave her face the mischievous shyness of a marmoset"; in *Le Roman d'un Spahi,* it is the African desert, the sun-ravaged Bled-el-Atmeh, and the sensuous spell of the negress Fatou-Gaye. These early books are a phantasmagoria of sensuous beauty of form and colour, dissolving views seen in a crystal sphere, pictured with a realism of startling frankness, as personal adventures of the author himself, under the thinnest pretence of disguise. Enacted in a setting sketched in with a luminous pencil, they nevertheless remain essentially the stuff that dreams are made of, elusive mirages in which reality mingles confusedly with Loti's hopes, his memories, his inexhaustible phantasy. There is a note also which cannot be ignored—a morbid note which even the French, accustomed to literary outspokenness, have had to recognise. Maurice Barrès has defined Loti as *violemment sensuel,* and Brunetière has protested that his books contain *trop d'amour troublant.* In England critics have been even more outspoken; Henry James, for instance, and Edmund Gosse, who once paid Loti the following curious tribute:

> There is a piece in *Figures et Choeses* which certainly ought never to have been written,—it is horrible, unseemly. But I have read every word of it slowly, with gusto, as we read our Loti, balancing the sentences, drawing the phrases over the palette. It is a vice, this Lotism, and I am not sure that there ought not

to be a society to put it down. Yet if I am persuaded to sign a pledge never to read another page of Loti, I know that I shall immediately break it.

Azyade attracted little attention. Undisturbed by the failure, Loti went on writing, and produced *Rarahu*, or *Le Mariage de Loti*. The second book met with a very different fate. It was a success from the first. "The greatest literary masterpieces," wrote Jules Lemaître, "have never moved me so much." Loti was fairly launched as a man of letters, and his material future was secure. In 1881 *Le Roman d'un Spahi* appeared in the *Nouvelle Revue*. For this book Loti drew upon his impressions of a campaign in Senegal and Guinea, which he went through when he was a lieutenant. It was a marvellous picture of Africa mournful and desolate. The next year Loti published *Fleurs d'Ennui*, one of his least known works, and in 1883 *Mon Frère Yves*. This book, a pathetic study of a Breton sailor addicted to intemperance, is artistically one of his highest appeals. "Beneath this daring painter," Brunetière wrote in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "there is certainly a poet, and a poet with his own ideals and methods." Yet the story itself, which in his earlier works was slight, was reduced in *Mon Frère Yves* almost to nothing at all.

Great as was Loti's reputation after *Mon Frère Yves* it rose still higher with *Pecheur d'Islande*, the book which, in the estimation of most critics, marks Loti's apogee. This book has been the most widely read of all his works, and it is unquestionably the most finished. The plot is essentially simple. Loti never saw Iceland, but then Iceland does not actually appear in the novel: the real subjects are Brittany and the sea, with Iceland as a remote silhouette. It is just a poignant tragedy of humble fisher folk, seen through a veil of northern mist and rain, and is rightly called the prose epic in which "the ocean sings, as it were, a varying chorus to the drama of human passion and woe."

In 1883 Loti went to China, and served through the Tonkin campaign. Out of this journey grew *Madame Chrysanthème*, *Propos d'Exile* and *Japonneries d'Automne*. The first named, while one of the author's most enduring successes, is one of his least adequate works. Loti did not like the Japanese; he found them ugly, artificial and unemotional. And throughout the book is a note of mocking irony that is not only new to him, but that ill fits his style as a colourist and his temperament as a dreamer.

It is a temptation to linger over each successive volume, as they came with augmented fertility from his pen: *Propos d'Exile*, *Japonneries d'Automne*, *Le Livre de Pitié et de la Mort*, *La Galilée*, *Le Desert*, *Reflets sur la Sombre Route*, to mention only a few as their names come haphazard to the memory. Fiction, travel, autobiography, fugitive impressions, these various literary forms and types blend and merge indistinguishably. Of all that Loti writes the words of Brunetière remain true; always we are conscious chiefly of the personality behind the page. Wrapped in an intangible cloak of gentle melancholy, we see him move through the various scenes that he describes, in them and yet never quite of them. He seems to be forever saying, "All things are fugitive and illusory, all things are destined to pass and perish; love wanes, happiness is a dream, life itself is a fleeting vision: nothing is sure and lasting save the infinite sadness of things."

IV

There is a comparatively obscure book by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle entitled *The Doings of Raffles Haw*. The hero, having found the secret of transmuting the baser metals into gold, is in the possession of unlimited wealth. With a portion of this wealth he constructs for himself a home in which he is able to transport himself in a minute to the atmosphere of any quarter of the earth that he wishes to visit. A button is touched, there is a movement of well-oiled machinery, and Raffles Haw and his guests are in Japan or Labrador, or on the banks of the Nile, according to the mood of the moment. Conan Doyle might have found his suggestion for that tale in the paternal home of Julien Viaud at Rochefort as it became in the author's later life. The outside of the house is not im-

pressive, but the interior is astonishing. The first drawing-room is altogether of the fashion of to-day, but it looks out on a pagoda—not an imitation, but a real pagoda brought back piecemeal from the island of Formosa. Loti and a comrade went night after night at the risk of their lives, to carry away some portion of it, before demolishing it altogether to take it back to France. Loti made the campaign on the isles of Formosa on the *Triomphante,* and by attention to the smallest details has reconstructed the pagoda with such exactitude that it gives one the impression of being immediately transported to the Orient. From this pagoda a little stairway ascends to the Turkish salon, a room which copies the interior of an Arabian dwelling with scrupulous fidelity. Madam Adam once wrote of this room that in spite of the poetry and grace of every detail, in spite of the richness of the Arabesque, the shimmerings of the hangings, the attraction of the furnishings, which all invite to *far niente,* and the incomparable beauty of the carpets, of which Loti possesses a choice collection, a woman there feels the oppressive anguish of a prison. Adjoining the Turkish apartment there is Madame Pierre Loti's own room, a bedchamber of the First Empire, containing a mahogany bed with wonderful braises, hangings of yellow rep with blue borders, long chairs, easy chairs, pier tables, *bibelots;* ceilings adorned with enormous golden honey bees in relief. Then there is the chamber of Loti himself, the room of a Breton peasant, the bed very high, with tall posts of oak, curtains of red and white checked cotton, a tall dresser, an ancient oaken table with basin and ewer of water, the floor tiled, and a pair of sabots at the foot of the bed. Here one finds Brittany, the scene of *Pecheur d'Islande,* after having traversed the First Empire, and Turkey, and China. In the atmosphere of this wonder house Pierre Loti, come to two and sixty years, goes on dreaming as he dreamed as a child. And just as he always remained a child to his mother, who lived to an extreme old age, so he seems always to have been a child to his wife, who loves to bear the name of Madame Pierre Loti in preference to that of Madame Julien Viaud. As much as the most impassioned of his readers she admires her husband, and knowing his love for flowers, it is one of her favourite occupations to renew the flowers on his working table. At this table Pierre Loti has been sitting from two o'clock till six o'clock in the afternoon to produce the books which have made his name known throughout the world. In the morning he has been Lieutenant Julien Viaud of the French Navy, devoted to his work as a mariner. When he has been in command of a vessel the dreamer has been lost in the officer. He has always been adored by his sailors, who, if not exactly familiar with the works which won him his seat as an Academician, have learned honestly to admire his justice as an officer and his prowess as a gymnast and a marksman.

On April 11, 1892, Loti became an Academician, taking the chair that had been Octave Feuillet's. In his address to the Academy he described his impressions while the question of his nomination was under consideration at Paris. He was in a skiff on the sea, returning from his small vessel, the *Zarclot,* and was fully persuaded that he, so far away, so great a stranger to the tactics which often have an influence with the learned assembly, could not be proposed. And yet, in spite of his doubts, he had an impulse to stop at the telegraph station before going to his house. "And," said he, "when I saw the heap of dispatches which awaited me, I understood even before I had opened one of them that I had been elected."

V

To say of Judith Gautier that she is a worthy collaborator of Pierre Loti may sound like indiscriminate praise, but certainly no one in France is so attuned to his spirit, so keenly in touch with the colour and atmosphere of *La Fille du Ciel.*

The daughter of Theophile Gautier (her mother was the noted singer, Carlotta Grisi), whose flamboyant scarlet waistcoat was a rallying point of the Romanticists in the literary movement of '83, the career of Judith Gautier has

been as bizarre as that of any of Loti's exotic heroines. She was born in 1850, the year of Loti's birth. When she was a very young girl, the gifted but perverse Catulle Mendès came into her life. She was a beauty then, of a strange, feline Oriental type, with a white face and unfathomable golden eyes—"Half goddess and half cat" they described her—morbid and capricious. Already she had shown herself her father's true daughter, writing in prose and verse, insatiable in her pursuit of esoteric knowledge. Then Mendès came, a tempting, wooing Mephistopheles, and Judith fell under his unholy spell. But the father interposed. The flowing haired youth of the *Battle of Hernani* had grown in worldly wisdom. As a literary confrère there was no objection to the young Parnassian; as a son-in-law he did not suit. Mendès was turned from the door, there was an elopement which caused Paris to talk for three days, and then the inevitable disillusionment. Beneath the persuasive, insinuating lover there lived the beast who took a perverted delight in torturing the woman for whom he soon ceased to care. There were passionate quarrels, frequent escapades, and finally Mendès reached the point of flaunting his innumerable infidelities in print. That was the breaking point. The couple separated, and Judith found solace in returning with renewed ardour to her work. The East, the tainted, mysterious East appealed to her imagination. She delved into the literature, wrote books on China and Japan, a Persian romance, *La Femme de Putiphar*, and a Japanese drama, *La Marchande de Sourires*. Through all these works her talent glowed, and to her Loti turned for the one natural collaborator on *La Fille du Ciel*.

The discussion of *The Daughter of Heaven* as a play belongs to another department of this magazine. The writer will therefore confine himself to the narrative as outlined in the published book, refraining entirely from critical expression.

The central theme of *The Daughter of Heaven* is built upon the spirit of political unrest which for three hundred years has troubled the internal peace of China, ever since the present ruling Tartar dynasty usurped the throne. In China, however, distances are great, and news travels slowly; and that is why it was possible, in the latter years of the nineteenth century, for a lineal descendant of the former rulers, the old Imperial House of Ming, to proclaim himself Emperor at Nankin and enjoy a long and brilliant reign, surrounded by a court that outrivalled that at Peking. In course of years, the Ming Emperor died, leaving a still young and beautiful wife and a little son. At the beginning of the play, the young widow is about to be proclaimed Regent during the minority of her son. Now it happens that the real and legitimate Emperor of all China, the "Invisible Emperor," who has all his years been shut away from a knowledge of the world, in the inner palace at Peking, has at last had the good fortune to secure for his minister and personal adviser a man of liberal ideas and broad knowledge, and it is through this minister's connivance that he is able to escape the vigilant watch surrounding him, pass through the quadruple walls of the palace, and in disguise make his way through his kingdom, seeing the world for himself and forming a new idea of the wonderful outside world that he has hitherto known only by hearsay. At last a rumour of the rival court at Nankin reaches his ears, and he decides to attend the coronation in person. But it would mean death for him, a hated Tartar ruler, to be caught within the stronghold of the house of Ming; so he waylays one of the invited guests, the Viceroy of the South, leaves him prisoner on board his boat, and, taking his prisoner's credentials, impersonates him at the court of Nankin. The first act shows the Emperor's arrival, in the midst of preparations for a gorgeous festival, an orgy of waving garlands, resplendent banners, standards, insignia of every sort. The meeting of the Tartar Emperor and the Queen-Regent reminds one of nothing more than the legendary account of the meeting between Balkis, Queen of Sheba, and Solomon, King of Israel. And the

This article appears here by kind permission of the Liebler Company, the producers of *The Daughter of Heaven*.

Queen, little guessing that the handsome stranger is the loathed hereditary enemy of her house and her people, involuntarily gives her heart to him at first sight.

To the Emperor there comes a great vision, a splendid dream of ending once for all the unrest of the nation. An alliance between himself and the house would establish permanent peace, and heal the long-open wound of civil strife. But before he can formulate his plans, the real Viceroy, having managed to escape from bondage, sends messages of his capture and detention, and the disguised Emperor is forced to flee in haste.

He goes, intent on putting an instant stop to preparations which he knows are already under way at Peking to send an army to put down the rival court, and whip the rebels of Nankin into submission. But one of the penalties attached to being an "Invisible Emperor" is that, when he chooses to make himself visible, he finds that, apart from his court and without a retinue, he is well-nigh powerless to command obedience. So, although he does what he can to turn back the invading army, the third act shows the splendid palace a pitiful wreck, its treasures plundered, its brave soldiers and beautiful women lying in heaps of dead and dying on all sides. The little Emperor, a lad of eight, is successfully smuggled south, but the Empress remains, and after granting the last prayer of the remnant of her heroic army, and with her own hand lighting the vast funeral pyre on which are piled the wounded as well as the dead, she and her maids of honour immure themselves in a secret chamber, sealing themselves in, for what they expect to be forever.

In the fourth act, the scene shifts to Peking. After weeks of search, the hidden Empress has been found and brought to the palace, a prisoner. Until now, she may have guessed, but has not known the identity of her Tartar lover. And it is in the resplendent throne-room, in the inviolable inner palace, that he finally has her led to him, and dismissing the attendants, remains alone with her. He is about to offer her the half of his kingdom, and she knows it; yet there is the solemnity of death about all they say and do, because they both know that there is no hope, that she cannot consent, "between them there is too much blood, flowing like a river." Yet she does grant one request: that while she listens to his pleading, she will mount the throne and sit beside him. He in turn pledges himself, in case she refuses his suit, to give her the poison, the "draught of the Great Deliverance." And this is what ensues: She hears his ardent pleadings that, little by little, as he is invaded by hopelessness, lose their ardour. Then she demands the draught, takes it, and, assured that death's hand is already upon her, straightens up in a final burst of sovereign pride, "the first of the royal dynasty of Ming, in three hundred years, to die upon the throne that is hers by right."

But having played her part to the threshold of death, she can now at last, in the few brief moments left her by the swift potion, allow herself to forget to be a sovereign, and be simply and wholly a woman. Until now, she has held him off, made no confession; but in these final moments the barriers are down, and all the pent-up passion pours forth in a flood of tumultuous, ardent words. And it is in the arms of the usurper whom she hates and the man whom she loves that the poison takes effect, that through her brain passes a sound "like the ringing of a bell," and gently and painlessly she slips away into the void.



CHRISTMAS VOYAGE AND PICTURE GALLERY

BY ALGERNON TASSIN



IN these days, when illustration is the bright and particular star of the magazine galaxy, it would seem that the Christmas picture-book has become a prominent institution. The humble author has many reasons for envying the opulent and arrogant illustrator, but none greater than the ease with which he sweeps his year's work into a resplendent holiday book. Harrison Fisher, Clarence Underwood, Henry Hutt, Coles Phillips, and James Montgomery Flagg—all spread wares which have already come to a wide market, once again for the Christmas booth.

The Fisher book, a collection of gay magazine covers with more or less irrelevant (and uncopyright) poems, depicts new subjects in the same old style. The bride for June, the bathing suit girl for August, the tennis girl for the Fall, and girls with alluring looks for all seasons. *Maidens Fair* is the name of the book, and the Hutt book is called *Rosebuds*. But though under another name, the latter has a similar sweetness, and is likewise composed of magazine covers interspersed with irrelevant and uncopyright verses. Irrelevant, too, is the title, for these young and knowing ladies are rather full-blown. The pictures present approved millinery on approved models—if you don't think the girls and the styles are pretty you won't like them. Magazine covers more worthy of collection are found in *A Young Man's Fancy,* the Coles Phillips book. They are in the style he has originated, personal and with a good eye for decorative values. Technically, the faces and hands and feet seem stuck on his pictures, and one wonders why he has not treated them in the style of the rest; especially since on the occasions when he does do so his pictures are more pleasing for the congruity. The book as a whole is attractive, and will arouse a young man's fancy in better directions than the other two books. The oversensuous quality of these is accentuated in the Underwood book, *American Types.* Here many intense young men are gazing into eyes of blue or brown in the familiar Fisher manner. The girls are of course pretty (how easy it seems for these lucky magazine illustrators to get hold of pretty girls!), and are interspersed with the same irrelevant (and uncopyright) poems. The insistence on the love-lorn look strikes the reviewer as less wholesome than it does the writer of the foreword. The pictures no doubt will pleasingly adorn the walls of many a hall-bedroom, but seem scarcely to merit the ecstasies of the introduction. *The Adventures of Kitty Cobb,* the Flagg book, have at least (as we are told works of art should have) a beginning, a middle, and an end. The story is treated in the clever and snappy way which has made the Gibson school famous. Conventional yet interesting, the faces have quality as studies in types and expression and depict the obvious but genuine humour of a Rose Stahl play. The book really exhibits American types, which the other book emphatically does not.

The five picture-books which form a second group aim to come nearer the real domain of art. Burges Johnson, with some pretty children's verses, and Cecilia Hunter and Caroline Ogden, with some photographs, seek to present the charm of *Childhood.* For this sort of book photography is the best kind of illustration that can be selected, but the publishers could have selected better photographers. Nevertheless, the subjects, though too obviously posed, are pleasing and dainty. Jessie Willcox Smith in *Dickens's Children* succeeds very well in catching the spontaneous action which these photographs lack. Her drawing and colouring are delightful, and the pictures are pervaded with feminine sympathy for children in their appealing moods, and with her well-known expres-

sive charm. More almost than any one else she can make you feel how serious to themselves are the little souls of children.

Ballads Weird and Wonderful is a handsome collection of unhackneyed old ballads of the whimsical and extraordinary rather than of love and romance. They are put together to exhibit the drawings of Vernon Hill, which are introduced by an interesting and enthusiastic preface of R. P. Chope. Things are not at all morbid, he says, merely because they are entirely distinct from and outside of nature, and these pictures are intended to have the unnatural, poetic mystery of the ballads themselves. Mr. Chope insists one must not compare them to anything else, but it seems convenient to the reviewer to say that they are Blake-ish, with neither his naïve spontaneity nor his earnestness. In their attempt at a mysterious softness of tone they are for the most part somewhat weak and washed-out; in their attempt at weirdness they have succeeded in being stiff and artificial and incoherent. But they do not lack the chaotic effect they aim at and they show considerable invention. To *Richards' Masterpieces of the Sea,* Mr. Harrison S. Morris contributes a sympathetic sketch of the painter and his work. "He is a master of drawing," said William M. Chase, "I take off my hat to him." Fidelity and composition and selection were his strong points, says Mr. Morris. These leading traits the sixteen pictures of the book exhibit well, but they show also—alas!—how rarely a man's work touches perfection at all sides. They are rather to be considered as technical accomplishment than as a presentation of emotion. Careful renderings of the moods of the sea, but not creations, their deficiency is most exposed in reproduction. To *The Pike County Ballads,* which he illustrates, Mr. N. C. Wyeth also writes a brief introduction. They reek, says he, with the swagger of the early river-settlements along the Mississippi. John Hay should have lived to see how the illustrator has caught with his pencil the spirit his pen celebrates. In this little book Mr. Wyeth sustains his growing reputation for a distinctive and clearly defined grasp of his subject. The many characterisations are well-differentiated and their humour is notable. The pictures have tang and action and go.

For the five books which constitute the third group, the illustrations are but the accompaniment. Maeterlinck's ever-welcome *Life of the Bee* appears as a handsome holiday volume beautified with coloured floral pictures. *Kim,* equally sumptuous in festival attire, makes again his Christmas bow—the familiar bronze-green illustrations of J. L. Kipling framed in a rich border of Indian design. In both books the printing is a delight to the eye. More notable for their illustration are the two volumes of *The Works of Mr. Francis Rabelais* in the original English translation of 1653. The abundant drawings of Mr. W. Heath Robinson have rich medieval humour and raciness. The wood-cut suggestion in his work also admirably retains the spirit of the times, and the treatment is rightly one of high caricature. Delicious is the word for many of them, and as a set they are characterised by much fertility of imagination. *The Modern Reader's Chaucer,* by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye, is thus far the handsomest book of the holiday season. And since (alas!) the letter killeth, it is also a book which every real lover of Chaucer should be glad for. The editors, knowing that in modernising the language they could not fail to destroy much of the subtle melody of his verse, felt that a prose version would not only be more faithful but more melodious also. It was also their object to relieve the old poet of his obscurity and prolixity and coarseness, but to keep as much of his archaic savour as the reader's ease and taste would allow. A wise work tastefully done is this book, however academicians may scream. The narrative is flexible and idiomatic, and possesses quaintness and charm. The pictures by Warwick Goble, with their brilliant and opulent colouring, seem like designs for stained glass. They are, however, far less imaginative than decorative, and in them the artist seems to have taken his chief pleasure in the elaboration of inessential detail. The groups and settings have the picturesque artificiality of the opera stage, but their instinct for deco-



Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

TIM AND BOB CRATCHIT ON CHRISTMAS DAY. FROM "DICKENS'S CHILDREN."
BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

ration is excellent. *In Everybody's Saint Francis* Mr. Egan opens, rather polemically, with the statement that unless one knows what the sacrament of the Mass stood for as the centre of a vast spiritual and economic system, it is impossible to understand Saint Francis. But he soon strikes the tone of the charming title. The story of Francis, who was a saint largely because he was a man of genius —the author says—cannot in the least be comprehended from the modern analytic point of view, and we all know what happened to Marguerite after she tore the daisy to pieces. Children and simple-hearted persons prefer to believe that the wolf of Gubbio was a real wolf, and they are nearer to God than the most of us. Now, this mood is tender or silly according to your temperament, but of the sweet humanness of the account there can be no question. And however lovingly Francis may have treated Brother Wolf, says Dr. Egan, he had the modern point of view about Brother Fly. M. de Monvel's illustrations are in exquisite sympathy with both text and subject. The softness of the tones even in the blacks and whites—suggesting fresco decoration—contributes to the genuine religious feeling of the pictures. You feel the love of Saint Francis for the childlike and the humble. The children, especially, in these drawings confirm the artist's early reputation, but throughout is manifested a naïve charm which makes his characters humorous while keeping them sincere.

And now, having run over some of the typical illustrated books of the holiday season, we must turn to the other typical expression of the Christmas spirit—the travel books. "It's hey for boot and horse, lad, and round the world away" at Christmas time. Europe first. First, too, a complete tour, and then let us come back and linger as we please around the circle.

Around the Clock in Europe is a model of what such a book should be. Mr. Howell tells us he wishes merely to visualise in an impressionistic sketch the appearance and life of certain cities at what he deems their most characteristic hour. The scheme more than counterbalances in attractiveness what it occasionally lacks in appositeness. Paris at midnight! everybody would cry at once; but some of the others—as was to be expected—seem arbitrary. Yet who cares, with such a satisfactory tripper as Mr. Howell! Princes Street, Edinborough, is the finest avenue in Europe, and most of the city is there the hour after luncheon. The weather-blackened rookeries on the heights above look like a row of prehistoric giraffes nibbling the tree tops. About the man on the street is something tremendously genuine and wholesome, but you could not imagine him singing a *barcarolle*. At two o'clock comes Antwerp, presenting the maximum of twentieth-century business activity in a setting of the Middle Ages, and bustling with more ease and less profanity than any other port in Europe: the grim old dormered veterans of the Grande Place which have held there stoutly through the centuries look down to-day on a commercial fabric that astonishes the world, yet most of the tradesmen go about their business with infinite leisure and merriment. In Rome the museums close at three o'clock, and the Forum becomes crowded with tourists, picture-card sellers, mosaic peddlers, and beggars; three is also the hour when Romans rub their eyes after their midday siesta and stroll to the marble parapet of the Pincio—thus it is an excellent hour to feel the life of the place and perceive best the physical and sentimental incongruities which dominate a city where Peter surmounts the column of Trojan and tennis courts are banked by the tomb of a Cæsar. At four, brooding stolid Prague leaves languishing for her lost independence and abandons itself to the music-passion which is the deepest and most intense expression of the Bohemian temperament. At five, emerges the neutral and elusive tone of Scheveningen, which at sunset becomes Holland *in excelsis;* then even the natives, like Delft tiles, come to life, array themselves in their best, and sally forth to exhibit that sort of loafing which is the apotheosis of idleness. The Berliner is the most boisterous and irrepressible development of the energetic Prussian, and when he starts out between six and seven in quest of the evening's diversions, the rip-roaring Friedrich-



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company

DRAWING BY N. C. WYETH FOR "PIKE COUNTY BALLADS"

strasse and the bowing and eternal thanking of Unter den Linden are truly Berlinesque. Between seven and eight, indomitable and world-weary London shows most its real character; during the day you cannot see London for the people, and the dining hour is an expression of the British conscience, not of its temperament; but catch the evening tide as it turns opera and theatreward and you have it at its finest moment. Like an aged beauty, Naples is best at night; away from all the hideous deformities of its voluble beggars and its smile-clad calculations. Take it upon the water between eight and nine, when once again all is romance and laughter and song. Heidelberg and its lordly ruins seem from nine to ten set in a veritable fairy ring of delicate beauty—then the vast ruddy wreckage of the Alhambra of Germany is most potently bewitching in spite of the jovial student, who is ever too much in evidence. Ten o'clock is the top of the evening at brisk, bracing Interlaken, and perpetual fête-hour for the little village. You should be in Venice at the hour of serenade, in a gondola with tenors all about; but it floats through the little bedraggled streets by preference, and as you listen you must needs remember that it is Venice herself who has always done the espousing, and if you would fully possess her it must be on her own terms of complete surrender. Paris, a practised coquette, reserves for midnight her rarest resources of gayety and charm; her last laugh is the best, and if visitors will refuse to take her seriously, all the more will she cultivate her laugh-

ter; but the wise, seeing that she is mistress of the entire art of living, take her at her word when the body at one o'clock says to the heart "to bed," else they see her suddenly grow haggard and forlorn.

It is not to Edinborough that Mr. A. G. Bradley goes in his *The Gateway of Scotland*. He takes a leisurely path, as rich with reflection and historical comment as with personal anecdote, through the southeastern corner known once as the Eastern March—name empurpled in ballad and story. It is a region, he says, which quickens the pulse, but of which exists no appreciation by pen or pencil. Berwick changed hands thirteen times while it was to Scotland the Key of England, and still survive some sections of its blood-drenched walls. Yet to most of us it has only a vague association with golfing. The seafront of the Lammermoors is grim and full of wind and tumult and gloom, but inland a seven or eight mile walk can carry you through its untamed portions almost anywhere. The Merse is assuredly the most luxuriant spot in Scotland, and its many streams are clearest amber. Here is Flodden, one of the most compact and dramatic battlefields of Britain. Beyond is Hume Castle, restored into a comic opera nightmare. The White-Adder is open to all the troutfishers of the world, and yet holds trout for all who come. Golf has within a generation settled the seacoast of Lothian, and afternoon tea become a function in the higher class farmhouses inland. At the end of leafy Lauderdale comes the boundary of this little unknown corner. Across the Tweed is the Scott country dusty with tourists. It is another world from the quiet local life of the Gateway of Scotland, sleeping (except for its thriving agriculture), since it was the parade-ground of the pageantry of two kingdoms.

Mr. Howell's clock strikes no hour in Wales, but the author of *Gallant Little Wales* says in her pleasantly sentimental way that it is a land which once loved can never be forgotten. The Roman took his vacation there, and left villas and fortresses and roads, and the traveller is everywhere haunted with a sense of the vanished past. Its turbulent history, its independence, and lack of unity are partly explained by its topography. Its language is full of savage consonants, and the poor occasional vowel is like some bleating lamb upon rocky mountainsides. Though the people are so religious they will not allow even water

Maidens Fair. Pictures by Harrison Fisher. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

American Types. Pictures by Clarence F. Underwood. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Rosebuds. Pictures by Henry Hutt. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A Young Man's Fancy. Pictures by Coles Phillips. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Adventures of Kitty Cobb. Pictures and Text by James Montgomery Flagg. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Childhood. Verses by Burges Johnson. Pictures by Cecilia Bull Hunter and Caroline Ogden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Dickens's Children. Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Ballads Weird and Wonderful. Pictures by Vernon Hill. New York and London: The John Lane Company.

Richards' Masterpieces of the Sea. Text by Harrison S. Morris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Pike County Ballads. By John Hay. Pictures by N. C. Wyeth. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Life of the Bee. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by J. L. Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Rabelais. In Two Volumes. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Modern Reader's Chaucer. By John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye. With Colour Illustrations by Warwick Goble. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Everybody's Saint Francis. By Maurice F. Egan. With Pictures by M. Boutet de Monvel. New York: The Century Company.

Around the Clock in Europe. By Charles Fish Howell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.



Courtesy of The Century Company

ST. FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS. FROM "EVERYBODY'S ST. FRANCIS." BY MAURICE F. EGAN

to be drawn on the Sabbath, the custodians have little fussy regard for truth when it comes to speaking of the age of things. They are right in thinking that everything in Wales should be very old. Poetic are the many superstitions that live in the solitudes of North Wales. There one spits when he hears the name of the devil, and nothing can drive away the fairies from those they love. This is unfortunate, as they are confirmed practical jokers and have no sense of equity. If you would see a fairy, you must have the right kind of instep and you must eat a great deal of cheese. The Welsh are keenly conscious of the beauty of their land and of its history and legend, and to comprehend their unique national spirit one should go to their annual festival of song and poetry, the Eisteddfod. This is one of the great experiences of life. When one asks one's self if Massachusetts could be brought to pour out its people from every farm in thousands to a festival, one realises how tremendous is the Welsh national enthusiasm.

There are four Welsh cathedrals and twenty-nine English ones. Mr. Bond in

The Cathedrals of England and Wales frankly admits that it is impossible to know completely even a single one of them. But unless you study the parts in chronological order and with the knowledge that most of the alterations were forced by the need of meeting practical considerations, you have not touched the real interest. The chronological method requires legs, however, and the guide book, which jumbles topsy-turvy the work of centuries, at least saves much marching and counter-marching. The ground plans here given need not frighten any one away, since these and the illustrations of architectural detail are inserted merely to make description unnecessary. The expectation derived from the



Courtesy of the J. B. Lippincott Company

"WHEN THE DEVIL WAS SICK, THE DEVIL A SAINT WOULD BE." FROM "THE WORKS OF RABELAIS." ILLUSTRATED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

preface of a thoroughly informing treatment is not thwarted, and the numerous photographs are clear and good. The writer sticks to his text and does not dabble with historical allusion unless it really illuminates his subject, but he writes so interestingly he is not forced to turn aside for colour. Two books more complete our stay in England. One is of London and one pretends to be. *The Charm of London* is an anthology which contains many attractive bits. Mr. Hyatt has compiled with a not too finicky hand, and one may wonder what Bryant's Spring in Town, with its mention of Sing Sing and the shores of Tappan Bay, is doing here, or why Lovelace's Farewell to Lucasta should be conceived as a good-bye to London. But when beads are so rich who cares if they are strung on the wrong thread? Certainly one will allow London to be used as the typical city of which most poets have sung, whether in longing or in bitter mood. The colour pictures by Yoshio Markino have the typical London atmosphere, but they give a better idea of the city than of its charm. The delightful and chatty book of Mrs. Pennell's, under the beguiling title *Our House and London Out of Our Windows,* is a fraud. It is about neither the one nor the other, but rather of a procession of housemaids and of the tenants below and above. "The windows were just where they ought to have been, and we knew at a glance that we should be glad to spend the rest of our lives looking out of them," says Mrs. Pennell. But only in the last chapter does she give any sign of doing so. Then you see that the house is just round the corner from Charing Cross in an eddy into which only two streets lead, and afterwards become purposeless. Behind the tumbled roofs and awry gables the sun sets with dramatic gorgeousness and the river loses itself in mystery. This book is a pleasant trifle got out for the Christmas trade as text for some pictures of Mr. Pennell's—which it far surpasses.

More successful, too, is Mr. George Wharton Edwards with his pen than with his pencil. The sketches in *Marken and Its People* do not seem, as does the text, to be jotted down from the living subject. They have the studio and "property" quality of much of Mr. Edwards's work—the tricks of the life but not life itself. These singular people, says Mr. Edwards, are cut off from all the rest of the world, and have a dialect which staggers even a Dutchman; but though all outsiders are foreigners to them, they like everybody else are gradually losing with excursion rates their proverbial primitive ways. But the children are all the snapshotter sees of the better element, the rest remain behind closed doors until the boat has gone. Since there is no inn, nobody ever remains there overnight. Though the natives are prudish to a degree, they are very, very free of speech and most singularly frank in some things hidden by common consent. Old Martje broke a saucer on the step of the baker's wife Saint Nicholas' day, as a sign that

The Gateway of Scotland. By A. G. Bradley. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Gallant Little Wales. By Jeannette Marks. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Cathedrals of England and Wales. By Francis Bond. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Charm of London. Compiled by Alfred H. Hyatt. With twelve illustrations by Yoshio Markino. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company.

Our House and London Out of Our Windows. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Marken and Its People. By George Wharton Edwards. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Belgium, the Land of Art. By William Elliot Griffis. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Switzerland in Sunshine and in Snow. By Edmund D'Auvergne. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Charm of Venice. Compiled by Alfred H. Hyatt. With Twelve Illustrations by Harold Sund. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company.

Egyptian Days. By Philip S. Marden. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land. By Dwight Elmendorf. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



Courtesy of The Macmillan Company

"IN THE NAME OF CHRIST," CRIED THIS BLIND BRITON, "GIVE ME BACK MY SIGHT." FROM "THE MODERN READERS OF CHAUCER." BY MACKAYE AND TATLOCK



Courtesy of Dodd, Mead and Company

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW. "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS." ILLUSTRATED BY RENÉ BULL

she wanted their quarrel to be made up. The story-teller of Marken is a mysterious institution no stranger is allowed to see, but Mr. Edwards swore to his guide, who sneaked him into an adjoining room, that he would never betray him to the Markeners. "What was the end of the story?" he asked. "Ah," returned the guide, "I myself have not heard the beginning, nor will I hear the end." This pleasant book tells sympathetically many little anecdotes.

If you intend to stop in Belgium on this Christmas trip do not be misled by the title of the next book. *Belgium, the Land of Art,* concerns itself mostly with its sub-title, *History, Legends, Industry, and Modern Expansion.* The book is, indeed, a readable popular history of Belgium, with perhaps a trifle more reference to general matters of tourist interest than the ordinary brief historian allows himself. The reader, thinking it from the title and the numerous irrelevant picture-card photographs to be a different sort of book, is likely to throw it aside impatiently because of the unwise attempt to smuggle it on board the Christmas steamer. He will not perceive that the author makes no attempt to tell us what he has seen, but rather to provide material for others to enjoy more what they may see, for the art of no people—he wisely says—can be understood until their past is seen to be the soil from which their present has flowered.

Mr. Howell's one charming hour in Interlaken has given us a desire to linger longer in the country. This is the last fragment of the old Roman Empire, says Mr. d'Auvergne in *Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow*. Its forgotten villages and valleys became free merely because they set no other in the place of their old lord. Berne is the most mediæval yet the most national of Swiss cities; with much of the character of a cuckoo clock, she still acts as umpire and broker for the rest of the world. Neuchatel is yellow and dull, and Lausanne has not yet recovered from the ecclesiastical tyranny of Calvin, when it was always Good Friday. 'Afar from the great tourist centres the herdsman still melodiously calls the cattle home, and you expect to find a Watteau Phyllis flirting with Corydon. But the Swiss land of romance is not the land of climber and of artist, but a valley famed for its cheese. Le Gruyère is Arcady. The Cinderella of the cantons is the Valois, and also the immemorial battleground of contending races. Here, too, the natives save up all their lives for their funerals. Do not place trust in Swiss time-tables, for in the interest of hotel proprietors they are generally obsolete. The author gives some sprightly quotations from an old Italian account of Baden. In the fifteenth century this Swiss watering place was an Eden where no one had tasted forbidden fruit, but nowadays the bathing is conducted with that regard for the proprieties which is the glory of the Swiss. Lucerne and Geneva have been captured by strangers and are the most frivolous of Swiss cities. The former is the very vortex of the foreigner industry, and swallows aristocrats and cheapest of trippers alike, holding out special inducements to all whose travel-hunger outruns their purses. The great crises of history have ever called in the lordly yet human apple as fitting symbol of discord, so it is not surprising to hear that neither Tell nor anybody else shot one at Altdorf. In the mountain fastnesses of Einsiedeln, Our Lady of the Hermits is fast building up another Lourdes. For most visitors the Bernese Oberland is the pearl of Switzerland, but go expecting rain. Interlaken is Europe's favourite window on the Alps. It is overlooked that all Switzerland is not mountainous, and that a third of its population and its two largest towns are in the lowlands. It is also overlooked that the country was in Byron's time by no means the home of the free, and her old rotten aristocracy sold their peasantry to every banner in Europe but that of liberty. This is a pleasant book, vivacious for all its numerous historical notes.

The Charm of Venice is another anthology compiled with catholic hand by Mr. Hyatt. The dedicatory page bears the names of J. A. Symonds and Landor and Shakespeare and Ouida and Mrs. Braddon and Louise Chandler Moulton. Here the collector is not obliged to pad out with pieces of doubtful locality, for what pen has not written of Venice and through how many songs softly flashes and shines like a skiff of gold the lover's gondola! Mr. Sund's pictures are Venice in richness of colour, but, for the rest, are not infrequently photographic and lifeless.

In *Egyptian Days*, Mr. Philip S. Marden—unlike other recent writers on Egypt—adapts himself to the needs of ordinary travellers. He sees Egypt in the usual way for the usual amount of time, and he hopes to write such a book as he himself sought in vain when he set out to visit that country. As the ordinary traveller voyages by the Nile steamer, he presents us the journal of the trip. The tourist steamer is for the great majority, he says, perfectly satisfactory, and even for those of moderate means the cost is not prohibitive. In dress, one must go prepared for a warm day, a cold night, a fashionable hotel, and a very dusty road. The dams of the Nile, which have so greatly increased Egypt's prosperity, have been paid for in more than money, but here as elsewhere the modern world cannot be asked to halt for the sake of a world of long ago. Only from certain aspects does Cairo satisfy the mind as an Oriental city. There, if a man has lost a piastre or a mother, his utmost woe is expressed by dashing his fez upon the ground—after which nothing remains but to pick it up again and begin life anew. Fine as its museum, mosques, and zoo are, the city depends for her chief attraction on her native

population. When you go to the pyramids, eternal backsheesh is the price of what little freedom you can procure. To explore the interior of any pyramid—even Cheops—is the height of folly, but the ascent of the exterior is well worth while. Now and then amid these plain and practical observations comes a lyric description of the desert or of a mummied king whose face still preserves after many thousand years a kingly character and an individuality that is indescribable. Without claiming to be either, this book is as lively and interesting as it is useful.

The next book is not illustrated with photographs, but is photographs illustrated with text. Or, rather, texts—for *A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land* is a sort of Camera Concordance. Mr. Dwight Elmendorf says he went to the Holy Land in a search for the truth and found it. He means, it would seem, that he realised and vivified in actual experience many scriptural expressions and localities. After three lectures on the North, the South, and Jerusalem—composed in the traditional vein of sentiment, and largely an illuminated mosaic of Biblical quotations—the book is given up to one hundred handsome full-page photographs, most of them of no interest except as illustrations of the Bible. Yet the book will doubtless give a tender and substantial pleasure to many, especially at Christmas time.

THE CHOICE

BY STEPHEN HENRY THAYER

Thy way leads forth to days of peace and calm.
That which was urgent in thy fiery heart—
And wrought to eager fulness from the start,
Craves now to find a respite as a balm
From fevered dreamings that the crafty palm
Upon the credulous. O Soul, thou art
Absolved of these, and never more a part
Of thrusts and parries! Life is like a psalm
Of sweet content: but is this rest to thee?
Sequestered in thy cloistered paradise,
Unvexed by visions, vain, and haply free,
How farest thou? Doth not thy spirit rise
And bid thee to the fray? Is not thy will
A warrior and thy hand a weapon still?



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AND HIS TALES

BY GEORG BRANDES

I



ROM the cradle to the tomb, Andersen was the child of the people, a poor boy, for a long period extremely indigent, a thousand times humiliated, having been able to make his way in the world solely through the kindness of benevolent persons, and during his entire childhood and youth compelled to seek aid from these benefactors. He retained the impression of this life upon his whole being, even when he attained universal renown, when he had gained experience of the world and had become a "great man." For a great man he undeniably was, but never a man. There was no germ of virility or masculine strength in his temperament. His mind totally lacked weapons of offence. Not for an instant did the idea occur to him of attacking the powerful in behalf of a good cause. He handled a weapon only in self-defence, and always under a poetic form. This weapon, in truth, was but a blunted foil.

Tender and affectionate, easily saddened, and yet full of animation, easy to dupe and easy to conquer, he was a man of kind and compassionate heart, as well as a sensible man who does not depart from caution. His dominant trait was an insatiable ambition, to which he owed all the joys and all the sorrows of his life. To secure fame, glory, adulation! This was his dream every instant, the hope that echoed through the night and the day in his ears during the long years when he remained at first unknown, then discussed, his sole support being a by no means substantial literary reputation. To be famous, to be admired, this pride and joy filled his whole soul when old age approached, though he might tremble at a breath of wind that was capable of snatching away a single leaf of his laurels.

Even after his triumph, he remained very sensitive to everything that was written about him. A Norwegian friend happened to be with him one day in a Copenhagen restaurant. Suddenly he saw Andersen's face express anxiety and pain. Following the direction of his eyes, he discovered that he was reading a worthless paper, in which some wretched scribbler had made disparaging comments upon his personal appearance.

"What! With your fame, you care for what such a man may say of you in such a publication!"

"Yes, I do care about it a very little," Andersen replied. And tears rolled down his cheeks.

He had an inordinate desire to be distinguished from the crowd, but this desire was of a very peculiar character. He did not aspire to power. All that he wanted was to have praise lavished upon him. He himself wrote with surprisingly simple frankness: "My soul is happy only when receiving general admiration. If any one does not bestow it, no matter how insignificant he may be, it makes me sad." He even rejoiced over the compliments of the most stupid people; he was grieved by the jeers of even the most ignorant. He would salaam profoundly to the most commonplace man if he knew or expected him to be able to have a laudatory article published in some newspaper.

From this source also sprung his admiration for the great, his impatience to be received at the different courts. All these things increased his renown; it was the wealth he was amassing. Toward the end of his life he persuaded himself that this renown constituted a national treasure. One day he hastily crossed the street, calling to me: "Do you know what has been written about me in Portugal?" And he volubly related what had just been translated to him from laudatory articles. Then he vanished.

II

The jests of which he had been the object from his fellow-countrymen had rendered him suspicious. He had a sort of fear of being suppressed or poisoned by people who were jealous of his glory, even though he comprehended its improbability.

Having received one day a box of preserves from the Danish Antilles, he dared not taste them, but gave several jars to one of his friends. The following week he called at her house and asked the servant:

"Is your mistress well? Hasn't she been ill this week?"

The answer was in the negative.

In the course of the conversation he inquired:

"Did you eat the preserves I sent you?"

"Certainly. Pardon me for not having thanked you."

"And you have not been ill?"

"Not in the least."

"Oh, how glad I am! I was a little afraid the preserves might be poisoned, so I said to myself, 'My dear friend is the most courageous of women. I am going to send her a sample.' I am delighted to learn, as I hoped, that there is no danger."

His desire to be always surrounded by kindness made him simple and cordial. In spite of all the occasions offered of entering the highest society, he was pleasant and winning to the humble. And where he believed he had found the admiration due to his genius, his amiability was excessive.

In the letters addressed to me, which have been published, Andersen, who was then sixty-four years old, always calls me, "Dear friend!" in spite of the difference in our ages; I was then only twenty-seven. Toward 1870, I met him quite frequently in society. He was affable to all; when in conversation he flew into a rage there was something charming in his very violence. Yet at intervals, if his most sensitive nerve was touched, he allowed his ill temper to be visible. Shortly after the publication of Ibsen's *The Pretenders* he was at an entertainment where all the novelties in literature were minutely discussed. At table the piece and the still unknown author were talked of. Andersen was seated beside a pretty young woman, who had the impudence to ask him about this Henrik Ibsen. His sole response was the impatient exclamation:

"Have you never heard, madame, of a Danish poet named Hans Christian Andersen?"

Among his stories there was one which he has omitted in his memoirs, yet it is very characteristic. Toward the end of the year 1844 he was constantly invited to visit the royal family of Denmark on the island of Föhr. He had had in his youth a very great mortification. The clergyman who was to give him his first communion, finding him too poor, had refused to keep him and had sent him to the curate's group. Andersen chanced to learn that this clergyman was settled on the island of Föhr. "I asked the King," he said, "to lend me for a visit the royal carriage with the scarlet-clad coachman and footmen. The King, smiling, answered: 'Very gladly,' and I set out in the royal equipage to call upon my old pastor. During this time the carriage with the coachman and the magnificent footmen waited for me in front of the door. This was my revenge."

This little anecdote vividly depicts Andersen with his story-teller's imagination, his resentment of former humiliations, and his almost childish ambition.

III

One of the marks of writers of genius is almost always the necessity for constantly creating, and we are surprised not only to see how excellent has been their production in its best manifestations, but also to note its continuance and abundance. All the great creators who have not been prevented by illness or arrested by premature death have left quantities of work.

Yet for posterity the point in question is by no means to have written much, even though all might be excellent. It is impossible, with such an amount of luggage, to pass through the needle's eye that leads into the realm of immortality. There is no room in the celestial storehouses for the complete works of any modern author. The essential thing is

to have produced one single little work which is immortal, a thing that is never forgotten because its form is so faultless and so final that nothing can impair it. *Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, Manon Lescaut* represent in universal literature masterpieces of this sort. Their authors have written a series of other books which are known only in their native countries, and by very few persons. A collection of the best *Tales* of Andersen is worthy to rank among the number of the few unique books which mankind will never forget.

In the *Ugly Duckling,* one of his most exquisite stories, there is the quintessence of the author's entire life (melancholy, humour, martyrdom, triumph) and of his whole nature: the gift of observation and the sparkling intellect which he used to avenge himself upon folly and wickedness, the varied faculties which constituted his genius. This genius formed his happiness, which was deep and essential in ways different from the external triumphs, whose greatest was spoiled for him one day by an inopportune toothache.

He was not fortunate in love. The women who attracted him in his youth gave him no affection in return. They were repelled by his homeliness, preferred his rivals, and often made him suffer. One of them left in a book belonging to a public library the letter in which he asked for her hand. Another, the famous singer, Jenny Lind, offered to him, instead of love, a sister's affection. But there was one, the most beautiful of all, an Immortal, whom he loved longer and more passionately than any earthly creature. Her name was Glory. She did not trouble herself about his outer man, but relegated in his favour to the second place all his contemporaries, poets and writers of the North, far more esteemed than he during their lifetime, and sometimes more richly gifted. By her infallible glance she recognised in him what was apparent to herself, that is, his immortal part. Her voice was more resonant than Jenny Lind's. And through her speaking-trumpet, she shouted the name of Andersen and made it ring through the Old and the New World.

IV

In the works of Andersen, tales are often found which begin with absolutely oral forms of speech, such as the following: "Come, pay attention! We are going to begin. When we reach the end of our story we shall know more than we do now; for we shall have learned that once upon a time there was a wicked gnome of the very worst kind, the devil himself."

The order of the words, the construction of the sentence, everything is in contradiction to the most elementary rules of syntax. That is not the way we write. True, but it is the way we talk. Not to grown persons. Certainly not, but to children. And why, after all, should we not have the right to arrange words in the order in which children are addressed? New laws are substituted for the logic of written language.

Written words are very poor and colourless. Spoken ones find powerful auxiliaries in the expression of the face, the gesture of the hand, the music of the voice. The child sees what he is told as much as he hears the story. Like the dog, he notices the kind or angry intonation, rather than the meaning of the words themselves. So it is necessary to understand how to animate the language used by all the multitude of living elements, gestures, tears and cries, threats and caresses. The words must dance and sing, weep and laugh, so that pictures may be evoked when the child opens the book. First of all, and above all, no periphrases! the more simple the expression is, the better.

For instance: "And the trumpets sounded their flourishes. Taratata, here's the little boy, taratata!" We must know how to joke after the manner of children. "The soldier cut off the old witch's head. There it is on the ground." We can hear the child laugh after this unsentimental description of the murder. And by the side of this are lines like these, from which a sweet melody seems to rise. "The sun shone upon the linen, and the clouds, heavy with rain, watered it. The linen was freshened by this, like a child when its mother washes its face and then presses a kiss upon it, making it almost twice as beautiful." Mechani-

cally a little pause is inserted in the reading, just the time required for the child to receive the kiss.

How fortunate was this Andersen! What writer of the nineteenth century has spoken to a public comparable with his readers! How unlike is his part to that of the scientist, especially in a small country, whose audience is composed of five rivals and a dozen antagonists! A fictionist is usually placed in more favourable circumstances, but who, like Andersen, has had readers with virgin souls?

The point of departure of Andersen's art is the frolic of the child, which transforms everything according to its pleasure, playthings—the little lead soldiers—into living creatures, and supernatural beings—fairies and gnomes—into toys. The secret of this art lies in the imagination of the child itself, who has visions while lighting a match, and vivifies even its father's shirt collar. The model of the story-teller is the child's dream, in which images succeed one another with changes more rapid and bolder than in play.

Little Hjalmar hears in his dream the letters in his writing-book scrawled across and tumbledown, complaining in his drawer.

"This is the way to stand!" says the copy. "Look at me, stand straight."

"We should be glad to do it," the letters reply, "but we can't, we are so sick."

"Well then, you must take some medicine," says the little sand merchant.

"Oh! no," they all cried, holding themselves so straight that it was a pleasure to see them.

An imagination of this species does not penetrate to the depths of things; it busies itself only with details. It enters, but not deeply; it strikes, but does not draw blood. It flits like a winged insect from place to place, and like an intelligent insect, it weaves its fine web, forming from many different threads one poetic whole.

V

The eighteenth century had its power in the critical mind, its foe in imagination, allied with and subject to superannuated superstitions; it saw its queen in logic and its king in Voltaire, but it considered only man, enlightened and freed from superstitions, it relegated the child, which was neither enlightened nor freed from traditions, to the *nursery*, where it could hear cock-and-bull stories as much as it desired, provided when once it reached manhood that it forgot all such infantine follies.

In the nineteenth century a reaction came. War was waged upon the rationalism of the encyclopædists; the fairy tales were given their appropriate place, folk tales and popular songs were collected in all countries. Rousseau propagated Locke's theories upon education. An attention hitherto unknown was bestowed upon the psychology of the child; less heed was given to its discipline, the state of nature of its soul was worshipped.

From the child to the animal is but a single step. The animal is a child whose development is arrested. The desire of the eighteenth century to refer everything to social life had diverted attention from the animal as well as from the child. The same thirst for artlessness and innocence which restored the child to literature also restored the animal. Rousseau, who made himself the champion of the child, made himself also the champion of the animal and of all nature.

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre inaugurated the description of landscape in French prose with his *Paul and Virginia,* and at the same time he brought two children upon the stage. Humboldt, travelling in the tropics, carried with him *Paul and Virginia,* and read it aloud to his travelling companions. Humboldt influenced Œrsted, the discoverer of electro-magnetism, who deeply influenced Andersen. Nature worship affected the studies of naturalists, who in turn influenced poetic naturalism. Chateaubriand describes, in his colourful prose, a nature which is not without affinities with the more peaceful and more serene one of Bernardin Saint-Pierre.

About 1831, the very period when Andersen's tales were appearing, England, which had first introduced the child into literature, formed the first society for the protection of animals. Branches were established in France and in Germany.

Landscape painting in Europe first appeared at precisely the same period. There was nothing of the sort in the preceding century. Turn the pages of Voltaire's *Henriade,* and you will not find in it a single blade of grass. There is not even forage for the horses. What a difference between this poesy and Andersen's, in which children, plants, and animals replace man, and almost render him superfluous.

VI

Every child, fragile as it may appear to us, is born old. It bears, sometimes strongly marked upon its features, the imprint of a civilisation thousands of years old. It is not the same with animals. See the swan, the hen, the cat. They eat, they drink, they sleep, they live as they did in the far distant past. A poet who, like Andersen, is reluctant to face cruelty in its ugliness because it repels him so greatly, feels at ease in a world where everything that is termed egotism, cruelty, baseness, persecution, really does not deserve these names in their full rigour.

All Andersen's animals are domestic animals. He describes only what he thoroughly knows. Moreover, this exclusive choice facilitates his employment of them; for the domestic animals are no longer the simple products of nature in their relations with man, they have acquired much humanity.

These cats and hens, these ducks and turkeys, these storks and swans, these mice, present many resemblances to the people with whom they associate. They lack nothing but speech, and there are human beings endowed with speech who deserve it less than these. Let us give them speech and admit them among us.

What is the end of that noble, royal creature, the swan, in the *Ugly Duckling?* How could Andersen give his end to a bird which he had described in so proud a fashion! He might let it die, if necessary. That is tragic and grand. He might let it spread its wings and fly away through the air, intoxicated by its own strength and beauty! That is bold and sublime. But, in pity, not the end here:

Some little children came into the garden and threw bread and bits of cake to the swans. The smallest one cried: "How young and splendid the new swan is! That is the handsomest one of all!" And the old swans bowed before it. Let the old swans bow! But let us not forget that there is something of greater value than their homage and the pieces of bread or cake, independent flight, wild liberty.

Andersen prefers the bird to the quadrupeds, for the bird is more gentle. The stork, which is always impatiently expected, figures in the frontispiece of his work. Yet he places the plants still higher, they hold the first rank in his tales, for it is only in the vegetable kingdom that we find harmony and peace, though in truth they are only apparent. The plant, too, appears a child, but a child unconscious or asleep. Here there is no action, no suffering, no sorrow. Andersen can better exercise his compassion, and there is nothing to irritate his delicate nerves.

Going still farther, the imagination of the story-teller gives life to the forces of nature and to inanimate things: to an old house, to the wooden shoe and to the ball, to gingerbread men. His imagination makes the moon talk. The wind relates what it has seen on its way. The snow, slumber, night, and death are personages that live and speak.

VII

There are two kinds of artlessness: that of the heart and that of the mind. The first is simple and touching, the second is often subtle and sly. One brings a tear, the other a smile. Andersen is the poet of artlessness of the heart, as La Fontaine is the poet of artlessness of the mind.

A poet is a man whose sensibility has in it something feminine. Andersen sees more clearly in man and in woman the traits which are common to them than those which are special. Nevertheless, listen to this passage in the "Chimney Sweep and the Shepherdess," two china figures on a mantelpiece.

"Have you really the courage to go out into the world with me?" asks the chimney sweep. "Have you thought how big it is, and that we shall never be able to come back here?"

"Yes," she replied.

The chimney sweep looked at her steadily, then he said:

"My way leads through the chimney. Have you the courage to go in and slip through the flues with me?" And he leads her toward the opening.

"It looks very dark," she said.

After a long and difficult climb they reach the top of the chimney.

Above their heads was the sky, strewn with stars and at their feet the roofs of the city. They gazed far, very far around them. The poor shepherdess had never imagined the world so; she laid her little head on the sweep's shoulder and wept so much that the gold was washed off from her belt.

"It is too much," she said, "I can bear it no longer. The world is too big. I want to be back on the mantelpiece in front of the mirror. I shall not have a minute's pleasure until I go there. I have followed you into the great world. If you love me, you will take me back to my home."

What spontaneity there is in the little woman's outburst! What a heroic victory over the first feeling of terror! What firmness in this courage up to the moment when the wish to take her usual place before the mirror reappears!

VIII

In the story of *The Bell,* the poet of artlessness and of nature attains the sublime. The tale concerns a bell that is never seen, but whose sounds are everywhere heard. The Emperor had promised that whoever could discover the source of the sound should have the title of *Ringer of the World,* even if the sound did not proceed from a bell. All the young men, who are attracted by the appeals of the invisible, go in search. They enter an immense forest, but find nothing and, though their number grows larger and larger, the seekers become discouraged and withdraw.

Several stop on their way at a little bell on the roof of a small house and do not consider that so bewitching a peal cannot come from so tiny a bell, but there must be sounds of a very different nature thus to touch the human heart. So they are satisfied with their little discovery, their little happiness, their little idyllic joy. Readers perhaps have recognised some of these youths grown older.

At last only two seekers are left, a little prince and a little poor boy in wooden shoes and a jacket whose sleeves are too short. On the way they separate. One wishes to look for the bell at the right, the other at the left. The prince takes the path on the side next to the heart, the poor boy chooses the opposite one. Let us follow the prince and we shall behold the mysterious splendour which Andersen has understood how to give to the landscape, merely by changing the natural colour of the flowers and the fruits. There were white lilies with blood-red stamens, sky-blue tulips which sparkled in the breeze.

The prince was afraid of being overtaken by the darkness. He climbs a rock to see the sun again before it entirely disappears.

Listen to the poet's hymn:

He clung to the roots and the brambles, climbed on the damp stones where the snakes crawled and the toads croaked. But he reached the top just at the moment that the sun, seen from this height, was touching the horizon. What a joy! The sea, the boundless sea, lay before him in all its magnificence, dashing its waves against the shore, and where the sky and the sea met the sun appeared before him like a resplendent altar. Everything blended in the glowing colours. The forest sang, the sea sang, and his own heart was singing, too. The crimson hues died out when the sun vanished; but then thousands of stars shone, thousands of diamond lamps glittered, and the young prince extended his arms toward the sky, the sea, and the forest.

At the same moment the poor child, wearing his little short jacket and his wooden shoes, came out from the path he had taken. He had arrived at the same time and, delighted to find each other again, they remained hand in hand in the vast church of nature and of poesy. Above their heads pealed the invisible and holy bell.

The prince symbolises the artist, the poor boy the scholar. But, though separated on their roads, art and science will meet in enthusiasm and devotion, in the presence of the infinity of divine nature.

TOLSTOY AND ROCKEFELLER

BY MAXIMILIAN HARDEN



ROM all parts people had begged the old man to write them something for his eightieth birthday. It was enough if a few words from his pen appeared in their journals on this world-wide celebration—something to show that they were connected, and that their nod would unseal the lips of the great man. Lew Nikolajewitsch sits and reflects. To one, possibly to two, he might have something new to say; the herd must be content to hear once more the old message that has not yet taken root in their brain and heart. So he sits and broods over the principles of his life—principles that tell how, in his work, he has sought to interpret the meaning of life and the purpose of mankind. "For five and thirty years I was a Nihilist. Not a Socialist and revolutionary, in the perverse sense that usage has given to the word Nihilist. No; one in whom there is nothing, not one spark of faith. I lost my faith in an early year, and then lived, as most do, in the vanities of our world. I wrote books, and would, as others do, teach what I knew not. But the Sphinx followed me with implacable wrath and cried to me, 'Solve my riddle or I devour thee.' The science that men prized taught me nothing. To the ever-recurring question of the purpose of life, the one question of moment to me, science made answer with knowledge of quite other things, which concern me not. The man who follows this 'scientific' teaching must join the age-long chorus of the wise—Solomon, Socrates, Sakya-Muni, Schopenhauer — and, like these great forerunners, deem life a senseless evil. I wished to slay myself. At length there broke on me the thought that I would see how the great mass of men live: those who do not, like us of the 'higher classes,' lose themselves in fruitless torturing of the brain, but work and suffer, yet are at peace and are sure of the purpose of their lives. I learned that one must live as these live, return to the simplicity of their faith. But my mind shrank from the polluted teaching which the Church gives to the poor in spirit. I therefore concluded that I would carefully examine this teaching, and try to find what was true and what was woven of superstition. The Church offers us food that nourishes not—food on which even the new-born babe cannot thrive. Instead of the spirit of the Gospels it gives us ceremonies; empty forms instead of faith. Its catechism says that we may judge, even slay, if it be done in the service of the State; says that we may take the goods of others and resist evil. The Church has fallen since the days of Constantine; it no longer listens to the voice of God, but to the cry of the age. In our time it is turned pagan. Who counselled or allowed you to struggle for life? To give your lives for others was the command of Jesus. Resist not evil. Judge not. Slay not. That is written; yet you have courts of judgment, armies and prisons, and, singly and as a body, you make daily use of force. Because you must? As long as earthly power is so far from divine truth your commands and forbiddings are of no avail. And how do you think and act? Once, at Moscow, I went through the Borowitzky Gate. Under the arch sat a misshapen old beggar with his head in rags. I felt for my purse, to give him a copper, and saw a grenadier run toward us from the Kremlin: a strong young man, who looked well in his uniform. And when the beggar saw the soldier he was filled with terror and limped away, as quickly as he could, to the Alexander Garden at the foot of the hill. He had forgotten that it is forbidden to sit under the gate. The soldier ran after him, loudly abusing him, and when he had come close to me, I asked him if he could read. 'Certainly; why?' 'Hast thou read the Gospel?' 'Yes.' 'The passage which bids us give food to the hungry?' I repeated the words to him. He knew them, but he listened attentively and I felt that he was

uneasy. Two men stood by us, listening. The grenadier was uncomfortable; he had acted as the law bade him, yet had acted wrongly. The contradiction tormented him. He was uncertain how to answer. Suddenly his sharp eye lit up; he looked at me cunningly and asked, 'Hast thou read the rules of military service?' I had to confess that I did not know them. 'Hold your tongue, then,' he said; and he lifted his head with the air of a conqueror, and prudently moved away. So in our time do men flounder in error. All that I feel and see convinces me that I have found the real meaning of the Christian teaching. For a long time I could scarcely reconcile myself to the strange thought that, after nineteen hundred years, in which millions have known the words of the Saviour and thousands have devoted their lives to the study of the faith, I should find something new in the moral law of Christ. But it is so, however strange it may seem to me."

To read that again will help them. One word more. "All evil comes of stupidity and perversity of mind. As long as I know not what I am, and wherefore I am here, life is unbearable. In the infinite expanse of matter, time and space there is born an organic cell, which lives for a minute, then dies again. I am that cell. Is that, then, the final, the only issue of the hundreds of years of thought upon the matter? No. Not for himself shall man live, but for God; or he lives like the dog. Karatajew's dog is happy when it smells the lumps of meat about it: flesh of all sorts of animals, even man, in every stage of decomposition. The soldiers held off the wolves, and so the dog could gorge itself in peace. Is our happiness, the purpose of our life, not something different? When I recall the frame of mind in which I passed my youth, I understand the worst crimes: even those which are done without aim, without a desire to injure, from mere curiosity or the unconscious impulse to act. There are times when the future rises before us in such drab colours that the eye shuns it, and the mind seeks to convince itself that it has neither future nor past. At such times, when thought no longer controls each stirring of the will and only the instincts of the body rule, I can understand why the inexperienced child, without a shudder, fearlessly, with a smile of curiosity on its lips, sets fire to his home: the home in which parents and brothers are sleeping and that shelters all he holds dear. I would teach the children of the people to think and write. Must I not learn in their school to think and write? The development of man does not bring him so close to the ideal of harmony, which he bears as a standard within him, that he feels it merging into a reality; it rather hinders the realisation of the ideal. A healthy babe embodies the ideal of truth, beauty and goodness; such a child is close to the creatures without thought, the beast, the plant, the whole realm of nature, and each day of its life removes it farther from them. We seek our ideal in front of us; and we know not, poor blind fools that we are, that it is far behind us."

Men must hear that once more, hear it repeatedly; nothing else. No more towns, no more vast agglomerations of men, no more factories. Remain on the land; there each may find the necessaries of life by the work of his hands. The necessaries—not what seems necessary to a sick fancy; for his own needs—not those of others. Woe to the man who lets others work for him! Every man shall attend to himself; he shall look into his inmost soul, and seek the light of the divine message. With his neighbour he must suffer only, or give him what he can spare—give without pluming himself or calling for a reward. When my heart was glad because some one had seen me give three roubles to a beggar I was far from salvation. Almsgiving avails not: what we want is the division of our possessions. Idleness and luxury, wage-slavery and debt-bondage, are the beginning of all crime. Resist not evil; judge not: slay not; guard the tongue from the sharp thorn. We are tiny particles of the world-soul, and have but to care for our cleanness. What need have we of government, arms, armies, courts, verdicts, prisons, wars? These things God never willed; nor that we should take the lies of a strutting science for truth, and trust that abasement of reason which has

brought on earth so much doubt and pride and disease, and rendered no service; but that we be Christians, walking with each other in the light as brothers, and giving neither near nor far, not even the wicked, any cause for anger or assailing by our act or indulgence.

"With such a view of the purpose of life here you become the hero of two hemispheres, their revered, almost worshipped idol, and so remained, for decades, down to this day? Strange."

Lew Nikolajewitsch raises his strong mujik-head, with the large, dull-glancing eyes of an old man embedded under the massive arches of his forehead. Has he again been thinking aloud? Has some one come softly into the room? Here he stands: old but sinewy, severe, masterful. Unasked he draws a straw-bottomed chair to him. Ask how he entered? It befits not a wise man to concern himself with so small a thing. It seems as if he would question the saying. "Strange? That men do not hate one who seeks only to teach them love? That there are yet Christians whom the folly of modern life has not blinded to the real purpose of existence, whose soul still rejoices when a brother of men, thinking to serve his brothers in all lowliness, points out to them in what direction they may yet find peace and happiness?"

"Strange; so it seems to me. For until this day men have not welcomed these guides, admonishers, prophets and preachers of repentance. Many have been stoned, or nailed to the cross, or set on the scaffold instead of the throne. Yet the world has been Christian for full two thousand years. One wonders whether men are nobler now than they were in the days of Savonarola, or whether they no longer see a menace in those who call them to repentance, no longer take so seriously the summons to higher righteousness; perhaps glance idly at it as the latest novelty, and pass on their reprehended ways."

"There are two kinds of men, as there ever were. There are those who live like animals and curb not the desires of the flesh, and those who would walk in the light. I see no larger growth of nobleness and goodness; rather an increase of God-hating animalism. But you speak as if I had received only gratitude and love, and as if all the powers of earth had not united to malign the light-bringer and bind his hands."

"Is it so bad? Alexander VI said of Savonarola: 'This man would have to die, even if in his person another John, a second Baptist, were slain.' But Alexander III, when he was asked to sacrifice you to the vengeance of the Holy Synod, made a reply which is almost western in its shrewdness: 'This man is an apostle; I will not make a martyr of him.' And your followers, who give not to their country the children, military service, and taxes its demands, are not more innocent than the crowds of Piangioni, the tearful folk, who fell under the Dominicans of Bologna. The house of the Holstein-Gottorp has not done so ill as once did the house of the Medici. Yet it does not owe this to you. Savonarola would put the power in the hands of pious burghers who would tear out each thing of beauty, each thing that pleased the senses, as a poisonous weed. Yet he would have government, and therefore order and subordination. And you? You assail all that is indispensable to the State: government, Church, army, justice, taxation, increase of population. The State itself you deem the greatest of all evils. You would have no authority of any sort: no coercion, no dependence, no breeding, no means of defence. You turn upon the Emperor and his servants, the Church and its priests, the lords of the land and industry, all who have power or wealth, with the hardest words; you would dissolve the civic community, forbid property, take from the land its power to strike, and enfeeble its chief implement, the number of its citizens. Yet not a hair of your head is touched. It is true that you have been excommunicated, like the Florentine reformer; but has it hurt you? Had you not long before seceded from the community which now excludes you? Has the fiery ban done anything but light up your unassailable greatness? Unassailable you are, because you are consecrated by the fame of the poet, the genius of creative intellect. Only in this land of marvellous contradictions could you with impunity have uttered your last and sternest word. You could not have

done it in the freest of republics. Eighty years old, yet not a day of them spent behind the bars of a jail! When the foe pressed your country, bleeding from a hundred wounds, and it needed comfort, as a labourer needs nourishing bread, you spat your wrath in its face; you would take the weapons from the hands of your mother. And this mother loves you, and looks on you with pride as the best of her sons. See what a festival the land is making for your eightieth birthday. It seems to me that so easy a course of life will not read well in a martyrology."

Their glances crossed. There was a sound as when ice-cold water falls on glowing steel. Did you ever see in some house of the aged a spark fly from the snow-white skull and, hissing, die again?

"Jesus Christ be with you in all your ways! He who tells others the truth must be prepared to hear it himself. Do I owe this visit to your desire to imprint this truth on my mind?"

"Desire to educate? Subject and object have been somewhat too long in circulation for that. No; it was really curiosity that brought me here. Do not take it amiss. I took the road in order that I might see with my own eyes how things seemed in and about Baku; in Cernij Gorod, I mean, and the neighbouring region of eternal fire. There is not much new. The tank-ships and cistern-wagons are not changed, and as to the figures none could mislead me. But the land! Do people hold Caucasia to be Russian territory? It is hardly so now. The tax-gatherer seeks in vain to gather toll, and the stranger learns the nature of anarchy. I wonder whether your Tsar knows that he has almost lost this land, and whether the Nobels and Rothschilds, for whom the naphtha-springs flow, can sleep in peace. All kinds of idle thoughts occurred to me in Apscheron. Here, on the background of the thirty-yard long trench, burns the great eternal fire, which neither smokes nor smells, to which the Parsees would have built a temple. Pious men, after their kind, of course. Whether corpses are left to the worms on the dakhmas of Persia or in the earth, whether holy water or the urine of cattle is used to purify, as the priests may bid, is only a question of fashion. They are men who, in spite of the Avesta, have eagerly accommodated themselves to the times, and while other orientals dream on, they build railways and ships, practise commerce and banking. We have had to do with men of that sort. But they have not dealt rightly with the carbon dioxide which feeds the fire in the Apscheron peninsula. A temple and a cloister are things of value. But they bring nothing in, and help not to enrich the soil of the country; and no man can live by worship. Now the cloister is in decay, and there is the rattle and roar of factories where the church once soared; and the underground flow of gas is used to heat the retorts. Pactolus did not as easily bring blessing to the Lydians as the breath of the earth has brought it to the Caucasians, since the spirit of enterprise was wedded to science and began to use the proper technic for the new aim. Enterprise, science, technics; you shudder at the very sound of the words, it seems to me. Good. The land has no master; breeding and obedience are hardly to be found. If that go on, the walls of the factory will fall, and on its foundations a church will be built again: whether Christian or Parsee does not make much difference. I wished to see, at quite close range, the man who advocates this reaction (rebarbarisation, his opponents say). That, Mr. Tolstoy, is why I am here."

"As an enemy. As one who believes in the sanity of 'modern development,' and does not understand why the men of the Caucasus would loose the bond that holds them to the overpowering State, and to whom it would seem a crime if they abandoned the factory and returned to the purity of a natural condition. A crime, what is their one salvation. Enemies rarely come here. Yet you, my brother, are welcome."

"Thank you. But I am not an enemy. Anna Karenina, Peter Bezuchow, and Andrew Bolkonskij count me amongst their most devoted admirers. I first learned to love the Caucasus from the poet of the Cossack-stories; and I understand how the grief of a material loss converted the play of strings into a Kreutzer Sonata. Who could resist the

magical power of the poet—the man who from such poor chaotic stuff as words creates enduring worlds? I am not even an enemy of the philosopher or the messiah. What he says is—pardon me—not new enough to make an old man's blood boil; it has been said so often by Lollards, Anabaptists, and pious communists, down to Rousseau and his heirs, that the ear of mankind is accustomed to it. The pure state of nature: that was ever the phrase. Nature as the most reliable friend of man, the one friend designed for him by God. But is it so? Is it not, in its greatness and majesty, also an enemy, whose stubborn effort to drag him back to animalism must be resisted by the erect quadruped with all his might? Of all that for some centuries has seemed to him indispensable it affords him almost nothing. To the animal it provides everything: trees and bushes, caves and clefts, clothing and weapons, food and drink. Man has with great pains to create what he needs: tools, weapons, dwelling, clothing, food. He cannot live under the canopy of leaves which spreads in the springtime; he cannot use the leaf, the stem, the grain, the herb, the flesh, as they are provided. What wealth of fancy, labour, and talent must he not employ to make the earth habitable! Is it strange that he is so prone to doubt whether a God, whom he must deem wise and benevolent, created this earth for him? Yet the divine wisdom is seen in the very need to struggle for the principle of life; the need for all that crawls or flies, swims or runs. The strong devours the weaker, sucks its strength, and so is made the fitter to conquer in the next struggle. The divine goodness is seen in the care to prevent the child of the sixth day of creation from relaxing. He who made the pike and the shark, the fox and the wolf, the hyena and the tiger, and filled his world with ravagers of every kind, was not a God of gentleness and softness, with tears dropping on his beard when the lamb bleeds under tooth or knife. To man, who was made in his image, he gave the lordship over the fishes of the sea, the birds of the heavens, the cattle and the worms, the whole earth. So says the Book of Genesis; speaks expressly of this right to lordship, which can only be exercised by force, and lets us see that a wise benevolence compels man to struggle for all he needs, because, could he pluck it without effort, he would not employ his powers and would see his faculties diminish instead of growing. Even in the welter of mythology the law of the struggle for existence has, as you see, taken root. We need not be more divine than God. The 'pure state of nature' was not set up for ever by him. There was to be neither equality (as the tree and the herb testify) nor uncompulsive, masterless brotherhood. He cannot will that nature, to which his breath gave a master, should conquer, and man should learn to crawl again, should dwell again in the cavern, a biforked animal, with his stew and his horse flesh; that art and science and civilisation should perish, and the earth be again a desert. He cannot will it, for otherwise he would condemn his own work to destruction. How would the world look then? The plaint of Savonarola were a luxurious joy in comparison. And in this pitiful world of moans you would place, not a herd of miserable beasts, but divine men, whose head should reach the heavens."

"We differ in our first principles, and therefore will hardly agree on the simplest point. For your praise of the artist I have no thanks. Not merely because the same lips have given a like praise to Shakespeare, to Maupassant, and other harmful men, but because I know that you regard the gift of presentation, the art of drawing and shaping, something of no consequence, instead of that which alone is of consequence: the moral relation to the subject and the sure discrimination between good and evil. It does not matter. It is thirty years since I outgrew the vanity of artistic pride; and long before that the words of praise had given me secret pain, because I painted life so masterfully yet knew not what to think of it. An artist who depicts a procession, and does not show whether he loves or despises such a ceremony! The one question is how a man conceives the meaning of life and the purpose of humanity. But the real meaning of life and the true purpose of all man's endeavour were taught us, for all

time, nineteen hundred years ago by Christ, and we have but to remove the rubbish from the tablets on which His doctrine was inscribed. That I have tried to do this displeases you. That, with all your proud reason, you do not understand the aim and purpose of my endeavour is made plain by every word that falls from your lips. Yes; I should like to have a world without truffles, *paté de foie gras,* motor-cars, electrochemistry, horse-races, churches, wars, and either legitimised or illicit whoredom. I would not have the State an institute of compulsion: I would have no hierarchy or money-slavery. I want what Jesus Christ wanted. Do you fancy you can convert the man of eighty?"

"Only a fool could cherish such an illusion. I did not imagine that I should for a single second disturb the serene self-consciousness of the prophet. How could that be, and yet he remain what he is bound to be? I came to see—to see a saint in the flesh, him whom men praise so highly and who is irradiated with the brightest glow of love. I came as one whom men mightily condemn, are thrust into deepest darkness by hate and jealous wrath."

"Who are you that you should thus draw upon yourself the anger of our brothers? One who dragged the manly youth of his people to the scaffold? If I mistake not the speech, a son of British soil. . . ."

"American. I am John Davison Rockefeller, of Richford, in the State of New York. I was seventy on the eighth of July, and am therefore no longer a pleasure-seeking youth. I should not be even if my powers were unimpaired—unfortunately. At the age when you were enjoying the richest pleasures of student-life at Kasan, I had to bend all my faculties to the keen rivalry for money. At nineteen you, the scion of an ancient and noble race, with large possessions, had concluded your oriental studies and jurisprudence, and lived without anxiety on your estate; I was then head of a business I had established. The years you spent so gaily in the uniform of an artillery-officer I passed behind a ledger. And when you were seated with the license of St. Petersburg society and artists, I created a position for myself for the second time. And so on. It would be hard to find two lives whose curves diverged more."

"It would. Lord of industry and peasant, master of power and child of God; one whose whole life rests on violence and exploitation and a Christian; the richest man on this once Christian earth and the poorest."

"The poorest? Oh, yes; the good things we can see and taste here belong to your wife. You eat differently, drink differently, and make your own clothes (not an uncommon thing down our way). Formerly, you were a shoemaker and ploughman: a very healthy exercise, and quite tolerable when you can abandon it the moment it is convenient or no longer suited to your powers. I should call a poor man the man who has never known luxury, and would like to taste it, yet must die without it; not the sated man who has only to stretch out his hand to feed the new-born hunger of his appetites. However, we will not quarrel about that. Am I the richest? The press has said so often enough. 'At least twenty million dollars a year.' The rogue puts these in his pocket, the reader thinks, and buys palaces and jewels and delicacies and women. I may observe in passing that that would not be a crime against humanity; a clever political economist could tell you much about the social uses of great extravagance. In fact, however, I live much as you do: like every old man who does not care to accelerate his end by intemperance and folly. Not entirely as you do; our work differs in its nature and intensity. You write and read, and need vigorous movement, after sitting so long, to increase your circulation: splitting wood, running, ploughing. My work is not so sedentary, and demands more time; I should be an ass if I did not make use of anything that can be bought to assist my labours. Since I can in ten minutes, perhaps, create values which would never have been produced if just those ten minutes had not been employed, I must pay the highest price for every particle of an hour. Pullman-cars, motor-cars and private wires are dirt cheap if they save me time. My money? That also

works; never rests, like myself. It courses through a thousand channels, and after the harvest it is both crop and manure. A man who can hear the grass grow might be able to say what my real gain is. But the tyranny and the exploitation! Is it not natural for mankind to hate one who deals so ruthlessly with its sons? I see you assent. I began in my twenty-sixth year with petroleum, which had then only been in use for five years as an illuminant of the first quality, and has done much for others besides me. The Standard Oil Works in Cleveland became the Standard Oil Company, then the Trust, on which so much abuse is poured. As the outflow is poorer between Ontario and Kanawka and the pumping less profitable, I proceeded to Kansas and Kentucky, Florida and Colorado, as far as the Pacific Ocean and the Southern States. Love and benevolence had nothing to do with the business. My market was three parts of the earth. Your country, with the immense resources of Apscherons Tscheleken, is my most dangerous rival. I had to concentrate my strength, and endeavour to raise the percentage of the available mineral oil by improved methods of refining, and, by improvements in transport and control of the network of pipes that convert the raw oil into refined and convey it to the coast, seek something like a monopoly, at least in our continent, and then endeavour as shrewdly as possible to extend my dominion. What does it matter if an import-house is ruined by underbidding or the people of the Pipe Line groan. The Lord God Himself could not make room for the great without narrowing the range of the small. How did we do it? When a knot is planed smooth there are splinters. The man who does nothing and folds his arms can keep his coat spotless. He has no need for apology, no need to ask for indulgent consideration. No doubt, we are sinners, if you compare us to the pure and holy. How the market would be if the wicked John had not secured unity and organisation, people do not seem to reflect. Every demagogue, whether he be Roosevelt or Bryan, abuses him and besmirches his honour. That I thrust the weak out of my path, so that they should not run between my legs and hurt themselves, is a crime. That I demand the highest available price, and only give what I am compelled to give . . ."

"Crimes and sins against the Holy Ghost. So I also deem them. And in one who lives thus, and brings others under the yoke of such a life, I see the veritable servant of Satan; even though he goes to church at the hours prescribed by the clergy, and swallows dogmas, like the mixtures of his physician, in which the sense of primitive Christianity has become nonsense. What? To herd men together, to compel them to work in stinking pits and pestiferous factories, which gladden not the soul, and of which the profit goes to the 'master,' that is to say, to one who exerts power over his brothers, and maintains his money-making by using all the compulsory resources of a politically organised robbery? And the man who does this comes to me and would . . ."

"See a man who is venerated as a saint. Why? Because, abandoning the one fruitful achievement of his life, he repeats, with the conscious pride of a discoverer, what has been said a hundred times already, and professes a faith the impracticability of which has been fully proved. Professes it with his lips; he does not exhibit its influence in his life. There is room here for a primitive Christian community. Is the land divided among the peasants, as we should expect of one who came late into the school of our good Henry George and never outgrew it? No. It belongs to Mme. the Countess. She has means, servants, comfort—all that the Count condemns as unChristian and unworthy of a man. She will bequeath her property, movable and immovable, in order that her children and children's children may be spared the struggle for life. And what will the legacy of the holy man be to the broad-browed men of God who regard his wondrous deeds almost as deeds of the Saviour? Whether pitchblack John Davison has spent twelve or sixteen million dollars on his country, we will not seek to determine with pedantic accuracy; Chicago University alone has had more than six million. Any one who cares to

inquire will hear of many a useful foundation. That is not the chief point. What has the rogue paid into the coffers of the State in forty-three years, since he began to deal in petroleum in Cleveland? By how much has he enriched the lands which he has since got within his claws (as you put it)? This should be shown in figures; and then you should inquire how the men he has enslaved lived before, in the delights of rural freedom, and how they live to-day in those horrid cities. The comparison would show . . ."

"How freemen have become slaves, religious men godless, and warm-hearted brothers bitter enemies; and how cupidity sullies the garment of the soul. That is what the comparison would show. Every one knows that who scans with open eyes the crust of the earth and the vault of the heavens, without any comparison. Did not these men live before you made them happy? They lived by faith in the Gospel of Christ—peasants of plain ways and severe morals, knitting their own clothes and baking their own bread. They did not then need, because it so pleased Moloch, or Leviathan, or some other power of hell, to fight the Spaniard or the Philippine, to-morrow, perhaps, the Japanese, and strew the coast with their mangled bodies or tumble in the foam. It is cool for a man to boast of paying tribute from the proceeds of stolen goods. Let him refrain from boasting, in the hearing of God, of the happiness he has created."

"Which of us is nearer to boasting I leave to a higher judge. I never ventured to liken myself to Him, or ventured only to approach His throne. I have never set myself up as saviour, or sought to make men dissatisfied with the jargon which the wisdom of two thousand years offered them, to devour their pain, to benumb or to stimulate them. You, holy man, imagine that none before you has recognised the faults of State and Church and every other institution founded on force. It would be easy to name dozens. But as they knew nothing better, and could not write a recipe which should contain a swifter and surer remedy for misery, they let the tradition run on and left it to God to loosen, and eventually remove, the bandages from the eyes of His children. These men I call truly pious and humble; they would not be wiser than the God who made them. Did He not create me also? Did He not make me what I am? Yet might He have kneaded the clay in some other fashion. He wished my being as it is, then, and found a use for it in His creation. In order to produce evil? Then were He an evil God; a God of spite. No, but to put some one forward who was fitted for the struggle against hostile forces—even for the struggle against nature, from which the strength and wit of man must wrest, piece by piece, the kingdom of the earth. You are welcome to your peasant of plain ways and severe morals, if you cannot see how the *mujik* lives in his old faith, and how it is the particular vices of this life, not the priest or the tilling of the soil, that please him, you must be blind. I leave you also the glory of denouncing war; the cheapest laurel ever yet gilded on the orator's brow (with real metal, which the naphtha-wells brought to light). When the day comes on which a people brought up without military spirit, accustomed to emasculation, pays for its folly, you will receive just punishment for the most mischievous of agitations since the days of eunuchs; and the eunuchs at least closed against themselves the springs of pleasure, while the levity of the heralds of peace gathers its harvest of praise and reward with ease. But your towering pride cannot shake my consciousness that I have engendered happiness and led onward the little army my will could reach. That can be questioned only by the hallucinated who denies that we have advanced beyond the stage of the cave-man. So art, science, and civilisation are an illusion? Have created the beautiful and the strong, in which the senses exult, and sin, and made the earth a kingdom of pale weaklings? For that end God did His six days' work? May the devil, in whom you must believe, enjoy your home-spun clothes and home-made bread. We were ripe for other joys. That pestilence should no longer stalk amongst us as it once did, that the mortality of child-bearing mothers is reduced by nearly a hundred-fold of its proportion, that we take our place at last in

the whole and need no longer envy the bird its pinions, that we can, with a spark controlled by the human will and sent far into space, save the crew and passengers of a sinking ship—these and innumerable others are the wonderful achievements of reason. How do your men live? In a joyless world of dull creatures, resembling the animals (all that makes the man, the finest and the strongest, is denied them), not daring to aspire beyond the sheer necessaries of existence, only groaning a little less when they have a roof over their heads and some rye-bread or barley-brew in the oven. Brothers? Yet in your herd also the wolf falls on the lamb, the fox takes toll of the stupidity of the sheep. So they lived a hundred, two hundred, years ago; it was a little different under the yoke of the Tartars. What does it avail them that the holy man sleeps, and eats, and drinks no better than they, talks peasant-language with them, carries water to the house, ploughs the land, mows the field, fills and empties his body in the stubble, mends his clothes and shoes at the open window? The simplest boor could do that. They expected something more of the master. Is it of any use to them that he affects to forget what he has learned and lived? That he is wonderful, the most remarkable sight of the province? It would be, if reverence and curiosity brought money with them when they draw near! But the travellers are content to pay their coachman, and the master says that any man who goes beyond the minimum of existence is in peril of his soul.

"In San Francisco and Tula, Paris and Mukden, Sicily and Alaska, there is to be no other standard of life than that set up at the Sea of Tiberius and on the threshing-floor of the Baptist. The law that was preached there is the immutable law of all time, for every day and every station of life."

"It is from God, Mr. Nimbletongue. He does not give His laws for three months, as you give your bills; and He was thus free to take no account of thieves, robbers, slayers of men, and slave-drivers."

"Yet did not exclude them from His world; are not those whom you hold such found in large numbers? Like the pike in the carp-pond. His all-seeing eye perceived that the man of the tropics, whose food grows, does not advance, and had too many features of Cain's ape-wife, the ancient and evil-smelling woman. The brood of his sixth day must go onward; neither die out nor return to the beasts. Therefore it must long for more than falls or flies into its mouth, and must be spurred and whipped to higher achievement—with the whip of the desire of power and the spur of need. The smile of Buddha does not discompose me. The nature and number of our needs increase; even this circumstance, which seems to you so vicious, may have been included in the providence of God. That is the belief in which thieves, robbers, slayers of men, and slave-drivers live and work. Do not put out of sight the relation of each to the Lord of Heaven, which He above can regulate as He thinks fit. Rather urge people, with the hope of greater enjoyment, to do greater things. 'And you will take the lion's share of the result.' Right. But not, as the dishonest rogue would, for ourselves; for the greater security and wider development of production. From your hesitating rationalism — a bastard that curses its mother, reason—we expect no more than from the dreams of millennaries and communists. We believe in a God who made nature subordinate to man, and would wring from the muscles and nerves of man whatever the reluctant stuff can give. Not always with gentleness and sobriety, yet the sum of intelligence increases and is distributed. Where we have husbanded, organised and gathered the profit, the world of men looks otherwise than it did. My people live more than men did in the days of sheep-minding and ploughing. There is more mentality and more joy of the senses. They must obey, of course; otherwise, instead of the unity of the implement, which serves all, we should have a heap of useless fragments. But they are slaves! Each is a master in a small way: free to make or dissolve contracts, far from the brutal stupidity which, on some day of intoxication or world-re-

deeming madness, makes your people fire the pit. And because I have done this, enriched my country; done service to millions, helped whole races to the light, and led thousands to the lofty sources of culture, I, a sinner stained with all the vices of industrious creative work, set my life-achievement higher than that of a fruitlessly holy man. The chatter of the streets would put me in the pillory and you in heaven. You have made yourself comfortable in a peasant's smock and skin-boots. Mankind would have more: would attain without Rockefellers what those callous folk have taught it to desire. Away with them! The anti-clerical calendar-saint, under a glass bell, does assuredly not slacken the march."

WHAT MAKES A BOOK SELL

BY ROBERT STERLING YARD



EVERTHELESS, there is no doubt that Blank and Company can sell more copies of a book than any other house in America."

The publisher did not dispute this, though he did not believe it. In the first place, in spite of her great faith in the selling ability of this other house, he had secured on other grounds this celebrated lady's next book, with the prospect of more to follow, and he did not have to argue; in the second place, decent publishers do not compete by running down each other's abilities.

"There's not so much in this selling business as you think," he said diplomatically as he patted affectionately the signed contract between them on the table. "You do not do justice to your own vogue."

This was a red-letter day. While they were still talking, another, a recent celebrity, called him on the telephone and asked for an appointment. When they met the author said:

"Yes, I'm leaving Dash and Company. Of course they have done very well with my novel, but I am satisfied that they should have done better. I want to come over to you."

"Why do you think they should have done better?" asked the publisher. "I thought your last sold finely for a second novel. We have all been congratulating Dash. It is generally thought among publishers that he handled your book very well."

"I don't see how you can say that when he didn't advertise more," said the author. "I simply pleaded with the man, but it was no use. The newspapers were full of book advertising, but mighty little of my book. I am sure that if he had advertised properly he could have put it to a hundred thousand. Now *you* really advertise. I see your big black-faced three-column announcements everywhere. So I'm leaving him and coming to you. In spite of common belief to the contrary, an author can also be a man of business, and I'm a man of business."

The publisher shrugged his shoulders as he instructed his secretary about the terms of the contract. His duty was fully done. He had sufficiently defended Dash and Company, and his defence had not driven the novelist back to their office. His conscience was clear. It only remained to accept what the gods gave him. It was with a cheerful smile that he blotted the author's signature.

Yet this publisher was far from being a larger advertiser than Dash and Company; in fact, he was a smaller one. But he was a shrewder man. He used few of the magazines and obscurer advertising mediums so effective for solid books, in which Dash's advertisements appeared the year around; and he did not believe in circularising. He depended largely upon his books to "sell themselves." But he perceived that several thousand dollars a year cunningly displayed in certain newspapers would create a public impression of his advertising prowess that would be invaluable in reputation, even if not in direct sales. Year after year his reputation grew. But he never told his advertising appropriation. It

would not be believed. The result more than justified the expense. Novelists flocked to him. His name was waved like a club by many dissatisfied authors over the heads of their own publishers.

And he kept his novelists, too—at least as well as most other publishers. He had his share of "best sellers," and as some of the best selling of his best sellers were among those he advertised least, he became, year by year, more and more justified in his policy. He was a canny man and a good publisher. He made money even in the worst of years. But often it worked too well. The novel that didn't sell, that wouldn't sell, came along in its turn and the author who had sought the house for its advertising came down hard upon the publisher who had accepted him knowing the reason for his coming.

"It's up to you," the author would say grimly.

"No," the publisher would reply, "it's up to the book."

"But you said——"

"I said nothing," the publisher would interrupt; "it was you that said it. No amount of advertising will sell a book that isn't what the public wants just at that moment——"

"But it is because Dash and Company talked that way that I left them and came to you."

"All publishers talk that way about books that will not sell. They talk that way because their experience with books that will not sell is identical and leads inevitably to the same conclusion."

And so on.

But every author must learn the truth, as publishers learn it—namely, by bitter experience. Not the least of every publisher's burdens is the disappointment of his authors over the inevitability of the law of supply and demand. It is a lesson which he himself learned early in his business life, and has learned over again every day since. With him, therefore, the failure of any book to sell is no surprise, almost no disappointment. The proportion of unprofitable and small and moderate sellers to larger sellers is so great in the season by season practice of the years that the advent of a "real winner" is generally a delightful surprise.

The study of failures and successes with the purpose of deducing the laws underlying the sales problem is the publisher's everlasting occupation. This is a problem that never has been solved. It never will be solved. It cannot be solved. It is a problem that changes like the April sky. Conditions are never the same. The taste of the buying public changes, and there are a thousand publics. When your author says (as every author says at least once), "My book is twice as good as Jones's, but his sold and mine didn't; he must have a better publisher," he assumes one public. He also assumes that Jones's publisher had something to do with the book selling well. In the latter assumption there is a small percentage of fact.

Authors who accept sales as publishers accept them, namely, as so many phenomena naturally resultant from a complicated, incalculable and always different combination of human and commercial causes, and make such study as is possible of the elements with the purpose of producing, so far as possible, the same or more fortunate combinations with succeeding books, are usually the authors who succeed eventually in making book writing a profitable business.

But it may be said in passing that the authors who do this, who are capable of doing it, are *raræ aves* compared with the other kind. That combination of imagination, insight, originality, power of expression, combativeness, vanity and thin skin which is commonly miscalled the "artistic temperament" usually refuses to stand for more than one or two failures. It then heaps the blame on the shoulders of the nearest publisher, and dabbles with some "easier" art. But at that there are a plenty left of the true temperament to bend the enlightened eye, the chastened mind and the hand rendered skilful with effort more laboriously, more painstakingly, to the arduous advancement of true art.

Meantime the publisher continues perplexedly to scratch his head alike over the inexplicable failure and the surprising success, questions his salesmen about the latest freaks and usages and tendencies of the country's markets, consults with booksellers whose judgment he trusts, glances over the newest book covers and the last eccentric advertise-

ments and reads in the elevated on the way home the novel from another shop which he heard that morning was in its fourth printing. His is the perpetual job of keeping up to date on the market for everything sold between covers.

These are days when every business process is submitted to the merciless probe of the analyst. There is no excuse for any man any longer. The Psychology of Salesmanship, like the Psychology of Everything Else, is obtainable at a dollar net under half a dozen titles, and Advertising claims to have become Mathematical Science. The modern University Professor has made it all so simple that all men in the next generation cannot help being rich and successful.

The publisher, however, has his troubles notwithstanding. Unfortunately books refuse to come under the given rules. A book seldom sells well after the first season, and its first costs tend to kill its first year's profits; consequently it sets at naught about every one of the rules both for selling and advertising. The psychologist of sales who attempts to "modernise" the publisher is as tiresome and futile as is the advertising "expert" who calls the publisher "conservative" and "old-fashioned" because he refuses to believe that a newspaper or a string of newspapers of vast circulation at a dollar or more an agate line won't produce the same sales with a psychological novel as with Cream of Sesame or Bleachem's Pills—that is, "if you take big enough copy."

Far from being "conservative" and "old-fashioned," however, every publisher wishes so heartily that what the psychologists and experts say were true about easy sales that already he has disregarded the experience of many generations of publishers and sowed his own wild oats—with the customary result. Yes, and too often he continues to experiment, in the vain hope that times or human nature may have changed.

Yet, though he cannot, without disaster, do the "stunts" of men of some other trades, there are still many things he may do to sell his books, to fit his authors to their market and to surround and saturate his business with the atmosphere of success. Difficult though his business is, it may be conducted soundly and brilliantly. The problem of selling involves importantly every department and every function of a successful house. It does not lie in manuscript selection, nor in salesmanship, nor in advertising, but it lies in all of these things and more. Though it is an axiom that few books are bought because of their imprint, nevertheless a house's sales involve mysteriously but importantly the very tissue and repute of the house. It is not for nothing that good will figures so extensively in the valuations of publishing business. It has many times more reality in publishing than in most other businesses. Next to its list, this mysterious quality is by far the publisher's most precious possession.

What, then, is it that makes a book sell?

One distinguished publisher, whose exploits in the difficult art of combining selling and literary qualities are altogether notable, replies:

"That question is a tough one. My own growing belief is that the answer should be the publisher's Will and the success vibrations that he emanates, extending from his travellers and advertising men to the trade and the public. Woe betide the publisher, however, who tries too often to give success vibrations for books that haven't quite the 'potency of life' in them; and, as our friend Henry James says, 'There you are.'"

This is a statement as shrewd as it is breezy. It contains, in fact, all the Law and the Prophets. It is not, however, the recipe for success in publishing only; it applies with approximate force to all businesses dependent upon an appeal to the public taste. It is also, for instance, most of the story of producing plays and selling calico. The human aspects and conditions are at least the same. The difference from other businesses lies chiefly in the more complicated problem involved in publishing, the more delicate determinations of what the public wants and what it doesn't want, the more difficult medium for influencing large bodies of possible purchasers and the comparative smallness of the possible market, with its consequently greater proportional penalty for not guessing right.

A publisher seldom stops to figure out the reasons for his success any more than the average successful man in any other business. He is lucky. Or he's "got things running." Any phrase will do if called upon for an explanation. The fact is that he lives and works in such sympathy with his tools and his market, that he identifies himself so completely with his work, that day by day, season by season, year by year, he so radiates the spirit of the institution he is upbuilding, that presently he, or the business (for the two things merge into one in the years) acquires a power and a personality of astonishing magnitude and, within its lines of influence, quite irresistible. His clerk and his stenographer feel this mysterious spirit in the very air. His advertising man becomes saturated with it and translates it into palpitating appeal. His salesman absorbs it and exudes it to the increase of his sales and the making of his own reputation. This is the spirit that wins battles. In business it is called by many names. It is what is generally meant when a staff is said to have *esprit de corps*. "Success waves" express the idea as well as any. This common but mysterious personal quality is the greatest element in selling books.

Once a novel sold close to the half million mark, which was, from every point of view, quite an ordinary production. It had no literary or narrative or sentimental distinction whatever. It contained no element of novelty, either in the story itself or in its characterisation. It was a fairly well-written, interesting novel, but little else. It had no advantage over fifty or more other novels, just as interesting or more so, published the same season, which did not sell more than five to twenty thousand each—except that the author's former novels, all equally without unusual distinction, also had large sales.

The doctors have sat on this case, and various have been the explanations. Advertising cranks grew red in the face proclaiming it the triumph of clever advertising, for the book had been very thoroughly and skilfully exploited. Anti-advertising orators struggled fearfully to discover some occult popular quality in the book itself which could explain the sale in spite of the advertising. Still others proclaimed it largely a triumph of salesmanship. The fact is that all three were partially right.

The greatest of all causes, however, the cause of causes, lies somewhere in the personality of the publisher. The sales triumph of this author was a triumph of faith—his publisher's faith. In the trade this publisher was admiringly called "the crazy man"—because he was so "crazy" about his author. It was his only author. He believed him to be—really, honestly believed him to be—in many respects the greatest living novelist. He devoted himself to making this author's work known and read as no other living novelist's work was known and read. His intense convictions got somehow into his advertising and made the reader believe even against his will. His fervour passed to his salesmen and they talked as men inspired. The "big trade," which he sold in person, were willingly carried along by his enthusiasm and determination, for they saw in these qualities the promise of success; therefore, they helped him along by good orders and personal work. Of course he was also a sound business man, though his enthusiasm was responsible for the great daring of his start.

This is the whole story of this novel's and this author's great sales. It is an extraordinary story—to be hitched up with success. But most of all it is an extraordinary example of this wonderful personal quality in leadership that is as much an element in successful selling as it is in successful war and politics.

So much for this particular case, which, however valuable as an example of a great principle, is in other respects altogether exceptionable. For it is evident that every author cannot have his individual publisher, and that very few authors have the universality to justify and to make profitable such distinguished devotion. In the nature of things there must be few publishers and many authors. In the nature of things a publisher cannot be as "crazy" about each of five hundred authors as he can about one—especially if a big seller.

The conditions of book advertising are highly specialised. A volume might explain. Sufficient here to say that one principal fundamental difference is that

the publisher has as many businesses to advertise as he has books. On the other hand, a corset maker, let us say, may have as many styles as a publisher has books, but in an advertising sense, as in every other sense, he has, unlike the publisher, only the one business.

For example, Mrs. Ess is impressed by the advertising of the X, Y and Z corset and asks for it at the department store where she deals. "I liked the picture of Number 23," she says. The saleswoman shows her many styles, out of which, at length, she chooses one. It is not Number 23, but it is, you observe, the X, Y and Z corset she has asked for and purchased. Then she goes to the book counter.

"Have you got *Adventures in a Harem?*" she asks. "I saw the advertisement and liked what they said about it."

"H—m," says the saleswoman, "I don't know the title. Must be a brand-new book."

"Yes," says Mrs. Ess, "it said 'Published this day' at the top of the advertisement."

"I suppose we just have it in," says the saleswoman; "it will be—oh, who is the publisher?"

"The publisher?" asked Mrs. Ess. "What do you mean? I thought you'd have the book. You have everything as soon as it is out. Do you mean the printer? Why, I don't know. How could I know?"

"No, the publisher," says the saleswoman, running over the lists of books not yet on the counters. "You know, the firm that published it. Their name must have been on the advertisement."

"Oh, yes," says Mrs. Ess, "there was a name, I think, but the title is *Adventures in a Harem.* The author's name was—let me see—I think it was Green —somebody Green."

"Here it is," says the saleswoman, "up this very minute."

Mrs. Ess carefully examines the cover of the book. "I don't care much for that," she says, "I don't like the girl's face. She looks silly. I hate silly heroines."

Then she glances at one or two of the illustrations and runs carelessly through the leaves.

"It is awfully short," she says. "If a story is good, I like it long. If it isn't good, I don't want it at all. Is there anything else here I haven't read? What would you recommend?"

The saleswoman painstakingly describes four or five recent novels, but Mrs. Ess does not fancy them on examination, and she finally picks out one that mysteriously appeals to her mood. Its publisher? I don't know, and neither did she.

You see, the advertising results are radically different. The corset maker has made a customer for his brand, irrespective of any particular style, a customer who will probably come again and again until some new advertisement catches her fancy. But the publisher has accomplished little. He has not sold the lady a book. He has not even impressed his name upon the memory of a possible future purchaser. He has persuaded her to pick up that particular book from the thousands offered and give it a few moments' examination. And that is all. Even if she had purchased the book, she might not have liked it, and if she had not she would industriously have informed her friends that it was poor or silly and advised them not to get it. If she had liked it, she would lend her copy to several of her friends. But, on returning to the shop for other books, neither she nor her friends would ask to see Dash and Company's new novels. She would ask again for a title, or, having none in mind, would look over the counter for something that "looked interesting."

The book advertiser's problem, therefore, is one requiring a quality of care and judgment not demanded of the corset advertiser, for if he has fifty books on his list, he has fifty special problems to the corset man's one. And as one injudicious plunge may practically ruin the profits of any of these books for a season or two, his responsibility is times greater than that of the other, whose problem is chiefly to cover, as cheaply and effectively as possible, all parts of the country inhabited by women who can afford to buy his corset; and so long as there continues a satisfactory relation of profit to expenditure, he need not worry

a great deal about occasional errors in placing his advertisements.

All attempts to chart this shifting unknown sea have failed. Some have tried to play the game after a "system," as the gambler attempts to reduce the chances of faro or roulette. One house deliberately settled down to solve this one problem, and for some years published only a given number of novels a season, each novel chosen specially for the purpose of catching this greater public. Each novel was started off with a thousand dollars worth of advertising and received additional appropriations of a size exactly proportional to the amount of returns. Automatically, so to speak, one novel would swell in sales and advertising, while another, under the same formula, would dwindle and disappear. This seemed to work all right for several boom seasons, but unfortunately trade conditions would persist in changing. This would be shown by disturbances in the returns, and our pioneers would experiment with a new formula, which, in turn, would develop its period of prosperity and decline. Then to see every now and then some comparatively unadvertised novel from another house rush into an astonishing success could not fail to be upsetting to our pioneers, who were never sure that some of their own successes which had cost ten or twenty thousand dollars to advertise would not have sold equally well at perhaps fifteen hundred each.

As to such selling devices as picture covers, illustrations and decorations generally, they are part of the campaign to catch that casual public of which we have spoken. Many publishers who will not take the long chances of advertising for Mrs. Ess's patronage will design a cover to catch her wandering fancy at the book counter or load down his volume with frightfully expensive coloured illustrations. The argument in favour of this is that if your book does not "catch on," you are in for only the original cover and picture costs, which, heavy though they may be, will be only a fraction of any half decent advertising campaign. The weakness of it is that if your book does sell, you are saddled with coloured illustrations to the bitter end, whereas you might stop your advertising when the run is really on and take real profits for say a hundred thousand copies.

The pressure on the publisher from his salesmen and, through them, from the trade is always strongly for bright coloured covers and illustrations, and the fair success of many novels is attributed to the external beauty which attracted Mrs. Ess and her friends at the book counter. At the same time an infinitely larger number of novels equipped with outward beauty or gaudiness have failed utterly; and perhaps most of the conspicuous successes of each year have appeared between plain covers and without illustrations. It is anybody's race. You may pick your own horse!

So finally we come down to the Book itself!

Ah! Now we have torn aside the curtain and entered the sanctuary. We are not the first by any means. Here is one celebrated publisher, at least, who has dwelt comfortably and happily and most profitably here for these many years, scorning the gibes of those who rushed after the noisy advertising parade some years ago and who have since been dropping back, one by one, all looking just a little foolish, possibly, as they peered in at him through the lifted flap. Yes, this is the answer to our conundrum if that answer must be expressed in one word.

It is the Book Itself that Sells Itself, because it is the book that a thousand or ten thousand or a hundred thousand buyers want to buy at the time it is published. No publisher can sell a book that does not come under this definition any more than a corset maker can sell a corset, no matter how handsome, that is not cut to the figure admired at the moment. Many different corsets cut to the fashionable lines will sell side by side in competition, for tastes in frills differ. But no corset cut to the lines of a decade ago will sell now, no matter how it sold then, and your novelist who produces to-day an imitation of some novel famous several years back (and most novels amount to that) must not blame his publisher if it does not sell.

Of course our corset simile will not carry long, for, after all, we are dealing with art when we deal with fiction, no matter how crude its expression and how

commercial its object. Most novels, of course, are frankly commercial in object on the part of both writer and publisher. But occasionally a publisher is fortunate enough to produce a novel which is also literature—and the exception smashes our generalisations.

Such novels are destined to success, greater or less according to their natural publics, entirely without reference to the handling of their publishers. Now that is not to say that they would be unaffected by such handling, for clever publishing may bring fame and sales to a Real Novel whole seasons, or even years, before it could have won them for itself. But my point is that if it be really a Real Novel, eventually it will win them anyway, even in spite of bad publishing, for that is the way of a book. We all know of instances (they occur nearly every season) of Real Novels themselves setting the pace and keeping their publishers puffing and perspiring to stay even in the tail of the procession.

In closing, let us sum it up, as the parson does at the end of his discourse. The principal element in the sale of a book is THE BOOK ITSELF. A long way after comes the second element, the spirit and enthusiasm and genius of the publisher as expressed through every wheel of his complicated human machine. Still a longer way after comes the third element, scientific though not necessarily voluminous advertising.

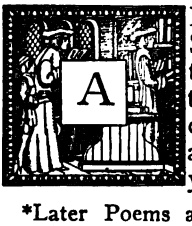
And then comes the rest.

THE GREAT SWINBURNIAN HOAX

[Twenty-five years ago there existed in New York a paper called the "Daily Graphic"—the first illustrated daily to be issued anywhere in the world. Its illustrations were lithographs; and its career was cut short after a year or two. It was edited by D. G. Croly; and it gave a good deal of its space to literary matters. Orpheus C. Kerr, for example, contributed to it his unreprinted parody of George Eliot's "Middlemarch." One of the most daring and original articles that appeared in its columns was a review by H. C. Bunner, then the editor of the newly established "Puck," but not yet known either as a poet or a novelist. This review purported to analyse a new volume of poems by Swinburne, and it contained abundant extracts from the poems, which were supposed to be in the volume criticised. But as a matter of fact, the whole thing was a fake. No such volume had been published by the British bard; and the brilliant young American parodist had himself written all the quotations which he pretended to take from Swinburne and which he presented as samples of that poet's work. Only in the final paragraph did the playful reviewer give any hint of his humorous deception. Bunner never collected his many parodies into a volume—a fact greatly to be regretted; they lie scattered through the pages of "Puck" and of the "Puck" Annuals and of "Scribners." This apocryphal review of Swinburne deserves to be recovered from the oblivion of the back number.—B. M.]

SWINBURNE'S NEW BOOK*

AN INTERESTING VOLUME OF POEMS ANALYSED AND SAMPLED



A NEW volume by Mr. Swinburne is certain, at this date, to attract attention; not certain to excite comment and discussion, as it would have a few years ago. This is much to be regretted. Mr. Swinburne's powers have reached that point of maturity when a general summing up of his work—a rough reckoning of his influence on the literature of the day—would be not only fair to him, but eminently desirable to those who have watched with interest, sympathetic or otherwise, the birth and development of a school of which the one exponent of indisputable genius is this Phœnix and phenomenon of the younger English writing poets.

Hitherto Mr. Swinburne's most careful and artistic work, and in his eyes

*Later Poems and Ballads. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 1 vol., 12mo, 370 pp. London: Chatto and Windus. New York: Worthington.

probably his most important, has been found in his classical studies. His aim has been to make himself a master of this branch of poetical art; to speak more exactly, he has sought to Hellenise himself. It may be said, we think, without fear of contradiction, that in this purpose he has failed. In "Atalanta in Calydon" and in "Erechtheus," strictly as they conform to the classical model and wonderful as is the technical ability which the author has brought to his task, the sentiment and feeling, the soul of the work, are essentially Hebrew rather than Greek. Greek in the intense appreciation of the grandeur and mystery of nature, Hebrew in the exaltation consequent thereupon and in the identification of that exaltation with a religious idea; Greek in the wish to comprehend and to contemplate beauty, Hebrew in the mad desire to possess and partake of it; Greek in the keen realisation of the divineness of all material joys and delights, Hebrew in the all-pervading and insistent monotheism; Greek in the quick perception of an irresistible and inevitable fate, Hebrew in the bitter wailing and outcry against it.

Still further, however, have these classical studies failed of their ideal in a point more readily felt, if not fully understood, by the general public. Mr. Swinburne's one power is the perfect apprehension of a single detached situation, spiritual or physical, and of the significance and value of all inanimate objects in relation thereto; that is, he knows thoroughly any one phase of emotion, its material manifestation, and the method of translating to the senses the sentiment it conveys. But of combination of effects in mass, of sustained action, continuous development or cumulative progression, he is incapable. He can paint us a scene; he cannot tell us a story. In "Atalanta" and in "Erechtheus" he pictures the falling of the bolt of fate, but never does he show us the figure of preordained Fate herself, filling all the background—the black overshadowing wings; the uplifted arm, the dread absolute certitude of advance. He exhibits to our eyes the reft web, but he does not point out the one fatal blood-red thread inwoven with the weft from the first up-gathering of the silken floss.

That this weakness is an unsurmountable obstacle to the construction of a classical drama—or, indeed, any drama—need not be said. The characteristic which it implies is visible in all Mr. Swinburne's work. His magnificent power has only the tenure of a moment. He chronicles an isolated instant of time, without reference to those that precede or follow. Any one phase or shade of love, however subtle, he can seize and project upon the sensuous mirror of his verse; but the gradual process of unfolding, the budding and blossoming of the passion, he cannot grasp in its entirety.

Let us look, for an example of this point, to one of Swinburne's shorter poems, "The Triumph of Time." Here he is bound by no restrictions of place or period; by no arbitrary rules of an independent or foreign art; nor is he overweighted by a plan of construction involving immoderate length. Tennyson's idyl of "Vivien" has over eight hundred lines; "The Triumph of Time" a little under half as many. Yet—holding the different merits of the two poems as practically equal—we can easily understand a man's reading "Vivien" through at one sitting, without any fagging of interest; while he would feel his sense cloyed and wearied by the honeyed monotony of Swinburne's poem. This is its one fault. From the first stanza to the last, it is one melodious iteration of a single note; or, at best, a series of variations upon one theme; with a certain uniformity in the very changes so artistically rung. And like "The Triumph of Time" are a hundred shorter strains, written from stanza to stanza, from line to line—a honeycomb of many luscious cells, one the facsimile of another.

This faculty of Mr. Swinburne's, then, is clearly not dramatic. It is not epic. It is, if anything, lyrical. And it is, therefore, with satisfaction that we find him, in the book now under review, striving successfully to reawaken the brief but spontaneous bursts of song with which he first announced his arrival on the poetic horizon.

Later Poems and Ballads is composed,

with the exception of two classical studies in blank verse, "Mintho" and "Over Against Tyre," and one, "Leuce," in the form of an irregular ode, of comparatively short pieces, some of which are already familiar to the public, having been widely copied from the columns of the *Examiner* and other English periodicals. The majority, however, are printed here for the first time, and are for the most part translations from the early romance poets, or original essays in the metrical forms of the Trouveres and Troubadours. The revival of this old French versification is now making quite a furore in England. In his earlier *Poems and Ballads* Swinburne printed a couple of "Rondels" and "Ballades," which were wholly false in form; but since 1873, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, R. Bridges, Theophile Marzials and others have successfully reproduced all the favourite forms of mediæval Gallic prosody—the Rondeau, Rondel, Triolet, Villanelle, Virelay, Kyrielle, Ballade, Chant Royal, Sirvente, etc. And it must be owned that if we are to judge from the specimens given in the present book, these metrical fetters sit more easily on the light and graceful muse of the minor poets than on the passionate and pain-crowned genius of Mr. Swinburne.

Our space does not permit us to give more than a few characteristic extracts from "Later Poems," but we may refer by name to certain of the contents which have, at various times, appeared in cis-Atlantic prints. Among these are "A Ballad of Dreamland," an exquisite piece of delicately sensuous mysticism; "The Forsaken Garden;" the "Song," written for a London revival of the *Merry Wives of Windsor,* a few years ago, and "Ex Voto." The last mentioned poem seems to us little more than an elaboration of the ideas suggested in the stanzas in "The Triumph of Time," beginning:

> I will go down to the great white mother,
> Mother and lover of men—the Sea.

Another odd reversion to an early model is the "Defiance," on page 67, which, though differing somewhat in style, is in spirit almost identical with the well-known "Litany:"

> O God, who hast heard us not, neither inclined thine ear,
> What shall be said of thee, being wholly bitter and cruel?
> A flame that flies fast and is fierce, and thy own hand heapeth the fuel;
> Dead in the path of thee Pity, and awake and aware of thee Fear.
> Give to us wings that we fly from thee, hid and havened in heaven on high from thee,
> Away where time rests, where he reckons not passage of day nor of year.

No one can read these initial verses without being impressed by the similarity of motive.

That unpleasant obscurity which was an early fault of the poet's crops out occasionally in his present work. Take, for instance, the following lines, which, in the fragment "Madreloca," have nearly the force of a detached passage:

> Saw him, an old man with enforced limbs,
> The lantern-bearer of the silver house
> And white-faced halls of Artemis, by night
> Go forth untimely and unseasonable:
> Having no patience to wait till the live sap
> In the dark womb of time made stir, but went
> Seeking a place none knew of in that day.
> Nor less that other in the uttermost South
> In fervid lands uplift the strange sweet fare,
> Burning the tender round of all his mouth;
> Strange chill lying keen where keener heat had been.

We ask any intelligent reader if he can find a meaning to this quotation. Who are the personages referred to? What are their movements, so vaguely hinted at? As you read it, you have a certain feeling of familiarity, as if you had seen something of the same sort before. Yet we know of no mythologic tale which furnishes a clue to a single line. Indeed, it might well pass for a paraphrase of the beautiful sentiment crudely voiced in the song of our childhood:

> The man in the moon
> Came down too soon—etc.

Of translations from the Provençal and the later French, our author gives us thirty-four specimens in all, ranging from Bertrand d'Allamanon and Peyre de Ruer to Clement Marot and Voiture. But we cannot accord unlimited praise

to Mr. Swinburne's efforts in this line. He presents versions, rather than translations—sometimes better, sometimes worse than the originals, rarely the same in manner or merit. The following rondeau from Villon, to whom he devotes most of his space, giving twenty-two examples of his style, is one of the few that can lay any substantial claims to fidelity. It follows the "De Soye et d'Or" of the "mad poet" almost word for word:

Of gold and silk: yea, every day,
In that sweet time of latter May,
 Was thus enwove of glittering thread;
 But when the spinner Spring had fled,
The tender weft hung all afray.

There shall no days come such as they;
Not while Time plies his shuttle. Nay.
 Not though the loom be built and fed
 Of gold and silk.

You rent that woven veil away.
That hid us from the world. I say
 You sold yourself, and God hath said
 That bitter is flesh-boughten bread.
Eat thereof till the sheen grows gray,
 Of gold and silk.

We advise all our readers to procure and read the original of this poem. If they can carry out the first part of our advice, we venture to affirm that they will find no difficulty about the second.

But of Mr. Swinburne's translations from the Provençal, one may be cited as an example of almost literal rendition. It is the "Plaint of Geoffrey de Rudel." Rudel was a troubadour of the twelfth century, who fell in love, *by report,* with the Countess of Tripoli, a fair and hospitable lady, who had kindly entertained the homeward-bound crusaders of Richard. He sailed for Africa, was seized of a mortal illness on the way and lingered just long enough to greet and bid farewell to his "amour de luench." Swinburne has elsewhere alluded to him:

There lived a singer in France of old
 By the tideless dolorous midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
 There shone one woman, and none but she.
And finding life for her love's sake fail,
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
Touched land and saw her as life grew cold,
 And praised God, seeing; and so died he.

Sismondi has translated the "Plaint" into French, and an unknown hand has rendered his verses into English. Mrs. Jameson has also attempted it, but none come so close as Swinburne.

PLAINT OF GEOFFREY DE RUDEL

1162

(*From the Provençal*)

Yea, sore and sorrowing shall I go
 If I see not my love afar:
Nor know I when this may be so;
 Far from our shores she dwelleth far.
God of the tides that ebb and flow,
 Who hast set her I love afar,
Grant my heart's hope: this mercy show
 For my desire of her afar.
Yea, Lord! hold this for true, although
 My heart hath turned to one afar;
Lo, for one joy, I have sorrow
 A thousandfold, being thus afar.
May love no joy on me bestow,
 Saving joy of this love afar,
Than which no one more fair I know
 In any place, or near or far.

The romance metres Mr. Swinburne handles, as we have intimated, with strength and precision, but with no notable ease or lightness, as witness this:

VILLANELLE

Shall Love be quit with kisses,
 Nor take his due of pain,
Who never tribute misses?

Thy lips light laughter his is;
 But when he comes again
Shall Love be quit with kisses?

Where blossom of brief bliss is,
 Time garners it as grain
Who never tribute misses.

When like a snake that hisses
 Swells Lust's lithe leprous vein,
Shall Love be quit with kisses?

For here the black abyss is,
 And there that captor's chain
Who never tribute misses.

Is one thing sure as this is
 Wherefor we plead and plain?
Love is not quit with kisses,
 Wax dim desire or wane,
He never tribute misses.

The final quintain, though a variation on the established form, seems to us pleasing and melodious. Another bit of

effective originality is to be found in the "Virelay" on page 263. It will be observed that the first syllable of each feminine rhyme forms the masculine rhyme of the next stanza. We have only room to quote the concluding division:

Yet for all pains of her,
All pangs of care,
This thing remains of her,
That she is fair.

What God blew breath to her,
Made full her veins,
Whose face draws Death to her
Sets Life in chains?

All men come, verily,
To her, she saith,
Or sad or merrily,
But none chooseth.

As a light to the meadow lent
Her soft feet err
Among flowers less redolent
Than the feet of her.

Love all gifts fair upon
The red rose shed,
For her lips to find thereupon
A bridal bed.

Of the two classical studies before mentioned, "Mintho" is the weaker. It is a long and somewhat tiresome address put into the mouth of an apocryphal Menedemus, who bewails the loss of his love, the nymph Mintho, carried off by Pluto. One or two passages will give a general idea of the style:

Thou Hades, who with fierce eyes and hot foam,
Hot foam and salt spume of the nether flood,
Issuing amorous, even from thy rank full lips,
Saw once Persephone, set around with flowers.
In Nysian meadows, over which the wind
Soft blown of summer, playing about her limbs,
And falling faint from contact of white breasts,
Gracious and white, pure blossoming breasts of her,
Uplift a voice, singing: Thou Hades hear,
Yea, though with fed lust art thou like one dead.

There shall no rape of all thy ravishments,
And no excrescency of thy desire,
Known to all gods as shameful; for these know
Even the secretest and most intimate waste
And bringing forth distort and perishable
That is thy loins' flower and the fruit thereof;
Until the faint airs of the uttermost blue
Make cool the steam abominable of thy house,
Before the face of gods and in the sight,
Law-fraught and knowing not change, of Him most high,
Even in their eyes shall no sin be as this.

We are sorry that we have not room for more extracts, nor for more detailed criticism on those we have been able to make. What we have given, however, will probably answer our purpose in imbuing the reader with a wish to procure and study Mr. Swinburne's *Later Poems and Ballads*.

And those readers who are led to *Later Poems and Ballads* by this review will have the additional diversion, when they get the book, of comparing our extracts with the originals.

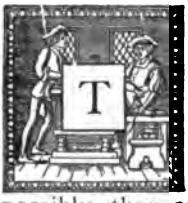
Should the two not match, we expressly disclaim all responsibility. Here are our extracts. If Mr. Swinburne, when he revised his proofs from Messrs. Chatto and Windus, had not time to rearrange his originals to correspond, it is his own lookout.

H. C. BUNNER



THE NEW ORDER OF DEDICATION

BY EDNA KENTON



"TO the wittiest woman in India I dedicate this book," runs the dedication page of *Plain Tales From the Hills,* read with more gentle envy by women the world over, possibly, than any other modern dedication. Written there years ago by the clever boy who was to be the most talked-of writer of the modern world, it still breathes in its single adjective an intense flattery that the old dedication pages, heaped with all the pompous treasures of the thesaurus, could not achieve.

The ornately servile, turgescent dedication seems to have passed out of the world as the new democracy has come in. Just as the world, slowly, is developing toward natural expression of natural feeling, so modern dedications of books reflect the growing sincerity of the new era. Tennyson's grandiloquent dedication of *The Idylls* to the Prince Consort just deceased, whose death threw the English court into a state of permanent crêpe for the rest of his widow's life, was almost the last of the blindly revering dedications of literary work to the merely exalted of the earth, though a slight savour of this sort of thing seems to lurk in Zangwill's recent giving of his play, *The Melting Pot,*

To
Theodore Roosevelt
In respectful recognition of his strenuous struggle
Against forces that threaten to shipwreck
The Great Republic
Which carries Mankind and its Fortunes
This play is, by his kind permission,
Cordially dedicated, 1909

And now and then one runs into the old, lengthy, sonorous formality of dedicatory phrase that distinguished the age of patronage. Mrs. Humphry Ward makes it an act of conscience, seemingly, to dedicate properly and solemnly her books, and her dedicatory pages are as utterly formal as the pages they precede. The sort of thing that one reads on the gift page of *Robert Elsmere:*

Dedicated to the memory
of
My two Friends
Separated in my thought of them by much diversity of
Circumstance and opinion;
Linked in my faith about them to each other,
And to all the shining ones of the past,
By the love of God and the
Service of man;
Thomas Hill Green
(Late professor of moral philosophy in the University of Oxford)
Died 26th March, 1882,
And
Laura Octavia Mary Littleton
Died Easter Eve, 1886:

this has almost passed into the limbo of a more formal, precise age.

Instead have come the intimate dedications, most of them meaningless except to the few concerned, and often these dedications are as informally expressed as the books they yield are—all too many of them—informally written. "To My Father"; "To My Mother"—the age of sycophancy could not have permitted such wanton waste of boot-licking space to mere sentiment. Sometimes in a family of writers there is an interesting interlapping of dedications. Charles Belmont Davis dedicates *The Stage Door* "To My Mother." Richard Harding Davis has the same inscription in *Gallegher.* And the mother, Rebecca Harding Davis, dedicates *Dr. Warrick's Daughters,* a curiously interesting novel by the way, with an unforgettable characterisation in it—"To C. B. D."

Mark Twain dedicates to his family beautifully. His *Prince and Pauper* bears this inscription:

To
Those good-mannered and agreeable children,
Susie and Clara Clemens,
This book
Is affectionately inscribed
By their father

Joan of Arc was his silver wedding anniversary gift to his wife and was tendered with the following dedication page:

1870 1895

To my wife
Olivia Langdon Clemens
This book
Is tendered on our wedding anniversary, in grateful recognition of her twenty-fifth year of valued service as my literary adviser and editor.

The author

And *Tom Sawyer* also was inscribed to her.

Jesse Lynch Williams gives his *The Stolen Story* "To A. L. W."—surely Alice Laidlaw Williams, his wife, and his *The Married Life of the Frederick Carrols* is inscribed "To my mother, an old-fashioned woman who understands the new."

Ben-Hur stands dedicated "to the wife of my youth who still abides with me." Stevenson's dedication of *Weir of Hermiston* belongs to the realm of Stevensoniana—all his dedications are exquisite and as intimately personal as Shelley's. And here must be put Patmore's dedication of *Angel in The House:*

This Poem
Is inscribed
to
the memory of Her
by whom and for whom I became a poet.

Kipling wrote for the dedication page of *The Light That Failed* a poem beginning:

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine.

and mothers have had all sorts of books dedicated to them. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is dedicated "To my mother, who for years has been the good angel of the Cabbage Patch." Some time later Alice Hegan Rice inscribed *Lovey Mary* "To Cale Young Rice, who taught me the secret of plucking roses from a cabbage patch."

Not so personal a dedication and yet every whit as meaningful to the scores of Princetonian '93's, to whom the book is dedicated, is Booth Tarkington's inscription in *Cherry:*

To the diligent and industrious members of the class of '93 at Nassau Hall, also to the idler spirits who wasted the Golden Hours of Youth in profitless playing of toss-the-ball; and even to those more dissolute ones who risked the tutor's detection at pitch-the-penny and carve their names on Adam's table—in brief, to all of that happy class is dedicated this heroic tale of the days when Commencement came in September.

An entirely characteristic dedication of a characteristic book is Gelett Burgess's dedication of *Lady Mechante*

To the whilom
Associate editor of
Phillida
and
Le Petit Journal des Réfusés
Fellow enthusiast and Partner in
Many acts of unregretted folly,
Critic, artist, friend,
This abandoned narrative
is cordially dedicated.

Then follows a long and formal letter beginning: "Porter Garnett, Esq., Sir:" which has for its text "Nonsense is the Fourth Dimension of Literature, the mechanics of playing"; a text elaborately set forth.

Not too rarely, and, thank heaven, not too frequently, we run across really charming informal letters to those whom the writers of books are honouring. The better part of that almost forgotten book on the list of the Best-Sellers that raged country wide a decade ago, *Alice of Old Vincennes*, is a dedicatory letter addressed by Maurice Thompson to M. Placide Valcour that runs through two flowery pages of decorative type, and ends thus:

Accept then this book. In my mind and in yours, I hope, it will always be connected with a breezy summer house on a headland of the Louisiana gulf coast, the rustling of palmetto leaves, the fine flash of roses, a tumult of mocking-bird voices, the soft lilt of creole patois, and the endless dash and roar of a fragrant sea over which the gulls and pelicans never ceased their flight, and besides which you smoked while I dreamed."

Another Hoosier writer, Meredith

Nicholson, dedicates *The Little Brown Jug at Kildare,* "To you at the Gate," and sends it forth to find the girl in the fresh gingham dress—or was it lawn—who one tender morning, or perchance eventide, leaned across a gate and smiled at him as he passed respectfully along the country road and away. A dedication evidently to an experience unseized and a tribute to an unending regret.

Conan Doyle lapses into the familiar epistolary style on the dedication page of *The Hound of the Baskervilles:*

MY DEAR ROBINSON: It was your account of a west country legend which first suggested the idea of this little tale to my mind. For this and for the help which you gave me in its evolution all thanks.

Arthur Symonds gives his *Studies in the Seven Arts* "To Rhoda" in a long letter covering two closely printed pages, a charming letter that ends: "I want this book to be yours, chiefly because we have lived so much of it together."

But it is not only in books of fiction, romance, poetry, belles-lettres, and the fine arts generally that interesting dedications are to be found. Cursory research on the technical shelves is liable to rich reward. Only a few of us are likely to find interest in Thomas Shaw's *Clovers,* but any of us picking up that volume may find this inscription formally set forth:

To all persons
who are or may be interested
in the
Growing of Clovers
This work is most respectfully dedicated by the author.

Mrs. Henderson's *Practical Cooking* holds this page between its covers:

To my friend
Mrs. Ellen Ewing Sherman
A lady who studies the comforts of her household
These receipts are affectionately dedicated.

Baldwin on Heating, a volume technical to a degree, contains one of the most remarkable and unconsciously humorous dedications likely to be found in a long and deliberate search. By chance it fell open at its dedication page, which reads:

This book is respectfully dedicated
To
Mr. and Mrs. William Douglas Sloane
in consideration of
The great charity their bounty has created and maintained
in the
Sloane Maternity Hospital, New York
and
Their concurrent interest in the science of
Warming and Ventilation

Musical critics indite their volumes to musicians. Laurence Gilman gives his *Strauss's "Salome"* to Alfred Herz, "a conductor of temperament and authority and the introducer of the music of Salome to America." Paragraphers dedicate to paragraphers; Franklin P. Adams inscribes his *Tobogganing on Parnassus,* "To B. L. T., guide, philosopher, but friend." And plays, published after their successful production, are almost invariably dedicated to the star: *The Servant in the House,* to Walter Hampton; *The Middleman,* To E. S. Willard; *Disraeli,* To George Arliss; *The Great Divide,* To Henry Miller. Gertrude Atherton's latest novel, *Julia France,* that started its career as a play for America's most mentalised actress, is dedicated as a matter of course "To Mrs. Fiske."

Dedications of technical or purely scientific books, while evidently not obligatory upon their wise compilers, are not at all rare. More often than not the dedication will take the form of acknowledgment of mental debt to some former teacher or fellow-researcher. The growing literature of eugenics is, unless a halt is called, going to make Francis Galton "August master of all Eugenists," the possessor of more dedications than any other scientist.

Most dedications are flattering and genial. But in another fast-growing field of literary output, that which deals with feminism and the feminist movement, there is to be detected a slightly acid tang to several dedicatory inscriptions. Molly Elliot Seawell, in *The Ladies' Battle,* a book that sums up the position of the so-called Antis, inscribes the book, "To those of my country-women who think for themselves." And the Rev. Buckley, author of *The Peril and Wrong*

of Woman Suffrage, dedicates it "To Men and Women Who Look Before They Leap."

Now and then one runs across an interestingly hidden dedication, like Wedekind's dedication of *The Awakening of Spring,* "To the Masked Man," or Helen Mackay's *Houses of Glass,* "To some one who will never read them." There is something exquisitely pathetic about the dedication of Wilstach's *Richard Mansfield,* "To Beatrice Mansfield." And there is always that sublimely poignant gift of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* to one who might never read it:

In Memoriam
C. T. W.
Sometime Trooper of the Royal Horse Guards
Obiit H. M. Prison, Reading, Berkshire,
July 7, 1896

THE THEORY OF ENDINGS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IT is curious, when we stop to think of it, how long a time has been required for modern technique in fiction to come around to a principle of structure that was perfectly understood more than two thousand years ago by the Hindoo fabulists —namely, that a story logically ends when, through acts resulting from his own character, the principal actor is brought to a situation involving a definite finality that may be summed up, either expressly or by implication, with the familiar formula, beginning, "this fable teaches." The crow loses her bit of cheese, not because the fox is an adroit flatterer, but because the crow has an innate and unconquerable vanity; the grasshopper is left to starve and freeze, not because the ant is industrious and miserly, but because the grasshopper is a frivolous idler. But when fiction outgrew the age of fable, and the compact moral lesson gave way to the more or less amorphous tale of adventure, writers lost sight of that very simple rule, that the only really satisfactory ending to any human story is that which shows human beings reaping the merited reward or punishment entailed by their own acts,—and furthermore, acts that are the expression of their individual temperaments.

The moment that the novelist loses sight of this principle, the beginning and more especially the ending of his novels becomes a more or less arbitrary matter, depending on the whim or fancy of the moment. Strictly speaking, of course, there is no beginning and no end to a human story, individual or collective, because the life history of each one of us has been slowly preparing through countless generations, while the consequences of our own small contribution to the sum total will continue to react upon those who come after through unnumbered centuries yet to come. So the most we can do is to cut boldly into the fabric of life at what to our finite vision seems to be a break, or new starting-point in the weave, and then come to a stop when that particular detail of pattern seems to have been rounded out to an approximate symmetry,—in other words, when a certain number of human beings have reached a position where they must hold themselves, and none other, neither their fellow-men nor blind chance nor predestination, responsible for their joys or sorrows.

In old-fashioned novels, it was the habit, with a certain superficial show of logic, to begin with the hero's birth, and end with his death. This method had the practical advantage of silencing, even if it did not satisfy, the demand of the public to know "what happened next." But it is very seldom that death is a satisfactory ending to a story; far oftener, it is a violent interruption, all the worse because it is an irreparable one. In a

literal sense, to be sure, a man's death is the result of the life he has led; if he dies of disease, his tastes, his habits, his trade or profession have probably been important factors in predisposing him to certain forms of illness; if his death is due to sheer accident, such as a shipwreck, a flood or an earthquake, none the less he himself is a contributing cause, because instead of being on the spot, he might have been elsewhere. But this sort of contributing cause does not make a story, in the modern acceptance of the term. A child born of consumptive parents, and growing up in the damp and darkness of a tenement cellar, is foredoomed to die of tuberculosis, and the spectacle of its death may offer the elements of grim tragedy; but it does not make a well-constructed story, because the child is simply the passive victim of forces beyond its control. But if that same child, by strength of will or subtlety of intelligence, succeeded in escaping from its environment, and achieving a final cure, or even holding the deadly foe at bay, then we do have the needed element, an altered condition due to conscious effort. It is not life's handicaps, but the courage and energy that overcome them, that make fitting material for the story-teller.

It is this natural yet often unconscious demand for a conclusion due directly to human action that explains the popularity of stories in which the action is physical rather than mental. The soldier of fortune achieves his effects by translating heroism into terms of a flashing sword; Sherlock Holmes broods long over his inevitable pipe, but always ends with quick, decisive, spectacular action; the gambler strips his ruling passion bare, whether it is on the gold-heaped tables of Monte Carlo, or in the wild frenzy of the Chicago Pit or New York Stock Exchange. A battle that ends with a surrender, a thief hunt that stops only with the snapping of the handcuffs, an attempt to corner the world's market that fails only when the last dollar of margin is wiped out—such stories leave a sense of utter finality that the slowest intellect cannot miss. It is when we come to more serious fiction, of the kind that attempts to say something of real weight about life, that the difference between the novel with a logical ending and the novel which merely comes to a stop is oftentimes a little hard to determine.

Let us take a few specific cases. One of the commonest forms of conventional ending is that which takes leave of the supposably happy pair at the altar rail. Now, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this is no ending at all, but simply a beginning, because in these ninety-nine cases the central theme is the effort of a young man and woman to find happiness in each other; and the intended implication is that they have found it in marriage—and that is something that neither they themselves nor any one else can predict. But let us look for a moment at an exceptional case, Mr. Howells's admirable and at present little read *April Hopes*. There the point at issue is not at all the conventional one, but something far more subtle. Throughout their long and rather stormy courtship, Alice Pasmer and Dan Mavering are slowly proving to the reader, if not to themselves, what a host of troubles and readjustments lie in waiting beyond the wedding-day, because she is an over-serious young woman who will always exact too much, and he is of the ease-loving, temporising type who has learned the danger of too much frankness. The ending has the element of logic because, so long as the engagement lasted, the couple could still see each other through a mist of idealism, while beyond the closing pages lies inevitable disillusion.

Or again, let us take another familiar type—the woman who has chosen the wrong man, and is finally released by his death. Two widely different examples of this same formula come to mind, Mrs. Dudeney's *Folly Corner*, and Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*. In the former story, it will be remembered, Pamela Crisp is an ease-loving, placid young person, who is rescued from imminent want by an honest, big-souled farmer, who takes her on faith and asks her to marry him. But Pamela has another side to her nature, a side that responds imperiously to the call of a particular voice; and although the owner of that voice has the shadow of prison on him, he has only to utter the one syllable, "Pam," in his

unforgotten tone, and she forgets everything and will go with him through shame and sorrow to the end of the earth. Mrs. Dudeney, it will be remembered, finds Pamela's release through her lover's death. But this ending does not give a true sense of finality; we feel that Pamela's nature demands something more than the plodding routine of a dull farmer's wife, and that sooner or later another man, with a soft, seductive tone, will say "Pam," and the old tragedy will be renewed.

Sister Carrie offers a sharp contrast in this respect. Like Pamela, she is poor and fond of material comforts; and like Pamela, she gives herself without legal marriage. But the difference lies in temperament. Beyond what they can give her in the form of luxuries, silks and velvets and jewels, she has no use for men, not even for Hurstwood, who has sinned for her, ruined himself for her, and finally owes his utter disintegration as a man and his squalid death to her indifference. In a certain sense, she does not wait for his death, to make herself independent of him; the lure of the footlights and her rapid triumph have made this easy. Yet, in a way, so long as he lives the shadow of their past may fall across her path; and when he dies, the story reaches a logical point of finality, because we know that there will be no second Hurstwood in her life. She is on the road to prosperity, and no man shall again be allowed to break the tranquillity of her cold, selfish, calculating life.

This naturally brings us to a consideration of Mr. Dreiser's latest and most ambitious venture in fiction, *The Financier*. The type of story that it represents is one that has become fairly frequent since the novel of the business and financial world has come into vogue. It is the type that follows the hero through a promising career, as he rises through spectacular strokes of fortune to a dominant position, and then suddenly by one fatal blunder sends the whole carefully built structure tumbling, card-like, to the ground. This was the formula of *The Pit*, by Frank Norris; it served the purposes of Robert Herrick and David Graham Phillips, in a modified form, for more than one of their volumes,—in fact, a representative list of recent novels in which it forms the main structure would seriously encroach upon available space. And the noteworthy point about this formula is the nature of the ending which it foreordains. The hero, having learned his lesson and suffered bankruptcy, sometimes only of fortune, but in other cases, of love and honour as well, is supposed to have learned his lesson; and the implication of the closing pages is, that in a new environment and with a chastened spirit, he will begin over again and eventually achieve victory. But to give the impression that Mr. Dreiser's novel belongs undistinguishably to the rank and file of its class is to do him grave injustice. *The Financier* is a very unusual piece of work, a social and economic picture of American life that, in spite of certain crudities, must be recognised as a novel of the first magnitude. Its one real fault is that it is unwarrantedly long. Through nearly eight hundred pages of rather fine print, it surges forcefully on, in a mighty tide of words that the author himself seems to have been impotent to stay. Not that the structure of the story is loose and rambling, nor that the episodes are irrelevant or lacking in interest. It is simply that for the purposes of a clear, forceful picture, he has given us too much. That Mr. Dreiser should himself know all he has told us about his principal characters, and perhaps a good deal more, is as it should be; but he would have gained by practising a more rigid elimination. If Mr. Dreiser's structure had been of an epic variety, if it dealt with the destinies of a race, or summed up the psychology of an epoch, then space and amplitude, and crowding throngs of characters and incidents would all contribute quite properly toward the needed impression of vastness both of theme and of setting. But *The Financier* is distinctly the story of a single character, a certain Frank Algernon Cowperwood, from the time when as a small boy, he bought castile soap at auction and resold it to his father's grocer

"The Financier"

at one hundred per cent. profit, until a day twenty years later, when the doors of the penitentiary open to give him freedom, and he starts once more to take up the broken threads of his life. In a certain broad sense, the book does give us, in addition to this central character, a picture of American business life, as it was during the Civil War and the reconstruction period, and in a veiled way it is a criticism of the same conditions, on a larger scale, existing in the financial world of to-day. But all this seems to interest Mr. Dreiser only as background. There is no dominant central symbol, like Wheat in *The Pit,* by Norris, or the Bourse, in Zola's *L'Argent.* The dishonesty of the local political ring in Philadelphia during the sixties and seventies, the juggling with city funds, the grabbing of street-car franchises, all of these things concern Mr. Dreiser only to the extent to which they react upon the character and the fortunes of his hero. And for that reason, the sheer mass of detail, the cumulation of names and incidents, people and situations glimpsed only for an instant, in a swift, bewildering panorama of life, have the effect of obscuring, instead of helping us to see. None the less, the personality of Cowperwood, born manipulator of money and colossal egotist, is a portrait not easily forgotten. From early boyhood, he knew precisely what he wanted, and he got it. He never was satisfied with what he had, but was always looking ahead and above for something better and bigger. There was no limit to his ambitions: wealth, position, influence, luxuries of living, a beautiful home, a beautiful wife: all these come to him, one by one, and fail to satisfy his insatiable demands. When he cannot amass fortune quickly enough in an honest way, he cajoles the city treasurer into gambling with the public funds; when the attractions of his lawful wife begin to wane, and his eye falls upon Aileen, favourite daughter of the Irish political boss, old Butler, who has largely made young Cowperwood what he is, no sense of gratitude or loyalty prevents him from reaching out and taking unlawful possession of Aileen, and no flash of intuition warns him that by doing so he is laying the fuse to his own destruction. After this events follow swiftly; the Chicago fire precipitates a panic, in which Cowperwood becomes dangerously involved; yet he might have weathered the storm, had it not happened that, at this fatal hour, old Butler learns the truth about Aileen, and wreaks his vengeance by prosecuting Cowperwood for his irregular dealings with public funds. A term in state's prison sends him forth a wiser but apparently not a sadder man; and as the story closes, his first wife has divorced him and he has repaired his wrong to Aileen by making her his second. Mr. Dreiser, in taking leave of the couple, starting anew in another city, implies that Cowperwood has learned his lesson and is a changed man. But the reader knows better. Cowperwood is the type that does not change; he learns the wisdom of avoiding certain specific mistakes; he will never again be convicted of juggling with city funds; but to the end, he will always be as dishonest as the subtleties of the law allow; and when Aileen's charms begin to fade, his second marriage bonds will hold him no more tightly than did his first. That is why the point at which Mr. Dreiser interrupts his story is not a logical end, but merely a convenient stopping-off place: some of the most crucial chapters in Cowperwood's life are yet to be told.

"Mrs. Launcelot"

Mrs. Launcelot, by Maurice Hewlett, forms in more than one way an interesting contrast to Mr. Dreiser's book. In the first place, it is a model in the art of compression. With an ampler background, reflecting the social and political atmosphere of Georgian England, and with a closely woven human story involving the leading statesman and the leading poet of the period, it nevertheless gives an impression of surprising brevity, a feeling, when the last page is turned, that it does not greatly exceed the dimensions of a novelette. Yet within its modest limits, it tells with inimitable delicacy of suggestion a curiously complicated psychological tangle, in which one woman and three men are involved, and in which at least two of the men are swayed by motives so mixed that it is humanly im-

possible to say decisively whether they are men of honour or cads. Almost all the charm of this rare bit of fictional art lies in the sheer deftness of the telling, and that, of course, is the very thing which a mere epitome must ruthlessly strip off; yet it is only by a brief retelling that any idea of its peculiar quality may be conveyed. When Georgiana Strangeways married Launcelot, she literally knew as little of the material facts of love and marriage as the properly brought up young woman of that period was supposed to know. She married because Launcelot was regarded as a rising young man in English politics; furthermore, the Duke of Devizes had looked upon him with favour, and was vaguely committed to giving him a helping hand in the near future. Now, the Duke was not only a leading political power, but he also had a reputation for gallantry that was the undoing of many a female reputation, if once a woman's name and his became coupled in current gossip. Georgiana Launcelot was a woman of delicate and elusive charm; Mr. Hewlett does more than merely tell us so; he actually conveys the charm across from the printed page; and we know, beforehand, just as her husband knew, that the moment the Duke lays eyes upon her, shameless old connoisseur of women that he is, he will promptly lay siege to her. Launcelot is obviously in a very difficult position. Political advancement, the one great ambition of his life, hangs tantalisingly just ahead; if the Duke happens to look upon Georgiana with favour, there is no end to the opportunities that will open up; but, on the other hand, the deliberate barter of his wife's honour is a thought which, to do him justice, Launcelot never seriously entertains. Though he knows the Duke, he trusts Georgiana. But he sees no harm in using her as a lure, warning her vaguely to be circumspect in her attitude toward the Duke, yet repeatedly impressing her with the necessity of winning the Duke's favour and thus promoting her husband's advancement. Very soon, the Duke's new conquest is the talk of London; and what all London believes, her own husband is quick to believe also; and blameless Georgiana, whose simple purity has shamed the old Duke into the first decent friendship he has ever had for a woman, is besmirched in public opinion to an extent that she can never live down,—although luckily the ugly scandal does not reach her ears. Meanwhile, a young poet has come into her life, an ardent young man, fine of figure and big of heart, who is not awed by wealth and rank, and does not hesitate to tell Georgiana that she is unhappy, that she cares nothing for her lawful husband or her reputed lover, and that what she needs most in the world is love, the sort of love that he can give her. And in the end, the poet triumphs, and Georgiana defies the world and goes with him for an ideal, if unlawful, honeymoon in Italy. And when Launcelot and the Duke overtake them, the surprising young man outargues them both, proves to them that it is they, not he, who have sullied Georgiana in the eyes of the world, that their selfishness has made her wretched, and that they have forfeited all rights over her. And this astounding scene closes with mutual regrets and expressions of sincere esteem. We may gravely question the lady's chances for future happiness; but undoubtedly Mr. Hewlett has chosen the right point for the ending; the couple have burned their bridges, there is no going back, no further vile inuendoes born of a false position. She has openly defied public opinion, and robbed of her halo of mystery, will soon be forgotten. Incidentally, the story is technically almost flawless.

"The Soddy"

The Soddy, by Sarah Comstock, is another story of human failure, breaking off at the point where a man and a woman start out to fight the battle of life all over again. It is a pioneer story, the name being taken from the local term applied to makeshift houses constructed of squares of sod, piled up to form solid twelve-inch walls, that form a successful rampart against heat and cold alike. The workmanship of this story is distinctly good; it conveys, far better than many another more ambitious volume, a sense of the impotence of human effort against the cumulative forces of heat and drought

and parching wind. The special little community of settlers who form the background of this story have fought a losing battle against failures of crops for so many years that they are on the verge of migrating in a body to other, more promising lands. But there is one young girl, who, like her father before her, believes in the ultimate success of perseverance. Her parents are dead, and she is left with the care of a younger brother and sister, yet still fights on single-handed,—until a new settler, a young man from the East, with scant capital, but with a courage that matches her own, woos and wins her, and starts in to plough and plant, with all the energy of ignorance. From this point on, the story is a record of heart-breaking failures, of devastation by fire and drought and winds that in a single night rip up entire fields of young grain by the roots; of plans for irrigation that are thwarted by unscrupulous land agents, who wish to bring about a wholesale emigration. And at last the young Easterner's courage fails, and he accepts the offer of a position in his former home. But the wife is made of sterner stuff; she refuses to return with him, and in sickness and loneliness carries on the fight single-handed. In her eyes, he has lost his manhood, has played the coward, and she feels that it is only by staying and holding on to the farm that she may eventually help him to be true to his better self,—if he ever hopes to win her again, he must come back and renew the fight. And in this her instinct proves true; for, although she is unable to adhere to her resolve not to send for him,—because when her child is born, the doctor knows that nothing short of a miracle can save the mother's life, and a telegram is sent speeding eastward,—yet, as it happens, the miracle does occur, because the husband has for several days been journeying west, and the telegram was not needed. And the reason why this ending, with new responsibilities and a fight to be begun all over again, is a satisfactory and convincing ending, is precisely because the wife has won her battle, the husband has learned his lesson, and henceforth there will be no more wavering, no second desertion of his post.

"Kirstie"

Kirstie, by M. F., who is known also as author of *The Journal of a Recluse,* is one of those books that are saved from mediocrity only by an occasional shrewd observance, a subtle touch here and there of real insight into character. More specifically, it is the story of a trained nurse who has the misfortune of being in love with the physician whose wife she is engaged to nurse. Some years before the opening of the story Kirstie knew and loved this same physician, but she was then an awkward, inexperienced girl and the doctor passed out of her life with an open show of indifference that hurt her cruelly. The second meeting, years afterwards, finds the doctor an embittered man, hopelessly at odds with an exacting wife who is an ardent Catholic and who believes that it is sinful for her to show any affection to her husband until she succeeds in converting him to her belief. The rest of the story, depicting Kirstie's prolonged struggle against the doctor, who, now that it is too late, realises she is the one woman he has ever loved, and her brave but unsuccessful effort to keep the truth from the doctor's wife, while not badly done, lacks distinction; it sounds like an echo of a score of stories turning upon a similar situation. And the weakest part of all is the ending. Just why the doctor's wife, frail and sickly, should take a new lease of life, and Kirstie, model of health and vitality, should suddenly sicken and die, is to be explained only on the ground that the author, having got the characters into a troublesome tangle, invoked the aid of death as the quickest solution and the one requiring the least mental effort.

"Cease Firing"

Cease Firing, by Mary Johnston, is a volume of commendable amplitude, and while the comparison that has been made of it to such recognised masterpieces as *Peace and War* and *La Débâcle* are an unfair exaggeration, there is no question that it does attain a certain epic sweep of action, a haunting sense of the havoc of war. Furthermore, the manner in which the author has overcome structural difficulties and enabled us to overlook the

entire field of struggle during the great war of emancipation, is deserving of sincere praise. It was due to mere accident that Edward Cary was struck senseless by a gun carriage at the time that his regiment was hastening to the aid of Vicksburg. Unable for the time being to rejoin his company, he is cared for by an aged negro, and under the latter's guidance finds refuge in an old plantation in Louisiana,—the home of the Louisiana Gaillards. The men of the family have of course all gone to the war and the work of the slaves is being overseen by Désirée Gaillard, beautiful, dauntless, and all that the traditional heroine of romance is expected to be. Cary's courtship of Désirée, however, is merely a side issue in a volume filled with the scream of shells, the onrush of mighty charges, the grim and grisly aftermath of war. It is a picture drawn upon a big scale and with a touch that seldom falters. It contains some of the best work that Miss Johnston has done.

"Clara"

Clara, by A. Neil Lyons, is a collection of brief sketches which are episodes rather than short stories. They give fleeting glimpses of the wretched and drifting street waifs of London, the flower girls, the sidewalk artists, the crossing sweepers and beggars; they range all the way from the whimsical comedy of a new hat, crushed in the ardour of an unblushingly open proposal and acceptance, exchanged between an ill-assorted couple who have been brought together by the kindly offices of the owner of the hat:—to the grim tragedy of a murder trial, in which the poor, half demented creature who is tried and found guilty, is the only person present who is unaware of what is going on. As already said, these are not short stories in the correct meaning of the term; for the most part they simply set forth a situation, without even attempting to show that the result is due to the actions of the characters concerned.

"Scientific Sprague"

A word of commendation is due to a volume of detective stories by Francis Lynde entitled *Scientific Sprague.* There really is not much room in which to do anything absolutely new in the form or the substance of detective stories. The old formula which, from the days of Gaboriau has been employed countless times, namely, the intervention of an amateur detective who, by superior mentality, easily solves a problem that has baffled the best skill of professionals, really leaves no chance for further variations, excepting in the matter of personality and minor details of method. All this holds true of these stories by Mr. Francis Lynde. They are undeniably cleverly done. Take, for instance, the opening story: a certain branch railroad is thrown into a panic by the fiendish ingenuity of some mysterious person who is spoken of as the "Wire Devil," and who amuses himself, for reasons unknown, by sending into the despatcher's office blood-curdling reports of collisions, misplaced switches, appalling loss of life,—all of which, upon investigation, proves to be pure fiction. Well, after the professional detectives have exhausted their efforts in vain, a certain Sprague, government expert, chemist, and various other things besides, happens along, and clears up the mystery in twenty-four hours, finding the guilty party in the despatcher's own office. It is all quite plausible, the details dovetail in beautifully, and there is an element of genuine surprise. It is a little puzzling at first sight to find where the trouble lies, and why these stories awake no real enthusiasm. The trouble, it would seem, lies in the supposed method practised by Sprague. The only explanation that he gives of his astonishing powers is that he has learned to observe men. "I noticed," he says in substance, "that when the despatch announcing the wreck was received, only one man present failed to show excitement, only one man who did not clinch his hands." As a bit of observation, this is all well enough, but it is unfair to the reader, for the simple reason that it makes the solution depend upon minute gestures which the reader himself is not in a position to see, and therefore cannot foresee how the story will come out. And this is wrong because a good working rule for the ending of a detective story is, that it shall be such that the reader might have guessed it had he only happened to be a little cleverer.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Arnold Bennett's "Your United States"*

In several respects the United States did not confirm the rumours that Mr. Arnold Bennett had heard about it. For one thing he had thought to be asked his opinion of this country every fifteen minutes from the moment of landing. The question was not once put to him even in jest till after he had been here ten days. He expected to be asked how much money he earned and that many people whom he barely knew would mention the amount of their incomes. Neither of these things happened. He thought to find clubs and hotels full of heavy drinkers. On the contrary he found an astonishing sobriety. He looked for harsh words and insolence from paid servants, attendants and officials. Nobody was rude to him except a barber, who on being requested to desist from bumping Mr. Bennett's head asked why he should not go on bumping it—and be it remembered we have only Mr. Bennett's version of that affair and not the barber's. He expected to see many signs of the national vanity and sensitiveness to criticism. He heard no boasting and observed no impatience under criticism. These things, however, did not surprise him so much as the discovery that the far-famed "American rush" was mythical. He found no trace of it either in New York or Chicago. Lower Broadway did not exhibit the expected degree of bustle. The Stock Exchange was rather tame. "Earnest students of hustle should," he says, "visit Paris or Milan." The sky-scraper seemed to him architecturally a failure, though the effect of "massed sky-scrapers" at dusk was very beautiful. He runs on in this manner through many a page, indeed through most of his pages, apologising now and then for the superficiality of his views.

Benignity and an easy, pleasant, prattling style are the characteristics of his narrative—benignity sometimes carried to such a point that it resembles a set purpose. He must, for example, have been annoyed by the American child. All sensible persons are annoyed by the American child except its father or mother. But observe Mr. Bennett's suspicious mildness:

> After this I seemed somehow to be prepared for the American infant who, when her parents discomfited her just curiosity by the same mean adult dodge of spelling words, walked angrily out of the room with the protest: "There's too blank much education in this house for me!" Nevertheless, she proudly and bravely set herself to learn to spell; whereupon her parents descended to even worse depths of baseness, and in her presence would actually whisper in each other's ear. She merely inquired with grimness: "What's the good of being educated, anyway. First you spell words, and when I can spell them you go and whisper." And received no adequate answer, naturally.
>
> This captivating creature, whose society I enjoyed at frequent intervals throughout my stay in America, was a mirror in which I saw the whole American race of children—their independence, their self-confidence, their adorable charm, their neat sauciness. . . .
>
> I was observing all this when a number of young men and maids came out of a high-school and unconsciously assumed possession of the street. It was a great and impressive sight; it was a delightful sight. They were so sure of themselves, the maids particularly; so interested in themselves, so happy, so eager, so convinced (without any conceit) that their importance transcended all other importances, so gently pitiful toward men and women of forty-five, and so positive that the main function of elders was to pay school-fees, that I was thrilled thereby. . . .
>
> I have sat at dinner in such houses, and the talk was of nothing but children; and anybody who possessed any children, or any reliable knowledge of the ways of children, was sure of a respectable hearing and warm interest. If one said, "By the way, I think I may have a photograph of the kid in my pocket," every eye would reply immediately: "Out with it, man—or woman!—and don't pretend you don't always carry the photograph with you on pur-

*Your United States. By Arnold Bennett. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1912. Pp. 192.

pose to show it off!" In such a house it is proved that children are unmatched as an exhaustless topic of conversation. And their conversation is rendered more thrilling by the sense of partially tamed children—children fully aware of their supremacy—prowling too and fro unseen in muddy boots and torn pinafores, and speculating in their realistic way on the mysteriousness of adults.

It is a book of first impressions politely curtailed out of decent regard for the people who entertained him—an exceedingly decorous book by a man whose real talent and individuality quite obviously are to be sought elsewhere. There is no resemblance whatever between Mr. Arnold Bennett the novelist and Mr. A. Bennett the comfortable bourgeois English visitor, grateful for the attentions that he has received. *Your United States* is not at all in the line of those rank and absurd but picturesque flowers of international impressionism which the BOOKMAN has from time to time reviewed—for example, that mad book of Mr. H. G. Wells on the *Promise of America* or Mr. G. W. Smalley's genuine but awe-struck *Anglo-American Memories* or Mr. Price Collier's chapters, palpitating with success-worship, on *England and the English.* He is not in the same class with those interesting persons who pit their whims against a hemisphere and come out smiling and cocksure. Mr. A. Bennett is far too conventional or rational to be cocksure about the unknowable, and that is why his book will never take high rank in this preposterous and amusing series. If Mr. Arnold Bennett the novelist had let drive at us without regard to the duties of guest-friendship, it would have been another thing. As it is, his book would serve for a bread-and-butter letter to his American hosts and hostesses, and of no true contribution to the literature of international impressionism, with the possible exception of Mr. Smalley's *Memories,* could this be said. What sort of people he met here—the only thing worth hearing from a novelist—he does not disclose. We learn his opinion of the comparative merits of rapid transit. We share his amazement at a telephone exchange and his raptures while in the bowels of an electric power plant. Vastly significant things no doubt, but they could as well be set forth by a Bureau for the Institution of International Comparisons.

I am fairly sensible of the enormous imperfection and rashness of this book. When I regard the map and see the trifling extent of the ground that I covered—a scrap tucked away in the northeast corner of the vast multicoloured territory—I marvel at the assurance I displayed in choosing my title. Indeed, I have yet to see your United States. Any Englishman visiting the country for the second time, having begun with New York, ought to go round the world and enter by San Francisco, seeing Seattle before Baltimore and Denver before Chicago. His perspective might thus be corrected in a natural manner, and the process would in various ways be salutary. It is a nice question how many of the opinions formed on the first visit—and especially the most convinced and positive opinions—would survive the ordeal of the second.

Thus is the native hue of his resolution sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. The moment a literary visitor develops these conscientious scruples as to the truth of what he says he becomes unfit for the jovial game of international impressionism. That is a game of first thoughts, or rather of first feelings without any thoughts at all. Readers of Messrs. Kipling, Paul Bourget, H. G. Wells, Pierre Loti do not expect from them the hard dry light of truth. They look merely for the vivacities engendered in ardent, imaginative literary persons by a change of scene. If truth had been seriously the end sought, what would have become of these entertaining volumes? Their writers would have stayed here thirty years and ended by saying nothing. It is as if a poet were to defer his casual verses to the moon till he had made his mark as an astronomer. There is nothing really "rash" in telling people how you felt in Boston even if you were there only a week, nor is there any reason why you should go out to San Francisco and come back to Boston again to see if you still feel there just as badly. That is taking a morbid view of the impressionistic obligation. Nobody reads these books to find out what is in the country but merely to find out what was in the man at the moment of

writing. The first fine frenzy on seeing Hoboken is quite harmless. It need never be revised.

Mr. Bennett says he never slept an hour on any American sleeping-car, "what with stops, starts, hootings, tollings, whizzings round sharp corners," etc., and that he had a mind to go out and say to the engine-driver,

"Brother, are you aware—you cannot be—that the best European trains start with the imperceptible stealth of a bad habit, so that it is impossible to distinguish motion from immobility, and come to rest with the softness of doves settling on the shoulders of a young girl? . . . If the fault is not the engine-driver's, then are the brakes to blame? Inconceivable! All American engine-drivers are alike. . . ."

There are some shrewd comments in an altogether too brief chapter on American education and art. Among the so-called cultured classes in this country he found hardly any interest in American painting. He also found no improvement on his fellow-countrymen in the matter of intellectual honesty—

a quality which has been denied by Heaven to all Anglo-Saxon races. . . . I seemed to see in America precisely the same tendency as in Britain to pretend, for the sake of instant comfort, that things are not what they are, the same timid but determined dislike of the whole truth, the same capacity to be shocked by notorious and universal phenomena, the same delusion that a refusal to look at these phenomena is equivalent to the destruction of these phenomena, the same placid sentimentality which vitiates practically all Anglo-Saxon art. And I have stood in the streets of New York, as I have stood in the streets of London, and longed with an intense nostalgia for one hour of Paris, where, amid a deplorable decadence, intellectual honesty is widely discoverable, where absolutely straight-thinking and talking is not mistaken for cynicism.

He was not agreeably impressed by the Europeanised American art dilettante. Indeed he said his bitterest experience while in this country was the frequent repetition of the remark

and usually from the lips of an elegantly Europeanised American woman with a sad, agreeable smile: "There is no art in the United States. . . . I feel like an exile."

And he observed that each of these exiles believed himself or herself to be the only ray in the darkness and deeply resented the pretensions of all the other exiles to the same luminous solitude. He found these people very bad judges of what was original and vigorous in art, being merely imitative with no real opinion of their own. A genuine artist struggling under their very noses would, he believed, have small chance with them. In regard to Winslow Homer, he says:

I would have liked to collect a trainful of New York, Chicago, and Boston dilettanti, and lead them by the ears to the unpretentious museum at Indianapolis, and force them to regard fixedly these striking creations. Not that I should expect appreciation from them! (Indianapolis, I discovered, was ever to keep perfectly calm in front of the Winslow Homer water-colours.) But their observations would have been diverting.

With this tart remark he concludes the few pages in which he seems to discuss matters about which he seriously cares—pages, by the way, that may indicate to the discerning what sort of people he was thrown with. Here may be had a pathetic glimpse of him running the awful gauntlet of teas, dinners, and polite conversation through those perfectly correct interiors described by Henry James, full of nice people with well-modulated minds, tepidly concerned for the proper thing in books and paintings, asking questions for which in answer any articulate noises will suffice. Here the good soul utters his only cry of pain and even here it is considerately stifled.

He prefers New York's baseball to its "culture." As to foot-ball, as played here, he finds too much of the American passion for "getting results." On seeing the dead or wounded carried out he questioned whether so serious an engagement could be regarded as sport. The systematic provision of "dozens of supplementary heroes" to replace those who fell in the encounter seemed to him to imply a somewhat cold-blooded and excessive military organisation.

Was it possible that a team could be permitted to replace a wounded man by another, and so on *ad infinitum?* Was it possible that

a team need not abide by its misfortunes? Well, it was! I did not like this. . . . An enthusiast for American organisation, I was nevertheless forced to conclude that here organisation is being carried too far, outraging the sense of proportion and of general fitness.

Yet in the main American sport is not so strenuous or so democratic as in Europe, where forty thousand persons will often gather at an ordinary football match and where over a hundred thousand have assembled at a "Final," where too the sporting news is the chief feature of the daily papers. Nor at a great baseball game in New York did he find the popular excitement equal to that in his Five Towns. There was good cheering, but it was not the cheering of "frenzied passion." The anathemas of the visiting team, though emphatic, had not the "religious sincerity" which his own fellow-townsmen put into theirs; and the umpire seemed to be in far less danger from a homicidal public.

Referees in Europe have been smuggled off the ground in the centre of a cocoon of policemen, have even been known to spend a fortnight in bed after a decision adverse to the home team!—More evidence that the United States is not in the full sense a sporting country!

C. M. Francis.

II

Bliss Perry's "The American Mind"*

In beginning the discussion of his vast, vague subject Professor Bliss Perry wisely takes note of the danger attending the explanation of mental types by physical geography, race traits, economic, social, and political conditions, and the time spirit. In the fields of literature and art he has been at some pains to gather a number of exceptions. Thus Keats seems to have altogether escaped the time-spirit. The political and social influences of his day did not affect him. Poe might have written some of his stories in the seventeenth or twentieth quite as well as in the nineteenth century. There is no reason for thinking that the few "classic" remnants of Greek art really expressed the spirit of the whole Greek people.

One may go even further. Does a truly national art exist anywhere—an art, that is to say, which conveys a trustworthy and adequate expression of the national temper as a whole.

He points to the Occidental generalisations concerning the Japanese character based on a view of Japanese art derived from vases, prints and enamel. They seem hardly applicable to the grim little victors in the Russo-Japanese war. Art and literature may give no expression at all to the dominant emotions of a people during a given epoch.

Now through long periods of time, and over many vast stretches of territory, as our own American writing abundantly witnesses, the whole formal side of expression may be neglected. "Literature," in its narrower sense, may not exist. In that restricted and higher meaning of the term, literature has always been uncommon enough, even in Athens or Florence.

The feeling may be there and form a part of the national character even if no artistic expression of it survives. The American Puritan felt literature if he did not write it. Professor Perry denies that a sense of beauty was lacking in the Puritan.

Emerson's *Journal* in the eighteen-thirties glows with a Dionysiac rapture over what he calls "delicious days"; but did the seven generations of clergymen from whom Emerson descended have no delicious and haughty and tender days that passed unrecorded?

Professor Perry marks time in this manner through page after page of this amiable volume, pausing now and then to admit quite frankly his own lack of ideas—

Such considerations belong, I am aware, to the accepted commonplaces—perhaps to what William James used to call "the unprofitable delineation of the obvious."

This is perhaps explained by the fact that these words were not written in the first instance for a reader, who, however "gentle" he may be, sometimes has his wits about him, but were "delivered" in the form of lectures at the Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, Cali-

*The American Mind. By Bliss Perry. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company. 1912. Pp. 249.

fornia. It is seldom that the slow, expository palaver of a lecture turns out well in the subsequent reprint.

This book is no exception to that general rule, but it has far more reason for existence than a number of similar collections put forth by college professors or presidents—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's, for example, on *The American as He Is,* or Dr. Henry Van Dyke's on *The Spirit of America,* both of which, by the way, Professor Perry seems to admire. At least it offers concrete proof of acquaintance with books. It cites a large number of other men's ideas, and although it does not do anything with them it leaves one with the impression that he has been in good company. Moreover, though he is impelled by inner necessity in any estimate of the virtues and vices of his fellow countrymen to strike a balance in favour of the former, he does not confine himself to general compliments. There is nothing in his book quite so unnecessary as the following passage from another author, which, strange to say, he quotes with high approval:

"The typical American is he who, whether rich or poor, whether dwelling in the North, South, East, or West, whether scholar, professional man, merchant, manufacturer, farmer, or skilled worker for wages, lives the life of a good citizen and good neighbour; who believes loyally and with all his heart in his country's institutions, and in the underlying principles on which these institutions are built; who directs both his private and his public life by sound principles; who cherishes high ideals; and who aims to train his children for a useful life and for their country's service."

Which if it means anything means that the typical American is a very fine fellow indeed, but it does not mean anything. Professor Perry calls it a "modest and sensible statement" and appears not to be ironical.

He has ranged widely over the great mass of foreign books about us and has not made the mistake of taking it too seriously. The man who tries to take at its face value the conflicting testimony of foreigners as to American traits, will, he says, "be a candidate for the lunatic asylum."

Yet the testimony is too amusing to be neglected and some of it is far too important to be ignored. Mr. John Graham Brooks, after long familiarity with these foreign opinions of America, has gathered some of the most representative of them into a delightful and stimulating volume entitled *As Others See Us.* There one may find examples of what the foreigner has seen, or imagined he has seen, during his sojourn in America, and what he has said about it afterwards. Mr. Brooks is too charitable to our visitors to quote the most fantastic and highly coloured of these observations; but what remains is sufficiently bizarre.

His summary of the characteristic American qualities and defects is plainly based on wide reading and observation and has the merit of concreteness. He cites many good instances. Beginning with the American physique he recalls the familiar comparison that the American "leans forward" and the Englishman "leans back." Then comes the British view of American "smartness" and vulgar curiosity. The latter quality Professor Perry traces back to the natural interest of pioneers in any newcomer.

That curiosity concerning strangers which so much irritated Dickens and Mrs. Trollope was natural to the children of Western emigrants, to whom the difference between Sioux and Pawnee had once meant life or death. "What's your business, stranger, in these parts?" was instinctive, because it had once been a vital question. That it degenerated into mere inquisitiveness is true enough; just as the "acuteness," "awareness," essential to the existence of one generation becomes only "cuteness," the typical tin-pedlar's habit of mind in the generation following.

As to our provincialism as expressed in the famous question, "What have we got to do with abroad?" he remarks that after all in the most serious crises of our political history we could not profit from European experience, but had to muddle through as best we might. But there is no use in denying the vices born of isolation—the lack of a sense of proportion, the over-confidence, braggadocio, recklessness, national vanity, and he does not minimise them. The bragging which Dickens burlesqued sprang from "sectional fidelity."

The settlement of "Eden" may be precisely

what Dickens drew it; a miasmatic mudhole. Yet we who are interested in the new town do not intend, as the popular phrase has it, to give ourselves away."

Oratorical buncombe and sophistry have had a disastrous effect on many occasions in our history.

Throughout wide extended regions of the country, and particularly in the South and West, the "orator" grew to be, in the popular mind, the normal representative of intellectual ability. Words, rather than things, climbed into the saddle.

Our journals though gaining in public spirit remain for the most part "unscrupulous in attack, sophistical, and passionate." The magazines are pitched in a hysterical key and even a President of the United States calls people liars. As to the national recklessness he sees it in all fields from finance to philosophy.

Emerson will "plunge" on a new idea as serenely as any stock-gambler ever "plunged" in Wall Street, and a pretty school-teacher will tell you that she has become an advocate of the "New Thought" as complacently as an old financier will boast of having bought Calumet and Hecla when it was selling at 2.5. (Perhaps the school teacher may get as good a bargain. I cannot say.)

Another characteristic of us is our "radicalism," as shown in our readiness to found new religions, philosophies and socialistic communities, but this is no more remarkable than our "conservatism" as shown in our political development. Professor Perry takes refuge in the phrase—

There is, in fact, conservatism in our blood and radicalism in our brains, and now one and now the other rules.

Then there is our individualism, and "finally, and surely not the least notable of American traits, is public spirit."

This discussion as well as the other chapters of the book owes its interest to the writer's ready command of illustration and anecdote. He can always find a good "case in point."

Thus as to the romantic imagination—

I have never known a more truly romantic figure than a certain tin-pedlar in Connecticut, who, in response to the question, "Do you do a good business?" made this perfectly Stevensonian reply: "Well, I make a living selling crockery and tinware, but my *business* is the propagation of truth."

C. F. Jones.

III

Mr. Galsworthy's "Inn of Tranquillity"*

It is hard to believe that Mr. John Galsworthy was labouring under any abnormal nervous excitement when he wrote these soft-toned little papers. No one would guess from them that he belonged to that rare class of men of whom Dr. Holmes has said that their heads steamed while they worked. Yet in one of these very papers Mr. Galsworthy tells us that unless his spirit is extravagantly stirred and his emotions are unduly excited he never feels inclined to write, that when he does write he is always a little abnormal and that his comfortable and normal self never has brought forth and never will bring forth fruits meet for publication. The candour of this acknowledgment is the more remarkable because Mr. Galsworthy manifestly takes a low view of his own achievements, for his pride might naturally have sought a refuge in the stout assertion that he dashed things off. Ever since Pope's sneer at his enemies for their slow and painful literary execution, writers have liked to assure each other that their own withers are unwrung—especially when they are privately aware that they have not yet set the Thames afire. As to the public, it would never do to let them hear the dismal groans of many a literary workshop.

There is candour also in what Mr. Galsworthy says of the class to which he belongs—

the producers, season by season, of so many "remarkable" works of fiction—for though, when we take up the "remarkable" works of our fellows, we "really cannot read them!" the press and the advertisements of our publishers tell us that they *are* "remarkable."

He says that he and the others go round in a vicious circle valuing only "praise" and "bread" and caring little about the

*The Inn of Tranquillity. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

quality of either. The first book often has something in it, and a generous press declares that it shows promise. Then the rush begins and one book follows another, "warmed up variations, like those dressed remains of last night's dinner which are served for lunch." And in this immoral manner they run on.

Here and there among us is a genius, here and there a man of exceptional stability who trains himself in spite of all the forces working for his destruction. But those who do not publish until they can express, and do not express until they have something worth expressing, are so rare that they can be counted on the fingers of three or perhaps four hands; mercifully, we all—or nearly all—believe ourselves of that company.

Then he goes on to say that the public is a "mechanical and helpless consumer" at the mercy of him and his kind and that it is in no wise to blame for devouring what is set before it. And the press is equally guiltless for the same reason, being also mechanical and helpless, and the critics are as bad as the authors themselves, having "been to no school, passed no test of fitness, received no certificate."

Nor is the Publisher to blame; for the Publisher will publish what is set before him. It is true that if he published no books on commission he would deserve the praise of the State, but it is quite unreasonable for us to expect him to deserve the praise of the State, since it is we who supply him with these books and incite him to publish them. We cannot, therefore, lay the blame on the Publisher.

We must lay the blame where it clearly should be laid, on ourselves. We ourselves create the demand for bad and false fiction. Very many of us have private means; for such there is no excuse. Very many of us have none; for such, once started on this journey of fiction, there is much, often tragic, excuse—the less reason then for not having trained ourselves before setting out on our way. There is no getting out of it; the fault is ours. If we will not put ourselves when we are young; if we must rush into print before we can spell; if we will not repress our natural desires and walk before we run; if we will not learn at least what not to do—we shall go on wandering through the forest, singing our foolish songs.

And since we cannot train ourselves except by writing, let us write, and burn what we write, then shall we soon stop writing, or produce what we need not burn!

For as things are now, without compass, without map, we set out into the twilight forest of fiction; without path, without track—and we never emerge.

Yes, with the French writer, we must say: *"Et nous jongleurs inutiles, frivoles joueurs de luth!"* . . .

This is not the sort of confession that we might have expected from a novelist of Mr. Galsworthy's merits. It is more like what we might have expected from a certain American "best seller"—and did not get; for when he disclosed his mind in a magazine some years ago he seemed on the other hand rather proud and happy. But of course we have always known that the thing goes by contraries—the good artists tormenting themselves because they are not better, and the bad ones happy as larks—and Mr. Galsworthy's gloom over his own work is altogether natural. It simply means that it falls short of his aspirations. But he has no right to assume that any such qualms are felt by popular writers generally. His view of them as consciously guilty persons sinking lower as their sales expand is fantastic. Popular novelists seldom feel remorse. On the contrary they are innocently cheerful. And by what criterion shall they pursue this writing and burning process which Mr. Galsworthy counsels? Suppose Mr. Hall Caine had said to himself some fifteen years ago, Henceforth —I will burn all that in my heart of hearts I feel to be false and bad in my novels. Does any one suppose he would have burnt anything? And if, as Mr. Galsworthy says, nearly all the popular novelists believe they are also the best novelists, it seems rather foolish to ask them to climb to the heights on which they believe they are standing already. Indeed the more one ponders the passage above quoted the more one's head spins. It seems to boil down into blaming popular novelists for writing only popular novels, which is like rebuking hens for laying only eggs. It reveals Mr. Galsworthy as a most candid and honourable but utterly unreasonable person, as writers of his gifts generally are

when they set out to blame those who have none.

But there is no pretence of having thought things out in these brief papers which will be valued chiefly for their sincerity and their fidelity to the author's mood. One of his most frequent moods is that of sympathy with the under dog. His mind is fairly haunted with hopeless cases and apparently goes on looking for more. He blames himself for them, wherever it is possible as a member of society. There is no unity in subject or design in this collection of sketches, episodes, impressions, memories and bits of literary criticism—but a certain degree of unity is imparted by the cadence of his somewhat plaintive style. He disposes easily of that foolish sneer about "taking one's self too seriously," and is indeed the last person to whom the phrase would apply. But he plainly is not made for any sort of irresponsible laughter at men and things and an occasional burst of it in this volume would not come amiss.

In his misnamed "Platitudes on the Drama" he effectively answers a good many critics of the contemporary stage and makes a strong defence of his own ideals. The course which he commends to the serious playwright is:

> To set before the public no cut-and-dried codes, but the phenomena of life and character, selected and combined, but *not distorted*, by the dramatist's outlook, set down without fear, favour, or prejudice, leaving the public to draw such poor moral as nature may afford. . . . It was once said of Shakespeare that he had never done any good to any one and never would. This, unfortunately, could not, in the sense in which the word "good" was then meant, be said of most modern dramatists. In truth, the good that Shakespeare did to humanity was of a remote, and shall we say, eternal nature; something of the good that men get from having the sky and the sea to look at. And this partly because he was, in his greater plays, free from the habit of drawing a distorted moral. Now, the playwright who supplies to the public the facts of life distorted by the moral which it expects, does so that he may do the public what he considers an immediate good, by fortifying its prejudices; and the dramatist who supplies to the public facts distorted by his own advanced morality, does so because he considers that he will at once benefit the public by substituting for its worn-out ethics his own. In both cases the advantage the dramatist hopes to confer on the public is immediate and practical.

Though the same thing has often been said in a different way these many years and may be found in the germ in Aristotle, it is not the sort of platitudes with which we can afford to dispense. If play-reviewers had taken it to heart it might not have changed their verdicts, but it would at least have made their occupation seem more rational these past twenty years. Dramatic criticism for the most part consists in the public assertion of a wrong reason for a private taste. Another remark of his calls to mind a long and dreary line of play-reviewers—

> It [the word "pessimist"] has been applied, among others, to Euripides, to Shakespeare, to Ibsen; it will be applied to many in the future. Nothing, however, is more dubious than the way in which these two words "pessimist" and "optimist" are used; for the optimist appears to be he who cannot bear the world as it is, and is forced by his nature to picture it as it ought to be, and the pessimist one who cannot only bear the world as it is, but loves it well enough to draw it faithfully. . . . In the whole range of the social fabric there are only two impartial persons, the scientist and the artist, and under the latter heading such dramatist as desire to write not only for to-day but for to-morrow, must strive to come.

E. B. French.

IV

H. Noel Williams's "The Love Affairs of the Condés"*

Of late many gossipy exploitations of *cherchez la femme* have enlivened biography — especially French biography. (The materials, one supposes, have been more accessible than in smugger England!) They make animated reading. But the chief service of such spicy books is to clothe the dry bones of a dead past. Even the great exploits of warriors, sages, kings, and diplomats fall upon somewhat dulled and listless ears. If history retains a man's name at all, one

*The Love Affairs of the Condés. By H. Noel Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

expects it will be by reason of such deeds. But his smaller exploits humanise him for us. There can be no doubt that the picture of a long-dead man or woman stands out more boldly in relief from the presence of the other sex in the background. Such a background is to the chatty historian what crimson velvet drapery was to the eighteenth century portrait painter. The difference is that while the earlier drapery defied the laws of nature and of man, the later background is strictly in accordance with both. It defies at the most but the law of decorum—which, in any internal sense, one discovers more and more by the light of these same biographies to be the most modern of terms.

Not the least of the pleasures such books afford is that of seeing how neatly each writer will leap his thin ice or how closely he will head into the prevailing wind. In dangerous places Mr. Williams has a footing as deft and confident as Mr. Gribble, but he is scarcely as venturesome. He does not seek to outdo Blondin. At the same time he is not as fertile in illuminating suggestions. His manner is rather to explore whatever by-paths open to his view than to flash a glancing head-light upon them as he passes on the main quest.

No prince of the blood, says Mr. Williams, could have made a more modest début at the court than the first of the Condés. Diminutive and soberly dressed, he was laughed at by the gorgeous butterflies of both sexes who adorned the salons of Henry II. His wife brought him little wealth and influence, but amidst the brave band of Huguenot ladies who inspired their disheartened co-religionists there is no figure more noble and attractive. Nevertheless, she failed to subdue her husband's taste for gallantry, and Brantôme writes that "he loved other people's wives as much as his own."

At the early death of her eldest son, the King (just in time to remit the sentence of death passed by him upon Condé) Catherine de Medici at once assumed a quasi-absolute authority. Calvinism, intolerant and deliberately provoking persecution, was becoming as much a political as a religious organisation; and she found herself unable to persuade the two religions to dwell together in even a pretence of harmony. She tried to do so, however, by legalising Protestant worship outside the walls of towns; and the exultant Huguenots in return for blood shed by the Catholics plunged France into the most horrible civil war of modern times. At the end of it, the intractable theologians, exasperated at Condé's preferring patriotism to theology, accused him of having yielded to the seductions of Catherine's court.

The queen-mother's earlier austerity had, indeed, given way before political exigencies; and she had long been exploiting without scruple the pretty faces that she had gathered together from the noble young girls of all France. Her squadron, says Mr. Williams, had often demonstrated its peculiar value; and she found it convenient to ignore vices that stood her in such good stead. This insidious warfare she now began to wage against the Huguenot chiefs. By this means she had already seduced Condé's elder brother, Navarre; and her fair agent had become the gentle instrument of his actual as well as his theological destruction. By the end of the civil war the queen-mother, at first believing in the ultimate success of the Huguenots, had become convinced that they were the weaker party of the two and that it would be inexpedient to alienate the Catholics. She saw that she could re-establish unity in her kingdom only by the ruin of Protestantism, and her first step was naturally to discredit Condé.

One of her maids of honour, Isabelle de Limeuil, had already made a favourable impression on the inflammable prince and was a universally successful siren. Having already a nice appreciation of the commercial value of her charms, too, she lent herself very readily to Catherine's plans. Inspired by the queen-mother, she began to employ all her persuasions to induce Condé to break with England, and finally succeeded—much assisted thereto by the impossible and arrogant demands of Queen Elizabeth. Whereupon the zealots of his party accused him of "swimming betwixt two waters," especially as his private life

was very far from according with the austere religion he professed. By this time, indeed, many other complaisant beauties of the court had demonstrated their willingness to meet the gallant though diminutive prince a good deal more than half way. One of these ladies even had the zeal to attempt to wean the prince from Isabelle by offering his youthful son one of the greatest fortunes of France at the hand of her daughter. Geneva, still more scandalised by the prospect of this family affair, was nevertheless not desirous of excommunicating a man with whom the party could not possibly dispense, and merely remonstrated with studious moderation. Catherine, taking advantage of each new complication in the amorous comedy, continued to be a little blind to a passion which was literally binding her enemy hand and foot. Finally Isabelle herself precipitated the rupture. She gave birth to a boy, of whom she at once declared Condé to be the father.

Catherine, still a stickler for outward decorum, was beside herself with indignation. She found it easy to listen to grave accusations against the faithful maid of honour who had thus, as it were, been wounded in her majesty's service, and expelled her to a convent. After many sprightly ramifications which one regretfully passes over, the prince succeeded in locating her and finally in getting her under his roof—his devoted wife having in the meanwhile conveniently died. But, indeed, Catherine had deliberately thrown the two together again, with a view to Isabelle's being as successful as the other maid-of-honour had been with his brother Navarre. The wiser of the now thoroughly scandalised Huguenots counselled trust in time, since affairs of this sort are more frequently nourished than overcome by opposition.

They were right in discerning that free opportunity leads to satiety and satiety to lassitude. For Isabelle, soon perceiving that he had not the slightest intention of regularising their connection, began to weary him with reproaches. Soon the Protestants received the penitent with open arms and set to work to procure him a second wife. Catherine had to put up with the reconciliation, but at least frustrated an alliance with the Guises. The new princess of Condé proved almost as estimable as the first yet, wisely determining to strike while the iron was hot, she insisted that the prince demand back from Isabelle all the presents he had bestowed upon her. Isabelle flew into a violent passion, but being obliged to do so, sent word to the princess that if a certain nobleman had treated her mother in the same way that lady would now be altogether without trinkets. Condé, sharing the thick skin of the majority of his contemporaries, was probably not much ashamed of himself—though public opinion loudly declared that the young lady had honestly earned her presents. But he died none the less heroically, for all that.

Space does not permit even a brief recital of the love affairs of Henri I, his eldest son, or of Henri II, or of the Great Condé (whose heart was more fiercely disputed by the ladies of the Court than his ancestors had been) or of the fifth Prince of Condé Henri-Jules, or of the last Condé, Monsieur le Duc. But the court and factions under Louis XV were not so greatly different from the days of Catherine, and love kept on playing, as it always does, ducks and drakes with political projects.

André Théry.

V

Duffield Osborne's "Engraved Gems"*

Irrespective of its authoritative value, this imposing and voluminous monograph by Mr. Duffield Osborne might profitably be taken as a model of form by writers of special treatises, because of its happy blending of hard, dry facts with a certain lighter element of more general human interest, a deft appeal to the imagination, which as a rule is a trick more Gallic than Anglo-Saxon, and contributes so largely to the greater readableness of books of science that come to us from France. *Engraved Gems* belongs primarily to the class of works written for collectors, ac-

*Engraved Gems. Signets, Talismans and Ornamental Intaglios, Ancient and Modern. By Duffield Osborne. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

tual or potential; and collecting, whether its object be butterflies or postage-stamps, or bits of exquisitely carved stone, is in last analysis at best a hobby and at worst a monomania; and whenever a man begins to talk to you about a hobby that you do not happen to share, the chances are a hundred to one that he will end by boring you.

Mr. Osborne happens to represent the hundredth case; and the explanation is to be found in the place he himself occupies in his own subdivision of collectors of antique intaglios. There are, he says, three well-defined classes: the students of antiquarian lore, who find in these carved gems of classic and preclassic times, precious clues to manners and customs, details of dress and armour and the style of wearing the hair; miniature reproductions of statues and temples that have since perished, names of artists otherwise forgotten, and now and then confirmation of historic dates and happenings. Secondly, there are those who collect merely for the pleasure of collecting, and whose only useful service is that of preserving gems which would otherwise be scattered and perhaps lost, and placing them within reach of serious students. And lastly there are the romantic collectors,—and this is the class to which we must assign Mr. Osborne, without denying him the right to be included also in the first class—the collectors whose chief pleasure in engraved gems lies, not in the delicacy of their art nor in their archæological value, but in the halo of romance that gathers around them, the possibility that their one-time possessors may have been men who swayed the ancient world with their prowess or their wisdom, or women who swayed it with their wiles and their beauty.

"I wonder," says Mr. Osborne, "what a man's feelings would be could he become the owner of the signet of Julius Cæsar,—that famous stone engraved with a Venus Victrix, his patron goddess? Very probably it is still in existence somewhere, perhaps unrecognised in some collection, for we know nothing of it beyond the device and the certainty that it was a work of the best art. Perhaps to-morrow the plough may turn it up."

That the collecting of engraved gems, —by which Mr. Osborne means intaglios, since the cameo was a post-classical development,—was a practice dignified by antiquity, he hastens to remind us in his preface. Scaurus, it seems, the step-son of Sulla, is the earliest collector of whom we have record. Mithridates, the great king of Pontus, had a collection which his conqueror, Pompey, seized and consecrated in the Capitol. Julius Cæsar himself made no fewer than six, all of which he offered to his patron goddess, Venus Victrix. And this same gentle pastime, which found favour with the great and wealthy of classic days, continued to be followed by princes of the Church and State, in mediæval and modern times. Many a Humanist Pope were ardent collectors; and so was more than one head of the House of the Medici. Lorenzo the Magnificent was a most discerning collector. And it is told that Michael Angelo went into ecstasies over a head of Minerva, obtained by Benvenuto Cellini from some workmen digging in a vineyard. The list of royal collectors includes rude Hapsburg emperors and suave Italian despots; no less than three kings of France, namely, Charles IX, Henry IV and Louis XIV; Catherine II of Russia founded the famous Russian collection, and Frederick the Great largely enriched the one begun by the "Great Elector." "Even poor bucolic George IV," concludes Mr. Osborne with indulgent irony, "felt called upon to join the ranks of an army of whose aims he knew little and with whose enthusiasm he could have had but the most perfunctory sympathy."

The natural effect of a pastime which had become almost a prerogative of princes was, first, to send the prices soaring, to create an inflated and well-nigh prohibitive value for gems, the supply of which at best was limited; and secondly, to place a premium upon fraud; because the wealth, vanity and archæological ignorance of most of the royal patrons of this branch of art united in offering one of the best possible markets to the skilled counterfeiter. Then suddenly the bubble burst in a collapse as spectacular as any to be found in the annals of collecting. The end came

when the much vaunted collection of Prince Poniatowski was offered for sale in London, in 1839. "What had happened," says Mr. Osborne parenthetically, "was what always happens when a sane taste degenerates into a mere collecting mania." The collection in question was built up by Prince Poniatowski upon the basis of one hundred and fifty-four gems inherited from his uncle, Stanislaus, the last king of Poland,—most of them of undoubted antiquity, and some of them numbering among the finest known specimens of the art, as, for instance, the female head by Diskorides, formerly held to be intended for Io. To these one hundred and fifty-four gems, the Prince added nearly three thousand more, which were made, so the story runs, by his order, by Roman gem cutters, the subjects being either their own conceptions, or those of the Prince, of pictures from classic history or mythology. The stones used were for the most part oriental sards, amethysts and crystals of fine quality, and for the most part of considerable size. "There is absolutely no suggestion of antiquity in the melodramatic flamboyancy of these compositions and the supposition that the Prince himself was deceived is inconceivable." Neither is there the least evidence that he intended to reap any profit from the deception, since none of these gems was offered for sale during his lifetime; and the only explanation that Mr. Osborne can offer is that Prince Poniatowski had become an unbalanced monomaniac. He died in Florence in 1833; and when the collection was offered for sale six years later, the effect of the scandal was so disastrous upon the prices that even the famous *Io,* which a few years earlier would easily have fetched a thousand pounds, was marked down to seventeen. The whole business of gem collecting was discredited; and with the loss of influential patronage, the profits of the counterfeiter at once fell off, and he soon abandoned a useless trade.

All this leads Mr. Osborne to give much sensible advice to amateur collectors, intended to protect them from the modern imitations which still flood the market. In the first place, he points out that the genuine antique signet was with few exceptions intended for a finger ring, and hence was never of large size. Secondly, the difficulty of cutting the harder stones led to the almost universal use of the softer stones, chalcedony, sard, onyx, etc. The diamond and ruby never occur in any authenticated stone; while the sapphire and amethyst are so rare that the wary collector looks askance at all such specimens; and, although the emerald or *smaragdus* is frequently mentioned by Pliny and other ancient writers among the gems used for signets, it is an open question whether in many cases the classic name *smaragdus* does not designate some other of the numerous semi-precious stones of a green hue. Furthermore, it is a safe rule for the novice to limit his purchases to comparatively low-priced specimens, say from five to six dollars. A little industry in hunting among the curio dealers of Europe will bring him abundant treasures, even at these modest rates; and he may assure himself that in all probability they are authentic, since the cost of labor obliges the modern imitator to place a higher price on his wares. That the industry of counterfeiting is still kept up on a small scale, and that all sorts of curiously ingenious tricks are resorted to, to entrap the unwary, appears from several incidents recorded by Mr. Osborne. He cites, for instance, the case of a lot of ancient unengraved scarabs, found in Cyprus, that were promptly bought up by some dealers, who had them engraved by clever workmen, with a skill amply calculated to deceive even the experienced collector, and subsequently scattered broadcast over Europe. "I know but one forger in Constantinople," he writes further, "a Greek who is reputed to make occasional trips to Asia Minor, where in exchange for genuine finds, he distributes his own work among peasants who bury it, to be dug up for the delectation of missionaries and tourists." Among the many tricks practised by experts to give the worn effect peculiar to the true antique, he mentions the not uncommon practice of forcing the gems down the throat of a turkey, in order to subject them to the slow grinding action of the gizzard. As for the inevitable

mistakes that the beginner is sure to make, Mr. Osborne advises him to set it down as valuable experience, well worth the price. Furthermore, a few modern specimens are worth having, for the sake of comparative study. And in this connection, he mentions that any collector wishing to possess one or more of the famous Poniatowski frauds can do so for a very modest sum, since a large residue of that collection was placed on sale some years ago in New York City, for the benefit of a certain charitable organisation, and those still unsold may be had at the offices of the society in question.

The foregoing review, however, barely skims the surface of a work that obviously represents the patient and affectionate industry of years. The more serious side of the volume deals with an exhaustive examination of the various kinds of stone used at successive periods by Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Oriental races; the favourite themes, the artists, so far as it is possible to identify them; and the minute details of craftsmanship by which the different periods may be distinguished with reasonable certainty. A number of carefully executed plates, showing representative specimens throughout the entire history of intaglio cutting, suitably rounds out a volume that sheds such a halo of romance over this almost lost art that it will in all probability add numerous recruits to the ranks of collectors of engraved gems.

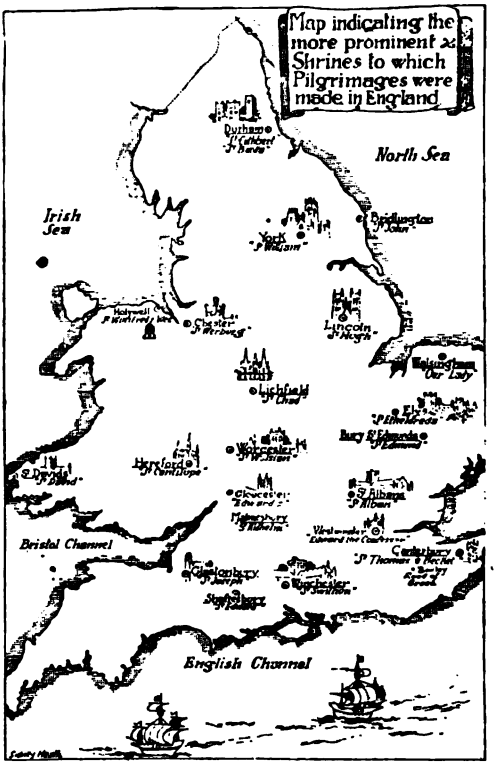
Forbes Turner Colton.

VI-VII

Mr. Sidney Heath's "Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages"*

Mr. W. J. Laurence's "The Elizabethan Playhouse and Other Studies"†

Both of these books seek to vivify a dead and gone practice. But in presenting to you the fruits of their research, the former seeks to entertain as well as to instruct; in consequence, what it says is really alive and memorable. The other —showing a more trained and constructive scholarship, though not a wider or more digested reading—is prepared for enlightenment alone. To read the two together is to be impressed once again with the importunate academic disposition to obscure achievement with dulness. "Dry and barren," says Mr. Heath, "are the acres given over to the culture of nothing but proven facts." The student has only himself to thank that this



should be the general opinion. Though he can have nought to do with the merely romantic and legendary, yet—unless he works for the benefit of other antiquaries merely—to make old facts alive again should be equally his endeavour.

Pilgrim Life is a delightful volume. "The idea of the Christian pilgrimage," says the author, "was that the deity exercised a more benevolent influence in some localities than in others." The pilgrim enjoyed, too, particular privileges of a temporal nature. Once the sacred cross was sewn upon him he was above all law

*Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages. By Sidney Heath. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

†The Elizabethan Playhouse and Other Studies. By W. J. Laurence. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

save the ecclesiastical. The result was that a pilgrimage was particularly attractive to proscribed criminals and hunted debtors. Also, the old-time pilgrimage was touring and sight-seeing at its best, and thus almost anything proved excuse enough for me. But though an outlet for the *wanderlust,* the church did its best to convert pilgrimage and vagrancy into a regular and honourable profession. With more than a sprinkling of both criminal and pleasure-loving elements, however, it is easy to see that when pilgrimage became the fashion scrip and staff were as frequently assumed for the purpose of committing new sins as doing penance for the old ones. Even if they prayed very hard at the end of the journey, they had a good time on the way.

There was no scarcity of holy relics for them to visit; and all of the relics had by Papal decree the divine gift of self-perpetuation and even self-multiplication. "In the shrine you speak of," said a monk once to a sceptical pilgrim, "is the skull of Saint John when a young man; whereas this in our possession is his skull after fully advanced in years and wisdom." Really astounding is the value the clergy put upon relics, and to secure them no efforts were considered too great and no means too low. Fake relics drove a thriving business, for if the real could not be procured an imitation was infinitely better than none at all. Monasteries proudly exhibited the plume of a phœnix, the tip of Lucifer's tail, the marks on Cain's forehead, a glass containing some of Christ's breath. Yet who can doubt that holy relics proved the inspiration of much that is noblest in ecclesiastical architecture? If science has killed the belief in the efficacy of relics, it has also scotched the great driving force behind the marvellous achievement of mediæval building wherein every stone was a paternoster and each delicate carving an Ave Maria.

The researches of Mr. Laurence in the well-swept field of the Elizabethan playhouse are for the most part in the way of confirming what was already known. But his examination of Lyly's plays in the light of the Court stage they were written for rather than the public playhouses where the other plays of the period were performed, is illuminating. As any new book on such a subject must, it is the smaller details with which he concerns himself. The performance in the popular houses could hardly be prolonged over two hours except in summer, and consequently time had to be rigidly economised there. Action became well-nigh continuous, and act-divisions were indicated rather than realised. Yet intervals of time even at the large houses might be marked off in some way. But at the semi-private roofed houses they played by candlelight, and the performance was about three hours long; and here brief instrumental music might mark intervals of time even between scenes. The stages of the later Elizabethan theatres had several traps, and sometimes they were all in use at once. Consequently the stool-holders on the stage could not have sat about promiscuously. Realism was always attempted in the imitation of natural phenomena. Thunder, lightning, rain, mists, blazing stars, the song of birds, were all presented. Title-boards were often shown upon the stage to indicate the play, for the absence of programmes made it necessary to inform the casual playgoer what play was about to be given. Bills were posted all over the city, it is true, but many came to the Bankside houses attracted at the last moment by the raising of the flag or the preliminary trumpet blasts. There is slender evidence, however, for the use of locality-boards. Besides these details, there are many of interest to the more specialised student of Elizabethan drama.

Ashford Torrey.

VIII

F. Weitenkampf's "American Graphic Art"*

It is a curious fact that, as Mr. Weitenkampf remarks in his "Word of Explanation," while "the history of American painting and sculpture has been written more than once in recent years," the only connected and comprehensive account of the reproductive graphic arts in

*American Graphic Art. By F. Weitenkampf. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

this country has been given in German. When, at the end of the last century, the *Gesellschaft für Vervielfältigende Kunst*, of Vienna, issued its four-volume record of "contemporary reproductive art," the American section was entrusted to the late S. R. Koehler for etching and wood-engraving, and to Mr. Weitenkampf himself for lithography. Even this record was incomplete, however, for it took no account of the beginnings of these arts in America, before 1800; while to-day there is much to add to their later history, as the last decade has been particularly fruitful in the revival of all three media as means of individual artistic expression. Hence there is a distinct place for Mr. Weitenkampf's book, which is an invaluable repository of facts, most conveniently arranged, and will hereafter be found indispensable for all who essay to write, historically or critically, on the same subject or any aspect of it.

In his division of the contents of his volume, Mr. Weitenkampf has allotted two chapters to etching, three to wood-engraving, two to engraving in line and stipple, and one each to mezzotint, aquatint and its congeners, lithography, the illustrators, caricature, the comic paper, the book-plate, and applied graphic art from "business card to poster." Some chapters, under this plan of treatment, are almost entirely historical, like those dealing with line, stipple, and mezzotint engraving, though the first mentioned still has, of course, its commercial uses, and is also employed to some extent in the execution of book-plates and other special work where the engraver is often the designer as well. This is the case with Mr. S. L. Smith, perhaps the best-known practitioner of this nearly obsolete art, which is the less likely to be revived for the reason given by Mr. Weitenkampf, that "the greater difficulty in handling the graver . . . keeps artists from adopting it as a means of original expression as they do the needle or the lithographic crayon." And in this day of process work any method that does not lend itself readily to such expressive purposes is doomed. Whereas, on the other hand, there never was a time so favourable as the present for the resurrection or invention of methods that tend to enhance and accentuate the individuality of the artistic experimenter.

Probably the chapters to which the general reader, as well as the reader closely associated with the graphic arts of to-day on the practical side, will first turn are those, toward the end of the book, on illustration, caricature, and the comic paper. In a way, all these are phases of the one subject—the use of process work in contemporary periodical literature: the monthly or weekly magazine, and the newspaper. And here the author's grouping of contemporary names and his appraisal, however brief and summary, of contemporary talents, will naturally lead to more or less discussion and even cause some dissent. On the whole, however, Mr. Weitenkampf has done his work very well. Certainly it cannot be said that he is lacking in sympathy with the aims of modern illustrators, cartoonists, and advertising draughtsmen —even when their aims are largely commercial—or that he is slow to recognise evidences of genuine talent when it appears in their work. At the same time, though his attitude is marked by an amiable tolerance toward all sorts of pictorial phenomena, he does not allow his good nature to dull his faculty of discrimination, or to blind either himself or his reader to the need of critical standards in this very democratic department of modern American art. His feeling is, on the whole, optimistic, and he notes in general a higher level of technical ability and resourcefulness than has been attained before. And yet he has a grave and wise word to say on the tendency of our illustration "to parade cleverness in place of thoroughness, to dazzle the eye by a display of glittering superficiality."

Of course, omissions are inevitable, but one could wish that just here he had seized the opportunity to indicate the growth of a new spirit of thoroughness in at least one important field, by drawing attention to the work of such a man as Walter Jack Duncan, who, for some time, has been endeavouring, with true scholarly application, to give a sounder basis and a broader extension to the sadly debased art of pen-and-ink. Indeed, pen-and-ink, whose possibilities, properly developed, would render it by

all means the best and most logical method for general illustration, is rather neglected by Mr. Weitenkampf, or receives from him merely incidental consideration. It is, of course, perfectly true that the modern perfection of mechanical processes has come to make it a matter of small importance from the purely reproductive point of view, how an artist executes his drawing, with the result, as he points out, that the old lines of demarcation between illustrator and illustrator have become largely obliterated. But the fact, nevertheless, remains that there is to-day one style pre-eminently suited to illustrative needs, and this is pen-and-ink. It reproduces more accurately and has a purer typographic quality than any other style; and while clearly it cannot compete with wash, for instance, in representative fulness, and range of tonal effect, still enough of these qualities can be compassed with skill, patience, and practice, to create a satisfactory illusion of reality; while whatever is wanting in sheer literalness is more than compensated for by the suggestive charm of this method.

At present there is little pen-and-ink used except in figure work, where Mr. Charles Dana Gibson has established a sort of convention for all imitators. Departing from this, in the attempt to create more of a background or a fuller effect of atmosphere, these generally fail through a defective understanding of a medium which they have acquired, as it were, ready-made. And this is the trouble with pen-and-ink, the real reason why its manifold advantages have been turned to so little account of late, but have been allowed to go to seed in the single figure and in the quick sketch transferred with little essential change from the newspaper and comic weekly to the magazine and even the book. It is hard to become a first-rate pen-and-ink artist. The process requires close study and long preliminary practice, during the early stages of which the work of the artist is likely to appear somewhat hard and "tight," and therefore unpleasing to art editors who, for the most part, encourage cleverness rather than sound methods of procedure. And even after the pen-draughtsman has attained a certain position and a certain measure of success, he still finds that he runs the risk of putting more work into his drawings than he is likely to be paid for. This was the reason assigned by one of the most accomplished and conscientious men in this field—Mr. Frederic Gruger—for abandoning pen-and-ink entirely and taking up wash. A word on this subject from Mr. Weitenkampf, where he had so excellent an opportunity, would have been of considerable service in the effort which is here and there being made to-day to bring about a return to saner standards in the art of American illustration, and to secure a better position for the individual illustrator as artist.

Cleveland Palmer.

IX

Dr. William H. Allen's "Modern Philanthropy"*

"The mouth of a gift-horse," says Dr. Allen, "may spread glanders or cholera." Thus whether the princely giving of Americans is a national resource or national drain is a matter of momentous concern. The science of giving is absolutely undeveloped, and there has been very little effort to discover the laws of its effectiveness. As Americans will in the next ten years give away twenty-four billions of money, any book which seeks to discuss this question intelligently is of the utmost value. This book consists of a tabulation of five thousand begging letters received by Mrs. Harriman and the conclusions based thereon by the author.

Made possible by so unique an opportunity and so eminently worth doing in itself, it is unfortunate that the book should not have been better organised. Chaotic in spite of much paraphernalia of orderliness, it often fails even to be clear. The reader, too, is wearied and confused with merely documentary detail from which no conclusions can be drawn. But it would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the material here presented, both in the way of the letters and the deductions from them.

The former, as Mrs. Harriman writes in a simple and sincere foreword, throw new light upon time-worn customs and

*Modern Philanthropy. By William H. Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

ideas; and show that unless man gives systematically as well as sympathetically, his gifts will fail to benefit receiver or giver, or any one else. Furthermore, they show that charities of many sorts must be considered from the point of view of government responsibility rather than individual bounty. Health work, for instance, passed long ago beyond the possibilities of private philanthropies. The rich man's mail demonstrates that modern sanitary regulations are widely unknown, and the enforcement of them would be of more value than the endowment of private laboratories for researching the diseases which still remain unconquered. Indeed, nothing needs scientific researching more than the vast sums now spent privately in acquiring disserviceable facts rather than in finding out how to use more efficiently the facts already known. Besides, to give away money on the basis of investigation, thoughtful inquiry, and clear vision of results and alternatives, is a task beyond the capacity of the individual. In the business of giving away money wisely all government agencies must be harnessed.

As might be expected, a book containing references to five thousand begging letters is warm and quick with human interest and humour. But Dr. Allen's own human interest and humour are exceptionally eager, and his observation owes less to its width of opportunity than to its keenness. He wonders, for instance, if the whole history of religion would not have been different had churches not blithely incurred debts they should have avoided. He wonders why charity organisations must be poor bookkeepers and poor truth-tellers—why people devoting their lives to social service should have so little natural and wholesome social spirit themselves—why people should think that Red Cross stamps are a substitute for a tuberculosis campaign—why organisations devote more time to exploiting old givers than to finding new ones—why it should be fancied that standardising tests for appeals and gifts should rob giving of its humanitarian qualities any more than standardising grammar robs writing of its individuality. Everybody, he says, overlooks the social cost of the time and energy withdrawn from the real work in order to raise money; and any arrangement to do away with this great waste is of incalculable value. Givers, too, have a right to full information as to the destination of all their money: few exposures of public men have been more uncomfortable and astounding than would be the publication of the facts of the use by religious and charitable organisations of money donated.

Particularly important and illuminating is the attention Dr. Allen bestows upon sentimentality in giving. Just as studying and eradicating tropical diseases is no nobler in the name of abstract science than of business houses whose dividends will grow as these diseases are eradicated, so philanthropic enterprises are not diluted because they are combined with commerce. What some people urge for philanthropic reasons, others urge for business reasons; and we can never be sure of clean milk until somebody finds out that it pays. Similarly, Dr. Allen has no tolerance for the vagrant giver. When the president of a billion dollar corporation gives one thousand dollars after one look at the bread line, he is just as much of a vagrant giver as anybody in that line is a vagrant beggar. Much good may proceed from the former just as much good may reside in the latter, but to give without knowing results harms giver and beggar and the neighbours of both. Efforts to abolish vagrant begging have been largely ineffective, because we have not attacked the vagrant giving. Ill-considered giving to organisations is just as harmful and reprehensible as street-giving. The best way to convert the vagrant giver is to confront him with so many attractive alternatives that he will have more satisfactory ways of spending his money than on people he knows nothing about and for stories he has not tested. No benevolent cause should be at the mercy of the accidental interplay of personal equations, especially as the experience of generations proves that success in collecting money has almost no relation to the soundness of the cause or the ability to present the facts of the situation.

Graham Berry.

DAWN ON THE BOOKSHELF

Children's Books of 1912—In Two Parts—Part I

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



IT used to be a horn-book or sampler, with possibly a wood-engraving of some moral maxim turned to picture. But now! Now misty morn upon the mountain tops is not more radiant as to colour, more delicate in variety, nor does it more completely overlook the whole round world, than is and does the children's crowded bookshelf. The staid magnificence and necessary importance of the full day may not be here, but oh, the fun and frolic of the dawn, the fairy rings left shining in the dew-hung grass, the elfin music of the opening flowers!

The distracted parent, standing between a houseful of children on one side and a worldful of "juveniles" on the other, seeking harmonious combination of the two without too great an expenditure of time and money, may well sigh for the twilight before dawn, when choice was of the simplest. And the childless, turning over these gay and sumptuous volumes at the book-seller's, braving out their hapless state as best they may, can murmur at the extravagances of a spoiled generation, crying aloud that this beauty of type and binding, these exquisite illustrations and sweet imaginings are lost on "a lot of kids."

But are they? When, in all the years to come, is a new and lovely book, full of mystery and enchantment, peopled with the portraits of dwarfs and princesses such as an artist and a child are alone capable of conceiving, when is it or anything else received with so rapturous a welcome as on those early Christmases of candle-lighted tree and bulging stocking? No beauty, no true imagination, no fine development of Once Upon a Time was ever wasted on a child.

It is not the publishers' fault if any child is kept from his rightful inheritance of fairyland. Each season sees a rebirth of the classics in splendid new dress, of Hans Andersen, Laboulaye, Perrault, the Brothers Grimm and others of the noble company who have passed on after delighting the child world with stories unbelievably good. And sees, too, fresh wonder-tales and fairy doings quite as fascinating, work of new story-tellers on whom the ancient spell has fallen.

Half-a-dozen of Eugene Field's tenderest stories have been gathered into a charming volume under the title *Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse* (New York: Harper and Brothers). A fairy story is a story of a certain quality, not necessarily directly introducing the little people themselves, and this quality is strong in Field's work; a shimmer of fairy light pervades them. What could be more adorable than the story of the youth of Santa Claus, or the account of the Coming of the Prince? And the touching fancifulness of the tale of the little mauve mouse has been reached but seldom by any writer. As for Miss Florence Storer's picture of the mouse at its dance, that alone would make Christmas worth while; her illustrations both in colour and black and white go hand in hand with Field's own fancy, even touching on that hint of tears of which he was master, and that sets a last seal of beauty on a Christmas story.

Don wanted a brother for his Christmas present; a big one, with teeth and hair, capable of playing with garter snakes. Just what the gold-fish had to do with the matter is told by Julian Street in a deliciously amusing little story precisely the right length to read before bedtime (*The Goldfish.* By Julian Street. Illustrated by Eugenie Wireman. New York: John Lane Company). One does suspect the wicked cat, but, in spite of her, many a jolly chuckle rolls out of the book from the moment the covers are opened till you close them again.

Wonderland has many entrances, and Gertrude Knevels has discovered a new

one in *The Wonderful Bed* (illustrated by Emily Hall Chamberlain. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company). Once within, one meets such things as the Angry Warming Pan, and sails in the "Merry Mouser," with its crew of pirate cats; and this is only the beginning! Another amazing country has been found by L. Frank Baum, that bold pioneer in the land of Oz. This new place is *Sky Island* (illustrated by John R. Neill. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company), and the book that tells about it is so crowded with fun and pictures, with extraordinary adventures and even more extraordinary creatures, that the boy or girl who gets it will find a whole winter none too short for its enjoyment.

Children, like ourselves, form habits in their likings. That's why they delight in having the same story told over and over. Better yet, they love to have the same characters go on into new stories. The live dolls have long been favourites with them, and this year the things that happen, the gnomes and fairies they meet, the old nursery familiars with whom they mingle, make splendid reading. Mrs. Gates has the true story-telling gift, and no child is mistaken in her (*The Live Dolls in Wonderland.* By Josephine Scribner Gates. Illustrated by Virginia Keep. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company).

Think of an afternoon spent with the Lost Grocer! And then open Mr. Robinson's big fine book and take a look at him; there he is, delectable, with his adventures thick about him. And he is only an item in *Bill the Minder*. Bill himself, who is cousin-germain to *Peter Pan* and *Alice in Wonderland,* leading on undaunted from one marvel to another. Child or grownup, the book will fascinate you, text and illustrations intermingling into one long delicious fancy that would make the longest and wettest rainy day a blessing to the most restless (*Bill the Minder.* Written and illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. New York: Henry Holt and Company).

Two books that the harassed mother, with the plea, "Please tell me a story" ringing in her ears, will find to be treasures for her need, are *Story Telling Time* and *Behind Dark Pines.* The former is full of short tales on all sorts of subjects, from fairies to "true" stories, collected from many sources, and the latter is kin to Brer' Rabbit, being the tales of an old Southern mammy charmingly set down by one of her charges (*Story Telling Time.* Compiled by Frances Weld Danielson. Illustrated by Clara E. Atwood, F. Liley-Young and Nana French Bickford. New York: The Pilgrim Press. *Behind Dark Pines.* By Martha Young. Illustrated by J. M. Condé. New York: D. Appleton and Company).

Very perfect, but more for their elders than the untouched hearts of children, is Richard Le Gallienne's beautiful book, *The Maker of Rainbows* (illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green. New York: Harper and Brothers). In these stories the shadow of world-sadness mingles with the bright light of fancy, and into their fairy fabric is woven the darker thread bitterly spun from experience. The stories are as carefully wrought as the golden-filigree necklace of a queen, but daisy chains better become a child; keep this book for yourself; you will be glad of it, for the sake of Miss Green's exquisite pictures as well as for Le Gallienne's delicate art.

Close kin to the fairy are the folk stories, those lovely tales told while the world still seemed to man a fairyland and the dawn lay over all. John Harrington Cox has collected a number of these ancient explanations of the mystery and strangeness of life from many countries (*Folk Tales of East and West.* By John Harrington Cox. Boston: Little, Brown and Company). He retells these stories with something of the rare simplicity of diction that makes so greatly for the charm of the originals; and whether the source is old French or Dutch or Saxon, whether Chaucer or the Apocrypha supply the original tale, some flavour of their peculiar character remains. A few of these stories have never been put into print before, having come through the whispering ages by word of mouth.

As it happens, Mr. Cox did not go to Russia for any of his stories, but what of that when there is a whole volume of Russian *Skazki* in Post Wheeler's splendid collection (*Russian Wonder Tales.*

Collected and translated by Post Wheeler. Illustrated by Bilibin. New York: The Century Company). There is a wonderful quality to the Russian imagination, and this finds full expression in these stories, told through the generations by peasant to peasant in their snowbound huts, and by nurses to their charges in the palaces of the aristocrats. The pictures in colour by Bilibin are remarkably beautiful; his work in this direction has made him famous all over Russia.

From the north comes another book of folk stories. From Finnish runes and sagas, from adventures of many kinds, told and sung of in the long, monotonous metre that somehow fitted with the interminable winter, Mr. Baldwin has woven his tale of *The Sampo* (*The Sampo*. By James Baldwin. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). Heroes and fairies, witches and mermaids, with adventures bold and gay and manly, make the book a treat from cover to cover. Mr. Baldwin has not hesitated to let his own fancy embroider where it would upon the ancient imaginings; but the warp and woof is Norse.

The Old Testament contains some of the great wonder stories of the world, and these Dean Hodges has been retelling for young people in a fine prose, and with intense recognition of the romance and colour, as well as the deep humanity, of the episodes (*The Castle of Zion*. By George Hodges. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company). The splendour and mightiness of the original has been retained, while much that might weary a child has been left out.

The step from fairies and magicians to knights and round tables is easily taken by children; it is a step, moreover, that often opens for them the gate of history. Not a boy but has longed for the age of chivalry and wished to win his spurs in a suit of armour. Mr. Holland has managed to get at least one such boy back where he longed to be, something in the fashion of Kipling's *Puck o' Pook's Hill*. An amulet of jade is this lad's *vade mecum*. By its means he steps right into a circle of knights, and goes forth turn about with each one of them after adventure; he finds it in plenty, meeting in the course of it with Lancelot, Arthur, Robin Hood and many another gallant of the days gone by. It is a book to set a boy's heart dancing (*The Knights of the Golden Spur*. By Rupert Hughes Holland. Illustrated by Reginald Birch. New York: The Century Company).

Speaking of Robin Hood, we have him too in a fine new dress fashioned by Louis Rhead (*Bold Robin Hood and His Outlaw Band*. Text and pictures by Louis Rhead. New York: Harper and Brothers). Mr. Rhead has gone straight to the old ballads for his matter, and has kept his prose to their straightforward, simple style; kept, too, the hero worship, the outdoor spirit, the gallant, boy-like heart that dominates the story of bold Robin. There will be tears shed over the last page, where Robin dies, and speaks his brave words at dying; but who would want to miss such tears from his life?

Swift did not write his masterpiece for children. It is the children who have inherited it, however, taking sometime or other the joyous journeys to Lilliput and Brobdingnag and the land of Houyhnhnms with the intrepid Gulliver. Two editions, each full of good pictures—and no story ever better lent itself to an artist's fancy—are waiting for admiration Christmas morning (*Gulliver's Travels*. Edited by Anna Tweed. Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. *Gulliver's Voyages*. By Jonathan Swift. Illustrated by P. A. Staynes. New York: Henry Holt and Company).

Before story-telling time the picture season opens, but it lasts right on through, and is never entirely outgrown. Cecil Alden's delectable drawings of energetic pups, so alive you can almost hear them bark, belong to everybody, old and young, though ostensibly created for little folk who cannot spell as yet. To be sure, there is a story running along beside the dogs in a kind of jovial verse that looks like prose and really is neither, but the pictures are quite capable of telling everything without assistance. He has two new books this season (*Merry and Bright* and *TheMongrel Puppy Book*. By Cecil Alden. New York: Hodder and Stoughton).

Rose O'Neill did a happy thing for picture land when she discovered the Kewpies and drew their portraits in a nice big book, telling, too, of their many delightful doings in a kind of Brownie verse. They are a bewitching little people, and certainly most à propos in their appearances, always proceeding to make things hum for Dottie just when the world looks bluest (*The Kewpies and Dottie Darling.* Verse and pictures by Rose O'Neill. New York: George H. Doran Company).

Another queer people of the picture world is the race of Peek-a-Boos, so magnificently drawn and coloured on huge oblong pages, and so occupied with delightful amusements, including the driving of the donkiest of donkeys and the eating of the most delicious-looking plumcake with their tea (*The Peek-a-Boos at Play.* By Chloë Preston. New York: Hodder and Stoughton).

With his *Bullet Book* Peter Newell struck something new, and this year's *Rocket Book* (New York: Harper and Brothers) is fully as amusing, with one astonished group after another pictured as the raging rocket flies up from the basement, where the janitor's "bad kid" set it off, through each flat above, working hideous damage in its course. Then it is so nice to be able to stick a little finger through the real hole left by the rocket—let them all do it, baby too.

As a finish to all these odd pictures and fanciful actions, there is a huge book full of the loveliest drawings in the most delicate colouring of many baby beasts (*The Book of Baby Beasts.* Pictures by E. J. Detmold. Description by Florence Dugdale. New York: Hodder and Stoughton). In truth to life and beauty of tint and line, these pictures suggest Japanese art, and it seems a pity to shut them within the covers of a book, even one so sumptuously beautiful as this. The child who gets this book must be a very good child indeed. It cannot be smudged up like the *Peek-a-Boos* or the *Kewpies*, for instance. But, then, beauty is often said to be a trial to its owner!

One wonders how Jessie Wilcox Smith has so long kept from making illustrations for that old favourite, "The Night Before Christmas," and all the more now that she has made them (*'Twas the Night Before Christmas.* By Clement C. Moore. Boston: Hougton Mifflin Company). The poem really seems almost to have turned into pictures under her hands. On the other hand, there appears to be no earthly reason for rewriting the poems of Longfellow in prose, pictures or no pictures. Surely there is nothing too obscure in his flowing verse for childhood's comprehension (*The Children's Longfellow.* Stories from the Poet's Works told by Alice Massey. Illustrated by E. S. Farmer. New York: Hodder and Stoughton).

One is glad, however, to see a reprint of that quaint little story, *Mrs. Leicester's School,* with its faint, delightful old English flavour, its old-fashioned youth. The illustrations, in Kate Greenaway style, are thoroughly appropriate, and it comes into the hurlyburly of our life today like the sweet tinkling of a spinet (*Mrs. Leicester's School.* By Charles and Mary Lamb. Illustrated by Winifred Green. London: J. M. Dent and Company).

Another story good to have with us is Arthur Sherburne Hardy's touchingly lovely *Aurélie,* told so delightfully by the wooden soldier to Antoine. Miss Green has made some perfect pictures to go with the text. Perhaps it is not precisely a children's story, yet children will love it, and in its present form it makes a particularly charming present (*Aurélie.* By Arthur Shelburne Hardy. Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green. New York: Harper and Brothers).

A handful of stories for children of any age, stories that concern actual childhood, and that are told with much feeling and skill, each in a book of its own, may fit in nicely at the end of our folk and fairy, and adventure of knight and magician article. One of these tells about a little tenement girl who sails away with her mother to an imaginary garden where nice and wonderful things happen to her; a garden that presently ceases to be imaginary (*Princess Rags and Tatters.* By Harriet T. Comstock. Illustrated by E. R. Lee Thaver. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company). And another is the story of two little Maine children who spend a city Christ-

mas with some friends, and find it a great deal of fun (*Their City Christmas.* By Abbie Farwell Brown. Illustrated by Sears Gallagher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company). Then comes a fascinating Norwegian boy every child will be the better and jollier for knowing, and whom countless little boys and girls in Norway do know well (*Johnny Blossom.* By Dikken Zwilgmeyer. Translated by Emilie Poulsson. Illustrated by F. Liley-Young. New York: The Pilgrim Press). Quite another sort of boy, but mighty taking all the same, appears in James Otis's stories of several newsboys who live in New York, and who have a number of adventures, and finally the great adventure of becoming prosperous (*Wanted, and Other Stories.* By James Otis. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers).

Stevenson's Vailima prayers have become classics. One doubts the same of this collection of prayers for children, in the form of verse; but they are pretty and simple, and many people are going to like them (*Prayers for Little Men and Women.* By "John Martin." Illustrated by John Rae. New York: Harper and Brothers).

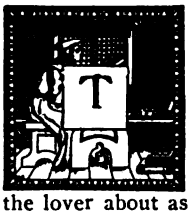
A combination book and game is to be found in Wells's *Floor Games,* where a number of lovely games that must be played on a floor are carefully described and enthusiastically advocated. It is a good book, and children will like it, and like the games (*Floor Games.* By H. G. Wells. Illustrated with photographs by the author and marginal drawings by J. R. Sinclair. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company).

And now forward to books for boys and girls who have got past the fairy-tale age, and want stories that tell lives and doings like their own. School stories and Western stories, tales from history and biography, travels on real seas and through authentic countries. They will come back to the fairy stories some day; but these actual tales are good for them when they begin to tackle the realities, and to rub up against other boys and girls.

(*To be concluded*)

A BUDGET OF NOVELS*

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.



THE veteran dramatic critic, William Winter, once had occasion, in the course of a note concerning some drama, the name of which is forgotten, to speak of a young actor who played the part of the lover about as badly as it could be played. He said of him: "This young man exhibited every attribute of a poker except its occasional warmth." Was the actor so crushed as never to show his face again behind the footlights? Not a bit of it. He took the implied advice to heart and made the poker glow so fiercely that his next venture was a success and the one after that even more so. He became known among his fellows as an actor who was all flame and fire if nothing else. The bitter draught was his salvation.

Something of the same transformation seems to have been the fate of the hero of Mrs. Burnham's story, *The Inner Flame,* which as a story is no better and no worse than many another of the long list of tales, most of them mildly interesting and assuredly full of good example, which have come from this prolific writer in the last twenty or thirty years. The hero with the splendid name of Philip Sidney sees nothing to admire in women for three-quarters of the book. He devotes himself

*The Inner Flame. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Meadowsweet. By Baroness Orczy. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

A Health Unto His Majesty. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Jingo. By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A Jewel of the Seas. By Jessie Kaufman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Seer. By Perley Poore Sheehan. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Red Button. By Will Irwin. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

As He Was Born. By Tom Gallon. New York: George H. Doran Company.

to Eliza, an old woman servant, by far Mrs. Burnham's best character, and strokes his cat with contentment almost to the last. But the stalwart young giant who is shown in the frontispiece breathing defiance to the world of society and listening to the call of Art is evidently made for something exciting, and before all is over he is wildly in love with the beautiful Kathleen and forgets all about his elderly slave and her cat. One of the characters tells us about an old coloured mammy who deplored the failure of her dear but mature mistress to marry. She said to her consolingly: "Never mind, honey, I'se known some old maids who settled down right happy and contented when they stopped strugglin'." When Philip Sidney stopped "strugglin'" against the net that the lovely Kathleen drew about him all was well with both of them. There is nothing in *The Inner Flame* to cause an outward conflagration, no questionable conduct upon the part of any one, no problems that need keep any one awake past midnight. It is a safe story for young people, which is more than can be said of all stories about the imperious call of Art, and it is pleasantly told.

For instance, one of the next books in the list, Baroness Orczy's *Meadowsweet,* has at least one character who ought to have been ashamed of herself. This is the beautiful Lady Jeffries, a lady who, though the adored wife of an honest baronet, allows herself to fall in love with a dashing young naval officer who cares nothing for her. Moreover, when the officer becomes madly enamoured of her ladyship's sister, a girl with the forbidding name of Boadicea, but a jewel for all that, and she returns his love, Lady Jeffries tries her best by lies and other devices to keep the pair forever apart and almost succeeds. Luckily there are plenty of decent folk in the story to help make Lady Jeffries all the blacker. There is a nice old man, Uncle Jasper, usually to be found perched upon the top of a step-ladder in his library studying a book on beetles and who never ventures away from home without a book or a beetle for consultation. There is Cousin Barnaby, a good study of the selfish man who demands ten times the attention and comforts he deserves and gets them; there is Aunt Caroline, who goes through the book wondering why she ever married her husband and is unkind enough to ask the poor man to enlighten her. If there is villainy, there is also some picturesque love-making described with success.

Love-making and lots of it, also with a background of some rascality, makes up the gist of Mr. McCarthy's *A Health Unto His Majesty,* a rattling good tale that is so much like Mr. Charles Major's romances in subject and treatment that one has to look now and then at the title-page to be sure that the author does not hail from Indiana. Curiously enough, Mr. McCarthy's book is about Charles II and Mr. Major's lost romance, *The Touchstone of Fortune,* had also that frivolous personage as protagonist. Mr. McCarthy takes Charles when he was a king of shreds and patches, a penniless outcast in Holland after his defeat by Cromwell. He still has a handful of retainers who live with their prince in a garret and dream of their reward if Charles Stuart ever comes to the throne. To the garret come a brave Englishman, Colonel Lane, and his pretty sister, Jane, who had helped Charles escape from England after his defeat and had fallen in love with him. It is Jane who devises the plot by which the Puritan, General Monk, is enlisted in the royal service, the upshot being the recall of Charles to the English throne. And it is Jane who, when Charles offers to forfeit the throne for her sake, pretends to play him false in order that he may for the time being forget all about pretty faces and apply himself to the stern task of winning a crown. Jane has her reward in seeing her hero upon the throne. If she lived long enough to witness the sad mess that Charles Stuart made of it during the next twenty-five years, she may have seen the folly of her sacrifice.

It may sound ungracious, but one cannot read *The Jingo,* or at least the present reviewer cannot, without the feeling that the many admirers of Mr. Chester's popular tales will deem themselves defrauded. If Mr. Chester can do anything, it is to give us the atmosphere of to-day, as he himself would say, "right off the bat," if that is the proper slang for it. His characters have always been so very modern that they expressed themselves in the slang not of to-day but of to-morrow. Old-fashioned people who happened by mistake to get hold of one of Mr. Chester's books might find its slang as incomprehensible as the expert newspaper reports of the last baseball game are to some of us to-day. His slang being ultra-modern, so were his people. They were all men and women, most of them young, who lived at a rapid pace in the liveliest place they could find. Such being the case, what will his readers say upon opening *The Jingo,* the scene

of which is laid in the mythical island of Isola? To this island, nowhere on the map, comes a young American named Jimmy Smith, thrown there by shipwreck, the only outsider who ever reached the shores of Isola alive. He is found and nursed back to life by the lovely princess Bezzanna, whom Jimmy soon learns to call Betsy-Ann. The people of Isola are idealists of prehistoric calibre. Jimmy teaches them the beauties of such modern things as trousers, electricity, sewing machines, soap, matches, and especially American slang, which he describes to them as the modern improvement upon a dead language known as English. There was peace and prosperity on Isola before Jimmy came to bring such things as stock speculation and panics. It takes Jimmy nearly four hundred pages to demoralise Isola and Betsy-Ann. Forty pages of such fantastic fooling might prove mildly amusing, but four hundred! . . .

Miss Jessie Kaufman's first long story, *A Jewel of the Seas,* has a capital background in Hawaii, a country she knows and loves. As a story this is a slight affair, but the characters have vitality and they talk well. One of these characters is once asked if it is better to have half a pie or an imagination and decides in favor of the pie. Miss Kaufman evidently was not of this opinion, and chose an imagination. Nothing less than an imagination could have made her kill a rival after the manner described on page 207. The man found his sweetheart sitting under a cocoanut tree with the hated rival. He whipped out his pistol, but nstead of shooting the man, he shot into the tree above him. It was at least ninety feet high, but so accurate was his aim that the nut he brought down hit his victim on the head, killing him instantly. The lover was acquitted: a verdict of accidental death was returned. There is an arch rascal in *The Jewel of the Seas,* a splendid gambler who sails the seas in a luxurious yacht used for swindling purposes. Assisted by a former vaudeville actress of beauty and charm the gambler hoodwinks the simple folk of the island, who swallow his tales of royalty with amazing appetite and sails away with his plunder.

Mr. Perley Poore Sheehan must have been reading Hauptmann's *The Fool in Christ* when he conceived *The Seer.* There is the same sort of atmosphere with, unfortunately, less of the Silesian dramatist's gift of evoking the poetry of fanaticism. The story is told by a young book-agent who in a Southern town meets a wandering revivalist in whom he sees vast possibilities for good. This man, the Seer, is a child of nature with a great heart and one idea—to uplift his fellows. Beginning with a circus tent to which the outcasts of the town are invited, the movement spreads until a new city known as Joytown arises. The Seer's creed is not that of the churches. He denounces all belief in hell. Kindness and Hope are his watchwords. He accomplishes miracles of regeneration and even cures the sick of their ills. Like many saints before him, he suffers martyrdom as his reward for a life of self-sacrifice. Mr. Sheehan just misses having written a big book. The theme is tremendous, many of the episodes are described with power, and the figure of the mystic Seer stands out well. It is a sincere attempt to accomplish something beyond the reach of most men.

The Red Button, by Will Irwin, is a detective story as good as a score of others, all turned out apparently on one model, that have delighted or bored readers in the last few years. This particular red button is found upon a fire-escape outside the window of a room in which a murder has been committed. On the floor above lives a South American woman, an invalid of beauty and mystery. She minds her own business, but she wears shoes with red buttons, and the detective who finds the button on the fire-escape soon discovers that it originally belonged to one of this lady's shoes. All of which goes to show that when you go to murder a gentleman on the floor below, be sure that the buttons on your shoes are sewed on tight.

An amusing little story, cleverly told, is Tom Gallon's *As He Was Born.* The hero, Felix Delany, is a young fellow of convivial habits engaged in getting rid as fast as he can of a small fortune. One evening at a noisy supper that Felix is giving to a lot of boon companions an old gentleman appears. The roysterers think that he has wandered into the house by mistake. They treat him with indignity, toss away his hat and compel him to dance for them. As he leaves his tormentors he announces that he is Felix's uncle and that he will be heard of later. When Felix gets to the end of his rope it is too late to apply to the rich uncle he never saw but on this unfortunate occasion. He is bankrupt, his creditors are legion, the girl he was going to marry breaks the engagement. Felix goes home and takes out a pistol to end it all. A ring at the door ushers in a visitor who announces that the uncle is dead and has left millions to Felix.

But there is a queer condition. He must consent to be left at midnight in the woods on the outskirts of the town in which the uncle lived sometime within a month after the old gentleman's death. And he must be left there without a stitch of clothing—as he was born. Moreover, he must stay in that town for a month without telling his story to any one. At the end of that time he is to meet the executor at the same time and place to receive his clothes and his inheritance.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Melting of Mollie. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
2. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturges & Walton.) $3.00.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.35.
2. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
5. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Hoosac Valley. Niles. (Putnam.) $3.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Red Cross Girl. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Honeymoon. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

4. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Motor Boys After a Fortune. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. A Prisoner of War in Virginia. Putnam. (Putnam.) $1.00.
4. Illustrious Dames of the Court of the Valois Kings. Sainte-Beuve. (Lamb.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Melting of Molly. Davies. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper) $1.30.
2. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. London Lavender. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. Priscilla's Spies. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
4. Letters of George Meredith. 2 vols. (Scribner.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. The Boy's Parkman. Hasbrouck. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. Campus Days. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
3. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
4. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. The Three Brontës. Sinclair. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
4. The Letters of George Meredith. (Scribner.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Camp at Sea Duck Cove. Clark. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Roger Paulding, Gunner's Mate. Beach. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. Patty's Butterfly Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Forest. Noye. (Ullrich.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Harvester. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Mountain Divide. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.25.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Destroying Angel. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Brute. Kummer. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. The Red Cross Girl. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Midlanders. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Hamlet Problem. Venable. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
2. Soul and Sex in Education. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
3. Mind Cure and Other Essays. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
4. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Texan Star. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Inner Flame. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The American Government. Haskin. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. The Terrible Meek. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Milestones. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.
4. The Coming Generation. Forbush. (Appleton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Twinkle and Chubbins. Bancroft. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. Chronicles of the Little Tot. Cooke. (Dodge.) $1.20.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Drama of Love and Death. Carpenter. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
3. Both Sides of the Shield. Butt. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts on Bob's Hill. Burton. (Holt.) $1.25.
2. The West Point Series. Malone. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. The Roger Paulding Series. Beach. (Penn.) $1.20.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Fiction

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Penny Philanthropist. Laughlin. (Revell.) $1.00.
5. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

Juveniles

1. Uncle Peter: Heathen. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.25.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Pluck on the Long Trail. Sabin. (Crowell.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Smoke Bellew. London. (Century Co.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Drama of Love and Death. Carpenter. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
2. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
4. Retrospection. Bancroft. (Bancroft.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Boy Electricians as Detectives. Houston. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. Four Corners in Japan. Blanchard. (Jacobs.) $1.50.
3. Tell Me a True Story. Stewart. (Revell.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Master of the Oak. Stanley. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Art of the Musician. Hanchett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Honeymoon. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Story of the Iliad. Church. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pinocchio. Collodi. (Ginn.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Golightlys. North. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. The Lady Doc. Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art. 2 vols. Fenollosa. (Stokes.) $10.00.
2. The Day of the Saxon. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
3. Milestones. Bennett and Knoblauch. (Doran.) $1.00.
4. The Next Religion. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

Juveniles

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Fiction

1. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. Officer 666. Currie and McHugh. (Fly.) $1.25.
4. The Inner Flame. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

5. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. A Man's World. Edwards. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.
5. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Montessori System. Smith. (Harper.) 60 cents.
3. Love's Coming of Age. Carpenter. (Kennerley.) $1.00.
4. Plays. Tchekoff. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Mr. Achilles. Lee. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.
5. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
3. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.
4. The Montessori System. Smith. (Harper.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Miss Billy's Decision. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. Live Dolls in Wonderland. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Inner Flame. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. Blue Anchor Inn. Morris. (Penn.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Yale Book of American Verse. Lounsbury. (Yale Univ. Press.) $2.25.
2. Anson Burlingame. Williams. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. The New Religion. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Red Cross Girl. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Master of the Inn. Herrick. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. A Hoosier Romance. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Mrs. Lancelot. Hewlett. (Century Co.) $1.35.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Barrack Ballads. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Pewee Clinton Plebe. Stevens. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. Lieut. Ralph Osborne. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.
3. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. Mrs. Eli. Olmstead. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. All the Year Round. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. Smoke Bellew. London. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
4. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. Caviare. Richards. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
6. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) $3.00.
4. The Flowing Road. Whitney. (Lippincott.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Master of the Oaks. Stanley. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Thy Rod and Thy Staff. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. The Boy's Parkman. Hasbrouck. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
4. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Outpost of Eternity. Hamilton. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Pennsylvania Business Law. Sullivan. (Winston.) $4.00.
2. Sexology. Walling. (Puritan Co.) $2.00.
3. Kent Hand Book. Kent. (Wiley.) $5.00.
4. Corporation Accounting and Auditing. Kenlon. (Burrows.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. Quarterback Reckless. Williams. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. The Aircraft Boy of Lakeport. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
2. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. Smoke Bellew. London. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Inner Flame. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, MAINE

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

6. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. Smoke Bellew. London. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. Officer 666. Currie and McHugh. (Fly.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Gill.) $1.50.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. Milestones. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Chatterbox, 1912. (Estes.) $1.25.
3. Flower Children. Gordon. (Volland.) $1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. Serena and Samantha. Hallett. (Sherman, French.) $1.25.
5. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
2. Historic Summer Haunts. Bullard. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
3. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
6. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Sanctuary. Peterson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Punky Dunks. (Volland.) $1.00.
2. Roger Paulding, Gunner's Mate. Beach. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. The Scout Master of Troop 5. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton. $1.40.
6. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Milestones. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
2. Boy Scouts of Eagle Patrol. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
3. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Wind Before Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
2. Drama of Love and Death. Carpenter. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. Polly of Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Junior Partner. Woolley. (Dutton.) $1.25.
6. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Honeymoon. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.
2. Culture of Personality. Randell. (Caldwell.) $1.50.
3. The Loss of the S. S. "Titanic." Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. South Africa. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
2. Patty's Butterfly Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery (Page.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. San Francisco. Purdy. (Elder.) $2.50.
2. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.
3. A California Troubadour. Urmy. (Robertson.) $2.00.
4. Testimony of the Suns. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Fairy Tales. Grimm. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) 60 cents.
3. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small.) $1.35.
4. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. Smoke Bellew. London. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art. Fenellosa. (Stokes.) $10.00.

JUVENILES

1. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. The Seashore Book. Smith. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. C Q: or In the Wireless House. Train. (Century Co.) $1.20.
6. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse & Hopkins.) $1.00.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Marcia of the Little Home. Blake. (Appleton.) $1.20.
3. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. Good Indian. Bower. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Sunshine Sketches. Leacock. (Bell & Cockburn.) $1.25.
4. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Henry Frowde.) $1.25.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.30.
6. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. (Herz Brothers.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
2. The Inner Flame. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. Blue Anchor Inn. Morris. (Penn.) $1.25.
5. My Lady's Garter. Futrelle. (Rand & McNally.) $1.35.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Literary Hearthstones of Dixie. Pickett. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Lessons in Truth. Gady. (Unity Tract Society.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Phoebe and Ernest and Cupid. Gillmore. (Holt.) $1.35.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
6. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
3. Historic Summer Haunts from Newport to Portland. Bullard. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Japanese Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on any list			receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30	281
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30	219
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30	210
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25	142
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner) $1.30	100
6. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40	65



The Man of Good Taste

instinctively chooses Oswego Serge

OSWEGO has a thoroughbred *look* and *feel* that appeal to you instantly. It is a Winter-weight serge, you know, 16 ounces of pure wool to the yard; as heavy a fabric as the average man cares to wear these days. Yet it has the smartness and graceful tailoring qualities that only a good serge possesses.



OSWEGO SERGE is stamped on the reverse of every yard. Look for this mark. Oswego Serge is London Shrunk, 55 in. wide, and comes in a beautiful shade of dark blue and in black.

Another splendid fabric of known quality for Winter wear is Washington 1789 Unfinished Worsted. It is pure wool, tailors well, has a beautiful surface and does not wear shiny. London shrunk, 56 to 58 in. wide.

Ask your tailor or clothier to show you OSWEGO SERGE and WASHINGTON 1789. They are featured by good custom tailors and may be found in high-grade ready-to-wear suits. If you cannot find them, send us check or money order for quantity required (3½ yards for man's suit), at $3.00 per yard for OSWEGO SERGE, and $3.25 for WASHINGTON 1789, and we shall see that you are supplied through regular channels, as we do not sell at retail.

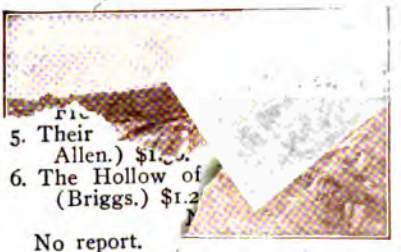
American Woolen Company

Wm. M. Wood, President.

Selling Agency: American Woolen Company of New York
American Woolen Bldg. 18th to 19th St. on
4th Ave., New York.

THE BURR PRINTING HOUSE, FRANKFORT AND JACOB STS., N. Y.

WOODROW WILSON and THE PANAMA CANAL



5. Their ... Allen.) $1.[illegible]
6. The Hollow of ... (Briggs.) $1.2[illegible]

No report.

No report ... in the foreign policy of ...ration will be the Colombian ... of Panama. The most candid ...ubject that has yet appeared is in

...MERICANS IN PANAMA"

1. The ...
2. Th... By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

...$1.35 *net*. *Postpaid* $1.47

...dition, this book covers the history of the ...n and French in Panama, sanitary control ...é Isthmus, a vivid portrayal step by step of ...nearly finished American canal, the controversy ...h England, and every other important phase ...ttractively bound and adequately illustrated. ...deal gift to a friend going to Panama this winter ... From any dealer or

THE STATLER PUBLISHING COMPANY
501 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY



"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged; **thoroughly seasoned.** Age improves flavor; adds **mildness; prevents** biting.

In the blend 7 **seven different tobaccos are** used.

Surbrug's "Arcadia" **is in a class by itself**—nothing so rich in **flavor—so exhilarating in** quality. A mild **stimulant.**

AT YOUR DEALER'S.

Send **10 CENTS** **for sample which will convince.**

THE SURBRUG COMPANY,
132 Reade Street, New York.

By

MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON BIANCHI

Author of "A Cossack Lover," "A Modern Prometheus," "The Cuckoo's Nest," etc.

"The Sin of Angels"

A Novel

"Animated from beginning to end. There are as few dull pages in it as there are horse-car lines in Venice. It glows and glistens with the fine art of conversation."—Wm. H. McELROY in the *Utica Observer*. *$1.30 net*

Helen Mackay, author of "Houses of Glass," (3rd edition) "Half Loaves," etc.
THE COBWEB CLOAK *$1.25 net*

Beulah Marie Dix
THE GATE OF HORN *$1.25 net*

V. Blasco Ibanez
SONNICA *$1.25 net*

H. G. Wells
MARRIAGE (3rd edition) *$1.35 net*

At All Booksellers

DUFFIELD AND COMPANY
36 WEST 37TH ST. NEW YORK



VOSE
PIANOS

The **tone, touch** and **magnificent wearing** qualities of the **VOSE** Piano are explained by the exclusive patented features, the **high-grade material and superb workmanship** that enter into their construction. The **VOSE** is an ideal Piano for the home. Over 70,000 sold. Delivered in the United States free of charge. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.

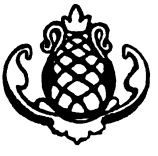
FREE.—If you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalog, that gives full information.

Vose & Sons Piano Co., 150 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

JANUARY 1913

THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE & LIFE



DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

NEW YORK

An Argument for Advertisers

An advertiser who pays $500 for a page of advertising that brings him one thousand replies from a class of people who write for samples, but do not buy, is wasting his money.

There is a class of people who are buyers of good, high-grade articles who do not cut out and fill in coupons and mail them, ordering samples of free literature. They buy where they are accustomed to, and seldom write directly to the advertiser.

You can pay more for advertising space in other magazines than THE BOOKMAN, but you cannot get better value for your money.

THIS PAGE FOR SALE

For Particulars Address

THE BOOKMAN MAGAZINE, 443 Fourth Ave., New York City

VOL. XXXVI No. 5

THE BOOKMAN

An ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE *of* LITERATURE *and* LIFE

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT PAGE

THE BOOKMAN for 1913—Plans and Prospects—The Record of 1912—The Leading Popular Books of the Past Year (with Chart)—The Real Fagin—George Moore in Ireland—Staking a Claim (with portrait of Ida Vera Simonton)—Poe's Cottage at Fordham (drawing by F. Hopkinson Smith)—"The Little Church Around the Corner" (drawing by F. Hopkinson Smith)—A Tale of Three Cities (with portrait of Elizabeth Robins)—Another Critical Visitor (with portrait of François de Tessan)—C. T. Jackson's House-Boat (illustration)—Notes About Peter Newell (with portrait)—The Call of the Soil (with illustrations)—A. S. M. Hutchinson (with portrait)—When They Were Twenty-one (with portrait of Frank H. Scott—Mark Twain as a Publisher (with illustrations)—A Brief for the South—Rémy de Gourmont at Home (with portrait)—Basil King (with portrait)—In the Courts of Memory (with portrait of Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone)—O. Henry's Old Home (illustration)—Farnol In Kent—Percy Mackaye in Cornish (illustration)—Our Friend Mr. Harris 473–499

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Grim War (illustrated) WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY 500
"Bozmarsh," A Remarkable Literary Discovery . . WALTER JERROLD 507
The Complete Collector (illustrated). In Two Parts
Part I. The Rich Collector and His Opportunities . . FREDERICK A. KING 510
The Girdle of the Christmas Puck . . . ALGERNON TASSIN 523
Dawn on the Bookshelf
In Two Parts. Part II HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE 578

VERSE

The Holy Place ZONA GALE 509
Lineage GEORGE STERLING 534
Tales of the Mermaid Tavern ALFRED NOYES 545

WHERE TO BEGIN A PLAY (illustrated)
The High Road—Snow-White—Hawthorne of the U. S. A.—Bella Donna—Our Wives—Never Say Die—The Paper Chase—The Whip CLAYTON HAMILTON 534

THE MAGNITUDE OF THEMES IN SOME RECENT NOVELS
The Heroine in Bronze—The Royal Road—The Reef—The Soul of a Tenor—The Career of Beauty Darling—My Little Sister—The Street of Two Friends—Hell's Playground . . FREDERIC TABER COOPER 558

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I G. K. Chesterton's "A Miscellany of Men" . . C. M. FRANCIS 566
II "Dancing and Dancers of To-day" . . . } FOLA LA FOLLETTE 570
III "Modern Dancing and Dancers" . . . }
IV Havelock Ellis's "The Task of Social Hygiene" . GEORGE MIDDLETON 573
V Rémy de Gourmont's "Une Nuit au Luxembourg" . CLEVELAND PALMER 575
VI The Secret of the Pacific T. C. DARBY 577

FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG
The Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome—Two More Dedications—Comment from F. P. A.—Concerning Trilby—Mr. White Please Answer 583

THE BOOK MART

Sales of Books During the Month 585
The Best Selling Books 592

Published monthly by DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, New York City.

Copyright, 1912, by Dodd, Mead and Company. *All rights reserved.* Entered at New York Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter. *Manuscripts submitted to* THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editor of* THE BOOKMAN."

A very charming love story, full of the pride and tenderness of the Southland—*N. Y. World.*



THE VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

The swinging story both stirs and pleases. It begins well and ends better, while between is no page or moment that drags or "lets down."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

A story within a story, dramatic, ardent, and sympathetic, one to be followed with unflagging interest.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

If ever there was pure romance, it is in *The Valiants of Virginia.*—*Boston Globe.*

The Valiants of Virginia is undoubtedly the author's most significant work.—*Des Moines Register & Leader.*

Illustrated by Castaigne. Price $1.35 net.

NEW YORK **The Bobbs-Merrill Company** INDIANAPOLIS

Recent Important Publications That Are Attracting Widespread Attention and Favorable Comment

RECENT EVENTS AND PRESENT POLICIES IN CHINA



By J. O. P. BLAND

Joint Author with E. Backhouse of

China Under the Empress Dowager

China has been making history rapidly during this last year. Mr. Bland, who is now lecturing in this country, and whose reputation as an authority on Chinese affairs is unquestioned, finished this important work in October. It is, therefore, the latest accurate chronicle on the making of the Chinese Republic. The problems with which China is now grappling are of vaster moment than those that any country has ever faced. Mr. Bland deals with the causes and symptoms of the Chinese unrest, the Passing of the Manchus, the Elements of the Republican Movement, the Policies of the Leading Powers, the Opium Question, etc. To those who fear a yellow peril, Chapter XIV will be a revelation. No more interesting historical and economic study of the great changes through which the yellow races are now passing has ever been written.

Profusely Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth. $4.00 net.

French Artists of Our Day

A New Series—Illustrated With Excellent Reproductions of the Best Work of French Artists

This attractive and artistic series of volumes written by French critics on the great painters of the Nineteenth Century, will be very popular. Each monograph will contain a short biographical and critical study of the master, followed by forty-eight plates, selected from his works. Each picture is described, its beauties are pointed out, its weaknesses discussed, and other incidental facts connected with it are briefly stated. The chronological order of the illustrations, together with the comments, make these volumes a valuable synopsis of each artist's career. Contemporary criticisms of the paintings are freely quoted and compared with the judgments of the present generation. The series will form a history of modern French art.

Small quarto, blue cloth, gilt decorations with insert, 48 plates. $1.00 net per volume

Edouard Manet

By Louis Hourticq. With Notes by Jean Laran and Georges Le Bas.

Puvis De Chavannes

By Andre Michel. With Notes by Jean Laran.

Other Volumes Will Follow at Short Intervals.

A FINE LIMITED EDITION

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

By EDITH TUNIS SALE

A collection of intimate life histories of the lovely women and high-born men who were the backbone of our nation in Colonial Days. This volume might be termed "A Family History of Colonial America." These stories of the staunch devotion and stalwart patriotism of our forefathers are inspiring reading.

62 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, $5.00 net.
Postpaid, $5.25.

GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY

Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War Between the States. With Introductory Notes by R. H. EARLY.

In this volume General Early has dealt with phases of the War, manœuvers of the troops, and plans of the leaders, which no work has heretofore covered. It is written in the conscientious style, true in every detail, that would be expected from the pen of this veteran.

Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth. $3.50 net.
Postpaid, $3.75.

WILD LIFE AND THE CAMERA

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE,. F.R.G.S.
Author of "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds."

This remarkable book covers certain of the fauna of America and contains 64 full-page illustrations of game animals in native environments. A book which will be of incalculable value and interest to sportsmen and lovers of natural history in this country.

64 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, $2.00 net.

MONACO AND MONTE CARLO

By ADOLPHE SMITH

An exhaustive study of economic, social, and political conditions of this most interesting principality, dealing partly with the past history of the State, but more especially with modern problems.

Eight illustrations in color by Charles M. Pearce, and numerous in black and white. 8vo. Cloth. $4.50 net.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers, PHILADELPHIA



ELIZABETH ROBINS

AUTHOR OF

MY LITTLE SISTER

The story, which, running serially, in a condensed version in McClure's Magazine has created a tremendous sensation.

NOW READY IN BOOK FORM

One of the few great literary masterpieces of recent years; in intensity of interest and dramatic force it stands almost alone.

360 pages, $1.25 net. Postage, 12 cents extra

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

Novels Published This Month

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK

By W. L. GEORGE

Author of "A Bed of Roses," etc.

"Dedicated to the facets of the anarchist mind," says the author in his preface. This is indeed the story of the development of an anarchist, but one of peculiar type and striking personality. As Israel Kalisch grows from the little, fat, mistreated but ever philosophical boy, wanderer in Poland and Hungary, to the hard-working, big-dreaming member of the proletariat of New York and of London, his development is shown step by step. Given such a boy, and such kicks and cuffs from society, he will develop inevitably into such a man, still receiving the kicks and cuffs. But he is not a type, and his story is not told as representative of a type. Kalisch is an individual, clear through, not only in name and belief, but in reality. And as he, among his comrades, men and women, works out the destiny which his character and his environment make inevitable, his story, like himself, develops a remarkable and an arresting personality. Those who look for novels of real merit will not want to miss "Until the Day Break."

$1.30 *net.* *Postage 13c. extra.*

The Lost Million

By WINTHROP ALDEN

Winthrop Alden is a pseudonym of a well-known author who is testing the effect of anonymity upon the popularity of his novels.

Property worth a million dollars, if lost, will not easily be forgotten. Starting with this basic truth, the story of "The Lost Million" follows the adventurous romance of a beautiful young girl who is heiress to the lost million, if it can be found; a big, ardent, quick witted and two-fisted young man who stumbles upon a clue to its discovery; and a disagreeable gentleman who wants the million, wants to know where it is, and, as the possessor of a very ominous and deadly agent,—new, by the way, in current fiction,—makes himself a very unpleasant obstacle to the discovery of the missing wealth and to the true happiness of the two young people.

$1.25 *net.* *Postage 12c. extra.*

Come Rack! Come Rope!

By ROBERT HUGH BENSON

Author of "Lord of the World," etc.

Taking the reign of Elizabeth as his time, and the persecution of the Catholics as his theme, Father Benson has written a story of the love and devotion and wonderful courage of Robin Audrey, a young country squire; of the maiden who dedicated him; of his playmate, Thomas Babington, not unknown in history for his efforts in behalf of Mary Queen of Scots; and others. There is drama in plenty in this vigorous tale, not omitting that most exciting of all stories, which never fails to thrill, the game of hide and seek when a man is running and hiding for his life.

$1.30 *net.* *Postage 13c. extra.*

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

Author of "The Magnet," "The Closing Net," etc.

Henry C. Rowland has an enormous vogue among the readers of magazine fiction, and deservedly so, for his fiction might well be labelled "the kind that entertains." In "The Apple of Discord," with the brilliant composer, Calvert Lanier, and his floating studio, who obtrudes himself upon the most exclusive summer colony on the Atlantic Coast, and in one morning succeeds, by and with the consent of each, in kissing the three most exclusive and fairest members of the colony, and later, gets all at sea in more senses than one with two of them, Mr. Rowland is at his best. Light and bright and clever and *live*, "The Apple of Discord" is a story that entertains.

$1.25 *net.* *Postage 12c. extra*

Publishers **DODD, MEAD & COMPANY** **New York**

PUBLISHED THIS MONTH

THE LIFE OF THE SPIDER

By J. H. FABRE

Author of "Insect Life," etc.

WITH AN APPRECIATION OF FABRE BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

Quite recently both the literary and the scientific world discovered an overlooked genius, a modern one at that. They found a simple old French naturalist, neglected and poor, who had written some of the most interesting, inspiring and remarkable scientific studies that have ever been produced. Maeterlinck calls this man, Fabre, "one of the glories of the civilized world. . . . one of the most profound admirations of my life." Rostand talks of him as the "*savant* who thinks like a philosopher and writes like a poet." Frenchmen of all schools are agreed that Fabre is one of the great naturalists of the world. And not the least of his greatness is the extraordinary interest he contrives to give to his scientific writings. You may know nothing about spiders, for example, and may think you care nothing about them, but Fabre writes a story of the spider that is as thrilling, as dramatic, as intensely interesting as a most exciting novel. And moreover it is all true, which fact gives the last touch to making the reading of a book by Fabre an unalloyed delight.

Illustrated. 12mo. $1.50 *net. Postage* 15c. *extra.*

ROYAL AUCTION BRIDGE, UP-TO-DATE

By H. P CLARK

Author of "Condensed Bridge," "Auction Bridge Condensed," "Auction Bridge," etc.

Containing full explanation of the bidding and the play of the new count at Royal Spades (Lilies).

16mo. *Flexible covers, bound in basket weave red silk, net,* $1.00.

A GENTLE JEHU IN JAPAN

By ETHEL L. McLEAN

Printed on hand made, deckle edged paper, and containing many beautiful illustrations printed in color, and mounted.

Here is a bright, clever description of a trip to Japan that is issued in an edition as dainty and artistic as if it were in truth a bit of Japanese art.

Half Ooze Calf. 8vo. *Net,* $3.00.

Timely Aids to Travelers

A GUIDE TO FLORIDA

By HARRISON RHODES and MARY WOLFE DUMONT

For Tourists, Sportsmen and Settlers. With the Inland Waterways from New York to Key West. Containing complete information about Resorts, Routes, Sports, Hotels, History, etc., etc. *Handy pocket size,* $2.25 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra.*

HOW TO PREPARE FOR EUROPE

By H. A. GUERBER

Maps, illustrations, tables, bibliographies, etc.
Handy pocket size, limp cloth, $2.00 *net. Limp leather,* $2.50 *net. Postage* 16c. *extra.*

A GUIDE TO THE WEST INDIES

By F. A. OBER

Maps, illustrations, lists of all hotels, etc.
Handy pocket size, flexible cloth, $2.25 *net. Flexible leather,* $2.75 *net. Postage* 18c. *extra.*

BERMUDA, Past and Present

By WALTER B. HAYWARD

Map, illustrations, lists of hotels and boarding houses, etc.
12mo. $1.25 *net. Postage* 12c. *extra.*

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

THE LATEST NOVELS



George Barr McCutcheon's

LATEST AND BEST NOVEL

The HOLLOW OF HER HAND

A situation that is original and daring even in fiction.

A bold yet convincing conception of a remarkable woman.

And a novel that moves with all the smooth mastery of story-telling that has made McCutcheon one of the most popular authors of the day.

Third Large Edition Started on Day of Publication

Illustrations in color by A. I. Keller. $1.30 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra*

THE SAVING PRIDE

By Yvette Prost

A charming story of a lonely music teacher, whose redeeming feature was her goodness, and a man of the world whose most marked characteristic was his badness. *Illustrated.* $1.25 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra.*

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER

By Archibald Marshall

Author of "Exton Manor," etc.

An admirable story of English country life by one who has been called "one of the most pleasantly human of living novelists." $1.25 *net. Postage* 15c. *extra.*

MR. ACHILLES

By Jennette Lee

Author of "Uncle William," "Happy Island," etc.

"I have never read a more exquisite story. . . . Everything of yours that comes my way is such a delight, but this seems to me the very flower of all you have written. —*From a Stranger's letter.*

Illustrated. $.100 *net. Postage* 10c. *extra*

MISS PHILURA'S WEDDING GOWN

By Florence Morse Kingsley

Author of "The Transfiguration of Miss Philura," etc.

Now comes the second step in the romance of that delightful Miss Philura whose "transfiguration" has charmed thousands of readers—the wedding. How the lady sets her heart on having a beautiful white wedding gown, and by the exercise of child-like faith and simplicity gets it, make this sequel as good as the first Miss Philura story.

Illustrated. $1.00 *net. Postage* 7c. *extra.*

THE EPIC OF EBENEZER

A Christmas Story by Florence Tinsley Cox

A big part of the reading world does enjoy a lifelike story about a live, lovable, *human* kind of dog. Ebenezer, who trotted into Hillcrest looking for a master; who, after many tribulations, found old Mr. Green; who got his master into endless trouble, but none so great as to disturb one whit of that old gentleman's loving trust in him; and who, at last, paid nobly the debt of gratitude he owed; this Ebenezer is that rarest of canines, a *real* dog in fiction. And his master is the salt of the earth.

Illustrated by John Rae. 50 *cents net. Postage* 6c. *extra.*

THE VANISHING MAN

By R. Austin Freeman

Contains an idea so bold in conception and so perfectly worked out that it deserves to be called the exceptional detective story. $1.25 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra*

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of our New Books

Published by DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, New York

THE LATEST NOVELS



THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM

Novelized from the Play

By David Belasco

Stubborn old Peter Grimm thinks that he has achieved his dearest wish when he is able to give both the business which has been in his family for generations, and the hand of his beloved niece to a favorite nephew. And in a glow of happiness he dies; he dies, but does not depart. The nephew is unworthy, the girl who is pledged to him is unhappy, and Peter Grimm, remaining in the haunts of his lifetime, unseen but seeing, learns at last the most unwelcome truth. How the every-day life goes on about the helpless, pleading figure of the old man, who is a part of it and yet shut off by an impassable barrier; and how in the end he does bridge the chasm between the living and the dead makes a hauntingly powerful play and a hauntingly powerful book.

Illustrated. $1.25 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra*

THE CLOSING NET

By Henry C. Rowland



If one wants a spirited tale of action and danger, full of thrills, full of surprise, full of healthy excitement, let him read "The Closing Net."

The American burglar, pre-eminent in his profession, who goes to Paris, reforms, meets the one woman, and incidentally comes into conflict with the most dangerous and ruthless criminals in all Europe, makes a hero who is able to give as good as he gets. Not the least of this story's merits is the fact that the author knows his Paris like a book, its night life and day life, society side and seamy side, so that as the drama unfolds with flying automobiles, popping pistols, midnight adventures, suspense and daring, the background wonderfully well and graphically drawn, is modern Paris.

Illustrated. $1.25 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra*

ADRIAN SCROOP — By R. A. Wood-Seys

How a very shrewd, capable, devoted millionaire papa secures a titled son-in-law and at the same time guarantees his daughter's happiness is too big a secret to disclose. For that, all millionaire papas, all heiresses in search of titles, and all the legion of Americans besides who are attracted by the glamor of wealth, nobility and romance are respectfully referred to the novel, "Adrian Scroop." $1.25 *net. Postage* 12 *cents extra*

ONE OF THE MULTITUDE — By George Acorn

A human document that compels attention from its grim fidelity to the life it describes—that of a waif of the slums. $1.25 *net. Postage* 11 *cents extra*

THE SIGN — By Mrs. Romilly Fedden

A story of Brittany that is wonderful in its interpretation of the souls of a foreign race. $1.25 *net. Postage* 13 *cents extra*

THE GOLDEN ROSE — By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann

Suggests again and again Mrs. Fraser's distinguished brother, Marion Crawford. $1.35 *net. Postage* 13 *cents extra*

THE OLD LOVES — By Weymer Mills

A charming romance of old-time New York. $1.00 *net. Postage* 10 *cents extra*

ROSE ROYAL — By E. Nesbit

An ingenious and daring treatment of the effect which the latest discoveries in chemistry can exert upon a passionate romance. $1.25 *net. Postage* 13 *cents extra*

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of our New Books

Published by DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, New York

Plans for THE BOOKMAN, 1913

THE GRUB STREET PROBLEM—THE DAILY LIFE OF THE MAN OF LETTERS IN MANY PERIODS

I. In Shakespeare's Time
II. In Johnson's Time
III. When Dickens Wrote Pickwick
IV. When Balzac Faced His Debts
V. When Poe Lived in Fordham

Everybody is more or less interested in the cost of living, which was a problem which confronted Oliver Goldsmith in the London of 1750, and Edgar Allan Poe in the New York of 1840, just as it confronts the literary worker of to-day. There is the story of Dr. Johnson dining behind a screen in the tavern while the literary bigwigs were being regaled in the main hall. What the shabby Samuel had to pay for that furtive meal, what his landlord exacted for the humble lodgings in the neighbouring street, what were the expenses of the occasional journey to Brighton or Bath—these questions will outline in a general way the scope of these projected papers.

MODERN ETCHERS

I. Some Modern English Etchers
II. Some Modern French Etchers
III. Some Modern German Etchers
IV. Some Modern Scandinavian Etchers

During the coming year, Mr. Cleveland Palmer, whose article on SOME MODERN AMERICAN ETCHERS appeared in the last November number, will contribute a series of similar articles on the work of modern etchers in other countries. Etching is one of the most delightful, and to-day one of the most popular of all the graphic arts, and there are brilliant manipulators of the needle in nearly every European

country where art is cultivated, notably in England, France, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. Exhibitions of Scandinavian painting and of German graphic arts that are to be seen in a number of American cities this season, will make the articles on the etching schools of those nations of peculiar timeliness and importance. The first paper to appear in the series after the first of the year, however, will be one on SOME MODERN ENGLISH ETCHERS. Besides dealing briefly in retrospect with the earlier men, like Old Chrome, and with Turner's famous *Liber Studiorum,* it will consider the work of Sir Seymour Haden, one of the greatest etchers of all time; and, coming down to the present, it will take account of the efforts of such men as Frank Brangwyn, D. Y. Cameron, Alfred East, Muirhead Bone, Axel Haig and many others, who make the modern English etching school one of the most remarkable in the world to-day.

THE LITERARY BAEDEKER

I. London and Rural England
II. Paris and Rural France
III. About the Continent

In the numbers of the spring and early summer we purpose printing a series of articles under the general title of "The Literary Baedeker." These will be designed to show how the American of literary tastes, travelling in Europe, can best find the landmarks of great fiction. There have been rambling books written on such subjects as *The London of Dickens, The London of Thackeray,* and *The Scott Country,* but these have been designed for library use, and are of little practical value to the hurried traveller, who, with ten days or so in London for example, might wish to devote two or three of these days to visiting the scenes of his favourite books, such as the house in Curzon Street where Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley lived on nothing a year, or the corner of Southwark, where there still remain slight vestiges of the Marshalsea Prison of *Little Dorrit.*

GREAT PUBLISHING ENTERPRISES

I. The Making of an Atlas
II. The Making of a City Directory
III. The Making of an Encyclopedia

In THE BOOKMAN during 1913 there will appear these articles dealing with Great Publishing Enterprises. The launching of the

average book, the novel of three hundred or four hundred pages, is comparatively a simple matter which any reader can easily understand, in outline at least. It is far different if one contemplates issuing the directory of a great city, a comprehensive encyclopedia, or a world's atlas. Then vast organisation is needed. There must be almost military precision in the manner in which the general in command studies his resources and arranges his battalions. There must be coöperation without conflict—in a word, system of an amazing scope. Of this organisation and these methods the series in THE BOOKMAN will tell adequately and comprehensively.

CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I. To a Best Seller in Need of Replenishment of Ideas
II. A Plea for a Literary Show
III. An Academic Suggestion
IV. To a Gentleman About to Become an LL.D.
V. To a Young Man Whose Novel Has not Sold Well

BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY

I. The Breadwinners
II. Tempest and Sunshine
III. The Lamplighter
IV. The Wide Wide World
V. Reveries of a Bachelor

LITERATURE AND THE LAW

I. Famous Books in Copyright Suits
II. Famous Authors on the Witness Stand

"Famous Books in Copyright Suits."—Few people are aware how many famous books have figured in court, in connection with points of copyright law—Uncle Tom's Cabin, for instance, settled the point that a copyright does not carry with it an exclusive right to make translations—other well known books that have caused litigation are Carmen, Ben Hur (a suit against a moving picture company), Trilby, The Wandering Jew, Lady Audley's Secret, The Little Minister and Peg Woffington. Special interest also attaches to suits brought and lost by Mark Twain and by Rudyard Kipling. "Famous Authors on the

Witness Stand."—Many famous authors have at one time or another figured as witnesses in cases to which they may or may not have been a party—Zola, of course, comes at once to mind, because of his connection with the *Affaire Dreyfus;* but there are a score of other instances, similarly interesting, if less well known—there is, for instance, the case in which Conan Doyle cleared a prisoner from an unfounded charge, by applying the methods of his own Sherlock Holmes—this article is to be based on recorded testimony in law reports.

THE PROFESSIONAL PUBLISHERS READER

The different methods resorted to by different publishers—The office staff—the classification of manuscripts—the special reader, his responsibilities and opportunities—the reader's report, its various forms and extent—novels that have been built up from a short story, through the kindly encouragement of the professional reader—lost manuscripts —hidden pit-falls in manuscripts; the manuscript which hides an advertising scheme, etc.—the whole subject to be treated in an anecdotal manner.

THE COMPLEAT COLLECTOR

I. The Rich Collector and His Problems
II. The Poor Collector and His Opportunities

The extraordinary sums paid for rare books at the recent Hoe sale in New York has turned the attention of the general reading public to a subject which formerly was of interest only to collectors. What is a rare book? What makes the Gutenberg Bible, for example, well worth the fifty thousand dollars paid for it? What are the most valuable books in the world, and why are they so? In these days, when the greatest treasures are being absorbed by collectors of practically unlimited means, what chance is there remaining for the collector of modest income but genuinely discriminating taste? These questions will be answered for the benefit of the general reader, rather than the specialist, in a series of two papers on "The Compleat Collector," the first discussing "The Rich Collector and His Problems," appearing in the present issue, and the second, "The Poor Collector and His Opportunities."

CHAPTERS OF THE LIFE OF A LITERARY SOLDIER OF FORTUNE—O. HENRY

By H. Peyton Steger

THE JANUARY ISSUE OF THE

YALE REVIEW

CONTAINS

The Democrats and the Tariff

By HENRY C. EMERY

(Chairman of the Tariff Commission under the administration of President Taft, and Professor of Economics at Yale University.)

This is a brilliant and authoritative statement of the efforts to revise the tariff under the last Congress, with side lights on the two parties in that session from a man who was in the midst of the controversy. Mr. Emery, in this paper, goes into what the next Congress is likely to do and what it can do. If it is pessimistic of popular applause over the results, from a lowered cost of living view-point, the reader will discover the reason.

Popular Elections of Senators

By MAX FARRAND

(Professor of History at Yale University)

A trenchant discussion of the historical background for the popular Senatorial vote issue. In it Mr. Farrand goes back to the Constitutional Convention of 1787 to show the trend of debate on the matter among the framers of the Constitution.

Traditions in Greek Literature

By GILBERT MURRAY

(Professor of Greek at Oxford University)

A remarkably interesting paper, discussing the limitations of modern knowledge of what the Greeks actually produced in their literature.

And Many Other Papers of Literary and Scientific Interest

together with signed and authoritative book reviews.

Says the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW for December, 1912:

"One of the best reviews appearing in the United States is the Yale Review. Its broad scope, its literary standards, and its attractive appearance commend it to thoughtful and studious readers. Amid the great mass of worthless or worse than worthless publications, one turns with relief and satisfaction to the Yale Review for something that is really worth while for intelligent people to read."

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

THE YALE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

135 ELM STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

SUPERLATIVES!

Herewith are presented only comments in terms of superlative praise of

THE AMERICANS IN PANAMA

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

$1.35 net **Postpaid $1.47**

"Mr. Scott has provided the clearest, most readable and understandable book on the Panama Canal that I have yet seen. It tells just what we need to know and tells it interestingly. It will be a great help to any one who wishes to know what Uncle Sam has done on the Isthmus, and every American should have the desire to know."—BURTON HOLMES.

"The best book on the canal that has so far appeared."—*Engineering News.*

"A complete history that is the best so far of its kind."—*Scranton (Pa.) Times.*

"The best history to date."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"The compactest history of the Isthmus and canal that we have seen."—*Hartford Courant.*

And this from the Isthmus itself:

"This book is a distinct improvement on many of its predecessors."—*Panama Star and Herald.*

OF ANY BOOKSELLER, OR

The Statler Publishing Company

501 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY



"SAVE THE PIECES"

"Mend-All." A clean, white, odorless powder, will mend anything perfectly and permanently.

Full directions come with each box of "Mend-All." Any one can repair with it broken china, cut glass, bric-a-brac, furniture; set loose handles, or stop leaks and mend holes in pots, pans, kettles, hot water bags, etc.

Send **TEN CENTS** and a stamp, immediately a full sized box will be mailed you, just say

MEND-ALL

MENDS IT OR MONEY BACK

Address FRED S. CLARK, 443 Fourth Ave., Care Bookman New York City

AGENTS WANTED

The Bibelot

A REPRINT OF POETRY AND PROSE FOR BOOKLOVERS, CHOSEN IN PART FROM SCARCE EDITIONS and SOURCES NOT GENERALLY KNOWN

THE BIBELOT is in shape a small quarto (4½x6), choicely printed on white laid paper, uncut edges, and done up in old-style blue wrappers. It is issued monthly, and has from 32 to 40 pages of text, forming a volume of 450 pages, at least, each year.

¶ Subscriptions to all parts of the world for 1913, Volume XIX, are taken for the complete year only at *75c. net in advance, postpaid.* After April 1st, 1913, the rate will be *$1.00 net.*

A Complete Descriptive Catalogue of The Mosher Books on Request

THOMAS B. MOSHER, Portland, Me.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XVIII

I. A Prelude to Life by Arthur Symons.
II. A Prelude to Life (concluded).
III. The Dying of Francis Donne by Ernest Dowson.
IV. Under an Elm Tree by William Morris with an Essay by W. B. Yeats.
V. Three Selections from Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman.
VI. Casanova at Dux by Arthur Symons.
VII. Two Selections from John Inglesant by J. H. Shorthouse with In a Gondola by Aureolus Paracelsus.
VIII. Three Poems of England's Glory.
IX. Two Stories by Ernest Dowson.
X. Two Chapters from Marius the Epicurean by Walter Pater.
XI. Three Nature Essays by James Douglas.
XII. The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius: An Essay by Herbert P. Horne.

Small Quarto, Old-style Boards, $2.00 net

Postpaid on receipt of net price

BIG MONEY IN SONGS

WE PAY 50 per cent. if successful. Send us your Poems, Songs, or melodies to-day. You may be able to write a big seller. H. KIRKUS DUGDALE CO., Dept. 739, Washington, D. C.

The Magazine Maker

Is to the Writer Craft

What "Printer's Ink" is to the Advertising Man

No author can afford to be without it on his desk. When you see a copy you'll understand. It helps you write, rewrite and sell. Send Fifteen Cents for a copy and see.

THE MAGAZINE MAKER

32 Union Square, East, New York City

Sell Your Stories

The Editor of Lippincott's Magazine, Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, in his Short-Story Course of forty lessons, will help you to give your stories the correct form and detail which only training makes possible.



Dr. Esenwein

Story-writers must be **made** as well as **born**; they must master the **details** of construction if they would turn their talents to account.

May we send you the names of students and graduates who have succeeded? And the success their letters prove is **practical.** It means recognition, accepted manuscripts and checks from editors. Let us send you our 250-page Catalogue.

(Mrs.) Sallie P. Harrison of Tazewell, Va., says: "My first effort at short-story construction, done as a part of a lesson in the Home Correspondence Course, was accepted by a leading fiction magazine and I have been asked to do more along the same line. I am greatly indebted to The H. C. S."

We also offer a course in Journalism, taught by Ernest Newton Bagg, formerly literary editor of the Boston Globe; and in all over One Hundred Home Study Courses, many of them under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and leading colleges. 250-page Catalogue free. Please address

The Home Correspondence School

Dept. 295, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

TELEPHONES 1823 AND 1824 BRYANT

WILLIAM R. JENKINS CO.

Publishers, Booksellers, Stationers, Printers

FOREIGN We have purchased the old established business of F. W. Christern (Dyrsen & Pfeiffer, successors), foreign booksellers of this city, thereby increasing the supply and variety of our books in French, German, Italian, Spanish and other languages, broadening the scope of our already extensive foreign book business. **BOOKS**

851 AND 853 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

(N. W. COR. 48TH STREET)

F. M. HOLLY

Established 1905

Authors' and Publishers' Representative

Circulars sent upon request. 156 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

WRITERS

I agree to find a publisher for every manuscript that I deem worthy of publication. Manuscripts are critically read and revised by me, and typed and otherwise properly prepared for the publisher by my experts. Translations in all languages.

MODESTE HANNIS JORDAN

615 W. 186th St., New York City.

Send 10 Cents for Writers' Leaflet of Instruction.

¶ To sell something choice, we would appeal to people who are interested in the refinements of life, and no better list of such people can be found for this purpose than the readers of THE BOOKMAN.

LOUISE E. DEW

LITERARY REPRESENTATIVE

Manuscripts wanted. Criticism, revision, placing. 18 years' editorial experience. Circular upon request. Send 25 cents for

"FROM THE EDITOR'S VIEW POINT"

156 Fifth Avenue New York.

MARIE H. LÖHR

makes a specialty of typing English, French, and Italian Manuscripts, Translations. Accuracy guaranteed.

156 Fifth Avenue **New York**

DOROTHY PRIESTMAN

LITERARY AGENT

27 East 22d Street, New York

No charge for preliminary reading of manuscripts.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR

MANUSCRIPTS TYPEWRITTEN

Neatly ***Promptly*** ***Accurately***

RITA J. MACARTHUR

Tel. 2632 Riverside. **310 W. 95th St.**

If your advertisement were in this small space it would be read by a great many people who would be interested. Write us for rates.

HIGGINS'

DRAWING INKS
ETERNAL WRITING INK
ENGROSSING INK
TAURINE MUCILAGE
PHOTO MOUNTER PASTE
DRAWING BOARD PASTE
LIQUID PASTE
OFFICE PASTE
VEGETABLE GLUE, Etc.



Are the Finest and Best Inks and Adhesives

Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the *Higgins' Inks and Adhesives.* They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean, well put up, and withal so efficient.

At Dealers Generally

CHAS. M. HIGGINS & CO., Mfrs.

271 NINTH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BRANCHES: CHICAGO, LONDON

Now that there are so many substitutes remember that

"BAKER'S"

is the



COCOA

OF HIGH QUALITY

Absolutely pure, delicious and healthful

Registered, U. S. Pat. Off.

Trade-Mark on Every Package

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

SUFFOLK ENGRAVING & ELECTROTYPING CO.,

30 and 32 East 21st Street

TELEPHONE NUMBER : : : 920 GRAMERCY



HOTEL CUMBERLAND



NEW YORK

BROADWAY AT 54TH STREET

Near 50th St. Subway Station and 53d St. Elevated

"Broadway" Cars from Grand Central Depot pass the door.

Also Seventh Avenue Cars from Pennsylvania Station

New and Fireproof

Best Hotel Accommodations in New York at Reasonable Rates

$2.50 with Bath, and up

Special Rates for Permanent Guests. European Plan

All Hardwood Floors and Oriental Rugs

Ten minutes' walk to 30 Theatres

Excellent Restaurant. Prices Moderate. Send for Booklet.

HARRY P. STIMSON, formerly with Hotel Imperial

Only New York Hotel Screened Throughout

VOL. XXXVI JANUARY, 1913 No. 5

Bright fund



A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

The Bookman for 1913

In the advertising pages of this issue will be found an extended description of the features which we have planned for THE BOOKMAN during the coming year. A brief allusion to some of these features will not be out of place here. The first of several series of special articles of which we shall speak deals with "The Grub Street Problem—The Daily Life of a Man of Letters in Many Periods." In this series we expect to print five papers as follows:

I. In Shakespeare's Time.
II. In Johnson's Time.
III. When Dickens Wrote Pickwick.
IV. When Balzac Faced His Debts.
V. When Poe Lived in Fordham.

Everybody is more or less interested in the cost of living, which was a problem which confronted Oliver Goldsmith in the London of 1750, and Edgar Allan Poe in the New York of 1840, just as it confronts the literary worker of to-day. There is the story of Dr. Johnson dining behind a screen in the tavern while the literary bigwigs were being regaled in the main hall. What the shabby Samuel had to pay for that furtive meal, what his landlord exacted for the humble lodgings in the neighbouring street, what were the expenses of the occasional journey to Brighton or Bath—these questions will outline in a general way the scope of these projected papers.

In our November issue appeared Mr. Cleveland Palmer's "Some Modern American Etchers." During the coming year Mr. Palmer will contribute four papers of a similar nature dealing with the modern etchers of England, France, Germany, and Scandinavia. The first of these papers, on the English Etchers, will deal in retrospect with the work of the earlier men, and come down to the present, taking account of such etchers as Frank Brangwyn, D. Y. Cameron, Muirhead Bone and others. In the numbers of the spring and early summer we purpose printing a series of articles under the general title of "The Literary Baedeker." These will be designed to show how the American of literary tastes, travelling in Europe, can best find the landmarks of great fiction. There have been rambling books written on such subjects as *The London of Dickens, The London of Thackeray,* and *The Scott Country,* but these have been designed for library use, and are of little practical value to the hurried traveller, who, with ten days or so in London for example, might wish to devote two or three of these days to visiting the scenes of his favourite books, such as the house in Curzon Street where Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley lived on nothing a year, or the corner of Southwark, where there still remain slight vestiges of the Marshalsea Prison of *Little Dorrit.*

A series which was announced for 1912, but which had to be held over is Great Publishing Enterprises, which will tell of: I. The Making of an Atlas; II. The Making of a City Directory; III. The Making of an Encyclopædia. Under the general title of Confidential Com-

munications, Mr. John Kendrick Bangs is to contribute a series of whimsical literary letters. The first of these is addressed "To a Best Seller in Need of Replenishment of Ideas"; the second is "A Plea for a Literary Show," and a third gives advice "To a Young Man Whose Novel Has Not Sold Well." Further papers in the series "Best Sellers of Yesterday" will deal with *The Breadwinners, Tempest and Sunshine, The Lamplighter, The Wide, Wide World* and *Reveries of a Bachelor.* Few persons know how many books have figured in Court, in connection with points of copyright laws —for instance, *Uncle Tom's Cabin, Ben Hur, Trilby, The Wandering Jew, Lady Audley's Secret, The Little Minister* and *Peg Woffington.* This subject, under the title "Famous Books in Copyright Suits," will be the first of a two-part series—"Literature and the Law." A second paper will deal with "Famous Authors on the Witness Stand."

A very important factor in the making of modern books is the publisher's reader, whose functions will be discussed in a paper in an early issue. This paper will deal with the reader's responsibilities and opportunities, with the stories of novels that have been built up from short tales, of lost manuscripts, of hidden pitfalls in manuscripts, of manuscripts which conceal advertising schemes—the whole subject to be treated in an anecdotal manner. The extraordinary sums paid for rare books at the recent Hoe sale in New York has turned the attention of the general reading public to a subject which formerly was of interest only to collectors. What is a rare book? What makes the Gutenberg Bible, for example, well worth the fifty thousand dollars paid for it? What are the most valuable books in the world, and why are they so? In these days, when the greatest treasures are being absorbed by collectors of practically unlimited means, what chance is there remaining for the collector of modest income but genuinely discriminating taste? These questions will be answered for the benefit of the general reader, rather than the specialist, in a series of two papers on "The Compleat Collector," the first discussing "The Rich Collector and His Problems," appearing in the present issue, and the second, "The Poor Collector and His Opportunities." Ten years hence it will be possible to write a complete life of the late Sidney Porter (O. Henry), which will be a serious contribution to American literary biography. At the present time, however, there are reasons why such a life cannot be written. But there is no reason against printing "Chapters in the Life of a Literary Soldier of Fortune," which will deal with certain parts of Mr. Porter's extraordinary career. These chapters are written by Mr. H. Peyton Steger, O. Henry's close friend and literary executor. There will be fresh material about O. Henry's North Carolina youth (there is in existence a burlesque novel written in a copy-book during his 'teens); glimpses of Porter behind the soda fountain in Greensboro; in Texas; sheepherding; clerk and draughtsman in the Land Office at Austin, Texas; real estate clerk; teller in a bank; caricaturer of a town; editor, owner, illustrator of a paper; and newspaper paragrapher in Houston, Texas. The final chapters will deal with the story of his literary Bohemianism, when he was knocking at the door of success; and the brief years of his achievement and recognition.

The Record of 1912

This year we are going to take up the subject of those books which have been the "Best Sellers" of the past twelve months without any preliminary explanation or apology. Whether material success has implied merit or the lack of it, whether this book or that will have been utterly forgotten five years hence, are matters which we are not going to discuss. In the thirteen preceding January issues, in which we have been printing at length the story of the lists all these questions have, we think, been pretty thoroughly thrashed out. The subject is one which inevitably leads to a great deal of repetition, so we shall say of 1912, as we have said of so many earlier years, that it has been respectable, but in no way remarkable, in fact, just a good average year.

The closing months of 1911 showed the leading books to be Harold Bell Wright's *The Winning of Barbara Worth,* Robert W. Chambers's *The Common Law,* Rex Beach's *The Ne'er Do Well,* Margaret Deland's *The Iron Woman,* and Gene Stratton-Porter's *The Harvester.* But the books by Mr. Beach and Mr. Chambers were past the full flood of their popularity, for neither of them endured beyond the coming of the new year. As was the case in 1911, a woman's book had the distinction of being the leader in the list for the first month of 1912. That was Mrs. Deland's *The Iron Woman,* which with 200 points was threatened only by *The Winning of Barbara Worth* and *The Harvester,* which were respectively second and third with 187 points and 171 points. Not one of the books in fourth, fifth, and sixth places, Mrs. Barclay's *The Following of the Star,* Mr. Harrison's *Queed,* and Mr. Farnol's *The Money Moon,* reached 100 points. The loss of *The Iron Woman* in the February lists was not so perceptible as were the gains of *The Winning of Barbara Worth* and *The Harvester.* Mr. Wright's book, with 307 points, a gain of 120 points over its total for January, was in first place, and *The Harvester* in second place with 225 points. *The Iron Woman* was third with 174 points, and grouped about the hundred point mark were the same three books that had completed the list in the January number.

The first newcomer to break into the 1912 lists was Mr. Oppenheim's *Peter Ruff and The Double Four,* which in the March issue temporarily displaced Mr. Farnol's *The Money Moon. The Winning of Barbara Worth, The Harvester,* and *The Iron Woman* were again first, second, and third in the order named with 229 points, 219 points, and 147 points respectively. Clinging persistently to fourth place was Mr. Harrison's *Queed,* with Mr. Oppenheim's book and Mrs. Barclay's book filling out the list. With the coming of the April number *The Winning of Barbara Worth* had to relinquish first place to *The Harvester,* which had been gaining steadily since the beginning of the year, and was by this time well in the lead by a margin of nearly 100 points. In third place was a newcomer, Mr. Sherman's *He Comes Up Smiling. Queed* was fourth, its tenth consecutive appearance in the lists, a record surpassed only a few times in all the years that we have been compiling these tables. *The Iron Woman,* rapidly dropping back, was fifth, and *The Money Moon,* after a month's absence, reappeared in sixth place.

Although in May the point total of *The Harvester* was slightly less than it had been the preceding month, its hold of first place was even more secure than before, for it led its closest rival by a margin of 162 points. That rival was Meredith Nicholson's *A Hoosier Chronicle,* which, if it made its appearance quietly, was destined to have a more or less permanent stay. Third and fourth were *The Winning of Barbara Worth* and *He Comes Up Smiling,* with two new books, Emerson Hough's *John Rawn,* and Anne Douglas Sedgwick's *Tante,* in fifth and sixth places. By June *The Harvester* had dropped to fourth place. In the lead was a newcomer, J. Breckinridge Ellis's *Fran* with 210 points. *The Hoosier Chronicle* was second with 178, and another book by Mrs. Barclay, *Through the Postern Gate,* was third. Fifth was Kate Langley Bosher's *The Man in Lonely Land,* and sixth Miss Sedgwick's *Tante.* For the only time in the entire year every book on the list had a total of 100 or more points.

The July list showed a rather unusual condition of affairs. *The Harvester,* which had been first in May and fourth in June, again took the lead, although its point total was only 158, the smallest point total of any first place book during the year. Twenty-four points behind was *Fran,* which in turn led *A Hoosier Chronicle* by seven points. *The Street Called Straight,* the new story by the anonymous author of *The Inner Shrine,* was fourth, Maria Thompson Daviess's *The Melting of Molly* fifth, and Miss Bosher's *The Man in Lonely Land* sixth. By August it was apparent that the comparatively obscure position of *The Street Called Straight* in the July issue had been

due to the fact that it had appeared a little too late to get a fair chance, for the August list showed it in the lead with the high point total of 356 points. At a considerable distance behind, but still with the very respectable sum total of 198 points, was Vaughan Kester's *The Just and the Unjust*. *The Melting of Molly* was third with 147 points, *The Harvester* fourth with 108 points, and *A Hoosier Chronicle* and Mr. Oppenheim's *The Lighted Way* fifth and sixth with 96 and 85 points respectively.

Great as had been the point total of *The Street Called Straight* in the August issue, in September it rose to 372 points, the high water mark of the year. Two hundred and nineteen points behind was *The Harvester*, which held second place over *The Melting of Molly* by the slender margin of two points. *The Just and the Unjust* was fourth, *A Hoosier Chronicle* fifth, and the second anonymous book of the year, *To M. L. G.*, sixth. In September the point total of *The Street Called Straight* was materially reduced, but its hold on first place was still secure, 238 points to 145 points for *The Melting of Molly*, the runner up of that month. A new book, *The Red Lane*, by Holman Day, was third, *The Harvester* fourth, *The Just and the Unjust* fifth and *To M. L. G.* sixth.

As is very often the case, the last two months of the year brought radical changes. In first and second places were two new books, Harold Bell Wright's *Their Yesterdays* with 329 points, and F. Hopkinson Smith's *The Arm-chair at the Inn* with 169 points. But Mr. Smith's book held second place over *The Street Called Straight* by a single point only. Fourth was a newcomer, Mary Roberts Rinehart's *Where There's a Will*, with *The Harvester* and *The Melting of Molly* fifth and sixth. In referring to the lists for April we said that they marked *Queed's* tenth consecutive appearance in the list. But by holding fifth place in November *The Harvester* appeared in the lists for the thirteenth consecutive time. The December issue did not show a single book that had been a competitor two months before. *Their Yesterdays* was still in first place, but a dangerous second was George Barr McCutcheon's *The Hollow of Her Hand*, with Rex Beach's *The Net* not far behind. Alice Hegan Rice's *A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill* was fourth, *The Arm-chair at the Inn* fifth, and Richard Dehan's *Between Two Thieves* sixth.

JANUARY

1.	The Iron Woman	200
2.	The Winning of Barbara Worth	187
3.	The Harvester	171
4.	The Following of the Star	99
5.	Queed	96
6.	The Money Moon	67

FEBRUARY

1.	The Winning of Barbara Worth	307
2.	The Harvester	225
3.	The Iron Woman	174
4.	The Money Moon	114
5.	The Following of the Star	101
6.	Queed	99

MARCH

1.	The Winning of Barbara Worth	229
2.	The Harvester	219
3.	The Iron Woman	147
4.	Queed	103
5.	Peter Ruff and The Double Four	97
6.	The Following of the Star	90

APRIL

1.	The Harvester	280
2.	The Winning of Barbara Worth	182
3.	He Comes Up Smiling	144
4.	Queed	137
5.	The Iron Woman	133
6.	The Money Moon	105

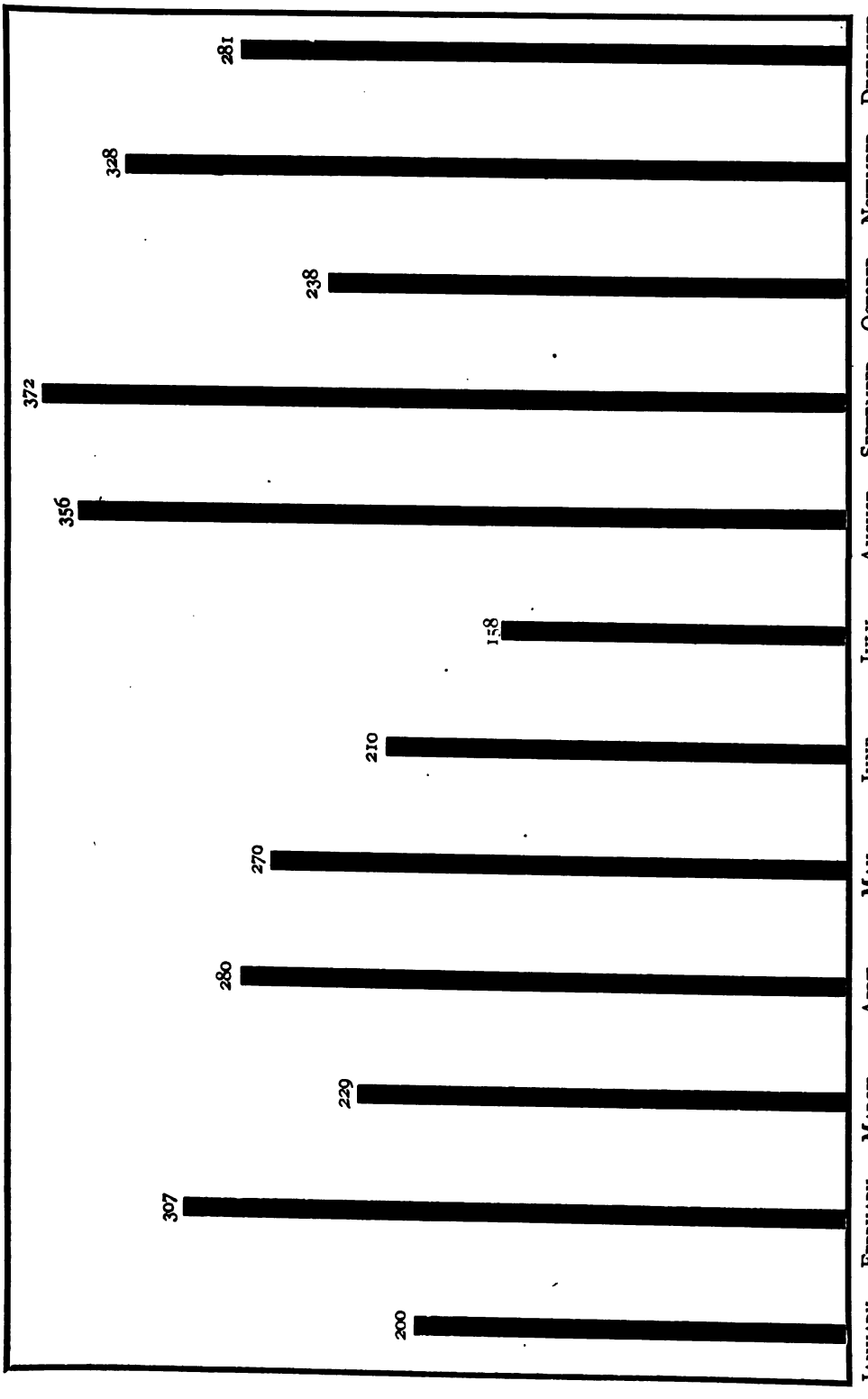
MAY

1.	The Harvester	270
2.	A Hoosier Chronicle	108
3.	The Winning of Barbara Worth	101
4.	He Comes Up Smiling	100
5.	John Rawn	99
6.	Tante	96

JUNE

1.	Fran	210
2.	A Hoosier Chronicle	178
3.	Through the Postern Gate	119
4.	The Harvester	114
5.	The Man in Lonely Land	112
6.	Tante	100

CHART OF MONTHLY LEADERS IN 1912



JULY

1. The Harvester 158
2. Fran 134
3. A Hoosier Chronicle..... 127
4. The Street Called Straight..... 113
5. The Melting of Molly..... 109
6. The Man in Lonely Land..... 91

AUGUST

1. The Street Called Straight..... 356
2. The Just and the Unjust..... 198
3. The Melting of Molly..... 147
4. The Harvester 108
5. A Hoosier Chronicle..... 96
6. The Lighted Way..... 85

SEPTEMBER

1. The Street Called Straight..... 372
2. The Harvester 153
3. The Melting of Molly..... 151
4. The Just and the Unjust..... 124
5. A Hoosier Chronicle..... 82
6. To M. L. G..... 76

OCTOBER

1. The Street Called Straight..... 238
2. The Melting of Molly..... 145
3. The Red Lane..... 123
4. The Harvester 121
5. The Just and the Unjust..... 80
6. To M. L. G..... 66

NOVEMBER

1. Their Yesterdays 328
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn..... 169
3. The Street Called Straight..... 168
4. Where There's a Will..... 121
5. The Harvester 112
6. The Melting of Molly..... 92

DECEMBER

1. Their Yesterdays 281
2. The Hollow of Her Hand..... 219
3. The Net 210
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill..... 142
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn..... 100
6. Between Two Thieves..... 65

ELEVEN TIMES MENTIONED

The Harvester.

FIVE TIMES MENTIONED

The Winning of Barbara Worth, A Hoosier Chronicle, The Street Called Straight, The Melting of Molly.

FOUR TIMES MENTIONED

The Iron Woman, Queed.

THREE TIMES MENTIONED

The Following of the Star, The Money Moon, The Just and the Unjust.

TWICE MENTIONED

He Comes Up Smiling, Tante, Fran, The Man in Lonely Land, To M. L. G., Their Yesterdays, The Arm-chair at the Inn.

ONCE MENTIONED

Peter Ruff and The Double Four, John Rawn, Through the Postern Gate, The Lighted Way, The Red Lane, Where There's a Will, The Hollow of Her Hand, The Net, A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill, Between Two Thieves.

In the lists for 1912, twenty-seven books were represented as against the same number for 1911, thirty-two for 1910, twenty-nine for 1909, thirty-six for 1908, thirty for 1907, thirty for 1906, twenty-nine for 1905, thirty-one for 1904, thirty-two for 1903, twenty-eight for 1902, twenty-nine for 1901, and twenty-nine for 1900. Two books, *The Street Called Straight* and *To M. L. G.*, were published anonymously. No book was the result of collaboration. Eliminating the two books whose authors were anonymous, the remaining twenty-five books represented the work of fifteen men and ten women. Again eliminating *To M. L. G.* and *The Street Called Straight*, eighteen of the twenty-five books were written by American authors.

The Real Fagin

Two unusually interesting Dickens books of the season are Sir William Robertson Nicol's volume on the unfinished title *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, and Edwin Pugh's *The Charles Dickens Originals*. The latter book especially is one which invites quotation. It contains much which will be absolutely new to the average well-grounded Dickensian, and much more that has been so long forgotten that it is quite the same as new material. For example, the reader, as a general rule, will recall that the story of David Copperfield was to a large extent the story of certain years of Dickens's own life, that Mrs. Nickleby was drawn from Dickens's mother, and Micawber from Dickens's

father, that the Cherryble brothers in real life were the Grant brothers, and that Leigh Hunt and Walter Savage Landor served as the models from which Dickens drew Harold Skimpole and Lawrence Boythorn in *Bleak House*. But how many of us remember that the real Sam Weller was Sam Vale, and the real Fagin of *Oliver Twist* was a certain notorious Ikey Solomons. To begin with the last-named character, Mr. Pugh quotes from the story of Major Arthur Griffiths, sometime governor of Newgate Prison. Ikey Solomons was a notorious fence or receiver of stolen goods who passed through Newgate in 1831, some six years before Dickens began the story of Oliver Twist. Solomons had begun life as an itinerant street vender at eight, at ten he passed bad money, at fourteen he was a pickpocket and a seller of sham goods. While still in his teens he was sentenced to transportation, but did not get beyond the hulks at Chatham. After his release he worked honestly for two years, but having saved one hundred and fifty pounds, he returned to London and set up as a fence. Among his other activities he established a system of provincial agency by which stolen goods were passed on from London to the seaports, and thence abroad.

The care with which Solomons removed all marks by which stolen articles might be identified won him prolonged immunity from arrest. On one occasion the whole of the proceeds of a robbery from a boot shop was traced to him; the owner came with the police, and was morally convinced that it was his property, but could not positively identify it, and the fence defied them to remove a single shoe. In the end the injured bootmaker was forced to buy back his stolen stock. As a general rule, Solomons confined his purposes to small articles, mostly of jewelry and plate, which he kept concealed in a hiding place with a trapdoor just under his bed. He lived in Rosemary Lane, and sometimes had as much as twenty thousand pounds worth of goods secreted on the premises. When his trade was busiest he set up a second establishment, at the head of which, although he was married, he put another lady. This naturally led to disaster; the real Mrs. Solomons found it out, Ikey was implicated as a receiver, and decided to try his fortunes in another land. He was about to emigrate to New South Wales when he was arrested and committed to Newgate. By a clever trick he escaped from prison, crossed the North Sea to Copenhagen and thence sailed for America. Here he devoted himself to the circulation of forged notes. His wife in London could not resist the temptation to carry on her husband's business, and as a result received a sentence of fourteen years' transportation, and was sent to Van Diemen's Land. Solomons joined her there, and they set up a general shop and began to prosper. He was, however, recognised, taken back to England and Newgate Prison for trial as a receiver and a prison breaker. Receiving a sentence of fourteen years, he was reconveyed at his own request to Van Diemen's Land.

Moore in Ireland

Although George Moore couldn't speak a word of Irish himself, he was, as he tells us in his new book, *Salve*, determined that every other Irishman in Ireland should be made to speak it. Great was his surprise in view of the sacrifices he felt himself to be making by giving up remunerative literary work in London, when he found no marked alacrity on the part of his Irish friends in accepting the generous tender of his talents. "You don't mean it?" said Dr. Douglas Hyde. "You don't tell me that you've left London for good? You're only joking."

Yeats joined our group, and when Edward (Martyn) said that I had decided to come to live in Dublin he tried a joke, but it got lost in the folds of his style, and he looked at Hyde and Martyn disconsolate. MacNeill, the Vice-President of the Gaelic League, sidled through the crowd—an honest fellow with a great deal of brown beard. But I couldn't get him to express any opinion regarding my coming, or the view that the League would take of it. "But your subscription will be received gratefully," he said, moving away to avoid further interrogation.

Then Moore suggested that he be sent to America as a Gaelic League mission-

ary to collect funds. Upon which he was again pointedly told that the League would be very glad to receive any money he might collect, but would not send him over as its representative.

Finally, some one thought that Moore might help in a journalistic way, and suggested his calling on the editor of *The Claidhéam Soluis*. So the next morning Moore did so, and found "a couple of rough-looking men, peasants, no doubt, native Irish speakers," who "sat on either side of a large table with account-books before them," and who told him that the editor was not in. Moore, however, was too full of his business to wait. "Your Vice-President MacNeill sent me here," he told the "subs." "He would like me to write an article. I am George Moore." "I'll tell the editor when he comes in," was the answer. "And if you'll send in your article he'll consider it. The next few numbers are full up." Moore was taken aback at this. He! the great George Moore, to be told his article would be "considered"! Still, he retained his composure and replied: "I appreciate your independence, and I'll submit an article, but in England editors are not quite so Olympian to me."

Staking a Claim

Since Zola first preached the necessity of careful documentation in fiction, the habit of going to some little trouble to secure literal accuracy in material facts has become fairly common among the younger novelists; but it is a question whether any new writer ever started in to secure material in a more disillusioned and business-like manner than Miss Ida Vera Simonton, author of a West African novel, *Hell's Playground,* reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Miss Simonton is an American by birth, her native city being Pittsburgh; her antecedents, so far as she has seen fit to divulge them, reveal no pioneering spirit, no connections with the strange and distant jumping-off places of civilisation; her family were neither explorers nor traders nor missionaries:—in short, there was nothing in her genealogy or early life that would seem in even the remotest way to connect Miss Simonton's horoscope with the African West Coast. But when she found herself practically alone in the world, with slender resources and the stern necessity of earning a livelihood, she decided to write books,—but not from the motive that leads so many other impecunious novices astray: namely, that writing requires no preliminary outlay of capital, beyond pen, ink, and a pad of paper. On the contrary, Miss Simonton treated the proposition in the same practical spirit as though she were preparing to acquire the good will in a notion shop or a restaurant. She studied the problem of the most advantageous "locations" and the comparative cost; she took a map of the world and satisfied herself to what extent each subdivision of each continent was already preëmpted by other novelists. And when she decided that of all the world the Congo region came most near to being a virgin field, she promptly invested her small patrimony in a necessary outfit, a steamer ticket, and a letter-of-credit, which with careful economy should provide for a two years' residence. Then she made her plunge into the Dark Continent, alone and without a single human being awaiting her arrival.

Miss Simonton's ability as a writer, her powers of observation, and her rather startling frankness of narration are matters which find their proper place in connection with the review of her book. But it is interesting to know that almost all the important details of its contents are based upon existing conditions, as Miss Simonton saw and understood them. In her opinion, the native Congo negro is a hopelessly degraded savage; missionary work in this field, she insists, is worse than useless, since it means only the squandering of valuable human lives, with practically no return. The native is inherently unmoral and without shame; his one reliable source of income is the sale or renting out of his women; and the consequent corruption and degradation of the white residents forms a chapter in human weakness that must have required some courage to write. For the benefit of those who read *Hell's Playground,* it may be mentioned specifically that among the details taken from life



POE'S FORDHAM COTTAGE. NOW ALMOST HIDDEN BY SURROUNDING SKYSCRAPERS. DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

"It is exactly as he left it: a ground-floor room and an attic with a box of a kitchen in the rear; close to the small windows looking on the street a scraggly fence framing a garden no larger than a grave plot, and on the side a narrow portico covered by a roof supported on short wooden pillars. It may have been painted since, probably has, and here and there a new paling may have been added to the fence, but that is about all. Everything else tells the story of its sad past, with the helpless bitter poverty of the great poet. For nearly four years he and his frail, slender wife slept in the attic under the low hipped roof,—so low that his beloved Virginia could hardly stand upright within its cramped walls. And in this one attic room she died."—F. HOPKINSON SMITH.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page and Company.

"THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER." BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

are the scene of the birth of the negro child on the steamer's deck; the struggle of the hero to live a spotless life, for the sake of the English girl left at home, then her readiness to believe a false story about him, and her breaking of the engagement; and after that his loss of grip upon life, and his gradual disintegration under the combined influences of whiskey and the dusky charms of "La Gabonaise." Even the bungalow which was set aside for this ebony Venus was in all its details drawn from life, although when Miss Simonton saw it, neglect and the ravages of the climate had brought it to a rather tumble-down state. Miss Simonton's studies of West African conditions extended to residence in the French, Belgian, and English spheres of influence. Of the cruelty and oppression practised by foreigners she speaks with unmitigated frankness, drawing comparisons that are strongly in favour of England. It is now more than two years



IDA VERA SIMONTON



ELIZABETH ROBINS

since Miss Simonton's return to America, and during intervals in her work upon *Hell's Playground*, she has lectured before women's clubs in Cleveland, Pittsburgh and elsewhere, on the condition of women in West Africa. The horrors of her two years in Congo still linger with her, and she vows that nothing on earth would induce her to return. Her health is still much shattered by hardship and illness, and at regular recurring intervals she is still prostrated for days at a time from lingering effects that she attributes to an attack of the Sleeping Sickness. The book, it may be noted, represents the patient labour of four years, two in gathering material and two more in writing and revising, before it was brought to its present form.

A Tale of Three Titles

We are inclined to hark back to the days when a certain Paris newspaper was being rented out at ten sous the half hour to readers who wanted the day's instalment of Eugene Sue's *The Mysteries of Paris*, and when crowds blockaded the street leading to the office of *All the Year Round*

on the day of publication to learn the further adventures of the characters of Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White.* These we regard as the days of great serials, maintaining that no real serial has appeared since George Du Maurier's *Trilby.* But now and then there comes a story which in serial form brings a decided response. Such a one was Owen Johnson's *Stover at Yale,* and another, according to the publishers of *McClure's Magazine,* is the new serial by Miss



FRANÇOIS DE TESSAN

Elizabeth Robins. The story may alliteratively be described as a tale of three titles. First it was known as *The Grey Hawk of the World,* then as *My Little Sister,* when it eventually appears in book form in this country, while in England it will be published under the title *Where are You Going To?*

For some years after the beginning of her literary career Miss Robins concealed her identity behind the pseudonym C. E. Raimond. At that time she was also an actress playing Ibsen parts. As C. E. Raimond she issued *The Fatal Gift of Beauty, George Mandeville's Husband, New Moon,* and *The Open Question.* The last-named book was something of a sensation in England and aroused the curiosity that led to the discovery of the authorship. Miss Robins was somewhat exasperated by her inability to preserve her disguise, and contributed a long letter to a London daily newspaper, deploring that as it had been discovered that she had acted in *The Master Builder* it would be impossible to have her books criticised without reference to the influence of Ibsen.

Another Critical Visitor

M. François de Tessan, a very observant French journalist, who has been in this country for the past year or two in the interests of the *Matin,* of Paris, has just brought out a volume of certain of his American impressions under the title *Promenades au Far West.* Now, considered seriously *Promenades au Far West* is a very good book of its kind, written by a man whose knowledge of this country has not been acquired by a mere two weeks' visit to our shores. Summing up all of its three hundred and forty pages, we could not do otherwise than characterise it as an exceedingly creditable piece of work. But permitting ourselves to emphasise trivialities, we find a number of these amusing, though perhaps unessential, little touches which are always to be found in the book of a Continental critic. A month or two ago we expressed doubts that the American artist who illustrated Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Your United States* in its serial form had ever seen a "Cheer Leader" in action. There was nothing the matter with Mr. Bennett's text, but the illustration accompanying it certainly surprised us. Now M. de Tessan in his description of a foot-ball contest between Stanford Leland and the University of California throws an added light on the subject. He informs us gravely that the "Cheer Leader" is also called the "Yell Master." Also worthy of a place with Victor Hugo's "Tom Jimjack" and Paul de Kock's "Lord Boulgrog" is M. de Tessan's "Les Jincks," certain festivities which are a feature of the life of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.



THE HOUSE BOAT OF CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON



PETER NEWELL AT WORK



MAIN ENTRANCE TO SUDERMANN'S SCHLOSS BLANKENSEE

Notes about Newell

To use his own words, Peter Newell and the Civil War broke out at about the same time. He was born in McDonough County, Illinois, in a country district. The paternal home stood at the intersection of two roads locally known as The Four Corners, and was clapboarded with walnut. Representatives of furniture companies now canvass Illinois bargaining for individual walnut trees to use in fine cabinet work. Most, if not all of the other houses in the neighbourhood were constructed of logs, so to first see the light of day in a clapboarded house was equivalent to being born with a silver spoon in one's mouth in a more advanced state of society. At an early age he removed with his family to Bushnell, Illinois, in which place he lived till he was grown. In his seventeenth year he graduated from the public schools and very soon afterward found employment in a local cigar factory. He did not, however, begin to smoke till after he reached the age of thirty, and has ever since been trying to make up for lost time. He has a theory that since he never smokes over four-fifths of a cigar at a time, after smoking four cigars, he is entitled to an extra one to make up for



HOME OF CARL HAUPTMANN IN MITTEL-SCHREIBERHAU (SILESIA), ORIGINALLY OCCUPIED BY CARL AND GERHART HAUPTMANN

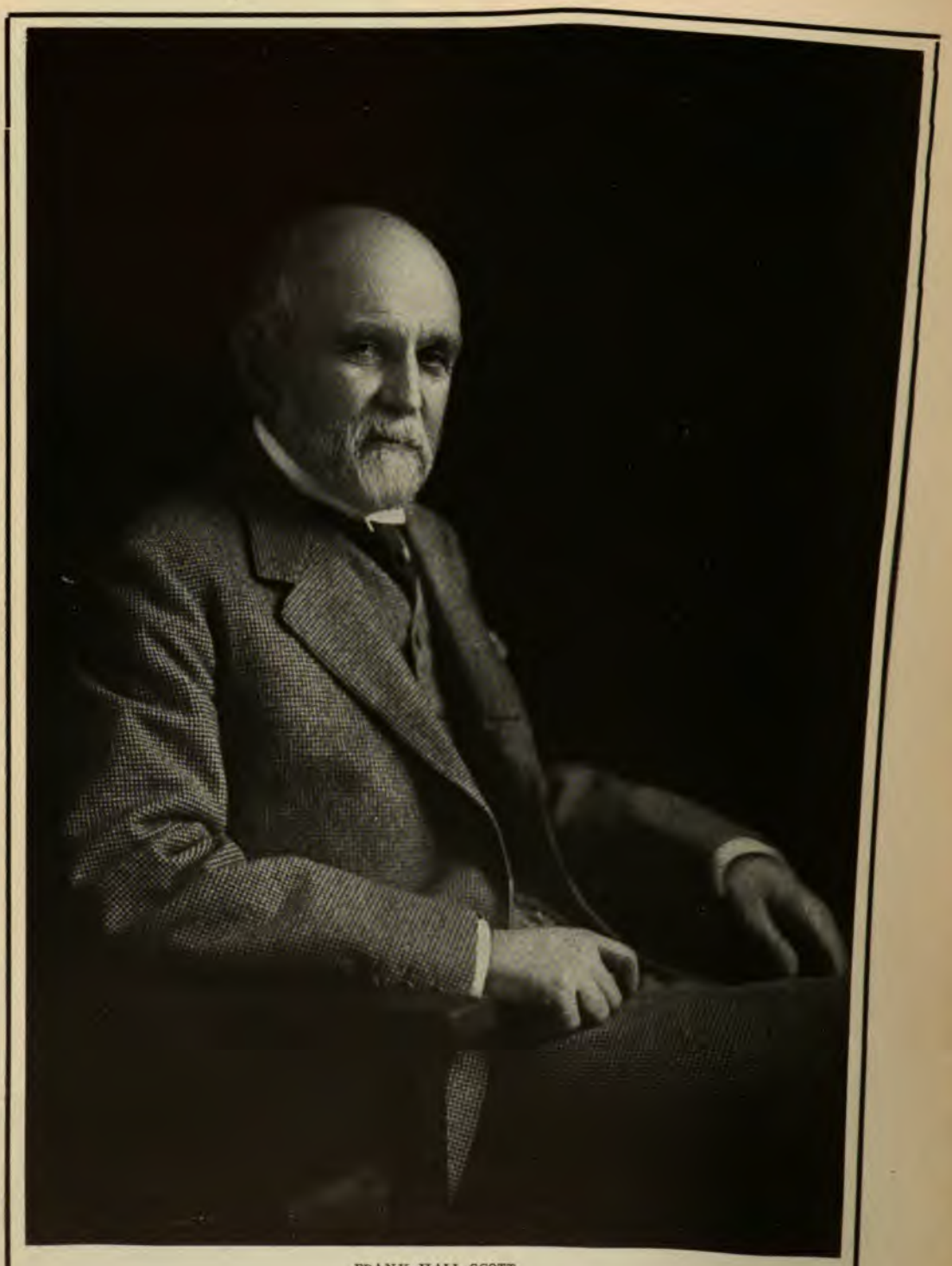


A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

the stumps that have been discarded. He soon deserted the factory to accept a position with a firm of photographers in Jacksonville, Illinois, where he made crayon portraits of people, living and deceased—chiefly the latter. These were the best patrons, since they were easily satisfied.

The Call of the Soil

The average Berlin critic is in the habit of regarding the national capital as the natural centre for German literary production, and to look askance at the literary endeavours manifested outside of the gates of his city, a region to which he applies the opprobrious term *Provinz*. To him Munich or Hamburg or Frankfurt are every bit as provincial as Buxtehude or Schmalleningken. It is interesting to observe, however, that in spite of this hostile attitude, many German men of letters are forsaking Berlin, this being especially true of the past decade or two, when so much emphasis has been placed upon the return to the soil so felicitously described as *Heimatkunst*. The origin of this movement must be ascribed partly to the naturalistic revolution in literature that so strongly affected the current of German literary production during the late eighties and the early nineties, and it is one of the phases of this movement which has won general recognition. The true *Heimatkünstler* shuns the noise and bustle incident to life in a modern metropolis, and so we find German writers of note, and not *Heimatkünstler* alone, seeking the seclusion of the country. So —to mention only a few—Rudolf Herzog has turned to an old castle on the Rhine, built before the discovery of America; Ludwig Fulda is building a home in a Berlin suburb; Hermann Sudermann now resides in Schloss Blankensee near Trebbin in the Mark Brandenburg; Gerhart Hauptmann spends most of his time in Agnetendorf (Silesia) and in Italy; Otto Ernst lives at Gross-Flottbek outside of Hamburg; the village of Worpswede near Bremen has become famous the world over as the seat of a "school" of landscape painting, having attracted such artists as Heinrich Vogeler, Otto Modersohn, Fritz Mackensen, Hans am Ende, and the late Fritz Overbeck; and in the charmingly situated village of Mittel-schreiberhau in the Riesengebirge (Silesia), for some time the home of Gerhart Hauptmann, there is a whole colony of writers and artists and musicians, including Carl Hauptmann, Wilhelm Bölsche, Werner Sombart, Hermann Hendrich and Anna Teichmüller, all of whom find much of the inspiration for their work in their beautiful environment.



FRANK HALL SCOTT

April 7, 1848—November 25, 1912

Points in Common

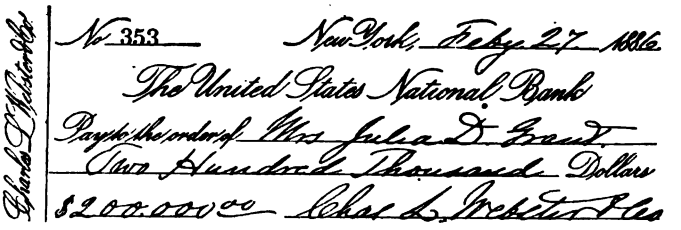
From the publishers of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's *The Happy Warrior,* we receive a note calling attention to the fact that this author has many points in common with quite a number of famous writers. "Like Thackeray, he was born in India; like Keats, he studied medicine for a time; and, like Coleridge, there was a period when he had soldierly ambitions. His father was a distinguished general of the British army, and two of his brothers became soldiers. One of the latter fought in the Boer War and died several years ago from the after-effects of hard campaigning; the other is still in the army in service in India. Notwithstanding the success which Mr. Hutchinson has attained in journalism and the writing of fiction, he would still gladly relinquish all if he could realise his youthful ambition to wear the king's uniform. He says, indeed, that he would cheerfully change places with every smart private soldier he sees, and repines over nothing so much as the shortsightedness which caused him to be rejected for a military career." While we are not yet ready to endorse Mr. Hutchinson as a Thackeray, a Keats, or a Coleridge by reason of these points in common, we have no hesitation in saying that if *The Happy Warrior* is as good a story as Mr. Hutchinson's *Once Aboard the Lugger* of a few years ago it will deserve the attention of discriminating readers.

When They Were Twenty-one

The recent death of Mr. Frank H. Scott, the President of The Century Company of New York, took from the American publishing world one of its most conspicuous, dignified, and amiable figures. Mr. Scott was one of the last remaining links connecting our literary life of yesterday with our literary life of to-day. *Scribner's Monthly,* later to become the *Century,* was established in 1870, and when Mr. Scott then became associated with the enterprise he was little more than one and twenty years of age. The first editor of *Scribner's Monthly* was the famous Dr. Holland, but the assistant editor was Richard Watson Gilder, who was only two or three years Mr. Scott's senior. Viewed from to-day it was a quaint and curious old world when these two men, destined to be so long associated, were twenty-one. In 1870 American readers were following serially Dickens's *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* without an idea that they were never to know the *denouément* of that story. *The Innocents Abroad* was then a new book and its author a bridgegroom of a few months. William Dean Howells, a young fellow of thirty-three, was in Boston assisting in the editing of the *Atlantic Monthly.* Bret Harte had just become known through the publication of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Heathen Chinee," William Cullen Bryant and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow were youngsters, respectively seventy-six and sixty-three years of age, each destined to enjoy approximately another decade of life.

Mark Twain as Publisher

In the vast amount of comment which has been elicited by the publication of Albert Bigelow Paine's official *Life* of Mark Twain, we have seen a great deal about Mark Twain as author, lecturer, Mississippi pilot, and globe trotter, but very little about Mark Twain as a publisher. This is somewhat surprising, for Mr. Clemens's unfortunate venture with Webster and Company was one of the turning points of his life, analogous to a similar bitter experience of Sir Walter Scott, who lost his all through the failure of his printers, the Ballantynes. The publishing firm of C. L. Webster and Company was organised in 1884 to publish the works of Mark Twain. Charles L. Webster, who had married Mr. Clemens's niece, was an industrious, tirelessly energetic young man, with profound confidence in the future. Mr. Clemens was president of the company, but took little active part in the management of its affairs. Able to conceive in broad outlines successful policies, he was singularly deficient in the power to handle the details of their execution. After ten years of business the firm whose enterprises had always figured in large sums through the immense popularity of the author-publisher's own works, *The Memoirs of Gen-*


No 353 New York, Feby 27 1886
The United States National Bank
Pay to the order of Mrs Julia D. Grant
Two Hundred Thousand Dollars
$200.000.00 Chas L. Webster & Co

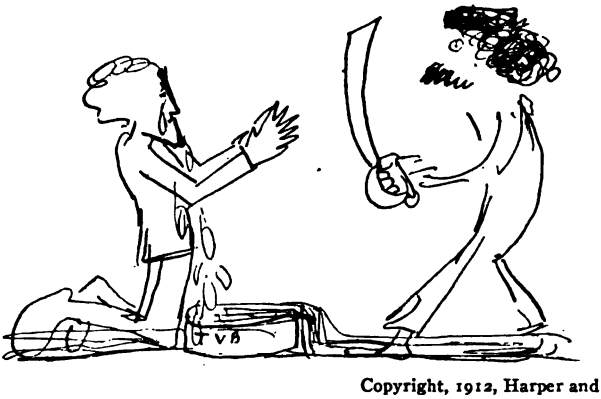
Copyright, 1912, Harper and Brothers

FACSIMILE OF THE CHEQUE DRAWN BY WEBSTER AND CO. TO THE ORDER OF MRS. GRANT

eral Grant, and the *Life of Pope Leo XIII,* made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors, acknowledging liabilities approximately eighty thousand dollars.

Although primarily organised for the purpose of publishing Mark Twain's own works, it was not long before the firm of Webster and Company was invading even wider fields. In 1881 Mr. Clemens had urged General Grant to write and publish his memoirs. By the autumn of 1884 the general had decided to do so, and Mark Twain was determined to secure the work at any cost. He offered General Grant seventy per cent. of the net returns, undertaking to pay all office expenses out of the remaining thirty per cent., volunteering to draw a cheque on the spot for twenty-five thousand dollars as an advance royalty payment on the first volume of the *Memoirs,* and promising a like advance amount for each succeeding volume. When the final arrangements were made the office of Webster and Company was warm with affairs. The reporters were running hot foot for news of the great contract by which Mark Twain was to publish the life of General Grant. No publishing enterprise of such vast moment had ever before been undertaken, and no publishing event, before or since, ever received the amount of newspaper comment. The names of General Grant and Mark Twain associated would command columns, whatever the event, and that Mark Twain was to become the publisher of Grant's own story of his battles was of unprecedented importance. The death of General Grant the following summer largely augmented the orders for his *Memoirs.* In the end more than three hundred thousand sets of two volumes each were sold, and between four hundred and twenty and four hundred and fifty thousand dollars was paid to Mrs. Grant. The first cheque of two hundred thousand dollars, drawn February 27, 1886, remains the largest single royalty cheque in history.

The success of the Grant *Memoirs* started Webster and Company on the high road to apparent fortune. Other war generals preparing their recollections naturally hoped to appear with the great



Copyright, 1912, Harper and Brothers

AN EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS BETWEEN MARK TWAIN AND AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS

THE GREATEST BOOK OF THE AGE!

PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN SIX LANGUAGES.

LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII.

From an Authentic Memoir Furnished by His Order.

WRITTEN WITH THE ENCOURAGEMENT, APPROBATION, AND BLESSING OF

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE,

BY BERNARD O'REILLY, D.D., L.D. (LAVAL)

ELEGANTLY AND PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

EVERY CATHOLIC IN THE LAND SHOULD POSSESS THIS VOLUME, AS IT IS ISSUED WITH THE APPROBATION AND BLESSING OF THE POPE, AS A SOUVENIR OF HIS GOLDEN JUBILEE YEAR, 1887



TWO MAGNIFICENT CHROMOS PRINTED IN TEN COLORS.

TWO ELEGANT STEEL PLATES.

TWENTY-TWO OTHER FINE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

A SIX-DOLLAR BOOK FOR $3.75. PLAIN EDITION $3.00.

THESE EXTREMELY LOW PRICES HAVE BEEN FIXED UPON TO ENABLE

Every One to Own a Book Blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff.

IN ONE VOLUME, ROYAL OCTAVO, OF ABOUT 600 PAGES.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY BERNARD O'REILLY.

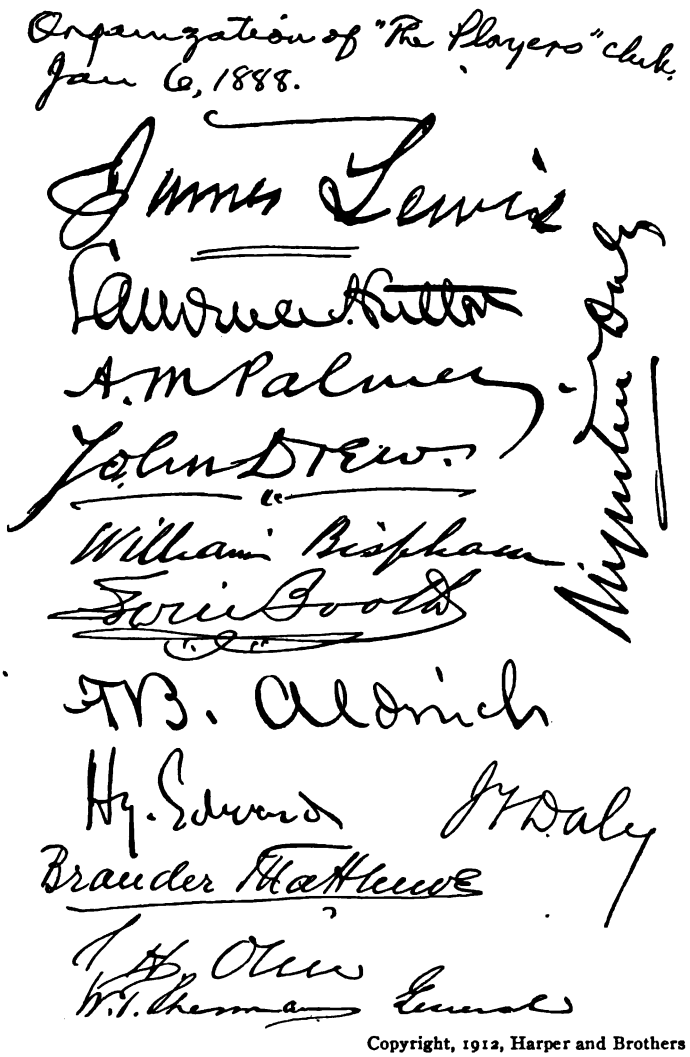
Copyright, 1912, Harper and Brothers

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE LIFE OF LEO XIII

commander, and arrangements were made with McClellan and Sheridan, but these features, and even the Grant book itself, seemed likely to dwindle by the side of *The Life of Pope Leo XIII*, who in his old age had consented to the preparation of a memoir, to be published with his sanction and blessing. Clemens and Webster—every one, in fact, who heard of the project—united in the belief that no book, with the exception of the Holy Scripture itself or the Koran, would have a wider acceptance than the biography of the Pope. It was agreed by good judges—and they included Howells and Twichell and even the shrewd general agents throughout the country—that every good Catholic would regard such a book as not only desirable, but as absolutely necessary to his salvation. Howells, recalling Clemens's emotions of this time, writes:

> He had no words in which to paint the magnificence of the project or to forecast its colossal success. It would have a currency bounded only by the number of Catholics in Christendom. It would be translated into every language which was anywhere written or printed; it would be circulated literally in every country of the globe.

The formal contract for this great undertaking was signed in Rome in April, 1886, and Webster immediately prepared to go over to consult with His Holiness in person as to the details. It was decided to carry a handsome present to the Pope in the form of a specially made edition of



Copyright, 1912, Harper and Brothers

PLAN FOR ORGANISING THE PLAYERS CLUB. DRAWN UP BY MARK TWAIN

the Grant *Memoirs* in a rich casket, and it was Mr. Clemens's idea that the binding of the books should be solid gold—this to be done by Tiffany at an estimated cost of about three thousand dollars. In the end, however, the binding was not gold, but the handsomest that could be designed of less precious and more appriate material.

But the lean years came. At fifty-eight Mark Twain was weighed down with a vast burden of debts, the liabilities of Webster and Company being fully two hundred thousand dollars. Something like sixty thousand dollars of this was money supplied by Mr. Clemens, but the vast remaining sum was due to banks, to printers, to binders, and to dealers in various publishing materials. Somehow it must be paid. His family was in Europe and he went to live at the Players Club in New York, and there to build schemes to battle with his troubles. But even in that gloomy winter of 1893-94 the irrepressible humour of the man was in evidence. For example, two anecdotes of the time that are remembered at the Players.

Just before Christmas a member named Scott said one day:

BJUYT KIOP M LKJHGFDSA:QWERTYUIOP:_-98VB64320W RT
HA

HARTFORD, DEC. 9.

DEAR BROTHER:

I AM TRYING T TO GET THE HANG OF THIS NEW F FANGLED WRITING MACHINE, BUT AM NOT MAKING A SHINING SUCCESS OF IT. HOWEVER THIS IS THE FIRST ATTEMPT I EVER HAVE MADE, & YET I PERCEIVETHAT I SHALL SOON & EASILY ACQUIRE A FINE FACILITY IN ITS USE. I SAW THE THING IN BOSTON THE OTHER DAY & WAS GREATLY TAKEN WITH IT. SUSIE HAS STRUCK THE KEYS ONCE OR TWICE, & NO DOUBT HAS PRINTED SOME LETTERS WHICH DO NOT BELONG WHERE SHE PUT THEM.

THE HAVING BEEN A COMPOSITOR IS LIKELY TO BE A GREAT HELP TO ME, SINCE O NE CHIEFLY NEEDS SWIFTNESS IN BANGING THE KEYS. THE MACHINE COSTS 125 DOLLARS. THE MACHINE HAS SEVERAL VIRTUES I BELIEVE IT WILL PRINT FASTER THAN I CAN WRITE. ONE MAY LEAN BACK IN HIS CHAIR & WORK IT. IT PILES AN AWFUL STACK OF WORDS ON ONE PAGE. IT DONT MUSS THINGS OR SCATTER INK BLOTS AROUND. OF COURSE IT SAVES PAPER.

SUSIE IS GONE,

NOW, & I FANCY I SHALL MAKE BETTER PROGRESS% WORKING THIS TYPE-WRITER REMINDS ME OF OLD ROBERT BUCHANAN, WHO, YOU REMEMBER, USED TO SET UP ARTICLES AT THE CASE WITHOUT PREVIOUSLY PUTTING THEM IN THE FORM OF MANUSCRIPT. I WAS LOST IN ADMIRATION OF SUOH MARVELOUS INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY.

LOVE TO MOLLIE.

YOUR BROTHER,

SAM.

Copyright, 1912, Harper and Brothers

MARK TWAIN'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT TYPEWRITING

"Mr. Clemens, you have an extra overcoat hanging in the coatroom. I've got to attend my uncle's funeral and it's raining very hard. I'd like to wear it."

The coat was an old one, in the pockets of which Clemens kept a melancholy assortment of pipes, soiled handkerchiefs, neckties, letters, and what not.

"Scott," he said, "if you won't lose anything out of the pockets of that coat you may wear it."

An hour or two later Clemens found a notice in his mail-box that a package for him was in the office. He called for it and found a neat bundle which somehow had a Christmas look. He carried it up to the reading-room with a showy air.

"Now, boys," he said, "you may make all the fun of Christmas you like, but it's pretty nice, after all, to be remembered."

They gathered around and he undid the package. It was filled with the pipes, soiled handkerchiefs, and other articles from the old overcoat. Scott had taken special precautions against losing them.

Mark Twain regarded them in silence, then he drawled:

"Well—d——n Scott. I hope his uncle's funeral will be a failure."

The second anecdote concerns The Player

egg-cups. They easily hold two eggs, but not three. One morning a new waiter came to take the breakfast order. Clemens said:

"Boy, put three soft eggs in that cup for me."

By and by the waiter returned, bringing the breakfast. Clemens looked at the egg portion and asked:

"Boy, what was my order?"

"Three soft eggs broken in the cup, Mr. Clemens."

"And you've filled that order, have you?"

"Yes, Mr. Clemens."

"Boy, you are trifling with the truth; I've been trying all winter to get three eggs into that cup."

A brief for the South

William Gillmore Baymer's *On Hazardous Service* aims to tell the true stories of the most adventurous of the scouts and spies of both sides during the War of Secession. Perhaps the most significant of all the chapters in the book is that devoted to the exploits of Miss Elizabeth Van Lew, for while it accomplishes the purpose of extolling the heroism and self-sacrifice of a woman who served the Union in Richmond from the time of the first gun fired upon Sumter to the surrender at Appomattox, to those who read between the lines it will be recognised as a very effective though unintended brief for the South. The story of Miss Van Lew redounds to the credit of the heroine, and it also redounds to the credit of the city of Richmond and the Confederate authorities. Miss Van Lew's open espousal of the Federal cause brought social ostracism and an occasional threat. But whether Mr. Baymer intended it or not the story of these years leaves on the fair-minded reader an impression exceedingly favourable to Miss Van Lew's "enemies," showing them to have been, in the main, remarkably generous and tolerant. It is not surprising that Miss Van Lew failed to see this. The constant menace of danger, "the threats, the scowls, the frowns," obscured her vision. That the menace never became reality, that the threats were never carried out, that while working harm herself against a people who believed in the sacredness of their cause as implicitly as she believed in the sacredness of hers, she lived free from harm, constitute a real tribute to Richmond and to the Confederacy.

Gourmont Chez Lui

Remy de Gourmont, whose *Une Nuit au Luxembourg* is reviewed elsewhere, was a close friend of J.-K. Huysmans, to whom he dedicated his *Latin Mystique*, inspired, no doubt, by the discussion of the Latin poets of the Decadence in *A Rebours*. The younger man has told how he and the author of that philosophical fantasy, which Brunetière once described as a "vaudeville," used to meet after official hours (both occupied governmental positions, Huysmans as "sous-chef de bureau à la direction de la Sureté Générale," Gourmont in the Bibliothèque Nationale), walk to a favourite café, and sip their absinthe, while the elder man entertained the younger by his malicious comments on their contemporaries. M. de Gourmont even helped Huysmans by certain investigations into the tradition of the *Messe Noire*. He finally came to the conclusion that no such diabolical ceremony had ever been celebrated in the Middle Ages, and had existed only in the imaginations of demented hags taken and tortured as witches. So Huysmans was obliged to construct the unsavoury scene in *Là-Bas* out of the whole cloth.

At one time M. de Gourmont took an important personal part in the literary life of Paris, and especially in connection with that movement known as Symbolism, of which he was, in a measure, the official theorician and critic. Of late years, however, he has retired and lived as a recluse on the fourth floor of an old house in the *Rue des Saints-Pères*. Mr. Ransome, the translator of *Une Nuit au Luxembourg*, gives an interesting account of a visit to this strange and somewhat sinister solitary who reminds one, in a curious way, of a spider situated in the centre of his woven web of ideas and sensations, or, better still, of an old octopus whose tentacles reach out into the sentient and intellectual world, and explore, with slow, groping, snake-like movements, every hidden crevice and cranny of the human soul. "A copper

chain," Mr. Ransome writes, "hangs as a bell-rope to his door."

This opens a few inches, ready to be closed immediately, by a man of middle size in a brown monk's robe, with a small, round, grey felt cap. The robe is fastened with silver buckles, in which are set large blue stones. The admitted visitor walks through a passage into a room whose walls are covered with books. In the shadow at the back of the room is a loaded table. Another table, with a sloping desk upon it, juts out from the window. M. de Gourmont sits in a big chair before the desk, placing his visitor on the opposite side of the table, with the light falling on his face so that he can observe his slightest expression. He pokes at the little, brimless skull-cap, and twists it a quarter of a circle on his head. He rolls and lights cigarettes. In conversation he often disguises his face with his hand, but now and again looks openly and directly at his visitor. His eyes are always questioning, and almost always kindly. His face was beautiful in the youth of the flesh, and is now beautiful in the age of the mind, for there is no dead line in it, no wrinkle, no minute feature not vitalised by intellectual activity. The nose is full and sensitive, with markedly curved nostrils. There is a little satiric beard. The eyebrows lift toward the temples, as in



REMY DE GOURMONT

most men of imagination. The eyes are weighted below, as in most men of critical thought. The two characteristics are, in M. de Gourmont, as in his work, most noticeable together. The lower lip, very full, does not pout, but falls curtain-like toward the chin. It is the lip of a sensualist, and yet of one whose sensuality has not clogged but stimulated the digestive processes of his brain. Omar might have had such a lip, if he had been capable not only of his garlands of roses, but also of the essays of Montaigne.

Basil King

In our summing up of the records of the successful books of 1912 in this department we are, as a concession to formality, attributing *The Street Called Straight* to anonymous authorship. As a matter of fact, the anonymity is such in name only. At the time that *The Inner Shrine* was enjoying its great success we knew to a certainty its author, but there were reasons then that would have made the publication of the name something of a discourtesy. These reasons no longer exist, and we feel at full liberty to say that *The Inner Shrine* and *The Street Called Straight* were written by Basil King.

In the Courts of Memory

His Imperial Majesty William. the Second of Germany has in the course of his four and fifty years appeared conspicuously in many and varied rôles, to which, if report be true, he has recently added that of a literary critic. To him is ascribed the verdict that L. de Hegermann-Lindencrone's *In the Courts of Memory* contains the most vivid and realistic of all the descriptions of Napoleon III, Emperor of the French. The writer, now the wife of the present Danish Minister to Germany, was formerly Miss Lillie Greenough of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she lived with her grandfather, Judge Fay, in the old Fay mansion, now the property of Radcliffe College. When she was fifteen years of age her mother took her to Europe to study, and two years later she became the wife of Charles Moulton, the son of a well-known American banker, who had been a resident in Paris since the days of Louis Philippe. As Madame Moulton she was a welcomed guest at the third Napoleon's court, and for the nine years before the War of 1870 her life was one of continuous gayety. After the fall of the Empire, however, she returned to America, where Mr. Moulton died. A few years afterward she married M. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, at that time Danish Minister to the United States, and later successively his country's representative at Stockholm, Rome, and Paris.

In the first chapter Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone tells us of her school life in Cambridge in 1856. "Professor Agassiz gives us lectures on zoology, geology, and all other ologies, and draws pictures on the blackboard of trilobites and different fossils, which is very amusing. We call him 'Father Nature,' and we all adore him and try to imitate his funny Swiss accent." Young Mr. Agassiz taught the girls German and French; they read Balzac's *Les Chouans* and Schiller's *Wallenstein*. Lillie Greenough had a passage at arms with Mr. Longfellow:

> The other day I was awfully mortified. Mr. Longfellow, who teaches us literature, explained all about rhythm, measures, and the feet used in poetry. The idea of poetry having feet seemed so ridiculous that I thought out a beautiful joke, which I expected would amuse the school immensely; so when he said to me in the lesson, "Miss Greenough, can you tell me what blank verse is?" I answered promptly and boldly, "Blank verse is like a blank-book; there is nothing in it, not even feet," and looked around for admiration, but only saw disapproval written everywhere, and Mr. Longfellow, looking very grave, passed on to the next girl. I never felt so ashamed in my life.
>
> Mr. Longfellow, on passing our house, told aunty that he was coming in the afternoon to speak to me; aunty was worried and so was I, but when he came I happened to be singing Schubert's "Dein ist mein Herz," one of aunty's songs, and he said, "Go on. Please don't stop." When I had finished he said:
>
> "I came to scold you for your flippancy this morning, but you have only to sing to take the words out of my mouth, and to be forgiven."

Ten years after this gentle rebuke the young woman, now Madame Moulton,

was a guest at the Imperial Court at Compiègne. One day there was a picnic excursion to the Chateau de Pierefonds. That evening, after the return, Madame Moulton's table companion was the famous Théophile Gautier. She feared that her conversation would have to be literary, but Gautier talked of little else than cats and dogs. He said that he had eight or ten cats who ate with him at the table; each had its own place and plate, and never by any chance made a mistake and sat in another cat's place or ate off another cat's plate. He was sure that they had a heaven and hell of their own where they went after their death according to their deserts, and that they had souls and consciences. All his cats had classical names, and he talked to them as if they were human beings. He said they understood every word he said. Although she had never seen Charles Dickens in the life she thought that Gautier much resembled the great English novelist. "At any rate, Gautier looks like the Dickens of the photographs."



MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE



BASIL KING

At another Court dinner Madame Moulton's dinner companion was Prosper Mérimée, the lion of lions, the pampered poet. Madame Moulton describes him as looking more like an Englishman than like a Frenchman; quite old, with a nice smile and pleasant eyes which, however, sometimes darted about sharply and suspiciously. He spoke English very well. She told him that she had never heard a foreigner speak such good English as he did. He replied: "I ought to speak it well. I learned it when I was a child." And he added complacently, "I can write even better than I speak it." He told her he had been in correspondence with an English lady for over thirty years.

"Were you in love with her, that you wrote to her all those years?" I inquired.

"I was in love with her letters," he replied. "They were the cleverest things I ever read—full of wit and humour."

"Was she in love with you or only with your letters?" I was tactless enough to ask.



O. HENRY'S OLD HOME IN ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA. THE WINDOW IS ONE OF THOSE IN THE ROOM WHERE HE USED TO WORK

Farnol in Kent

English counties are gradually being preëmpted by novelists. Thomas Hardy has made Wessex his own territory; Eden Phillpotts has staked off the Dartmoor district of Devonshire for his own; and now Jeffery Farnol has proved his right to Kent, "the garden of England." As if to accentuate his claim, the author of *The Broad Highway* has laid the earlier scenes of his forthcoming novel, *The Amateur Gentleman,* in the same county. And nothing pleases Mr. Farnol more than praise of Kent; "I am glad," he rejoined the other day when told that some American visitors to his favourite county had eulogised that as "the most beautiful district of England."

Our Friend Mr. Harris

Mr. Frank Harris, who is lecturing in America this winter, is primarily a strong critic, although he describes himself as "a lover of men and books, who takes pleasure in the past by travelling and in the future by dreaming." He is practical in his views and, like the late Ferdinand Brunetière, knows how to wield a bludgeon from habit. Through him one may learn the unwelcome truth, as proper to the founder of the "Candid Friend." Like Brunetière, also, Mr. Harris entered the forum of critical intellectuality wholly insignificant and unfavoured, and won by sheer mental force. Far, very far from being as valuable a literary censor as the Frenchman, he has a broad knowledge of actual life while Brunetière had scarcely any. The one is hard because he has known life too much; the other was metallic because he had known life too little. A certain unamiable way of feeling and saying things added to the strength of both men. While it meant bravery, hardihood, it ran at times the danger of smacking of ingratitude. England has made Mr. Harris successful and famous. But one hears rather of disparagements from him over here when Britannia is mentioned. Likewise, after he had been at home here in the States and begun his intellectual development at the University of Kansas, he went to London and put himself in the way of violent hostility to America and Americans. Yet he had been too young for them to have shown him aught but kindness. They have borne him no resentment. There may be profit to be gained in the experience. Besides, their memories are short. But it would be more profitable to Yandeedom, and doubtless a greater satisfaction to him, to lecture against us and show us up in a frank

Harris light, than to treat of such themes as Shakespeare's women. Of them the characteristic things to be learned or realised through him will be a little unrelished. America is perhaps the most conservative country in matters literary. Englishmen may knock Shakespeare and his men and women about as much as liked in England; but Mr. Harris's tampering unpleasantly with the immortal bard's female characters may not be tolerated here with much grace. At the same time we should be quite willing for him to dissect our own population.

In the season in London, Mr. Harris may be seen rather nattily tripping down the Strand, swinging lightly his stick, with something of a jaunty, unafraid air. This silhouette illustrates his free-lance course through the regions of ideas. He would have capped a climax quite picturesquely had he volunteered to draw a sword for Spain in her fight to rule in the western hemisphere. As he subscribed to the argument that civilisation could better have the United States erased from memory than the land of Cervantes—that the art of Velasquez is more precious than the science of Edison—he might have served to aid in a Spanish conquest which, as things went, merely fell over in water, impotent and fizzling, like an abortive effort of fireworks. He has given thought, backed up by investigation, to very many of the living issues of the time. The number of subjects he can write on, and has written on, on the spur of the moment, is truly remarkable. He could almost have written alone the *Saturday Review* from end to end any pressing week. A belligerent who would assail him must be sure of his own weapons of fact and experience, for he will encounter a wide mind with large powers of absorption and digestion.



PERCY MACKAYE IN HIS CORNISH HOME



GRIM WAR

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY



IN view of the war that has been raging for weeks in southeastern Europe, and the threats and rumours of even greater wars to come, it is interesting to see what certain artists have had to say of this subject. There is none, with the exception of religious emotion, that has presented a more irresistible appeal for pictorial expression. From the unknown maker of the great mosaic representation of one of Alexander's battles with the Persians, in the Naples museum, down to R. Caton Woodville and other military artists who have sought to cast a glamour on recent British feats of arms, men have delighted to depict the pomp and pride, the heroism and drama, and, more rarely, the horrors and sufferings, of war.

Yet there is no theme with which pictorial art has on the whole been less successful. The galleries of Europe are full of battle pictures. To mention one only, there is the palace of Versailles on whose walls is unrolled a veritable painted epic of the martial glories of France during her most warlike periods. Few of these are, however, great pictures,—pictures that impress us and remain in our memory. Evidently it is a difficult matter to combine historic truth with imaginative grasp in this field. "Except for those stories that are symbolic, in which the struggle is only a type," writes Mr. Lafarge in his *One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting*, "the art is rarely of a great character." He instances Van der Meulen's tactical accounts of Louis XIV's victories. "Whatever there is that is true loses its artistic human interest," he says. "One mass of men, being like another, and seen at a great distance, we cannot tell through such means much more than the theory of the movement. And as the very principle of the meaning is a sort of immobility or mechanical action, we are too far away from the human feeling to care for one mass more than another. Any amount of single individuals galloping about only make the effort at creating art more absurd and frigid. It is not so different at our very day; and we come to the astonishing result: that the number of pictures of historic battles which have a value in art is extremely limited." And he gives three examples—three only out of a hundred subjects!—Velasquez's "The Surrender of Breda," Turner's "The Death of Nelson," and Baron Gros's "Napoleon at the Battle of Eylau."

Perhaps it is because of their very limitations—limitations of scale, space and technical means — that the humbler graphic arts of black and white have, on the whole, been more successful in expressing the very spirit of warfare than has the great art of painting with all the resources at its command. Unable to compete with the painter in the composition of great historic battle pictures, the etcher or lithographer has for the most part been content to deal with the subject in a more or less fragmentary, episodic, and symbolic fashion, and thus to avoid most of the pitfalls that beset the painter's path. The result is that while no painter of the first class has made his reputation primarily through those of his pictures which are inspired by warlike sentiments or subjects, or is even closely identified with the theme of war in the popular mind, several of the best graphic artists of Europe in the last three centuries have either treated it exclusively, or won their most enduring successes in its treatment. Goya, it is true, was a painter as well as an etcher, but it was with the needle and not with the brush that he executed his famous *Disasters of War*. Callot, as an etcher, essayed many themes, but it is his series entitled *Les Misères de la Guerre* that constitutes his most enduring monument. While, in the nineteenth century, the great French lithographer, Raffet, of whom Meissonier, with rare perspicacity, exclaimed, "Ah, Raffet, he is my master!" is entirely known as an artist of battle-field and campfire. It is in the work of these three men, and of a few others, which may collectively be called "The Book of War," and not in that of



Collection of the New York Public Library

GRIM WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. AFTER THE INVADING ARMY HAS PASSED THE PEASANTS TAKE REVENGE ON THE STRAGGLERS. JACQUES CALLOT, 1592-1635



Collection of the New York Public Library

GRIM WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. A MILITARY HOLD-UP ON THE HIGHWAY. JACQUES CALLOT, 1592-1635



Collection of the New York Public Library

GRIM WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. A PARTY OF MARAUDERS ENTER A ROADSIDE TAVERN BENT ON MURDER AND PILLAGE. JACQUES CALLOT, 1592-1635

the painters—either the great artists who have treated it incidentally, or the second or third-rate men, from Van de Meulen to Meissonier, who have made it their principal subject—that is, revealed the real spirit of modern warfare. And one further explanation of their success is to be found in the fact that these men, essaying, for the most part, what Mr. Lafarge calls "the smaller dramatic situations," did not aim at telling a story merely. They understood, what so many *painters,* like the popular Frenchmen, Detaille and De Belleville—to name two modern examples—fail to grasp, namely, that "the meaning of the heroism should be told in painting by the arrangement of line and mass and colour, embracing, more or less, within its net the human courage which is the story of the picture." Nor do they limit themselves to the *heroism* of warfare. As the titles of the works mentioned above show, Callot and Goya were concerned even more with its miseries and suffering. And even Raffet, not to be compared with the other two as an artist, and who had more of an eye for the humours of war than for its horrors, was not easily seduced by the merely sentimental aspects of his subject—by its picturesque and pathetic possibilities—into forgetting the more sordid and prosaic side of a soldier's life and calling.

Of these three artists, Callot, Goya, Raffet, Callot is, of course, the earliest. Commonly accounted a Frenchman, he was, however, a native of Lorraine at a time when that future province of France was still a nominally independent Duchy. Born in the capital, Nancy, in 1598, he went at an early age to Italy, where he studied and worked for some years in Rome and Florence. He returned to Nancy in 1621, lived there on and off during the rest of his life, and died there in 1635. It was at Nancy that, three years before his death, he etched the series of sixteen plates on which his reputation principally rests today and which are known as *Les Misères de la Guerre.* It is commonly thought that the modern humanitarian sentiment concerning war is of wholly recent origin. These little pictures seem to show that this is not so. With Callot's general sense of outrage at the horrors of war there was, however, combined a certain specific patriotic inspiration. No country of central Europe had suffered more from centuries of strife than Lorraine. Surrounded by warlike and hostile neighbours, and lying open and exposed to attack and invasion from every side, the old "middle kingdom" of Lothair, the seat of what Barrès has termed *les luttes Rhénanes,* had over and over again been swept and devastated by war, and its population had experienced those intimate tragedies of horror of which Zola describes a typical modern instance in his *L'Attaque du Moulin.* In 1632, the scenes oft repeated on the soil of Lorraine seemed about to repeat themselves once more. In that year Louis XIII declared war against the Duchy, and French generals led their armies to the gates of Nancy.

"Terror spread everywhere," writes M. Edmond Bruwaert, in his recently published *Vie de Callot,* "the villagers abandoned their farms and ran to seek refuge in the shadow of the Ducal palace." Peace was speedily signed, and tranquillity was soon re-established, but contagion broke out in the surrounding villages. "Such," continues the author, "were the circumstances in the midst of which Callot was inspired to write the *Misères de la Guerre"*—each plate is accompanied by appropriate verses, and the whole series was published as a book with an etched title-page. "His friends sent to him from Paris for news of the events in Lorraine; he supplied them in this *vive et impressionante* form, which made, as it still makes to-day, a sensation. He began a first series, which he abandoned at the sixth page, because, his impressions developing with his memories, if not with the events, he found his first frame too narrow. He wished at first to represent only a camp of soldiers, Lorraine or foreigners, it mattered little which, let loose in the country. They were marauders, ready to pillage, rob, burn, on whom the peasants avenged themselves in condemning them to the almshouse. From his sieges of Bréda, Ré, La Rochelle, he had kept many episodic sketches that he thought fit to incorporate in his recital



Collection of the New York Public Library

GRIM, WAR IN THE NAPOLEONIC ERA. SARAGOSSA. GOYA Y LUCIENTES, 1746-1828



Collection of the New York Public Library

GRIM WAR IN THE NAPOLEONIC ERA. A SPANISH MOLL PITCHER IN THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN. GOYA Y LUCIENTES, 1746-1828



Courtesy of Frederick A. Keppel and Company

"SMOKING IS FORBIDDEN, BUT YOU MAY SIT DOWN." RAFFET, 1804-1860



Courtesy of Frederick A. Keppel and Company

"THE ENEMY WILL KNOW WE ARE THERE. WE SHALL SURPRISE THEM AT SEVEN IN THE MORNING." RAFFET, 1804-1860

for its better documentation: the punishments of the provost added five pages to the first six; a preface in four scenes: recruiting, battle, marauding, pillage; a conclusion in two *tableaux:* begging, military honours. Such is the very complete scenario of this drama whose interest has not lessened one day since it was delivered to the public. No work has contributed more to the popularity of the celebrated aquafortist, for none contains more of the human truth of all times and of all countries."

Baron Gros, who, like Callot, had also been taught by experience of actual warfare, is the great painter of the Napoleonic period. But, splendid and truthful as several of his pictures are, lacking the theatricality or the mere archæological interest of most battle pictures of any period, even they cannot compare in suggestive power, and hence in universality, with certain etchings of his contemporary, Francisco Goya y Lucientes, the great Spanish artist.

"Etched during 1810 and the succeeding years of the Peninsular War, the *Disasters (of War),*" writes Mr. Charles H. Caffin in a recent appreciation of Goya, "are regarded as the finest products of Goya's needle. Yet he was sixty-four years old when he commenced them. Though he had subscribed to the Bonaparte *régime* and still held the position of Court painter, he lived apart from active affairs in the seclusion of his country home. The prints are inspired by his country's sufferings, but he did not publish them. To do so would have been to raise a protest against the crime of the French invasion and to stir his countrymen to increased patriotism. Under the circumstances of his equivocal position Goya may have thought such a course impolitic. Perhaps he felt the national condition to be hopeless. At any rate, he closed himself around in an atmosphere of profound pessimism. 'Was it for this they were born?' is the legend beneath one of the prints which shows a heap of mangled corpses. It is the note of the whole series—the criminal horror of war, and its futility. Nowhere else is the element of the *macabre* in his genius more fully revealed. The designs are in no sense illustrative; they are visions of his own brooding, projected against darkness and emptiness. Yet, just as in the *Caprices,* he gave bone and flesh to the very fabrics of his imagination, so by the magic of his needle his abstract imaginings of the enormity of war became visualised into concrete actuality."

What principally strikes us in these extraordinary designs is the lack of anything very much to "localise" them. The scenes are in Spain, but for all the local colour the artist has given they might be almost anywhere. Indeed they seem scarcely to be in this world at all. They stand as pure imaginative symbols. And yet their truth to reality is incontestable, and their poetic transfiguration of the horrors of war is infinitely more effective than Callot's literal rendering of the facts with complete elaboration and finish. Compared with Callot's exquisite art, Goya's etchings seem like crude and careless sketches. But nevertheless the latter have the advantage of conveying the artist's whole meaning and mood, even without the captions at the bottom of the prints; while Callot's plates, in which a sense of sheer delight in the execution competes with a sense of horror and disgust at the subject, require their accompanying couplets to establish the artist's attitude beyond the question of a doubt. In short, the difference between the art of Callot and the art of a Goya is the difference between a young art, newly conscious of its representative resources, and eager to develop and apply these to the fullest extent, and an art, old and blasé, to which such representative triumphs are by now an old story, and for which not objects, but ideas, assume first place as material for expression. In Callot's etchings the universal truth as to war exists only by implication, while the artist himself was engaged primarily in presenting particular instances. In Goya's, this truth is proposed as the actual subject, while the scenes and characters through which the artist still finds it necessary to speak, lose all significance in themselves, and become simply so many *points d'appui* for a protest, half cynical, half passionate, against war in general.

In Raffet we meet with an altogether

different type of talent from either of the other two men already considered. He is neither as interesting a man nor as great an artist, and his work falls even at its best to a decidedly lower level both of representative force and of interpretative value. But no one perhaps has ever told us so many of the mere *facts* about war, or shown it to us in so many of its phases. While, if he lacked the humanitarian sense of horror associated with his subject, he had, as we have said, a thoroughly human sense of humour —though even this has its grim side— which was equally efficacious in keeping him away from the mechanical action and theatrical splendour of warfare, and close to what may be called its democratic aspects, or its relation to the individual participant. He was preëminently the depictor of the French private soldier, whom he followed and studied in nearly all the campaigns of the first half of the nineteenth century—Algeria, Antwerp, Rome, the Crimea—and whom he has shown fiercely fighting or at work in the trenches, as well as in his intervals of rest and recreation. Mr. Atherton Curtis has said of Raffet:

> In his lithographs he broke loose from the traditions of his predecessors. He abandoned the old ideas that military painting meant merely the glorification of some hero, and that the common soldier was of use only so far as he was necessary for purposes of composition. To him the interest in military scenes was precisely what had been neglected hitherto—the men who fought and suffered. Nor, like his predecessors, was he satisfied if only his picture represented what might have taken place. Not an appearance of reality, but a faithful representation of scenes as they actually occurred, was his aim. This, indeed, became his guiding principle, for upon it everything else depended. Truth to nature naturally went side by side with truth to historic facts, and the raising of the common soldier to the chief place followed almost as a matter of course.

From this it will be seen that Mr. Curtis regards Raffet rather as in the line of painters than of engravers; and this is just. For, working on the large lithographic stone, he could attempt the comprehensive painter-like constructions of battle scenes that lie outside the range of engraving. Still, even in these he remained the realist who did not view a great struggle from the standpoint of conventional composition, or of theatrical grouping; but who gave the tumult and confusion, the onward rush of the ranks in which all rank is obliterated (or so it seems to the observer), and where, if the attention is directed to any individual, it is to the heavily burdened private on foot rather than to the officer waving his sword on horseback. The *Combat d'Oued Alleg,* in which Raffet shows us a breathless charge of infantry, where the lines keep none of that mechanical precision so beloved by battle painters, but waver as they would necessarily in the rapid advance over broken ground, is an admirable example of the artist's style, and has been called the most perfect picture of a charge ever executed.

Of course Raffet had his imaginative side as well, and one of his most important series of lithographs—that illustrating the Napoleonic campaigns—is entirely imaginary, as he himself saw nothing of these, having been born in 1804. Still his father had been a Napoleonic soldier, and among the other survivors of the *Grande Armée* with whom he must have come in contact, he could have suffered from no lack of trustworthy documentary material. Here, as in his later series, it is the common soldier—Napoleon's famous *grognard*—who focuses attention; though, in the prominence given to the Emperor, and in the emphasis placed upon his personal prestige among his faithful followers, there enters here an element of military hero-worship that is absent from his later work. It is clear that he himself shared this worship for the "lost leader" who is apotheosised in these superb pictures, many of which, in their more heightened and romantic mood, like *La Revue Nocturne* and *Réveil,* are conceived in a veritable dream atmosphere. Indeed, Raffet, with Beranger, may be regarded as one of the creators of the Napoleonic legend, both in its most noble and its most popular aspects,—although the lithographer, unlike the poet, is said not to have been fully appreciated in his own lifetime—and as such he takes his place not only in the history of art but among the artists who have made, or at least coloured, history.

"BOZMARSH"

A Remarkable Literary Discovery

BY WALTER JERROLD



HE following communication is of a somewhat startling nature. It apparently dates from a time when anonymous criticism has reasserted itself, for the sapient critic attaches no name. It professes—and there seems no reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement—to be an excerpt from one of the monthly reviews for April, 2120, and is entitled "A Remarkable Literary Discovery." It is not necessary to attempt any paraphrase, but the very words of the writer of some two centuries hence may be given. The anonymous writer begins:

"It is a curious fact that to the nineteenth century belongs the discovery, long since canvassed and bitterly discussed, as to the unity of the authors of the plays known at one time as those of Shakespeare with the writer of various works under his own name. That unity has long been triumphantly established. The attribution of *Hamlet, Lear, Othello,* and other plays to Shakespeare has become a mere matter of curiosity relegated to a small-type footnote by the more pedantic of our text-book writers. Editions of the plays with the name of Shakespeare attached to them have become as extinct as the horse or the House of Lords—since Parliament in its zeal for truth insisted upon the destruction of all such copies, except those preserved as reminders of past error in the great public libraries. The present writer—they have not apparently got rid of this horrid locution in the twenty-second century—must apologise for bringing forward this bit of ancient history. He does so by way of introduction to a discovery of his own that is scarcely less remarkable than that of the once-abused Baconians of the nineteenth century. Much as the Baconians were first abused it need scarcely be said that we of this more enlightened twenty-second century are all whole-hoggers.

"This discovery is one which needs but to be accentuated to be seen in its full significance. It will assuredly mean the removing of a long-honoured name from our literary histories, the relegation of that name from those of men of letters to those of pseudonyms adopted by men of letters. The present writer is well aware that critics have not yet accepted his theory that one statesman ruled England for many years under two names and diverse policies, but he has every faith that the future will do him justice, that the true significance of the clew to which he drew attention in an earlier number of this review will yet be established. The fact that the letters that make up the name William Gladstone are numerically the same as those that make up the name of Benjamin Disraeli is a clew the full meaning of which will yet be recognised. The present writer is willing in full and certain confidence to leave the final elucidation of that matter to the future. In his newer discovery he has lighted not only upon an accidental clew, but is able to bring forward incontestable proofs.

"Two of the best known and most widely read novelists of the nineteenth century are one! Such is the discovery that has been made, and the evidence is so plain, the proofs are so convincing, that it is not easy to describe in language suited to the pages of a dignified review the state of brain of those who fail to recognise the obvious truth. The full body of evidence must be reserved for a forthcoming volume to be entitled *Bozmarsh.*

"Every edition of the works of Charles Dickens tells us how he began writing as Boz—until, jealous of the fame going to a mere pseudonym, he let it be known that Boz was Dickens. So in the works of William Makepeace Thackeray we find that he also wrote under an assumed name, as Michael Angelo Titmarsh—only later to claim for himself the fame he had made by deputy. Here was a

striking parallel! What was true in detail was true in the whole: Boz was Dickens, Titmarsh was Thackeray—and Dickens and Thackeray were one man. The theory would be an interesting one if it were only a theory, but it is a demonstrable fact.

"In his first book and in one of the latest of his books the dual writer ingeniously placed the clew which his contemporaries and immediate successors were too dull to discover. And not only was the clew in the first work—it was in the very title of the first chapter of the first volume of that first work. That title ran, 'The Beadle. The Parish Engine. The Schoolmaster.' Anything more acute than the dull intellect of the nineteenth century would have asked—why the collection of such diversities, 'The Beadle. The Parish Engine. The Schoolmaster'? Why, indeed? Because in those words was hidden a great secret. Take the thirty-nine letters that form those words, and what do we find? On rearranging them we find this deeply significant sentence:

'Titmarsh, he pen'd the articles, he alone begoshe!'

"The present writer admits that 'begoshe' is a difficulty, but is convinced that further research will establish that it was a familiar form of oath or exclamation in the long past days of the nineteenth century. Thus in the very first book of the great writer we find the first suggestive clew. As Boz, as Titmarsh, as Thackeray, and as Dickens he continued to produce many books—in each of which perhaps the secret lies—but in one of his latest books he chose again the simplest method of suggesting the truth to his purblind generation. He was then apparently getting tired of the duality, was beginning to wonder why he had allowed his fame still to be diffused over two seemingly distinct personalities. He who runs may read was a favourite phrase with our ancestors of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, but the writer who chose now to be Thackeray and now Dickens revealed his secret for a second time in so slightly roundabout a way that any one who could read better than he could run might have recognised.

"To the very first number of his *Cornhill Magazine* the great writer contributed the first of his *Roundabout Papers*. The title of that first paper is 'On a Lazy Idle Boy'—a seemingly simple but really a deeply significant collocation of words. If we rearrange the letters of those words what do we find? We find this notable sentence:

'Ay! only ideal Boz!'

"It might be objected that this, like the anagrammatic title of the first of the *Sketches by Boz* was but a coincidence. But let us go a little further. Let us read the opening words of that first of the *Roundabout Papers*. Those first words run thus: 'I had occasion to pass a week in the autumn in the little old town of Coire.' If we take the first seven and the last seven of those seventeen words we find that they include the seven letters necessary to make up the word Charles. If it be argued that this again might be a coincidence, it has also to be said that they contain likewise the seven letters necessary to make Dickens! Is this again a coincidence? and if so, how many coincidences are necessary to establish a law?

"These are again but scraps of the overwhelming evidence, full details of which will be given in the forthcoming analytical examination of the subject. But that the matter is already one removed from the domain of mere hypothesis and theory may be shown by citing here one or two further scraps of the evidence.

" 'There is a river in Macedon and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth,' and no less conclusively it may be said that there is an election scene in the *Pickwick Papers* and an election scene in *The Newcomes*. And mark you how different is the treatment. Elections, it will be admitted at once, are so much alike that this very difference of treatment may be taken as a proof that they were written by one hand. The writer was conscious that he must make his second election scene differ from his first one. Whereas had the two scenes been written by two men they would of necessity have been more alike. In the very diversity of the scenes at Eatanswill and Newcome the discerning critic may find evidence of the unity of the de-

scriber. But even here the writer could not maintain his diversity fully—and the exception is strikingly significant. Every reader of *Pickwick* will know that the editor of the *Eatanswill Gazette* was Mr. Pott. Every reader of *The Newcomes* will recall that the editor of the *Independent* was Mr. Potts! Wonderfully as the writer maintained his differences of style and nomenclature when addressing his public now as Thackeray or Titmarsh and now as Dickens or Boz, he could not avoid such an instance of duplication. The difference between Pott and Potts is merely that of the pluralising sibilant, but even that difference is not without meaning—for it was on the second occasion that the writer used the plural form. Unless it can be proved that all nineteenth century editors were Potts, this evidence should of itself be almost sufficient to establish the conclusion to which so much evidence points.

"Another small matter may be mentioned—without entering upon the fruitful theme of chapter endings or of specialised knowledge, branches of the subject fully examined in *Bozmarsh*. The slang of to-day, it has probably been said, is the current language of to-morrow, but it needs a great writer indeed to devise the words to-day that shall be known as the slang of to-morrow. It was pointed out by an acute critic early in the twentieth century that Thackeray used the expressively meaningless adjective 'bally' long before it passed into current usage as slang. In the thirty-eighth chapter of *Great Expectations* we may read 'Pip, Pip, she said,' using the explosive repetition half a century before it became the slang of the streets. Could two writers be thus verbally prophetic? It is unthinkable. In this we have but a further scrap of that cumulative evidence which goes to establish the long-hidden fact that the writer who wrote as Titmarsh was the same as the writer who once wrote as Boz. Whether that writer was actually Charles Dickens or William Makepeace Thackeray—which indeed was the actual name and which the mere pseudonym of the one great writer who gave us that dual series of novels the glory of the Victorian reign will be fully discussed in the already mentioned study shortly to be published as *Bozmarsh*."

Such it would seem are the problems raised about two and half centuries after a great writer's death.

THE HOLY PLACE

BY ZONA GALE

At silver of grey leaves; at look of lace
 About a woman's throat; at little feet,
 Curled close in hand that clings; at stir of sweet
Old gardens; at the flow and dip and grace
Of sweeping fabric; at the phantom race
 Of shadow ripples in the tides of wheat,
 Where great, still spirits murmur as they meet—
Souls see their God as in a holy place.

What of the wrinkled face, the poor, coarse hand,
Dead leaves and ruined walls, and fields that stand,
 Rattling stark husks? Of little feet that stray
 From clinging hands, and never find the way?
He knows no holy place for whom the clod
Stands not an altar to the living God.

THE COMPLETE COLLECTOR

In Two Parts.

Part I. The Rich Collector and His Opportunities

BY FREDERICK A. KING



ALMOST the last words —perhaps the very last— written by Andrew Lang breathed the sigh of a bookman beaten at the game he was best fitted to play. Best at all events in all respects save that of money. The words referred to are in the new preface to the pocket edition of his *Books and Bookmen,* dated July, 1912. His death occurred on the twentieth of that month, so there was reason to suppose that one of his last regrets was that the moneyed kings had made book-buying a thing impossible for the slenderer purse of a laborious writer. "I have given up book-hunting," he writes, "for reasons partly financial and partly based on the circumstance that my book-hunting has been like my angling. I can neither capture rare books 'for a song'—of sixpence, nor catch trout on a level with my ambition. If any of the old book stalls survive in the old slums, they are 'overfished.'" One cannot so much complain as sigh for such a condition as this. It merely means that book-collecting has gained many more devotees, and what with them and the constant watchfulness of those who hunt in their behalf the old streams are indeed fished dry.

But there is another view of the case that Mr. Lang goes on to express, with more magnanimity, we should say, than could be felt by some who are late comers to the chase and who find that all the sport is restricted for the very chosen few. "Book-hunting is like golf," Mr. Lang goes on to say, turning to another of his favourite out-door pastimes. "One delights in seeing both done by great proficients; to play one's self, to top and foozle and miss short putts is no longer amusing. One likes to look on the treasures of great wealthy collectors. To look at one's own shelves 'does not overstimulate,' but rather moves to quiet tears."

One feels rather like saying that it moves to tears of rage and grief to see this gentlest of pursuits wrested from hands who could write "The Library" and "The Book Hunter" and given over to those who will write only cheques. The world will likely have no more Burtons or Langs or Dibdens. But laments will do us no good; the auction rooms are fairly bristling with dollars and pounds bid for books that a few years past could be secured for pence. Book-collecting has become a folly for all but the excessively rich. So we are often assured, and such is the case if human desires can only be satisfied with books now known as "excessive rarities."

Book-collectors are said to abound; their number mounts into the hundreds, and amid so many it must result that the "disease" which used to be known as book-madness cannot exist in more than sporadic cases. What the other symptoms represent is likely to be no more than the effort of over-rich amateurs endeavouring to rid themselves of their surplus incomes. Of this one is assured by dealers in books and autographs who, in their turn, angle for a customer and play him well while his sporting fever lasts, knowing that his interest may erelong exhaust itself and he betake himself to other streams. These are the people that in late years have come into competition with the real book hunters, and their effect is to raise such regretful sighs, as that of Andrew Lang. Do they realise the self-abnegation of his words when in place of envy he breathes forth joy at the contemplation of possessions their larger means can marshal?

BOOKS NO LONGER BOOKS

A few years ago Mr. Worthington Ford gave voice to the wail of another

"ex-collector." To him the account of a book auction could only be read with "a feeling of exasperation not much tempered by wonder." He could see no "reasonable grounds" for the selection of purchases by their buyers, for the prices paid and for the destination of the volumes. Why should anybody but a scholar wish to possess a book by Cotton Mather, for example? Whatever the inflation of price, "a Mather is still a Mather, dull, witless and characteristic." An old almanac is no more valuable now than it was fifty years ago, and is not so useful (utility value) as when it was issued. Yet such issues bring hundreds of dollars. If one wants the thing for what it contains a modern reprint would not be so hard on the eyes of the reader. Paper and binding in any other association would be literally worthless. Yet the original brings three or four hundred dollars and the reprints one or two.

Books have ceased to be books, declares Mr. Ford. In its new binding of full crushed levant it only "masquerades as a book, it is really something to be handled, to be seen, to be smelled (the spicy odour of the leather is good), but not to be read. Behind glass, with its like it constitutes a bit of furniture, not of literature." Thus does the ex-collector see his old friends and comrades, the tattered, the shameless, broken-backed, dingy-leaved associates, with their wrinkles of age smoothed out, their rickety legs straightened and splinted, their bodies corsetted and rearranged for fine company—but dull and witless as before. Mr. Ford pictures the state brought about by wealth, which demands an outlet and so seeks the thing which is rare:

> To gratify this class of buyers there has been developed the dealer, not the old book store of which very few are now to be found, but a dealer intent upon nursing the weaknesses of his clients, and encouraging them to enter upon their high-priced levies. The delight of browsing among the uncatalogued contents of a dingy basement shop, unlighted and unheated, has been thrust aside by the more or less gorgeous catalogue of the dealer, setting forth his limited holdings in small cap, and full cap, titles, with more or less truthful accounts of what the book may be to the owner. He gambles recklessly in futures. Because a book brought $530 at one sale, he baits his hook by offering a copy for $450. It looks like a bargain; and it may be one in reality. But such methods have destroyed all the old romance of collecting, crushed out the small buyer, and rendered it almost impossible to experience the thrill of obtaining for a few shillings a perfect gem, with annotations by the author, or a presentation copy, or a rarity buried in a volume of trash.

THE HUNTINGTON METHOD

It is not an easy matter to get at the emotions of the new and favoured order of book-collectors. What should interest us more would be the heart yearnings as well as heart burnings of those forever shut out of competition for the glorious treasures of Early English literature, books of the sixteenth, seventeenth even eighteenth century, Caxtons, Shakespearean folios and quartos, Bacon, Milton, Bunyan, Gray, Herrick, Swift or even the scarcities of early nineteenth century English and American books. There might be a modicum of sympathy even for the late comer with much money to spend, prepared to be liberal in spending it. Unless he have the princely liberality of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Henry E. Huntington or of that late lamented young enthusiast, Mr. Harry E. Widener, what chance has he where the prizes are so few and the competitive forces so great. Mr. Huntington, through his agent, bid at the Hoe sale with the frenzied opulence of one whose years were wasting while his pockets bulged, and whose ideal evidently was to see in his possession before his life closed the finest library in incunabula, in Americana, in Early English and American literature, ever gathered together in this continent.

Before he became so conspicuous a figure that the daily newspapers competed for the stories of his accessions, his private collection numbered thirty thousand volumes. He might be called a buyer of libraries instead of books. What other men have accumulated here and there through a lifetime of effort, he has taken over in the lump. He bought the Morrow library of Brooklyn, containing many first editions, but no great rarities. Then he added the Stowe collection,

moved from an old mansion on the East Side of New York. Then he absorbed other collections not so well known to fame; but they increased his possessions of incunabula, of early printed Bibles, missals and psalters. To these he has lately added the library gathered by Mr. E. D. Church. In this collection, whose purchase price was reported to be $1,250,000, were some of the greatest gems for the collector of English literature—Caxton's first book, the *Cronycle of Englonde,* 1515; Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy,* Walton's *Compleat Angler,* Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress,* Milton's *Comus,* Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* Bacon's *Essays,* Gray's *Elegy,* Goldsmith's *Vicar,* with thirteen Shakespeares in the first quarto edition, fifteen of the second, and forty-one other quarto editions of early date. These are but a few of this library's rarities. Scarcely a year passes before Mr. Huntington adds to these and his other books the splendid collection representing the leisurely, discriminating selection of Mr. Beverly Chew, whose English poets, especially the full group of minor seventeenth century authors, are unequalled. The greatest single buyer at the Hoe sales, what Mr. Huntington will store away in his California home for the joy of a ripe old age almost wearies the imagination.

THE MOST ROMANTIC FIGURE

Young Mr. Widener was a conspicuous figure at the first Hoe sale. He or his agent drove the purchaser of the Gutenberg Bible up to the sum that doubled its previous selling price. In the history of American book-collecting he will remain the most romantic figure that our times or any time is likely to produce. Cut off in the great sea disaster of last spring in his early thirties, he had seemed to pursue his hobby of book-gathering with the passion of one who foresaw an early end. He collected first editions of Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, Keats, Shelley, Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, and his library boasted an assembly probably unique of books by and about Robert Louis Stevenson. Many of his books are copies personally associated with their authors, some with presentation inscriptions, others with manuscript corrections and annotations. It was these personal enhancements that gave a book its special charm and value in Mr. Widener's eyes. When the *Titanic* carried him down with its other helpless victims, it is said to have buried in the sea a rare volume of Bacon's essays that he had just acquired in London. Friends assert that from the moment of purchase the small volume was carried in his vest pocket, and that he had jokingly told Mr. Quaritch, the London dealer from whom the purchase was made, that if he was lost at sea the Bacon would go down clasped to his heart.

THE STORY OF THE MORGAN CAXTONS

If the newcomer in the field, whom we have imagined, feels a craving for Caxtons he will do well to pause and reflect on the formidableness of his competitor in Mr. Morgan, who has been known through his clever librarian to cull a score or so of these delicious black-lettered books from under the very noses of eager and astute buyers, to cheat even the auction of a spectacular scene. This feat was a nine days' wonder until the same agent bid $42,800, and thus secured at one of the Hoe sales in 1911 what is, so far as physical perfection goes, the only perfect copy of the *Morte d'Arthur,* translated from the French romance writers by Sir Thomas Malory and printed by William Caxton at Westminster in 1485. Before these purchases Mr. Morgan's Caxtons numbered already from twenty to thirty. The seventeen or more belonging to Lord Amherst, of Hackney, formed a very tempting bait when his library was put upon the market a few years ago. "We just had to have them," said Miss Green in describing the little scene in which she figured. Lord Amherst had begun collecting half a century ago, and during the intervening years he had concentrated upon the idea of acquiring the best books and manuscripts, irrespective of price, which would tell the history of printing and book-binding from the earliest times down to the year 1700. Financial losses, suffered through the malfeasance of a trusted administrator of his estate, forced his books and art collections upon the market. The blow may easily have had

something to do with his death, that followed soon after. Eleven of his Caxtons were "perfect." No wonder Mr. Morgan decided he had to have them. Then, to his great advantage, Lord Amherst felt a sentimental interest in seeing this group kept intact. Miss Green was sent to London to do the manœuvring, and she has put on record how she accomplished her task.

"I said to my lord, 'Mr. Morgan offers you this,' naming a goodly sum. Oh, it was a hard and trying moment. I felt that there



FULL-PAGE MINIATURE FROM THE PEMBROKE BOOK OF HOURS, DONE IN BRILLIANT COLOURS, HEIGHTENED WITH GOLD. IT WAS EXECUTED IN ENGLAND IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. MR. ARTHUR HOE PAID $33,000 TO RETAIN THIS TREASURE IN THE FAMILY

were members of the family who eyed me suspiciously. Possibly they didn't like the way I dressed—they were so staid and prim. Now at a sale there are many factors to consider. When Mr. Morgan wants a book he pays cash for it. My lord, should he accede to my request, I should have a cheque immediately. But should Mr. Morgan withdraw from a sale the effect would be that the bidding would not reach the high figures wanted. All these conditions I have to emphasise when I must have a thing.

"Well, the night before the sale, when I was anxiously awaiting my answer, I was given a dinner by the London bookmen. I have many friends at the British Museum who were anxiously watching to see what I would do on the morrow. One of them turned to me during the evening. 'Miss Green,' he said, 'will you promise me that in the morning you'll not bid against me for such and such a Caxton?' I was on the *qui vive,* waiting for my telegram which would tell me whether or not I had swept the collection from under the hammer. As luck would have it, just before I replied the missive was placed in my hands. I read the gladdening news. Our offer had been accepted. 'Yes,' I said, 'I'll promise not to bid against you at the sale to-morrow.' . . . Imagine getting seventeen Caxtons for little more than twice the price paid for one Hoe Caxton. It's all splendidly exciting."

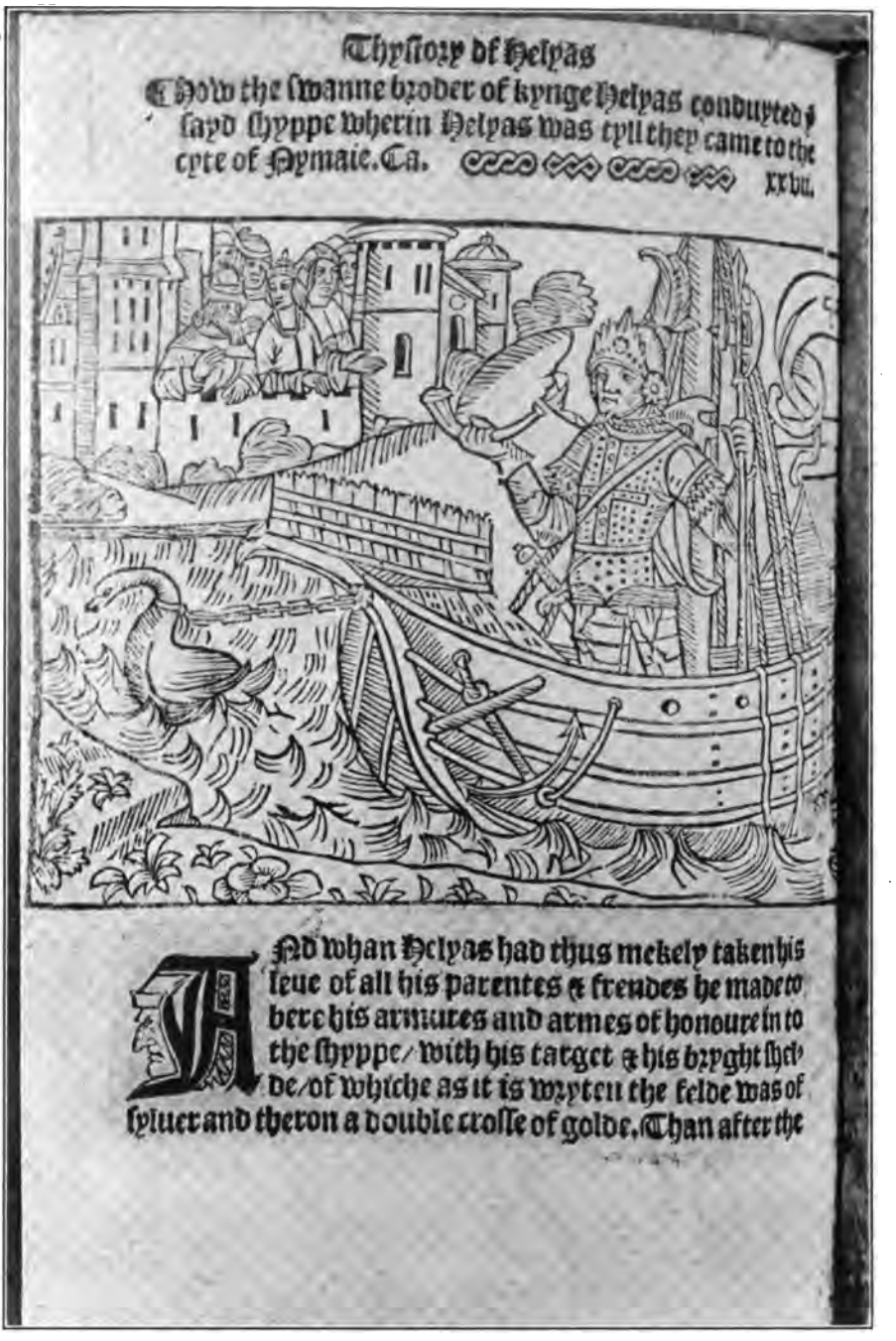
SOME STARTLING PRICES

As for Gutenberg Bibles, the record price is now $50,000. There are said to be twenty-four others in the world in the approximate class with this one sold to Mr. Huntington, but many are sequestered in public libraries, and those privately owned stand only a remote chance of being thrust upon public sale. Mr. Huntington paid twice as much as the previous record price for his Gutenberg, and the next aspirant to possession would have to surrender a like or greater fortune to achieve the same end.

What kind of a fortune should a man dedicate to stand in a class modestly below these princes of the inky blood? Some dozen or fifteen years ago Mr. Robert F. Roden, a bibliographer before the dazzling age, spoke hopefully to those who were willing to learn the craft of book-hunting, who would know when they saw it a rare book from its first blank leaf to the last and were familiar with all its different title-pages and issues. Allowing for disagreeable experiences, some costly no doubt, yet such an one he thought might in five years of buying and an expense of at least $100,000 have a library of very fair importance, provided he confined his gathering to two or three departments, or better still to one. But all this was fifteen years ago; since then the multiplication of millionaires has put the problem out of all reasonable calculation. Besides that, the rules of the game have entirely changed, and the speculative princes of Wall Street have spread into these hitherto quiet pastures.

To get a certain perspective on the comparatively recent rise in prices we might mention the statement of this same bibliographer that the time to form inexpensively a valuable library of Early English literature was in the seventies and eighties of the last century. "Then the best English books of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries could have been gathered together at a total outlay of about $75,000, and an excellent collection for one-tenth of the amount."

Had any man, laying to heart this lesson, retired from the book-buying world to accumulate his fortune and then emerged at the Hoe sale he would see his savings insufficient to cover the cost of even three of the costliest of those volumes, since there Mr. Morgan's "Caxton," a book printed by Wynken de Worde (circa 1512), called *Helyas, Knight of the Swanne,* and the absolutely first Gray's *Elegy* aggregated $76,800. The melodramatic rôle that book prices have been playing in the past may be realised by taking up the history of some dozen or so of the costliest Hoe items. There were ten thousand five hundred and seventy-one lots in this sale and five hundred and thirty-six reached and exceeded $500. It is a commonplace of great sales nowadays that the lower priced books are enhanced by their aristocratic associations, and it has been remarked that in many cases the current trade could duplicate items at much lower prices. But there remains the snobbish delight of the Hoe book-plate.



TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST ENGLISH VERSION OF THE LEGEND OF LOHENGRIN—"HELYAS, KNIGHT OF THE SWANNE," PRINTED BY WYNKEN DE WORDE IN 1512. BOUGHT BY MR. WALTER M. HILL, OF CHICAGO, FOR $21,000

tantūmodo labia circa dentes meos.
Miserēmini mei miserēmini mei saltē
vos amici mei: quia manus domini
tetigit me. Quare persequimini me sicut
deus: et carnibus meis saturamini? Quis
mihi tribuat ut scribantur sermones
mei? Quis mihi det ut exarentur in
libro stilo ferreo et plumbi lamina: uel
certe sculpantur in silice? Scio enim q̄ re-
demptor meus viuat et in nouissimo
de terra surrecturus sim. Et rursum circū-
dabor pelle mea: et in carne mea videbo de-
um. Quē visurus sū ego ipse: et oculi mei
cōspecturi sunt: et non alius. Reposita
est hec spes mea in sinu meo. Quare er-
go nunc dicitis persequamur eū: et radi-
cem verbi inueniamus cōtra eū? Fugite
ergo a facie gladij: quia ultor iniquitatū
gladius est: et scitote esse iudicium. XX

Respondens aūt sophar naamathites dixit. Idcirco cogitationes
mee varie succedūt sibi: et mēs in diuer-
sa rapitur. doctrinam qua me arguis
audiā: et spiritus intelligentie mee re-

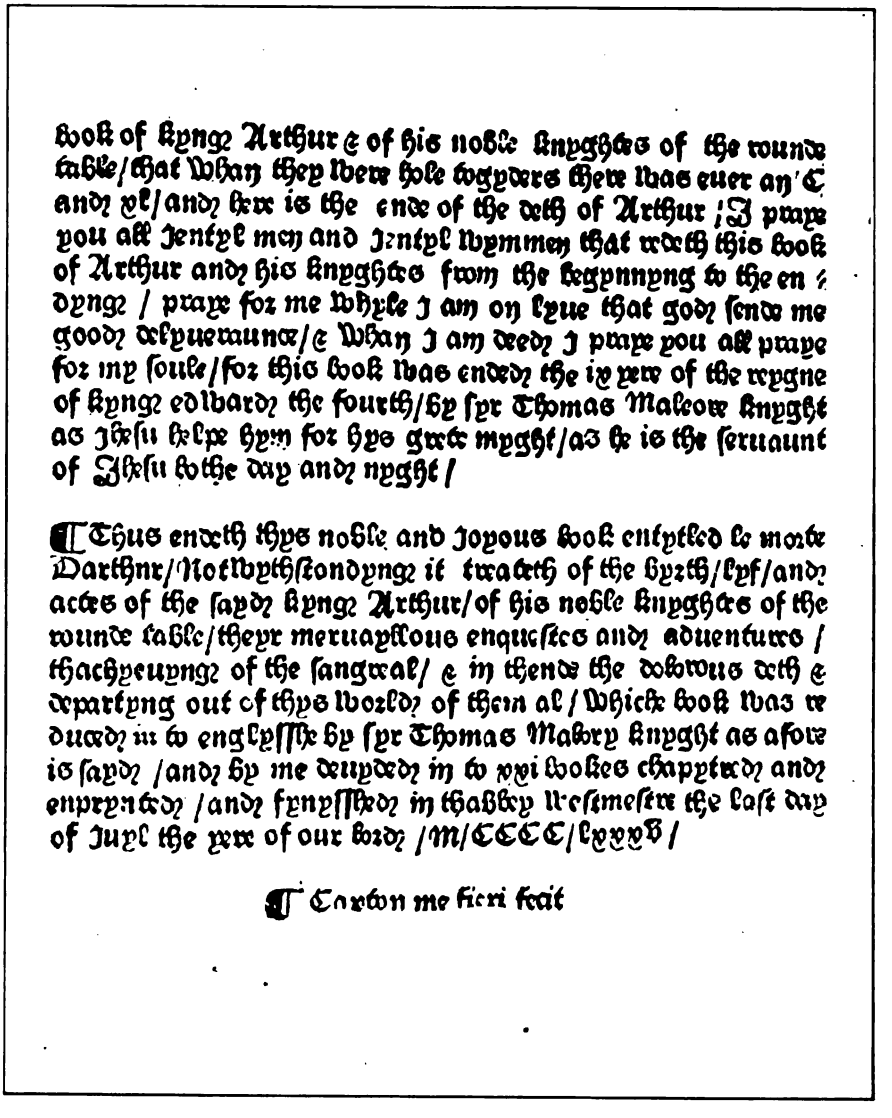
EXCERPT FROM THE GUTENBERG BIBLE, THE COSTLIEST BOOK IN THE WORLD. IT WAS BOUGHT FOR MR. HENRY HUNTINGTON FOR $50,000, DOUBLE THE PRICE PAID BY MR. HOE WHEN IT CAME INTO HIS POSSESSION IN 1897

THE STORY OF TWO BOOKS

Of course the Gutenberg Bible is not the rarest book in the world, seeing it is the costliest, though the vellum copies are few enough. When this great price was made known through the daily press, there was to be heard in many places an expression of satisfaction that if so much money was to be paid for a book it should be a Bible that brought it. This Hoe copy—now the Huntington copy, but for all that likely for some time to come to be known as "the Hoe copy,"—has a recorded history as far back as the middle



ILLUSTRATION FROM WILLIAM BLAKE'S "MILTON," PRINTED AND ORNAMENTED BY HIM, THE BEST OF THREE KNOWN COPIES. AT THE HOE SALE IT BROUGHT $9,000



book of kyng Arthur & of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table/ that whan they were hole togyders there was euer ay ¶ and yf/ and yf not is the ende of the deth of Arthur / I praye you all Jentyl men and Jentyl wymmen that redeth this book of Arthur and his knyghtes from the begynnyng to the en / dyng / praye for me whyle I am on lyue that god sende me good delyuerannce/ & whan I am dede I praye you all praye for my soule/ for this book was ended the ix yere of the regne of kyng edward the fourth/ by syr Thomas Maleore knyght as Jhesu helpe hym for his grete myght/ as he is the seruaunt of Jhesu bothe day and nyght /

¶ Thus endeth thys noble and Joyous book entytled le morte Darthur/ notwythstondyng it treateth of the byrth/ lyf/ and actes of the sayd kyng Arthur/ of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table/ theyr meruayllous enquestes and aduentures / thachyeuyng of the sangreal/ & in thende the dolorous deth & departyng out of thys worlde of them al / Which book was re duced in to englysshe by syr Thomas Malory knyght as afore is sayd / and by me deuyded in to xxi bookes chapytred and enprynted / and fynysshed in thabbey Westmestre the last day of Juyl the yere of our lorde / M/CCCC/lxxxv /

¶ Caxton me fieri fecit

A PAGE FROM MALORY'S "MORTE D'ARTHUR," PRINTED BY CAXTON, FOR WHICH MR. MORGAN PAID $42,800. IT IS THE ONLY PERFECT COPY KNOWN. ITS EARLIEST RECORDED PRICE IS 2S. 6D.

of the eighteenth century. It was owned successively by a M. von Vostitz, by Merlin de Thionville, and by a Mr. Horn. It appeared in the sale catalogue of the London bookseller, Nicol, in 1825, priced at £504 ($2,520), and was bought by Henry Perkins, the brewer. When his library was sold at auction it was bought for Lord Ashburnham for £3400 ($17,000). Lord Ashburnham's library went under the hammer in June, 1897, and Quaritch obtained it, placed it in his stock at the price of £5,000 ($25,000). At this figure it went to Mr. Hoe.

The Caxton that Mr. Morgan captured, incidentally defeating the similar purpose of the Duke of Devonshire, is a folio in old English red morocco, gilt, tooled borders, and is the only perfect copy known of Sir Thomas Malory's the *Morte d'Arthur*, Westminster, 1485. It is a "very tall copy," measuring 11¼ x 8

THE

NEW-YORK DIRECTORY,

CONTAINING,

A Valuable and well Calculated ALMANACK;—Tables of the different COINS, ſuitable for any State, and digeſted in ſuch order, as to render an Exchange between any of the United States plain and eaſy.

LIKEWISE,

1. The names of all the Citizens, their occupations and places of abode.
2. The members in Congreſs, from what ſtate, and where reſiding.
3. Grand departments of the United States for adjuſting public accounts, and by whom conducted.
4. Members in Senate and Aſſembly, from what county, and where reſiding.
5. Judges, Aldermen, and other civil officers, with their places of abode.
6. Public ſtate-offices, and by whom kept.
7. Counſellors at law, and where reſiding.
8. Miniſters of the goſpel, where reſiding, and of what Church.
9. Phyſicians, Surgeons, and their places of abode.
10. Preſident, Directors, days, and hours of buſineſs at the Bank.
11. Profeſſors, &c. of the univerſity of Columbia college.
12. Rates of porterage, as by law eſtabliſhed.
13. Arrivals and departures of the mails at the Poſt-Office.

BY DAVID FRANKS.

NEW-YORK:

Printed by SHEPARD KOLLOCK, corner of Wall and Water Streets, M,DCC,LXXX,VI.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE NEW YORK IMPRINT IS THE "NEW YORK DIRECTORY."
FEW PERFECT COPIES EXIST. THIS ONE BROUGHT $2,275
AT THE SALE OF THE HOE LIBRARY

POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT,

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

THE Simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart:
And if inſpir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inſpire;
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.

ANONYMOUS.

KILMARNOCK:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON.

M,DCC,LXXXVI.

THE "EXCESSIVELY RARE" FIRST OR KILMARNOCK EDITION OF BURNS'S POEMS. ONE OF THE GREAT PRIZES OF THE ENGLISH BIBLIOPHILE. IN THE HOE SALE IT BROUGHT $5,800

inches. But perfection in such perfect things is only relative. Every leaf is clean and sound, but the conquering worm has already been at some leaves and has injured a few letters, the blank corner of one leaf has been torn off, and a small piece of two others, owing to a defect in the paper, is missing. Thus does minuteness count. Where this book spent its first couple of centuries is unknown, but in 1698 it was one of a dozen Caxtons in the library of Dr. Francis Bernard, physician to James II, and in its sale brought two shillings and sixpence. It passed into the possession of Sir Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford, who had it rebound in its present covers, then it passed on to Bryan Fairfax, whose library was sold *en bloc* to Francis Child, grandfather of the Countess of Jersey. By this time its appraised value had reached £2 12s. 6d. The Child library passed into the possession of the Earl of Jersey, who signalised the ownership of the Caxton by affixing his bookplate. The Earl's library was sold in 1885, when England ceased to retain this treasure. Mr. Quaritch secured it for Mrs. N. Q. Pope, of Brooklyn, for £1,950 ($9,750), and at her death it passed into Mr. Hoe's possession. All other known copies are imperfect, that in the John Ryland's library—formerly Earl Spencer's—lacking ten leaves.

THE PEMBROKE BOOK OF HOURS

The next to claim attention by reason of value is popularly known as the *Pembroke Book of Hours,* but bears the Latin title, *Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis ad usum Sarum, cum Kalendario.* It was executed in England in the fifteenth century and written in Gothic characters, in red and black. Its two hundred and thirty-one leaves are embellished with twenty-four small circular miniatures, and twenty-nine full-page miniatures within ornamental borders, about two hundred and sixty of a smaller size, forty-two of the leaves having large borders of scroll and floral work interspersed with human figures, chimeras, grotesques, etc. These are done in brilliant colours heightened with gold.

This manuscript was made for Sir William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, partisan of Richard III in the Wars of the Roses, beheaded in 1649. The *Horæ* passed to the second of his name, grandson in blood, in whose time, first twenty and then fourteen folios were added. In the nineteenth century it was found to have travelled to Rome and entered the possession of the Borghese family. They parted with it to an Italian antiquary, who sold it to the London bookseller, Mr. F. S. Ellis, from whom it passed to General Brayton Ives, of New York, and finally to Mr. Hoe, who in 1891 paid for it $5,900.

In ordering the sale of his books, Mr. Hoe stipulated that if any of his family desired to possess any of his books they should go into the open forum and compete with other bidders. That no favours were asked or received will be seen by the prices paid for this and the fifth highest in the list. His son, Mr. Arthur Hoe, paid $33,000 for this manuscript.

Mr. Harry Widener, who failed to get the first Gutenberg Bible, secured, through Mr. Bernard Quaritch, agent, the second one for $27,500. It is in all respects like the famed copy, save that it is printed on paper. Through his death it passes to Harvard University.

Mr. Hoe's granddaughter, Miss Thyrza Benson, comes into possession of a beautiful French manuscript for the sum of $24,000. Like the Pembroke, it is an *Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, ad usum Romanum cum Kalendario,* with embellishments of the same general order. Some of the miniatures are portraits of Anne de Beaujeu, daughter of King Louis XI, for whom the manuscript was executed about 1477. Its provenance is too long to give, but may be found in great detail in the "Catalogue des manuscrits et imprimés de la Bibliothèque de M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot," Paris, 1882, to whom the work belonged. Mr. Hoe purchased it in 1878 for $5,000.

Another manuscript that made a sensation at the sale was one of extraordinary historical and artistic interest. It was a Missal of Charles VI on vellum, executed at the beginning of the fifteenth century for that monarch and presented by him to his daughter Catherine upon the event of her marriage to Henry V of England. The text is a mixture of

Latin and French and is embellished by over one hundred large and over four hundred small miniatures, drawn in the delicately beautiful manner of the Touraine school that produced the famous Jehan Fouquet. The missal was the property of the successive Henrys of England down to Henry VIII. During the schism under that monarch it was carried to Antwerp, and in 1545 was sold to the Abbey of Tongerloo. There it remained until 1869, when its possessor parted with it in order to raise funds with which to make a gift to the Pope. It passed into the famous library of M. Didot, in whose catalogue its history is minutely recorded. Its first American possessor was Mrs. N. Q. Pope, from whom it went to Mr. Hoe. Dodd and Livingston acquired it at the recent sale for $18,900.

HELYAS AND THE FIRST FOLIO

Twenty-one thousand dollars was paid by Mr. Walter M. Hill, of Chicago, for the mediæval romance *Helyas, Knight of the Swanne,* the first English version of the legend of Lohengrin, with romantic additions. It was printed by Wynken de Worde in 1512, and is the only known copy of this remarkable production of his press, said also to be the only book printed by him on vellum. The copy in the British Museum in the Garrick collection is that printed by Copland. It is a small quarto in its original calf binding, formerly in the library of Edward Gwynne (book collector of the early seventeenth century). His name is stamped in gold on the front cover, and the book-plate of Paul Methuen, an owner in the latter part of the same century, is affixed. In 1890 Mr. Hoe bought it for $2,050.

All great libraries must possess the First Folio of Shakespeare. They are not so rare as hen's teeth nor yet so common as blackberries. Masters Jaggard and Blount published five hundred copies in 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, and sold them at a pound apiece ($5.00). How many remain to this day may be known to the curious. Mr. Hoe's copy was fine and tall, believed to be the second largest known, dressed in a dignified and handsome old morocco binding. Mr. Hoe, in his own catalogue, ascribed its former ownership to Roger Payne, and so it appeared in the sales catalogue of the Syston Park Library. It became Mr. Hoe's property for $2,950, and passed from his estate for $13,000. Mr. George D. Smith was the bidder, and one may surmise Mr. Huntington as the present owner.

Modern book collectors often specialise in books with choice illustrations. It is this feature which gives value to the *Book of St. Albans,* 1486, by Juliana Berners, on the extinct sport of hawking, and the science of heraldry. The book, whose present owner valued it at $12,000, is the first English book in which colour printing was used. Its third division, a treatise on heraldry, contains one hundred and seventeen wood cuts of shields printed in red, blue and black. There is only one other perfect copy. In 1888 Mr. Hoe paid for it $3,675 (or thereabouts). Mr. Smith again, in the shadow of Mr. Huntington, was the latest successful bidder.

A little below this in value, but quite modern in date, is the Milton, printed and ornamented by William Blake in 1804. It is the rarest of the works of this erratic genius, and of this only two others are known to exist, one in the British Museum, and one in the Lenox Library of the New York Public Library, and this is regarded the finest. Mr. Smith paid $9,000 for what cost Mr. Hoe $1,150. Seven thousand dollars was paid for the first French edition of Boccaccio, printed at Bruges in 1476, bringing to the Hoe estate an increment of $3,525 above the purchase price.

AMERICAN BOOKS

Two American works furnished something in the nature of surprises. One was Bryant's youthful poem, *The Embargo,* 1808. Only four or five copies are known. This is the Hawkins copy, sold in 1887, and is presumably the unbound Hoffman copy, sold ten years previously. It cost Mr. Hoe $24, but Mr. W. T. Wallace paid $3,350. The first *New York Directory* (1786) appeals to the historical sense. It is excessively rare, and only a few perfect copies are known, and they are mostly in public institutions.

It sold for $2,275. As in so many other cases, Mr. Smith became the arbiter of its destiny.

And so the tale might be told of volume after volume, where new and inflated auction records were established to be the despair and bewilderment of future buyers and sellers. As the days passed and the auction bids shot up the cry was frequently raised that the prices were "absurd and ridiculous," but there are no standards by which to test the value of books that are so rare as some of these. What two men are willing to press each other for in the competition for possession becomes, at least temporarily, the legitimate value. Theirs is the later loss if enthusiasm outruns discretion, and in books not unique this tale is to be told in instances a plenty. At the time these voices were raised, Mr. Hoe's librarian, Miss Carolyn Shipman Whipple, wrote to the papers: "Robert Hoe was a great book-collector in the truest sense of the word—one of the greatest that the world has ever known, and the prices now being paid for his library are in a large measure a tribute to his perspicacity and his intelligent, long-standing, and unfailing interest in books. It is very evident to the spectator that buyers want not only a certain edition or issue of a book, but also the very copy once owned by this famous bibliophile. That fact accounts in part for the high prices now obtaining."

THE GIRDLE OF THE CHRISTMAS PUCK

BY ALGERNON TASSIN



HE *Just-So Stories* of Rudyard Kipling appear this Christmas in a holiday edition with many illustrations by Mr. Joseph M. Gleeson. Without showing much invention or humour, these are direct, simple, and naïve. But they will have very good fortune. They are sufficiently characteristic to remain associated in the mind of a child with the text they celebrate, and that will perpetuate them for a lifetime at least. The happy child who comes for the first time to *Arabian Nights*, illustrated by Mr. René Bull, will link him also with a lifelong treasure. Mr. Bull has a very neat and humorous fancy in these competent and vivid pictures. The colour and composition more than suggest Mr. Maxfield Parrish's illustrations of the same stories two or three years ago, but he differentiates them by a broader and more pungent humour. It was no easy task to follow Mr. Parrish's sumptuous pictures and impart any distinctiveness of treatment in the same manner, but Mr. Bull has done it and adorned a handsome book. His ideas are well imagined, well drawn, and well reproduced. Colour pictures equally rich and more of painting than illustration are contributed by Mr. W. Hatherell, R.I., to a holiday edition of *Romeo and Juliet*. The get-up of this large volume is handsome and substantial. As for the pictures, their setting and costumes are veracious and their freshness of colour Italian. One can even forgive him so English a Juliet on account of her undeniable charm. But, though the pictures are exceedingly pretty and possess all the customary embellishments, they are without character or much personal quality. Another handsome table-book is *The Bells and Other Poems*, with illustrations by Edmund Dulac. It is interesting to see that all the illustrators of Poe instinctively turn for a setting for his poems to the theatrical world. Instead of a light which never was on sea or land, they give him the chemical green stage variety; and secure a cheap grandiosity by exaggerating the proportions of the background and by suggestively em-

ploying an enveloping shadow. Such evidence on the part of those who seek to translate the Poe effect into another medium might well give pause to those who insistently claim greatness for the man, especially for his tinkling poetry. Lang, in his new English Literature, says a memorable thing about Poe when he gives him the maximum of melody with the minimum of humanity, and ventures to declare that his locality borders perilously on the dominions of the Yonghi Bonghi Bo. These particular pictures of Mr. Dulac's are quite in the spirit of the poems, effective and fantastic; and they are thoroughly workmanlike. The charming little book of *Æsop's Fables* again demonstrates that whatever Mr. Rackham does he gets just the right touch for. Here he catches perfectly (as far as any one can be continuously perfect) Æsop's idea of presenting humans under the allegory of animals. Thus he endows them with just enough characterisation and expression to make them definite and pithy, and gives them much witty animation. Also, he shows throughout his unusual variety and his capacity for finishing his ideas completely. The translation is simple and idiomatic. Mr. Chesterton in an introduction makes some pointed observations in his well-known style of verbal paradox, and with his usual air of straining prodigality. Æsop understood, says he, that for a fable all the persons must be impersonal and abstract. Everything must always be itself in a fable, and will in any case speak for itself—the wolf will always be wolfish, the fox foxy. The immortal justification of the fable is that we cannot talk of such simple things without using animals that do not talk at all. It is only by using animals in this austere and arbitrary style that men have succeeded in handing down those tremendous truths called truisms. There is only one moral to the fable because there is only one moral to everything.

Thus having once more completed the circuit of the parlour-table, let us depart for a wider sphere—this time, indeed, to put like Puck a girdle round the earth in forty minutes.

It would be difficult to come across a pleasanter book than *Motor Journeys,* by Louise Closser Hale and Walter Hale. Mr. Hale contributes drawings of quality and distinction (in which he is improving each year) and a valuable practical paper at the end. They took their car 3,980 miles on a total running expenditure of $491.19. The man of modest means can easily keep his entire expenses within ten dollars a day if he is willing to practise reasonable economy. Mrs. Hale is one of those delightfully casual persons who would rather journey hopefully than arrive. She writes in a bright and pert and charming manner, and rather covets a humorously sentimental mood (who does not?). Their first motor journey is in the wake of that much maltreated woman in life as in history, Lucrezia Borgia, when she went on her wedding-journey from Rome to Ferrara. The next motor trip was among the Spanish bandits—not the politer brigands of the town who mask their operations under innkeeping—but they discovered that the old terrors of the road had long since been relegated to fiction and that the new accidents of travel were even more pleasurable. In Spain the *manana* habit fastens upon you quickly, and one soon leaves packing till the very last moment. The Spanish peasant is the most polished gentleman in the world, but the provincial dandy is far from being one. The Spanish are not dirty, they are merely abstemious. Their sense of humour is exquisite, also, but they always laugh at the wrong persons. Castles in Spain are impulsive and come when least expected. The Hales take many more motor trips and see the world out of laughing or tender eyes; and so much capital do they make out of mishaps that you understand just what she means when the cuisine of Madame Poulard in Mont St. Michel suggests to her the reflection that a lifetime of perfect omelettes would be as miserable as a motor that nothing happened to.

In *Monaco and Monte Carlo* one will find many unexpected things. Mr. Adolphe Smith in the preface to this most satisfactory volume tells the reader he has a right to be surprised, for not only has there been no general book on Monte Carlo, but the information for this one came direct from headquarters. This small principality spends propor-

tionately more money on public-works and arts and sciences than any other in the world, and yet obtains it almost solely from the foreign visitor. That the Casino defrays the cost of everything is a social, economic, and psychological phenomenon; and that a tiny state should be at the same time the pleasure resort and the laboratory of Europe for scientific research and humanitarian endeavour illustrates a dual life unequalled in interest. The book covers first the history of the principality and its kingly house, which is the oldest reigning family in Europe. The present prince can remember enduring hardship and poverty with his father and mother, yet he has so managed his five square miles of territory that no country has acquired more wealth even though it dispenses entirely with taxation. With the opening of the railway from Nice to Mentone the era of prosperity began, yet the supreme beauty of the place has been much impaired in the evolution. The prince literally created the science of oceanography and the city has the only museum devoted to it in the world. It is also the best city in the world to fall ill in. Monaco has gone further in the attempt to regulate and standardise gambling than any other country. A casino seemed to the prince a lesser evil than the dismemberment of his tiny principality, but he found that to organise and manage a high-class one was a very difficult matter and only to be accomplished after many experiments. The casino gives twenty-four thousand pounds a year for twenty-four operatic performances. It can well afford to do so, in spite of the magnificence with which it conducts everything and the fact that it often loses four thousand pounds a day. The tables and wheels are carefully tested each morning before the play begins. The authorities must soon face the problem of being too successful, for in 1911 a million and a half people played. "Gambling Gehenna" seems ill-applied to this favoured spot of art, science, and sociology; and last year there were nineteen suicides in this place where a carefully cherished tradition makes people fear to take a walk lest they stumble over dead bodies. There are numerous illustrations in this readable book, which seem to cover every conceivable phase of the subject it treats.

In *The Last Frontier*, Mr. F. Alexander Powell has much that is new and interesting to tell us of Africa, and he does it in a bright and journalistic way. But one lure has the earth left for the avaricious and the adventurous—Africa the opulent and the mysterious. White-helmeted pioneers—the last of a race which the world shall see no more—are fighting the battles and solving the problems of civilisation with level and transit, dynamite, drill, and spade. France's neglected colonies have within forty years expanded into a third empire; and it was by forestalling Teutonic colonial ambition in Africa as elsewhere that she revenged Alsace-Lorraine. She now possesses almost half of the land and almost a quarter of the population of the Dark Continent. By means of the public school, the American phonograph and sewing-machine, and most of all the railway which is a model of modernity and efficiency, she has civilised North Africa. More tactful than Germany and England, she has conciliated both negro and Moslem. By her successful protection of the trade caravans across the desert—literally moving cities—she has earned the gratitude of all the border peoples. Where England has gained her colonies by fighting, France has steadily acquired them by pacific penetration; and her exploitation of Africa is one of the wonder-tales of history. Morocco is almost the last of the unknown countries: though admirably adapted for colonisation and without desert, the Moors have stubbornly drawn a veil of mystery and intolerance over it. Although corn may be sown and reaped there within forty days, France will not soon convert it into a national asset. Into its forbidden country only a handful of disguised Europeans have ever penetrated. Tripoli can no longer be called the front door or even the side door to central Africa, and Italy in seizing it was but obeying a voice from the grave. The rescue and rehabilitation of the Nile country shows England's colonising genius, for her rule though harsh has been extraordinarily beneficial. Her position there is illegal and illogical, but Egypt could suffer no greater calamity than to

have her go. When England can convince herself that candour is a better policy than hypocrisy, she will frankly annex the country. The fighting-men of the Emir of Wadai are wearing helmets and chain-mail captured by their ancestors from the Crusaders. Zanzibar has always been the chief gateway through which civilisation and commerce have entered the continent. To appear presentable in the terrible humid heat of its capital requires at least four white suits a day, and along its highways passes a continuous circus procession. Germany was late in getting into the colonising game, and the keep-off-the-grass signs which she everywhere encountered did not improve her temper; but every once in a while she takes a slow step toward making a German state across the unprofitable middle of Africa. As yet she has reaped nothing but loss and fever, but she may have a great colony some day when she can make up her mind to establish something besides tyrannous and brutal military settlements. In the heart of Equatorial Africa is Rhodesia. Most of it looks like the American West of thirty years ago before the cow-puncher had retreated; but for all that the streets of the towns are as peaceable as Boston of a Sunday. The country-club has been the chief factor in its making, and it already has a chain of American moving-picture theatres. Fortune never doubled on her tracks more completely than when she made General Botha, the last leader of the Boer troops, the first prime-minister of a United South Africa. By Boer astuteness the bonds of the new country to the Empire have already become loose ones; and it may perplex the future historian to decide who won the Boer war. South Africa is the country of big things and there at every man's door fortune knocks twice.

Having thus made our bustling way through the whole continent of Africa with an alert man of affairs, let us go back to the high corner of it and there linger lovingly with a painter-man who gives us delightful reading in *An Artist in Egypt* and many pictures bathed in burning sunlight and gorgeous Oriental colours. Full of true character and life are they, also, and set against a background minutely faithful in architectural detail. Interesting impressions of an eye quick to perceive distinctive pictorial effects, and of a hand which records them lightly and freely. One rarely in a Christmas voyage (or any other) encounters a more satisfactory gallery. Mr. Walter Tyndale gives us in a text which contents itself with jotting down impressions and reflections better told by pen than brush a simple account of such things as he saw and heard in Egypt while in pursuit of his work as artist. In Cairo, he says, what is still untouched by the jerry-builder or has not been allowed to fall into ruins is probably more beautiful than anything other Oriental cities can show; and the smaller towns are much the same in aspect as when the Saracen invaders first occupied the Nile valley. The general impression of Cairo is one of light, colour, noise, and movement; and its mosques have more human interest than the temples of Ancient Egypt. Old and decrepit as they may be, the beauty of life is still there; but the temple at its best has but the beauty of a corpse. The tram-line to the pyramids of Gizeh is a great boon to many, and neither the pyramids nor the Sphinx seem the worse for it. Though he passed months on end in the desert, he always felt the awe which it inspires at sundown. A period of fifteen centuries has elapsed since many of the Coptic convents were built, but a good number are still inhabited by monks, who repeat in the chapels a Christian liturgy of the early centuries in a language no one any longer understands. One observation Mr. Tyndale makes which seems much like Mr. Powell. The courteous manners of the Oriental are put off with his cast-off *kaftan,* and his morals become distinctly worse when the ties of his creed are loosened.

It was at Suez that John La Farge ended his voyage through the South Seas, and it is there that on our homeward trip to our own continent we will take his pagan and richly furnished galley and follow him across that corner of the globe which has awakened from the hearts of modern poet-travellers more rapturous description than any

other. La Farge does not, like Mr. Tyndale, entrust his description to brush alone. It is well, for this interesting collection of water-colours is only occasionally satisfactory. He has curiously disposed of his colours in a stained-glass fashion—as if he were depending upon a transfused light to give them brilliancy. Though pleasing, they often have a lack of distinctness or of luminosity which disappoints. La Farge was not a practised writer, but he was an artist in words for all that. Form he may lack, even to incoherence at times; but he can convey an impression of almost unimagined delicacy and exquisiteness with a captivating sincerity. For this reason his book gives delight of a rare order. Much of the Oriental was in his make-up, and the appeal of the islands and people of the South Seas to his unusual temperament is very keen and notable. With this book, as with Mr. Tyndale's, you feel at once in the company of an artist soul; but while Mr. Tyndale sees with the sympathy of every good artist La Farge sees with a professional eye sharpened by a sudden recognition of unsuspected kinship. Especially is this perceived in his delight in the glorious suppleness of the untrammelled human form, and the play of light upon those brown bodies which Mark Twain says, in *Following the Equator,* make mere white skins seem undesirable. These Samoans, writes La Farge, seem to have cultivated art in movement and in personal gesture because they had no other plastic expression. As the uglier girl scraped the root she moved to a rhythm distinctly timed, and tossed the wet bunch to her companion as if finishing some long cadence of a music that we could not hear—too slow to be played or sung, too long for anything but the muscles of the body to render. She who received it squeezed it out with a gesture fine enough for Mrs. Siddons. Young men went by with wreaths on their heads, draped to the waist, like the statues of the gods of the family of Jove—the proportion of covering, the manner of catching the drapery, and the arrangement of folds all according to some meaning well-defined by ancient usage. "If all this does not tell you there was no nakedness—that there was only the nude," he says, "I shall not have given these details properly." In all of La Farge's subtle perceptions of beauty there is some longing and sadness, ever the price of great beauty. Yesterday, he says elsewhere, we crossed the Line as they used to call it, and soon we shall

Just-So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. Pictures by Joseph M. Gleeson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Arabian Nights. Illustrated by René Bull. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Romeo and Juliet. By William Shakespeare. Pictures by W. Hatherell, R. I. New York: Doran.

The Bells and Other Poems. By Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrations by Edmund Dulac. New York: Doran and Company.

Æsop's Fables. Translated by Vernon Jones. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. Illustrations by Arthur Rackham. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Motor Journeys. By Louise Closser Hale and Walter Hale. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

Monaco and Monte Carlo. By Adolphe Smith. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Last Frontier. By F. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An Artist in Egypt. By Walter Tyndale. New York: Doran.

Reminiscences of the South Seas. By John La Farge. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Through South America. By Harry W. Van Dyke. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The Flowing Road. By Casper Whitney. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

Pictures of the Panama Canal. By Joseph Pennell. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

The American Mediterranean. By Stephen Bonsal. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

By-Paths in Collecting. By Virginia Robie. New York: The Century Company.

A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings. By Mary H. Northend. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and Its Neighbourhood. By Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott. Philadelphia and London: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

Boston New and Old. By T. R. Sullivan. Drawings by Lester Hornby. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Charcoals of New and Old New York. Pictures and text by F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

have dropped the sun also; and at the thought of dropping him, the old Taoist wish of getting outside the points of the compass comes over me, the feeling that leads me to travel. Can we never get to see things as they are, and is there always a geographical perspective? Shall I find everywhere the company of our steamers?—How often has the thought teased every voyager for the great adventure, whether he go forth in quest of the invisible beauty or only "for to admire and for to see"!

Illustrated with many photographs is *Through South America,* by Stephen Bonsal. Little attention do we give to the twenty republics of South America, says Mr. John Barrett in his introduction, though they are three times greater than the connected area of the United States. As a matter of fact one may have his choice this year of seven personally conducted Christmas tours thither, but Mr. Van Dyke's is the only one which takes in everything. After a comprehensive historical sketch he visits each of the republics in turn and describes its present people and institutions in an interesting and animated manner. The greatest surprise which awaits the previously uninformed tourist is the number of handsome stately cities laid out with parks and boulevards of which any European town might be proud, and furnished moreover with more than up-to-date public utilities. The women of Brazil are superb and like the cities have entirely laid aside old-fashioned ideas, especially those which dictated seclusion. Argentina is best qualified to rebuke the stupid jest that the Latin-America countries are opéra-bouffe republics. With its record of energetic and enlightened adaptation to world progress, it may in the not distant future turn the jest against its Northern perpetrator. The rabid jingoism of Argentina (dear me! Southward the course of jingoism takes its way!) has such an amiable candour that it is not at all offensive. The opera-house of Buenos Ayres cost ten million dollars, and the prodigality of the rich staggers the Northerner. The picturesqueness of the Parana River is marvellous. Montevideo is the Brooklyn of Buenos Ayres, for the ferry trip of a hundred miles is nothing in a land where people think in superlatives. Though La Paz in Bolivia is the highest capital in the world, it is at the bottom of a deep canyon. When more accessible, Bolivia will be a Mecca both for the capitalist and the tourist in search of natural wonders. The Congressional Palace at Valparaiso is as large as the Capitol at Washington, and the Mint is as big as the Treasury. Peru, although mightily shrunken from its former imperial estate, is still a magnificent domain with a coast line equal to our whole Atlantic seaboard. Too much cannot be said of the charm of Lima's culture and refinement. Unlike the cities of the Eastern coast, the mountain cities are still behind the times in sanitation. Ecuador's wealth is her cacao groves, but the cities are less magnificent because they are built for earthquakes. At the end of his swing around the circle, the traveller comes to Venezuela, the northernmost nub of the continent to whose beauties no description has ever done justice.

Venezuela is watered by the fifty or more Orinoco tributaries, and its jungle of mystery is the land which *The Flowing Road* celebrates. The book shows throughout an endeavour to put things interestingly. Roughing it in South America is more persistently misrepresented in print than roughing it in any other country Mr. Caspar Whitney has ever visited. Through all the sparsely settled interior you may go in safety as far as any molestation is concerned, except the frightful one of insects. The savage Indian is, in his experience, a myth, though he penetrated into his reputed lair; there is no dangerous game except the jaguar, and he will usually run if he has a chance; the ubiquitous snake which squirms on all the pages of most South American travel is more frequently heard than seen and generally seen only in flight. But the great middle-land is unknown and is work only for the hardy and experienced traveller. The jungle of the South American forest is a maze of trailing, looping parasites suspended across the lanes of great-girthed monarchs, but the luxuriant canopy of colours is only at the jungle-

edge; within is a dismal solitude avoided by both sunlight and sound, and disappointing for all its awesome immensity. There you have hourly need of grim perseverance and enough experience to prevent panic if one day in the untracked solitude doubt of your bearings suddenly grips you. It is one of the wonderful phases of the world's history that while North America was as yet an untrodden wild, Spain and Portugal were building cities here; and that so much of this vast continent, subdued by the Jesuit Fathers after one hundred and fifty years of beneficent labour, should have fallen out of the world's ken and again become unknown. The zeal and tireless energy of the missions which followed the ruinous trail blazed by the Conquistadores is no less astounding than the now complete abandonment of a region once so valorously secured. Will it be so with our great modern triumph of reclamation, and our pomp of to-morrow be some day one with Nineveh and Tyre? At any rate, the reflection leads us to our next book.

Only the person who has thoroughly studied what the Panama Canal means can understand how important to the relations of North and South America is this mighty waterway, says Mr. Barrett. Of its mightiness, the eye and mind get only an occasional impression in Mr. Pennell's *Pictures of the Panama Canal.* As a rule he fails to give you the idea of bigness. Little about the work seems more gigantic or even more imposing than the foundation work for a New York sky-scraper. The giant skeleton of the Singer building was far more Cyclopean. Furthermore, little seems in his drawings to have been accomplished —everything is still chaotic and unshaped. As usual, Mr. Pennell shows his unusual cleverness and spontaneity in sketch making and his eye for picturesque aspects, and yet he at the same time exhibits the lack of distinctive treatment seen in all his work. Venice, London, New York, Panama—except for incidental details—look all alike.

The chapter on the Conquest of the Isthmus in *The American Mediterranean* might well have furnished Mr. Pennell inspiration. Mr. Bonsal graphically pictures the titanic energy which has planned and carved the cut and its stupendous locks. The trouble, he says, is not that the backbone that holds the two continents together is tough, but that it has hardly the strength and consistency of a chocolate éclair. It won't stay cut but slides together again. The noise of the machines that build up and tear down and constantly uncover phenomenal problems really seem to affect the optic nerve. This exceedingly interesting and well-constructed book is a study of the Caribbean world, and contains both statistical information and impressions systematically stored by an alert mind. The West Indies extend a thousand miles from the tip of Florida's toe, and to venture into them proves at once that the only thing the ordinary traveller knows about the region is an error—the Gulf Stream does not come from the Gulf. He perceives at once also that however high and altruistic our conduct may appear to us, the sincerity of the Cuban hatred for all things American is beyond question. The Black Republic of Hayti is an atrocious farce and travesty of popular institutions. Everywhere in the West Indies people fall to talking about the cannibalistic practices and Voodoo crimes of the superstitious Haytian blacks. It is true that there is no place in the world where you could so easily satisfy a cannibalistic craving. Every moonlight night you hear in the woods the tom-tomming of the Voodoo drums, and you know the devil's priests are astir. There is only one white man who has seen the rites carried out to their ghastly conclusion, yet it is the easiest thing in the world to assist at the preliminaries. Even in the capital the practitioners enforce their power with poison and bravo; and little or no attempt is made to conceal their frightful exercise of it. The Haytian mind taken at an early age is quick and intellectual and artistic, but most refractory to the development of anything like character. The recent history of the Dominican Republic is a sordid story of bloodshed, rapine, and corruption; but now that the country has become our financial protegé, the government is more stable and the situation immensely improved. By

the old Spanish Main is generally understood the entire Caribbean coast from Yucatan to the mouth of the Orinoco. To reach Bogotá, the capital of Colombia, from the seacoast it requires a great deal more time than to go from Washington City to Alaska. The island of St. John's has been entirely deserted by its white population and the negroes are fast relapsing into barbarism. The Danes, the French, and the Dutch have all islands among these "orphans of the conquest" as the author calls them. The British blacks show by their general deportment and intelligence that the efforts to improve their social efficiency have not been in vain; and if there are anywhere in the world coloured men ripe for self-government, they are in Barbadoes and Jamaica. But you must not expect from him much or prompt service, and he lacks the charm of spontaneity in the American negro. All that remains of the French West Indian empire which Rodney and his fleet overthrew are the magnificent islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique with their group. Here the half-breeds are more attractive than the Spanish or English variety; but they have control of all the electoral districts save one and assassinate political opponents systematically. The secret of the unrest in Mexico is that people who have been politically gagged and strait-jacketed under Diaz are suddenly called upon to conduct a free institution. Its most hopeful feature is that there is not between the peon and the educated classes the abyss characteristic of so many Latin-American countries.

Back again in our own country, our Christmas Puck finds—as he of Pook's Hill showed—that homekeepers may have rich adventures too. In three of our own cities we may voyage with new eyes, or indeed, we need not travel even so far from home! For here are adventures of the dooryard and cupboard; and even one where all our migrations are like those of the Vicar of Wakefield—from the blue bed to the brown!

Very pleasing is *By-Paths in Collecting*, by Virginia Robie, "dedicated without permission to all collectors, to aid them in the quest of rare and unique things which have passed the century mark." A pink Staffordshire tea-pot is perhaps more useful than a blue Staffordshire tea-pot, for it does not make the tea seem of secondary importance. One does not know whether it is the blue or the quaintness or the historical interest or your lust to complete a set or what it is makes blue Staffordshire so fascinating. But then all collecting is fascinating and a life-long hobby may result from the first casual possession. In the initial purchase of a piece of pewter, a faded sampler, a bit of china, the end is not foreseen—and this is planned by the happy fates. Most English collectors take their china more seriously than we. They know how English a Chinese potter could be, and how very Oriental the English potter could be, and the result is they often lie awake nights figuring out where their Lowestoft came from. More than any other collector's interest, old china seems to have a personal charm; yet silver things may be very friendly. Tea-pots in a row lose beauty as well as point, for coziness is the essence of a tea-pot; on the other hand, mugs are made for rows. Punch-bowls have no affinity for shelves and cupboards. The only real rift in the mahogany and china lute is that the collecting spirit seldom dominates the entire family. Boxes, especially band-boxes, are fascinating and the sheen of old pewter compelling. The illustrations and charm of this book would make a collector out of the most confirmed modernist.

Though Miss Robie has a chapter on sun-dials she never mentions bedspreads. This is just as well, for Mrs. Eliza Calvert Hall in *A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets*, doesn't mention anything else. Aunt Jane of Kentucky and a hand-woven coverlet go together. The facts of coverlets, says the author, are so many and hard to get at that I may dignify my book with the name of original research. I have been for twenty years saying "Do you know anybody who has an old coverlet?" The Colonial coverlet is to American art what Increase Mather and Anne Broadstreet are to American literature. But there are more than facts and comments in this book—there are poetry and imagination. Almost a year of a woman's life went to the making of a coverlet,

Only those who have made a list of the names of coverlet patterns know the full depth of magic a name can hold. The numerous illustrations bear out Mrs. Hall's affirmations that into every coverlet went the soul of an artist; and the one which makes the cover design is an enchanting specimen.

But the palm for illustrations must be given to *Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings;* for it contains more than two hundred and twenty-five, and very clear and definite they are. No type of architecture, says Miss Northend, holds such a distinctive place to-day in the mind of both architect and home-builder as that of the colonial period. From doorways and knockers, through halls and stairways, pausing by fireplace and mantel, and taking a detailed glance around the rooms at wall-paper and furniture and cupboards with their shining stock of treasures within, the author takes her illuminating and illuminated path. But she notes too many objects to handle any one of them as caressingly as do the other two collectors. She convinces you, however, that the charm and beauty of things colonial is that their craftsmen planned as well as their brain could devise and then employed the utmost carefulness of detail in carrying out their plan.

Much of the best Colonial domestic architecture extant is found in and around the leafy city of Penn, say the authors of *The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and Its Neighbourhood.* It is because "Penn's greene country towne" was the capital of America during the most elegant period of Colonial life. The story of a house is ofttimes the history in small of all the country roundabout. The endeavour here is to clothe these houses with the warmth and colour they really possessed, by the aid of the traditional recollections of a generation rapidly passing. The life of ancient Philadelphia was by no means all sober. The Friends were as frankly devoted to endless eating and drinking as "the world's people"; and they indulged also in cock-fighting and other of Satan's sports, and indeed even occasional theatrical entertainments. It was in 1754 that, despite the storm of opposition on the part of Friends and the stricter sects, a theatre was fitted up in a storehouse and a company gave twenty-four plays with afterpieces, promising to offer nothing indecent or immoral. So well did the Philadelphians take to these godless amusements that in 1759 a real theatre was built. At Christ Church the Episcopalians were always a grand congregation, and their elegance reached its zenith when the town became the seat of the Republican Court. A frenzy of prodigality seized upon the inhabitants then. John Adams lingers fondly in his diary over the lengthy menus of his hosts, and Mrs. Adams wrote "I would spend a very dissipated winter if I were to accept one-half of my invitations to routs or tea-and-cards." The celebrated Bishop White thought it no sin to butter even his mince-pies. Alas! all but one of the really notable mansions where such hospitality was dispensed have been abandoned to business or to immigrant lodging-houses. But there are many Georgian houses of striking individuality and purity of type on the banks of the Schuylkill, once a veritable paradise. The elegant country-seats which still crown every hill tell how ample and princely was the manner of life that prevailed in the days when the young city was still miles distant from these sylvan fastnesses. Society was more polished, more gay, and more wealthy than in Virginia or Massachusetts. At Vaux Hill it was no unusual thing for fifty people to sit down to dinner. Gardens are to be found in the environs of Philadelphia which can grow only around ancient houses where sweet and sacred memories linger like the scents of the old-fashioned flowers whose beds are edged with box thick-grown enough to sit on. Those were days full of bustling merry-making in Philadelphia when the stage to New York took three days to make the journey at twopence a mile.

It was a transplanted Westerner who felt that he had been rooted too long in Boston soil in his journey to the modern capital of America, that said (in a shot which echoed around the world) "the best thing in Boston is the train to New York." Mr. T. R. Sullivan in his delightful and mellow *Boston New and Old* remarks graciously: "We do not say

in New York that the best thing there is the train for Boston, because we know Boston is where we live and we have learned the joys of visiting; but we decided long ago that visiting was one thing and living was another." Even the street cars at home, he says, have the reputation of being trimmer and neater than most, and conductors have better manners. Boston has always been well-kept and polite, but times have changed since the Boston Stone, bearing the date of 1737, was built into the wall of a house in Marshall Street, tradition says to reckon distances from. Boston then was one part land and three parts water, like the world in the primary geography. From the Back Bay only the Gardens and Charles Street had been reclaimed. Fashion, obedient to its own mysterious laws and defiant of natural obstacles, went as it ever does where it was least expected. The dome-crowned summit has now ceased to be conspicuous from the harbour. Similar hazards of time and chance have imparted to the harbour-front of New York an almost phantasmagoric beauty (thus Mr. Sullivan heaps coals of fire on Mr. Howells and praises our "ugly pile of children's-blocks" more than does our own chronicler, Mr. Smith!); but upon the Boston water-front vast progressive utilitarian ugliness has settled down. The old harbour line is no longer distinguishable, and only the Town House of 1747 stands as a mute reminder of the penalty prosperity exacts in loss of distinction. Inland, tall buildings have played the mischief with the once numerous lanes and courts, and have made them but characterless entrances and exits. The Tremont Street Mall, once shaded by giant elms, has become a glaring "trottery" between subway kiosks. But the Frog Pond remains, where all the boys were allowed to go in swimming except on Sundays; and time as well as its inflictions has its amendments. The greatest of these is Copley Square in the new city, built where tide-water once ebbed and flowed. In the four sides of this haphazard, disjointed scheme, one must study each building separately in order to admire it (Fancy any New Yorker, however infatuated, venturing to speak of a "scheme"!); yet admiration is possible on all sides but one. The Esplanade, too, is not one of the many mistakes we have made in constantly tinkering with things, and the still vacant river-front has glorious architectural possibilities. Old Beacon Street reminds every Englishman of the view from Piccadilly across Green Park, and is the fairer of the two. Fully half the good old houses remain among the aggressive samples of modern architecture, and Louisberg Square has still all the traditional polished neatness of a Dutch town. The New England ardour for absorbing instruction of any kind gratis has long been considered a dominant characteristic of Boston—also arrogance, over-development of the critical faculty, and a feverish embracing of strange religions and causes. "The fine thing about Boston," said McKim, when they worked themselves up over the Bacchante for the Public Library, "is that it could make this matter a burning question." The assumption of papal authority is a rasping annoyance, but it is the natural foible of those who devote ardent thought to anything. To twit the Athens of America with its attainments is at least to pay tribute to their manifestations. Without high temper and tenacity no deed of worth was ever done. The book, you will thus see, lays as much emphasis on people as places. So does Mr. Lester Hornby, at least so far as getting an atmosphere of a settled social background where the map does not change overnight and where an aristocracy is not momentarily invaded by a successful deal in the Street. One might almost say he is a Bostonian (a foolhardy thing to say of an unknown man!); certainly his drawings will appeal to one and flatter him with a pleasing sense of his superiority when he turns from this well-made and well-bred book to take up again Mr. Hornby's pictures to Mr. Kerfoot's *Broadway* of last year. For atmosphere was just what those pictures lacked, and anything so subtle as social atmosphere was entirely undreamt of.

If such a Bostonian takes up *Charcoals of New and Old New York*, by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, it might crystallise this suggestion into an epigram which should

at last avenge him for Mr. Howells's most unkindest cut of all. For it might set him to thinking by the light of Mr. Hornby's and Mr. Smith's sketches that there is no such thing as social atmosphere in New York whatever. In Mr. Smith's text you feel very distinctly that to him the salient note of the city is a pioneer change. In the spider-web bridges, lofty buildings with gold-headed canes of towers, endless ribbons of streets swarming with wheeled beetles, and countless acres of upturned ground scarred with the ruins of the old to make ready for the new—over, through, and in all this stir the breeze and thrill, the spirit and courage of a Great City making by Great Men. (Mr. Sullivan never once feels the need of capitals in speaking of Boston!) But he gets little of this spirit into his pictures. The spoil of the painter is in the very chaos of the city's variety, he says, and he has rather chosen to leave to his text his feeling of a daily transformation. His facile and capable charcoal sketches chiefly present small detached bits of New York chosen for their pictorial value and historical significance. His very successful word-sketches are epigrammatic and seek for epithets. Beneath its man-piled coverings, he says, New York is a stone lizard, its head erect at Spuyten-Tuyvel, its arms and legs touching the two Rivers, its tail flopping the Battery. Reluctance to let things alone, said Mr. Sullivan, is one of the most exasperating of our Yankee failings, and we keep tinkering with things to make them better. But one feels that New York has changed merely because it had to expand. A grey-haired old lady once told Mr. Smith that when she was a child her father often took her to see another grey-haired old lady who owned a little farm a long way uptown, where she kept a cow. That little pasture was the site of the present white marble tower at Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street! Swaggering bullies of buildings lock arms with the clouds on the very place where Peter Stuyvesant built his split tree-trunk wall twelve feet high from river to river. Hedged in but still defiant, the old church, undismayed, guarding its dead, still lifts its slender finger to heaven as it gazes down the Grand Canyon of the Yellow, where there is stored above and beneath the asphalt of the narrow gulch wealth enough to pay the national debt—yet, a few more old landmarks of buildings swept away and replaced by sky-scrapers shutting out light and air (the only things we get for nothing) and men will have to carry lanterns in broad daylight to find their office-doors. The vertical straight line—one of the fundamental laws of the Demon of Gain and Unrest—is the line of the ugly; the rectangular is two of these lines conspiring to strangle beauty. How New York will look when the little houses are all gone, and the rest of our streets are lined with dry-goods boxes set on end with fronts like so many underdone waffles is a thought which disturbs. The Brooklyn Bridge is the master work of a great archer who shot it across one wire at a time, never in thirteen years doubting his ability to make real his dream. The City Hall is a courtly old gentleman of a once famous school, with a fine Greek soul and thorough-bred to his finger-tips —who since 1810 has never lost his dignity nor, hemmed in by vulgar parvenues, his sense of the fitness of things. Elizabeth Street is the rialto of the Impoverished, the Alien, and the Stranded; and no place in the city is so picturesque as this street of portable junk-shops. Madison Square is the Out-Door Club of the Over-Tired, and the knights of the benches arrogate rights that the ineligible taxpayer is forced to respect. The Little Church Around the Corner should be a little patch of holy ground to every lover of the arts and of beauty. In its frenzied eagerness to bury its teeth in everything within sight, the Great City, strange to say, has not yet leapt upon the bit of land through which runs the Bronx—it is still, as it was twenty years ago, an oasis of beauty—whose branches are filled with hundreds of bird-songs. Fit type of the monster of the city which has seized all else is the Hydra of the Subway with its insatiable hunger; its hooded heads thrust out just above the level of its lair, it awaits its prey with open mouths and blinking glassy eyes. Upon the people who hurl themselves within the Imp of Hustle has fastened its grip. They are

jumbled, whirled, bumped, banged, mashed, and yet they like it—they have saved for no purpose whatever six minutes and a quarter of their inexpressibly valuable time. Boast as we may, Manhattan is not beautiful. It is only an ugly pile of square blocks by day. But by night, it rises in compelling glory, the most brilliant, most beautiful, most inspiring of all the cities of the earth.

LINEAGE

BY GEORGE STERLING

As sound is not, save when an ear apprise,
 Nor light, except recording eyes attend,
 So in the mind hath beauty birth and end,
Nor station in Time's aspect otherwise.
Between thy brows are Music's farthest skies,
 And from thy seats of dream her wings ascend.
 No fragrance is, unless thy spirit lend,
And of thyself the morning hath its dyes.

Now blooms the mystic flower: what Hand hath sown?
 Now gleam its iris-hues: what Breath hath blown
The bubble beauty risen from thy brain,
 And as a mirror evident of thee?
Gaze: let the glass distort thy dust in vain!
 Behold thyself—thyself a mystery!

WHERE TO BEGIN A PLAY

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



IF we look at a procession in the street, we can see easily, at any moment, only three blocks of it, though we may remember what has gone before and may imagine what is to come after. And if we were commissioned to take one photograph, and only one, of the parade, we should have to select that single brief period of its passage which was at the same time most interesting in itself, most reminiscent of all that had preceded, and most suggestive of all that was to follow.

Any story of human life that is worth telling in a novel or a play must concern itself with a procession of events that in reality is limitless; but the novelist, restricted to a few hundred pages, or the dramatist, restricted still more rigidly to the two or three hours' traffic of the stage, can exhibit only a brief and bounded picture of the eternal sequence of causation and result. To state the problem more simply,—a novel or a play must assume a beginning and an end; but life itself knows neither. Any actual event is, in the inspired phrase of Whitman, "an acme of things accomplished and an encloser of things to be": it is at once the result of innumerable antecedent causes and the motive of innumerable subsequent results: and to dream our way backward or forward over the procession of events of which it is a momentary incident must lead us soon to lose our minds in mystery, before the dawn or later than the dusk of imaginable time. With this eternal panorama of experi-

ence, our concrete art can cope only by halting the procession at some particularly interesting moment and catching a sudden picture that shall look a little beyond, in both directions, the single incident on which the camera is focussed.

Just as different pictures of the same procession in the street may be chosen by photographers who snap their cameras at different moments, so various stories might be selected from the same procession of events by novelists or playwrights who should pick out different moments to begin and end their narratives. Any story, to attract and to enthrall attention, must exhibit the crisis, or climax, of a series of events; but the individual artist is left at liberty to determine how far before this crisis he shall set the initiation of his narrative and how far beyond it he shall set the end. If he is interested mainly in causes, he will choose to depict in detail the events that lead up to his climax; and if he is interested mainly in effects, he will prefer to devote the major share of his attention to those subsequent events that are occasioned by his crisis. Thus we discover in practice two types of narratives,—in one of which the main events look forward and are interesting chiefly as causes, and in the other of which the main events look backward and are interesting chiefly as results.

We may select for purposes of illustration the subject-matter of *The Scarlet Letter*. The crisis, or climax, of this imaginary train of incidents is the adultery of Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale. Hawthorne has chosen to start his story at a moment subsequent to the occurrence of this crisis and to devote his attention entirely to a study of the after-effects of the committed sin on the souls of the three characters concerned; but it is conceivable that another novelist—George Eliot, for instance—might have begun the story many years before and might have chosen to deal mainly with the causes that culminated in the crisis that Hawthorne has assumed as a condition precedent to his narrative. Thus we see that two stories wholly different in plot might be derived from the same procession of events, according as the novelist should choose to begin his narrative late or early in the sequence of causation.

Undoubtedly—in the single instance we have glanced at—Hawthorne began his narrative after the crisis because *The Scarlet Letter* was his first novel and he had been writing short-stories for over twenty years. Naturally enough, he constructed this novel as if it were a short-story. The writer of short-stories is so strictly limited to economy of means that he must deal mainly with results and must ask the reader to assume the antecedent causes; but the novelist, with his ampler scope of narrative, may deal with causes in detail and may presume in hasty summary the subsequent results. The handling of the story of *The Scarlet Letter* which we have assigned theoretically to George Eliot is more typical of the method of the novelist than the short-story structure which was imposed upon the subject-matter by the man who gave the story to the world.

In different periods of its development, the drama has oscillated between these two extremes of treatment, and has approached either the strictness of structure that is characteristic of the short-story or the more easy amplitude of narrative that is customary in the novel. In certain periods it has concerned itself mainly with causes, and in others chiefly with results.

The structure of Greek tragedy was singularly similar to the structure of the modern short-story. There are many obvious reasons for this analogy. In the first place, the physical conditions of the Greek theatre made it most convenient for the playwright to restrict his exhibition to a single place and to confine his action within a single revolution of the sun; and in the second place, the fact that the Greek playwright dealt only with traditional materials permitted him to presuppose, on the part of his audience, a knowledge of his entire story that should warrant him in assuming any number of incidents as having happened in imagination before the play began. Thus, at the performance of *Œdipus King*, the audience merely waited breathless while the hero discovered that appalling inheritance of the accumulated past, of which the audience was thor-

oughly aware before the play began. The tragedy dealt wholly with results, and not at all with causes.

The other extreme of structure is exhibited in the Elizabethan drama. In studying the plays of Shakespeare, we should remember always that nearly all of them were dramatised novels and that the conventions of the Elizabethan theatre encouraged what may be called a "novelistic" treatment of stories on the stage. Although it was only with apparent difficulty that the Greek playwright could alter the time or place of his action, the Elizabethan playwright could denote a lapse of years, or a shift of scene from one country to another, by the simple expedient of emptying his stage and bringing other actors on to state the new conditions. Using the term "act" with its modern technical meaning, it may be said that a Greek tragedy was constructed in a single act; but a typical Elizabethan play—like *Antony and Cleopatra*—was not conceived in acts, but in an ample and uncounted sequence of half a hundred "scenes." Hence, it is not surprising that Shakespeare, like a nineteenth century novelist, devoted more of his attention to the development of causes leading up to his crisis than to the analysis of subsequent results.

But the modern drama, reduced by its investiture of scenery to the arrangement of a story in not more than three or four distinct pigeonholes of time and place, has returned more nearly to the Greek method of exhibiting a story in a single act than to the Elizabethan method of stretching a story out through fifty scenes. The exigencies of the modern stage apparently demand that the dramatist shall start his story at a time as late as possible in his procession of events and shall assume the necessary antecedent incidents in passages of backward-looking exposition. Thus, Ibsen's *Ghosts,* which—from the technical standpoint—is one of the very greatest of modern plays, is constructed according to the method of Sophocles instead of the method of Shakespeare. The entire narrative that is recounted covers nearly thirty years; and yet the actual experience that is exhibited is constricted within the compass of a few hours. And a month after we have seen the play, we remember with equal vividness those events which were disclosed upon the stage and those other events which were merely narrated in passages of retrospective exposition.

Since the average audience in any period expects the dramaturgic method to which it is habituated, it follows that the playwright looking for success should begin his story late or early in his general procession of events, according to the fashion of his time. At present it is undeniably the custom of the most highly accredited playwrights to catch a story at its climax and to build a play more out of the results than out of the causes of the crisis of the narrative. For instance,—Aubrey Tanqueray decides to marry Paula; and Pinero's play exhibits not the causes leading up to this decision but the tragic series of events resultant from it.

From these general considerations it should be evident that a playwright, in any period, may spoil a good story by beginning his play at the wrong moment and exhibiting an ill-selected section of his entire drift of incident. Ibsen—for example—spoiled the story of *Rosmersholm* by beginning his play at a point too far along in the general procession of events; and many other plays have been spoiled by playwrights who have started their stories too far before the crisis of the narrative. Of this latter type, an interesting instance is offered in *The High Road,* by Mr. Edward Sheldon.

"The High Road"

The High Road is described by Mr. Sheldon as "a pilgrimage, in five parts." In the first part the heroine is seventeen years old, in the second part she is twenty, in the third she is thirty-eight, and in the fourth and fifth parts she is forty. In constructing his story in the manner of a nineteenth century novel instead of in accordance with the custom of the contemporary drama, Mr. Sheldon's purpose was evidently to suggest a vision of the long and varied life-experience that must necessarily precede any vigorous assertion of character at a dramatic crisis. This is, of course, a proper purpose for the novel-

ist; but Mr. Sheldon's effort proves conclusively that this gradual accumulation of causes ought not to be attempted in a play.

The crisis of Mr. Sheldon's story occurs in the fourth part; and the events exhibited in the preceding three parts are interesting only as preparations for the crisis. That is to say, they become significant only when we have reached a point of view from which we may look back upon them in the light of the crisis they have caused. It is evident therefore that these antecedent incidents should not be shown at all upon the stage, but should be assumed—as Ibsen would have assumed them—in passages of retrospective exposition introduced immediately before and immediately after the crisis of the action. The play is spoiled because the author began his exhibition of events at a moment over twenty years too early in the "pilgrimage" he wished to represent.

The story of the drama is as follows: The governor of New York State is running for the Presidency of the United States on a progressive platform. In his campaign he has been greatly aided by his wife, to whom he has been married for two years. Before her marriage, the heroine, as president of the national federation of women's labour unions, had been active in many States in fostering the passage of legislation to ameliorate the lot of working-girls. She had been prominent in this work for nearly twenty years,—ever since the time when she had been a working-girl herself and had slaved for meagre wages in a shirt-waist factory. The governor's most powerful political opponent is a man who is the head of many trusts; and this man seeks to force the candidate to renounce the very liberal labour plank in his platform. When fair means fail, the politician fishes up a scandal from the distant past and threatens to make a public



"THE YELLOW JACKET"

This is a picture of the Chinese stage on which "The Yellow Jacket" is performed. This imaginary Chinese play, produced according to the traditional conventions of the Chinese theatre, is the finest artistic achievement of the present season.



"THE HIGH ROAD"—PART V

"Instead of wilting before the politician, the heroine dares him to publish the story that defames her, and threatens at the same time to publish a statement of her own, admitting the truth of the politician's story and making clear his motives for printing it. She is willing to let the people of the nation judge between them. The politician backs down."

statement that, twenty years before she met her husband, the heroine had lived for three years as the consort of a wealthy painter without the formality of legal marriage. This fact the heroine admits. She is no longer even ashamed of the experience; for she feels that the entire subsequent course of her beneficent career was occasioned by her reaction and revolt from that early error. Instead, therefore, of wilting before the politician, she dares him to publish the story that defames her, and threatens at the same time to publish a statement of her own, admitting the truth of the politician's story and making clear his motives for printing it. She is willing to let the people of the nation judge between them. The politician backs down; and it is presumed that the husband of the heroine is subsequently elected to the Presidency.

All of the events which have been gathered into the foregoing summary are exhibited in the last two parts of Mr. Sheldon's five-part play. It must be evident that it is not necessary to exhibit the events of the preceding three parts, but that they may be expounded retrospectively in the dialogue occasioned by the crisis. The entire narrative could easily be set forth in a single room and in a continuous period of only two or three hours of imagined time. It is a pity that the author spoiled a really interesting play by preceding it with the narration of a three-part novel.

"Snow White"

As a play for children, Mr. Winthrop Ames's production of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* precisely hits the mark of the occasion. The piece has been dramatised by a lady whose *nom de plume* is Jessie Braham White, from the famous fairy-story of the Brothers Grimm. The drift



"BELLA DONNA"—ACT III

"Dr. Isaacson merely sits down and argues with the heroine for half an hour."

of narrative is natural and easy, and the wording of the dialogue is very simple. The action occupies a year and a day, from the time when Prince Florimond of Calydon first comes to ask for the hand of Snow White, and the little princess is sent away by her jealous step-mother, Queen Brangomar, to be murdered in the dark forest, to the time when Snow White is brought back to the royal palace apparently dead, but is then and there happily revived, to triumph over the wicked queen and marry Prince Florimond after all. Meanwhile we are made familiar with the homely and happy life of Snow White in the little forest hut belonging to the Seven Dwarfs, and are informed of the many machinations by which Queen Brangomar and the clever old Witch Hexie seek to bring about her death.

The main merit of *Snow White* is that it is honestly and utterly a fairy-tale for children. There are no hidden philosophical intentions in the text, and the story is mercifully free from any moral. The piece is neither didactic nor symbolic, but is as simple as it seems to be. It is charmingly acted, by a cast composed almost entirely of children; and the scenery and costumes are very lovely in design and colour.

"Hawthorne of the U. S. A."

Hawthorne of the U. S. A. is an irresponsible but entertaining combination of Anthony Hope romance and George M. Cohan comedy. The piece was written originally by Mr. James Bernard Fagan; but it has been considerably altered since its importation to America. It is now less consistently romantic and more uproariously farcical than when it was first exhibited in London.

A breezy young American who has accumulated a lot of ready money by break-



"SNOW WHITE"—SCENE I

"Prince Florimond of Calydon comes to ask for the hand of Snow White."

ing the bank at Monte Carlo drifts over to the Balkan States in search of adventure. He falls in love with the Princess Irma, the only daughter of the King of the imaginary state of Borrovina; and for her sake he averts a revolution that threatens to dethrone her father, and, settling down in the capital, converts the bankrupt little kingdom within a year into a thriving and popular resort for tourists. His business methods are similar to those of Mr. Cohan's daring hero, the famous Wallingford; and he is so successful in setting Borrovina on its feet that the king resigns his crown and turns the little state into a republic in order that his daughter may marry the American.

There is a mood of merry insanity about this play which is unquestionably entertaining; and perhaps the very success of the piece is owing to the fact that it lacks the logical consistency that we commonly expect in the romantic drama.

"Bella Donna"

Mr. James Bernard Fagan is also the author of a lurid melodrama entitled *Bella Donna,* which he adapted from the novel of the same name by Mr Robert Hichens.

The heroine is an alluring lady of many pasts. The Honourable Nigel Armine marries her in London and takes her out to Egypt, where he is engaged upon a task of engineering. She soon tires of her husband and transfers her affections to a rich Egyptian named Mahmoud Baroudi. Baroudi urges her to get rid of Armine by sprinkling sugar of lead in his coffee day after day. This strikes the erotic heroine as an excellent idea. Armine soon sickens of the poison and is reduced to the point of death. At this moment his friend, Dr. Meyer Isaacson, a famous London physician, providentially turns up in Egypt, and, against the futile protests of the heroine, proceeds to drag her husband back to life and health.



"SNOW WHITE"—SCENE V

"The homely and happy life of Snow White in the little forest hut belonging to the Seven Dwarfs is terminated by the machinations by which Queen Brangomar seeks to bring about her death."

Dr. Isaacson, who knows the heroine's little habits, ultimately persuades his friend that she has tried to murder him; and Armine casts her forth into the night. She flings herself upon the neck of Mahmoud Baroudi; but this canny Egyptian refuses to accept her at the price of a scandal that would damage his reputation with the English. So the lady, being left without a lover, can only wander disconsolately off the stage as the final curtain falls.

This sensational fabric bears no reference to life. A single incident will suffice to indicate its artificiality. When Armine is at the point of death, his wife refuses to allow Dr. Isaacson to see him. Armine is in an adjoining room, behind a door which is not even locked; but instead of pushing his way past the wicked woman whom he knows to be a murderess, and dashing in to save the dying man who is his best-beloved friend, Dr. Isaacson merely sits down and argues with the heroine for half an hour.—Yet an adult audience is expected to take this situation seriously.

"Our Wives"

Our Wives is an American adaptation, by Helen Krafft and Frank Mandel, of Ludwig Fulda's comedy entitled *Jugendfreunde*. A direct translation of this play was acted in New York some years ago by the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. The piece is somewhat old-fashioned, and exhibits that excessive symmetry of structure which we have learned to disguise in recent years; but the present version is, at least, mildly entertaining.

A club of four bachelors is broken up when three of them announce simultaneously that they are engaged to be married. The sole surviving bachelor vows that he at least will never succumb to the



MME. SIMONE AS THE HEROINE OF "THE PAPER CHASE"
"The piece is set in 1780 in the palace of Versailles. It is a comedy of intrigue that might have been written by Eugène Scribe."

wiles of woman. In the second act, which happens five weeks later, he gives a dinner to the three friends of his youth, in order that their wives may meet each other; but the women figuratively pull each other's hair and the dinner ends in discord. The three married men are at last forced to acknowledge that the hero is more blessèd in his single state; and at this ironic moment the hero is of course obliged to tell them that he in turn has decided to take the fatal plunge. He has fallen in love with a little woman with whom he has been collaborating on an opera; and the major part of the play has been devoted to the development of this love which the woman-hating hero has been unable to resist.

"Never Say Die"

Never Say Die, a farce by W. H. Post and William Collier, exhibits the casual and bland facetiousness that may always be expected in Mr. Collier's entertainments; but it is even more amusing than several of its predecessors, because of the cleverness of its central idea.

A wealthy young man is assured by his



"OUR WIVES"—ACT I

"The major part of the play is devoted to the development of a love which the woman-hating hero is unable to resist."

physicians that he will die within a month. Having no one else to whom to leave his money, he resolves to marry the fiancée of a poverty-stricken friend of his, in order that the girl, as a wealthy widow, may bring a fortune to his friend. Of course he leaves his bride at the altar and prepares himself for death. But it soon appears that his physicians have guessed wrong. A year later he is still alive and thoroughly restored to health. Meanwhile the girl has fallen out of love with her former fiancé; and she now persuades her legal husband to accept her as his wife.—To catch the possibilities of fun in this idea it is necessary only to imagine Mr. Collier's performance of the hero.

"The Paper Chase"

The Paper Chase is an anachronism in four acts, by Mr. Louis N. Parker. It might have been written by Eugène Scribe, or by Victorien Sardou in those early days of his career when he was imitating Scribe. It is a comedy of intrigue whose intricate plot sustains no living delineation of character.

The piece is set in 1780 in the palace of Versailles. The Marquis of Belange



"HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A."—ACT III

"A breezy young American falls in love with the only daughter of the King of the imaginary state of Bonovina; and for her sake he averts a revolution that threatens to dethrone her father."



"THE WHIP"—ACT III, SCENE 6

"After the race-horse has been rescued from the box-car in the nick of time, an express train emerges from a tunnel and smashes the empty car to splinters."

seeks to recover a paper which has been stolen from the Duke of Richelieu by the Baroness von Schoenberg; but his paper chase is complicated by the fact that he falls in love with the lady whom it is his duty to outwit. There are several spirited moments in the plot, but the characters are never real and the dialogue seldom sparkles into wit. There seems to be no adequate reason why a play of this old-fashioned type should be offered to the public at the present day.

"The Whip"

The Whip, by those experienced craftsmen of the theatre, Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, is an exceptionally good example of the dear old type of ten, twenty, and thirty cent melodrama that has been driven off the by-ways of Broadway by the five-cent moving-picture show but still flourishes at Drury Lane in London. Its complicated tale of villainy and virtue is unfolded in a panorama of thirteen scenes. It is a little difficult to endure the somewhat protracted passages of comic relief that are scattered through the narrative; but several of the plot-effects are genuinely thrilling. The best of all the many thrills is provided by a sure-enough railway wreck upon the stage. The villain uncouples from a moving train a box-car which contains a famous race-horse that belongs to the heroine; and, after the horse has been rescued from the box-car in the nick of time, an express train emerges from a tunnel and smashes the empty car to splinters.

TALES OF THE MERMAID TAVERN

VIII

BY ALFRED NOYES

(KIT MARLOWE)

Nash brought the news. He crept into the room,
Shivering like a fragment of the night,
His face yellow as parchment, and his eyes
Burning. A roar of laughter greeted him,
"Drunk! The old carrion-crow is drunk again!"
But, through the roar, as through a storm at sea
The master's voice, the voice of Ben rang out,
"Nash!"
Ben leapt to his feet, and like a ship
Shouldering the waves, he shouldered the throng aside.
"What ails you, man? What's that upon your breast?
Blood? Are you wounded."
"Marlowe is dead," said Nash,
And stunned the room to silence. . . .
"Marlowe—dead!"
Ben caught him by the shoulders. "Nash! Awake!
What do you mean? Marlowe? Kit Marlowe? Dead?
I supped with him—why—not three nights ago!
You are drunk! You are dazed! There's blood upon your coat!"
"That's—where he died," said Nash, and suddenly sank
Sidelong across a bench, bowing his head
Between his hands. Ay, our Piers Penniless
Wept, I believe. Then, like a whip of steel,
His lean black figure sprung erect again.
"Marlowe!" he cried, "Kit Marlowe, killed for a punk,

A taffeta petticoat! Killed by an apple-squire!
Drunk? I was drunk; but I am sober now,
Sober enough, by God! Poor Kit is dead."
* * * * * * *
And, all that week the Mermaid Inn was thronged
With startled faces. Voices rose and fell,
As I recall them, in a great vague dream,
Curious, pitiful, angry, thrashing out
The tragic truth. Then, all along the Cheape
The ballad-mongers waved their sheets of rhyme,
Croaking: *"Come buy! Come buy! The bloody death*
Of Wormall, writ by Master Richard Bame!
Come buy! Come buy! The Atheist's Tragedy."
And, even in Bread Street, at our very door,
The crowder to his cracked old fiddle sang:

"He was a poet of proud repute,
And wrote full many a play,
Now strutting in a silken suit,
Now begging by the way."

Then, out of the hubbub and the clash of tongues,
The bawdy tales and scraps of balladry,
(As out of chaos rose the slow round world)
At last, though for the Mermaid Inn alone,
Emerged some tragic semblance of a soul,
Some semblance of the rounded truth, a world
Glimpsed only through great mists of blood and tears,
Yet smitten, here and there, with dreadful light,
As I believe, from heaven.
Strangely enough,
(Though Ben forgot his pipe and Will's deep eyes
Deepened and softened, when they spoke of Kit,
For many a month thereafter) it was Nash
That took the blow like steel into his heart.
Nash, our "Piers Penniless," whom Rob Greene had called
"Young Juvenal," the first satirist of our age,
Nash, of the biting tongue and subtle sneer,
Brooded upon it, till his grief became
Sharp as a rapier, ready to lunge in hate
At all the lies of shallower hearts.
One night,
The night he raised the mists from that wild world,
He talked with Chapman in the Mermaid Inn
Of Marlowe's poem that was left half-sung,
His *Hero and Leander.*
"Kit desired,
If he died first, that you should finish it,"
Said Nash.
A loaded silence filled the room
As with the imminent spirit of the dead
Listening. And long that picture haunted me:
Nash, like a lithe young Mephistopheles
Leaning between the silver candle-sticks,
Across the oak table, with his lean white face,
Dark smouldering eyes, and black, dishevelled hair;
Chapman, with something of the steady strength

That helms our ships, and something of the Greek,
The cool clear passion of Platonic thought
Behind the fringe of his Olympian beard
And broad Homeric brows, confronting him
Gravely.
There was a burden of mystery
Brooding on all that night; and, when at last
Chapman replied, I knew he felt it, too.
The curious pedantry of his wonted speech
Was charged with living undertones, like truths
Too strange and too tremendous to be breathed
Save thro' a mask. And though, in lines that flamed
Once with strange rivalry, Shakespeare himself defied
Chapman, that spirit "by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch," Will's nimbler sense
Was quick to breathings from beyond our world
And could not hold them lightly.
"Ah, then Kit,"
Said Chapman, "had some prescience of his end,
Like many another dreamer. What strange hints
Of things past, present, and to come there lie
Sealed in the magic pages of true Song,
Which, laying strong hold on universal laws,
Ranges beyond these mud-walls of the flesh,
Though dull wits fail to follow. It was this
That made men find an oracle in the books
Of Virgil, and an everlasting fount
Of science in the prophets."
Once again
That haunted silence filled the shadowy room;
And, far away up Bread Street, we could hear
The crowder, piping of black Wormall still:

"He had a friend, once gay and green,
Who died of want alone,
In whose black fate he might have seen
The warning of his own."

"Strange he should ask a hod-man like myself
To crown that miracle of his April age,"
Said Chapman, murmuring softly under breath,
"Amorous Leander, beautiful and young. . . .
Why, Nash, had Eros charged my Muse to raise
Out of its grave in the green Hellespont
The Hero-handled body of that boy,
Aye, make it leap and sparkle through the waves
And rush into her warm white arms again,
The task were scarce as hard. But—stranger still"—
And his next words, although I hardly knew
All that he meant, went tingling through my flesh—
"Before you spoke, before I knew his wish,
I had begun to write!
I knew and loved
His work. Himself I hardly knew at all;
And yet—I know him now! I have heard him now!
And, since he pledged me in so rare a cup,
I'll lift and drink to him, though lightnings fall

From envious gods to scourge me. I will lift
This cup in darkness to the soul that reigns
In light on Helicon. Who knows how near?
For I have thought, sometimes, when I have tried
To work his will, the hand that moved my pen
Was mine, and yet—not mine. The bodily mask
Is mine, and sometimes, dull as clay, it sleeps
With old Musæus. Then strange flashes come,
Oracular glories, visionary gleams,
And the mask moves, not of itself, and sings."
"I know that thought," said Nash. "A mighty ship,
A lightning-shattered wreck, out in that night,
Unseen, has foundered thundering. We sit here
Snug on the shore, and feel the wash of it,
The widening circles running to our feet.
Can such a soul go down to glut the sharks
Without one ripple? Here comes one sprinkle of spray.
Listen!" And through that night, quick and intense,
And hushed for thunder, tingled once again
Like a thin wire, the crowder's distant tune:

"Had he been prenticed to the trade
His father followed still,
This exit he had never made,
Nor played a part so ill."

"Here is another," said Nash, "I know not why;
But like a weed in the long wash, I, too,
Was moved, not of myself, to a tune like this.
O, I can play the crowder, fiddle and sing
On a dead friend, with any the best of you,
Lie and kick heels in the sun on a dead man's grave,
And yet—God knows—it is the best we can;
And better than the world's way, to forget."
So saying, like one that murmurs happy words
To torture his own grief, half in self-scorn,
He breathed a scrap of balladry that raised
The mists a moment from that Paradise,
That primal world of innocence, where Kit
In childhood played, outside his father's shop,
Under the sign of the *Golden Shoe,* as thus:

A cobbler lived in Canterbury
—He is dead now, poor soul!—
He sat at his door and stitched in the sun,
Nodding and smiling at every one;
For St. Hugh makes all good cobblers merry,
And often he sang as the pilgrims passed,
"I can hammer a soldier's boot,
And daintily glove a dainty foot!
Many a sandal from my hand
Has walked the road to Holy Land!
Knights may fight for me, priests may pray for me,
Pilgrims walk the pilgrims' way for me,
I have a work in the world to do!
—*Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,*
To good St. Hugh!—
The cobbler must stick to his last."

And anon he would cry
"Kit! Kit! Kit!" to his little son,
"Look at the pilgrims riding by!
Dance down, hop down, after them, run!"
Then, like an unfledged linnet, out
Would tumble the brave little lad,
With a piping shout,—
"O, look at them, look at them, look at them, Dad!
Priest and prioress, abbot and friar,
Soldier and seaman, knight and squire!
How many countries have they seen?
Is there a king there, is there a queen?
Dad, one day,
Thou and I must ride like this,
All along the Pilgrims' Way,
By Glastonbury and Samarcand,
El Dorado and Cathay,
London and Persepolis,
All the way to Holy Land!"

Then, shaking his head as if he knew,
Under the sign of the *Golden Shoe*
Touched by the glow of the setting sun
While the pilgrims passed,
The little cobbler would laugh and say:
"When you are old you will understand
'Tis a very long way
To Samarcand!
Why, largely to exaggerate
Befits not men of small estate,
But—I should say, yes, I should say,
'Tis a hundred miles from where you stand;
And a hundred more, my little son,
A hundred more, to Holy Land!—
I have a work in the world to do
—*Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl*
To good St. Hugh!—
The cobbler must stick to his last."

"Which last," said Nash, breaking his rhyme off short,
"The crowder, after his kind, would seeem to approve.
Well——all the waves from that great wreck out there
Break, and are lost in one with-drawing sigh:

The little lad that used to play
Around the cobbler's door,
Kit Marlowe, Kit Marlowe,
We shall not see him more.

But—could I tell you how that galleon sank,
Could I but bring you to that hollow whirl,
The black gulf in mid-ocean, where that wreck
Went thundering down, and round it hell still roars,
That were a tale to snap all fiddle-strings."
"Tell me," said Chapman.
"Ah, you wondered why,"
Said Nash, "you wondered why he asked your help

To crown that work of his. Why, Chapman, think,
Think of the cobbler's awl—there's a stout lance
To couch at London, there's a conquering point
To carry in triumph through Persepolis!
I tell you Kit was nothing but a child,
When some rich patron of the *Golden Shoe*
Beheld him riding into Samarcand
Upon a broken chair, the which he said
Was a white steed, splashed with the blood of kings.
When, on that patron's bounty, he did ride
So far as Cambridge, he was a brave lad,
Untamed, adventurous, but still innocent,
O, innocent as the cobbler's little self!
He brought to London just a bundle and stick,
A slender purse, an Ovid, a few scraps
Of song, and all unshielded, all unarmed,
A child's heart, packed with splendid hopes and dreams.
I say a child's heart, Chapman, and that phrase
Crowns, not discrowns, his manhood.
Well—he turned
An honest penny, taking some small part
In plays at the *Red Bull*. And, all the while,
Beyond the paint and tinsel of the stage,
Beyond the greasy cock-pit with its reek
Of orange-peel and civet, as all of these
Were but the clay churned by the glorious rush
Of his white chariots and his burning steeds,
Nay, as the clay were a shadow, his great dreams
Like bannered legions on some proud Crusade,
Empurpling all the deserts of the world,
Swept on in triumph to the glittering towers
Of his abiding City.
Then—he met
That damned blood-sucking cockatrice, the pug
Of some fine strutting mummer, ay, you know,—
Heliogabalus Pomp, one of those plagues
Bred by our stage, a puff-ball on the hill
Of Helicon, so swollen with self-conceit
As never to see that even his flatterers
Praised him with twitching mouths, that every word
Wherewith they gulled him held some secret jest,
And tickled even the urchins who up-bore
His absurd train. And—for his wench—she too
Had played so many parts that she forgot
The cue for truth. King Puff had taught her well.
He was the vainer and more foolish thing,
She the more poisonous.
One dark day, to spite
Archer, a player in Puff's own company,
Her latest paramour, she set her eyes
On Kit. She found an interest in his dreams,
Told him a long tale of her luckless life,
Wedded, deserted, both against her will,
A luckless Eve that never knew the snake.
True and half-true she mixed in one wild lie,
And then—she caught him by the hand and wept.

Ay, and despite his Ovid, all at once
Her eyes, her perfumed hair, and her red mouth,
Her warm white breast, her civet-scented skin,
Swimming before him, in a piteous mist,
Made the lad drunk, and—she was in his arms;
And all that God had meant to wake one day
Under the Sun of Love, suddenly woke
By candle-light and cried 'The Sun! The Sun!'
And he believed it, Chapman, he believed it!
He was a cobbler's son, and he believed
In Love! Blind, through that mist, he caught at Love,
The everlasting King of all this world!

Kit was not clever! Clever men—like Pomp—
Might jest! And fools might laugh! But when a man,
Simple as all great elemental things,
Makes his whole heart a sacrificial fire
To one whose love is in her supple skin,
There comes a laughter in which jests break up
Like ice-bergs in a sea of burning marl.
Then dreamers turn to murderers in an hour.
Then topless towers are burnt, and the Ocean-sea
Tramples the proud fleet, down, into the dark,
And sweeps over it, laughing. Come and see,
The heart now of this darkness—no more waves,
But the black central hollow where that wreck
Went down for ever.
How should Piers Penniless
Burn that wild picture on the world's black heart,
Brand it with lightning, or with acids bite
Its lines into the forehead of old Night?
Might it be done thus? Borrow a terrible hint
From old Verona?—We are friends together
Mourning a dead friend, none will ever know,—
Kit, do you smile at poor Piers Penniless,
Measuring it out? Ah, boy, it is my best!
Since hearts must beat, let it be *terza rima,*
A ladder of rhyme that two sad friends alone
May let down, thus, to the last circle of hell."

So saying, and motionless as a man in trance,
Nash breathed the words that raised the veil anew,
Strange intervolving words which, as he spake them,
Moved like the huge slow whirlpool of that pit
Where the wreck sank, the serpentine slow folds
Of the lewd Kraken that sucked it, shuddering, down:

This is the Deptford Inn! Climb the dark stair!
Come, come and see Kit Marlowe lying dead!
See, on the table, by that broken chair,

The little phials of paint—the white and red.
A cut-lawn kerchief hangs behind the door,
Left by his punk, even as the tapster said.

There is the gold-fringed taffeta gown she wore,
And on that wine-stained bed, as is most meet,
He lies alone, never to waken more.

O, still as chiselled marble, the frayed sheet
 Folds the still form on that sepulchral bed,
Hides the dead face, and peaks the rigid feet.

Come, come and see Kit Marlowe lying dead!
 Draw back the sheet, ah, tenderly lay bare
The splendour of that Apollonian head;

The gloriòle of his flame-coloured hair;
 The lean athletic body, deftly planned
To carry that swift soul of fire and air;

The long thin flanks, the broad breast, and the grand
 Heroic shoulders! Look, what lost dreams lie
Cold in the fingers of that delicate hand;

And, shut within those lyric lips, what cry
 Of unborn beauty, sunk in utter night,
Lost worlds of song, sealed in an unknown sky,

Never to be brought forth, clothed on with light,
 Was this, then, this the secret of his song?—
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

It was not Love, not Love, that wrought this wrong;
 And yet—what evil shadow of this dark town
Could quench a soul so flame-like clean and strong,

Strike the young glory of his manhood down,
 Dead, like a dog, dead in a drunken brawl,
Dead for a phial of paint, a taffeta-gown?

What if his blood were hot? High over all
 He heard, as in his song the world still hears,
Those angels on the burning heavenly wall

Who chant the thunder-music of the spheres!
 Yet—through the glory of his own young dream
Here did he meet that face, wet with strange tears,

Andromeda, with piteous face astream,
 Hailing him Perseus! In her treacherous eyes,
As in dark pools the mirrored stars will gleam,

Here did he see his own eternal skies;
 And here—she laughed, nor found the dream amiss;
But bade him pluck and eat—in Paradise.

Here did she hold him, broken up with bliss,
 Here, like a supple snake, around him coiled,
Here did she pluck his heart out with a kiss,

Here were the wings clipped and the glory soiled,
 Here adders coupled in the pure white shrine;
Here was the Wine spilt, and the Shew-bread spoiled.

Black was that feast, though he who poured the Wine
 Dreamed that he poured it in high sacrament.
Deep in her eyes he saw his own eyes shine,

Beheld Love's god-head and was well content!
Subtly her hand struck the pure silver note,
The throbbing chord of passion that God meant

To swell the bliss of heaven. Round his young throat
She wound her swarthy tresses; then, with eyes
Half mad to see their power, half mad to gloat,

Half mad to batten on their own devilries,
And mark what heaven-born splendours they could quell,
She held him quivering in a mesh of lies,

And in soft broken speech began to tell—
There, as against her heart, throbbing he lay—
The truth that hurled his soul from heaven to hell.

Quivering, she watched the subtle whip-lash flay
The white flesh of the dreams of his pure youth;
Then sucked the blood and left them cold as clay.

Luxuriously she lashed him with the truth!
Against his mouth her subtle mouth she set
To show, as through a mask, O, without ruth,

As through a cold clay mask (brackish and wet
With what strange tears!) it was not his, not his,
The kiss that through his quivering lips she met.

Kissing him, *"thus,"* she whispered, *"did he kiss!*
Ah is the sweetness like a sword, then, sweet?
Last night—ah, kiss again—aching with bliss."

Thus was I made his own, from head to feet!
—A sudden agony thro' his body swept
Tempestuously.—*"Our wedded pulses beat*

Like this and this; and then, at dawn, he slept!"
She laughed, pouting her lips against his cheek
To drink; and, as in answer, Marlowe wept.

As a dead man in dreams, he heard her speak!
Clasped in the bitter grave of that sweet clay,
Wedded and one with it, he moaned. Too weak

Even to lift his head, sobbing, he lay.
Then, slowly, as their breathings rose and fell,
He felt the storm of passion, far away,

Gather. The shuddering waves began to swell.
Then, through the menace of the thunder-roll,
The thin quick lightnings, thrilling through his hell,

Lightnings that hell itself could not control
(Even while she strove to bow his neck anew)
Woke the great slumbering legions of his soul.

Sharp was that severance of the false and true,
Sharp as a sword drawn from a shuddering wound!
But they, that were one flesh, were cloven in two.

Flesh leapt from clasping flesh, without a sound!
He plucked his body from her white embrace,
And cast him down, and grovelled on the ground.

Yet, ere he went, he strove once more to trace,
Deep in her eyes, the loveliness he knew;
Then—spat his hatred into her smiling face.

She clung to him. He flung her off. He drew
His dagger, thumbed the blade, and laughed—"Poor punk!
What! Would you make me your own murderer, too?"

* * * * * * *

"That was the day of our great feast," said Nash,
"Aboard the *Golden Hind*. The grand old hulk
Was drawn up for the citizens' wonderment
At Deptford. Ay, Piers Penniless was there!
Soaked and besotted as I was, I saw
Everything. On her poop the minstrels played;
And round her sea-worn keel, like meadow-sweet
Curtseying round a lightning-blackened oak,
Prentices and their sweethearts heel and toe,
Danced the brave English dances, clean and fresh
As May.
But in her broad gun-guarded waist
Once red with British blood, long tables groaned
For revellers not so worthy. Where her guns
Had raked the seas, barrels of ale were sprung,
Bestrid by roaring tipplers. Where at night
The storm-beat crew silently bowed their heads
With Drake before the King of Life and Death,
A strumpet wrestled with a mountebank
For pence, a loose-limbed Lais with a clown
Of Cherry Hilton. Leering at their lewd twists,
Cross-legged upon the deck, sluggish with sack,
Like a squat toad sat Heliogabalus Pomp.
Propped up against the bulwarks at his side,
Archer, his apple-squire, hiccoughed a bawdy song.

Suddenly, through that orgie, with wild eyes,
Yet with her customary smile, O, there
I saw in daylight what Kit Marlowe saw
Through blinding mists, the face of his first love.
She stood before her paramour on the deck,
Cocking her painted head to right and left,
Her white teeth smiling, but her voice a hiss;
'Quickly,' she said to Archer, 'come away,
Or there'll be blood spilt!'
'Better blood than wine,'
Said Archer, struggling to his feet, 'but who,
Who would spill blood?'
'Marlowe!' she said.
Then Pomp
Reeled to his feet. 'What, Kit, the cobbler's son?
The lad that broke his leg at the *Red Bull*,
Tambourlaine-Marlowe, he that would chain kings
To's chariot-wheel? What, is he rushing hither?
He would spill blood for Gloriana, hey?

O, my Belphoebe, you will crack my sides?
Was this the wench that shipped a thousand squires?
O, ho! But here he comes. Now, solemnly, lads,—
Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven
To entertain divine Zenocrate!'

And there stood Kit, high on the storm-scarred poop,
Against the sky, bare-headed. I saw his face,
Pale, innocent, just the clear face of that boy,
Who walked to Cambridge with a bundle and stick,—
The little cobbler's son. Yet—there I caught
My only glimpse of how the sun-god looked,
And only for one moment.
When he saw
His mistress, his face whitened, and he shook.
Down to the decks he came, a poor weak man;
And yet—by God—the only man that day
In all our drunken crew.
'Come along, Kit,'
Cried Pomp, 'we'll all be friends now, all take hands,
And dance—ha! ha!—the shaking of the sheets!'
Then Archer, shuffling a step, raised his cracked voice
In Kit's own song to a falsetto tune,
Snapping one hand, thus, over his head as he danced:—
'Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove!' . . .

Pomp, reeled between, laughing, 'Damn you,' cried Kit,
And, catching the fat swine by his round soft throat,
Hurled him headlong, crashing across the tables,
To lie and groan in the red bilge of wine
That washed the scuppers.
Kit gave him not one glance.
'Archer,' he said in a whisper.
Instantly
A long thin rapier flashed in Archer's hand.
The ship was one wild uproar. Women screamed
And huddled together. A drunken clamorous ring
Seethed around Marlowe and his enemy.
Kit drew his dagger, slowly, and I knew
Blood would be spilt.
'Here, take my rapier, Kit!'
I cried across the crowd, seeing the lad
Was armed so slightly. But he did not hear.
I could not reach him.
All at once he leapt
Like a wounded tiger, past the rapier point
Straight at his enemy's throat. I saw his hand
Upraised to strike! I heard a harlot's scream,
And, in mid-air, the hand stayed, quivering, white,
A frozen menace.
I saw a yellow claw
Twisting the dagger out of that frozen hand;
I saw his own steel in that yellow grip,
His own lost lightning raised to strike at him!
I saw it flash! I heard the driving grunt
Of him that struck! Then, with a shout, the crowd

Sundered, and through the gap, a blank red thing
Streaming with blood, came the blind face of Kit,
Reeling, to me! And I, poor drunken I,
Held my arms wide for him. Here, on my heart,
With one great sob, he burst his heart and died."

* * * * * * *

Nash ceased. And, far away down Friday Street,
The crowder with his fiddle wailed again:

"Blaspheming Tambolin must die,
And Faustus meet his end.
Repent, repent, or presentlie
To hell ye must descend."

And, as in answer, Chapman slowly breathed
Those mightiest lines of Marlowe's own despair:

"Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells?"

"Ay, you have said it," said Nash, "and there you know
Why Kit desired your hand to crown his work.
He reverenced you as one whose temperate eyes
Austere and grave, could look him through and through;
One whose firm hand could grasp the reins of law
And guide those furious horses of the sun,
As Ben and Will can guide them, where you will.
His were, perchance, the noblest steeds of all,
And from their nostrils blew a fierier dawn
Above the world. That glory is his own;
And where he fell, he fell. Before his hand
Had learned to quell them, he was dashed to the earth.
'Tis yours to show that good men honoured him.
For, mark this, Chapman, since Kit Marlowe fell,
There will be fools that, in the name of Art,
Will wallow in the mire, crying 'I fall,
I fall from heaven;'—fools that have only heard
From earth, the rumour of those golden hooves
Far, far above them. Ay, you know the kind,
The fools that scorn Will for his lack of fire
Because he quells the storms they never knew,
And rides above the thunder; fools of Art
That skip and vex, like little vicious fleas,
Their only Helicon, some green madam's breast.
Art! Art! O God, that I could send my soul,
In one last wave, from that night-hidden wreck,
Across the shores of all the years to be;
O God, that like a crowder I might shake
Their blind dark casements with the pity of it,
Piers Penniless his ballad, a poor scrap,
That but for lack of time, and hope and pence,
He might have bettered! For a dead man's sake,
Thus would the wave break, thus the crowder cry:

Dead, like a dog upon the road;
Dead, for a harlot's kiss;
The Apollonian throat and brow,

The lyric lips, so silent now,
The flaming wings that heaven bestowed
For loftier airs than this!

The sun-like eyes whose light and life
Had gazed an angel's down,
That burning heart of honey and fire,
Quenched and dead for an apple-squire,
Quenched at the thrust of a mummer's knife,
Dead—for a taffeta gown!

The wine that God had set apart
The noblest wine of all,
Wine of the grapes that angels trod,
The vintage of the glory of God,
The crimson wine of that rich heart,
Spilt in a drunken brawl,

Poured out to make a steaming bath
That night in the Devil's Inn,
A steaming bath of living wine
Poured out for Circe and her swine,
A bath of blood for a harlot
To supple and sleek her skin.

And many a fool that finds it sweet
Through all the years to be,
Crowning a lie with Marlowe's fame,
Will ape the sin, will ape the shame,
Will ape our captain in defeat;
But—not in victory;

Till Art become a leaping-house,
And Death be crowned as Life,
And one wild jest outshine the soul
Of Truth. . . . O fool, is this your goal?
You are not our Kit Marlowe,
But the drunkard with the knife;

Not Marlowe, but the Jack-o-Lent
That lured him o'er the fen!
O, ay, the tavern is in its place,
And the punk's painted smiling face,
But where is our Kit Marlowe,
The man, the king of men?

Ay, you may kiss the painted mouth,
The hand that clipped his wings,
The hand that into his heart she thrust
And tuned him to her whimpering lust,
And played upon his quivering youth
As a crowder plucks the strings,

But he who dared the thunder-roll,
Whose eagle-wings could soar,
Buffetting down the clouds of night,
To beat against the Light of Light,
That great God-blinded eagle-soul,
We shall not see him more."

THE MAGNITUDE OF THEMES AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



QUITE recently a Western literary review, in the course of a survey of current fiction, singled out two volumes, Mr. Dreiser's *Financier* and Mr. Edwards's *A Man's World*, as entitled to the high tribute of being "unquestionably the biggest novels of the year." Now, there is no question that both these books are serious pieces of fiction, and indicate a commendable trend in the direction of earnest, forceful studies of modern social and economic conditions. But there is a certain recklessness about this sort of sweeping assertion of the supremacy of any particular book over all others of a given month, or year, or decade, that calls for a protest. Every one is entitled to an honest opinion or preference; you, for instance, may find more beauty in the Salisbury Cathedral, or the Sistine Madonna, or the Divine Comedy, than in any other building or painting or poem in the whole world; but your preference does not establish their supremacy; it simply sheds an interesting side-light on your literary and artistic standards. The question of relative bigness in any branch of creative art, including the modern novel, is one to be answered with a becoming modesty, with abundant allowance for the personal equation, and above all, with a careful and thorough definition of the terms employed. For instance, the careless comment above quoted, as to the "biggest book of the year," is meaningless until we know in what sense the writer used the word "big." Was he measuring the book by an artistic, philosophical or ethical standard? Or simply as a human document, big because of its literal truth? Or was it, to his thinking, that still rarer achievement, that could be weighed in the balance of all these different tests and still not be found wanting? And, after all, even with this question answered, we are scarcely further advanced; for who is to judge, in ethics, philosophy or art, as between two themes, the one, let us say, dealing with a man's integrity in business, and the other with a woman's fidelity in marriage, which of the two is inherently the bigger theme? Analysed to the last degree, it amounts to a request to judge between the relative sanctity of two separate Commandments.

Now, there is no intention in the above comments to deny that novels do differ from one another in magnitude, nor that there are some whose inherent bigness is incontestable, and others which cannot be mistaken for anything more exalted than profitable merchandise. But if we are not satisfied with trusting to our instinct, and want to probe a little deeper into the why and wherefore of relative magnitudes, the first step is to realise that, in order to be big, a novel must have a big theme or central idea; secondly, it must have a big treatment, or specific story; and lastly the art, the craftsmanship, the sheer dexterity of method must measure up to the standards set by the subject. Many a novelist has squandered a big idea on an inadequate situation or a group of uninspired characters; many a poignant human story, with a noble lesson behind it, has missed achievement because of a faulty style, a clumsiness of

*The Heroine in Bronze. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company.
The Royal Road. By Alfred Ollivant. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.
The Reef. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton and Company.
The Soul of a Tenor. By W. J. Henderson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.
The Career of Beauty Darling. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: The John Lane Company.
My Little Sister. By Elizabeth Robins. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.
The Street of Two Friends. By F. Berkeley Smith. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.
Hell's Playground. By Ida Vera Simonton. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

structure, a poverty of words. And conversely, a faultless technique will not galvanise into life a set of wooden dummies, destitute of an inspired thought.

But while there are many different reasons why certain books fail in bigness, it may be said with some confidence that no novel can be bigger than its underlying theme; it may be, and often is, infinitely smaller,—but the central idea behind the specific story is as much the index of its possible intellectual height as a man's stature is of his physical height. The theme of a novel or play, like the text of a sermon, embodies what the author purposes to say; whether he succeeds in saying it, remains to be seen; but no matter how well he says it, he never can rise to greater heights than are embodied in the theme itself. Usually, these themes will prove, at last analysis, to reduce themselves to one or the other of the few big, basic human problems, or relations or emotions: love and hate, friendship and motherhood, liberty and death, faith, hope and charity. And it takes a bold critic to decide which of these themes is of greater and which of lesser magnitude. In fact, the various possible basic themes for fiction start pretty nearly on an equality, their relative importance varying through the centuries, in accordance with shifting faiths and philosophies. It is the specific human story which immediately begins to limit and minimise the basic thought. Love is as broad as the universe; but in a human love story, even though it be the greatest love story in the world, and its heroine the ideally perfect woman, Helen of Troy herself, love is perforce stripped of more than one of its divine attributes. Anger is one of the corner-stones of the world's great epics: and Satan's anger, which led to the fall of man, is relatively a bigger theme than Achilles's anger, which culminated in the fall of Troy; yet every decade is proving the *Iliad* a bigger, because a more universal poem than *Paradise Lost,* because the one was as broad as the whole free, joyous pagan world and the latter narrow with the narrowness of puritanism.

A very common mistake made in speaking of the relative magnitude of novels is that of assuming that fiction is important in proportion to the size of the canvas, the sheer mass and weight of the humanity introduced into the picture. Zola and Tolstoy are the examples which naturally first come to mind; but their degree of greatness was not due to the number and variety of their characters, —a detail of method,—but to what they succeeded in saying,—a definite achievement. A story with just two persons in it may be a bigger and more enduring story than one with a thousand: the test lies not in the size of the picture, but in the breadth of its application: it must strike the note of kinship. The hero must never be so superlatively invincible as to oppress the reader with a sense of his own hopeless inferiority; while he reads, he must cherish the pleasant delusion that he himself, if only he had an additional inch of stature, might not make such a very poor showing under similar circumstances; and conversely, the villain, even in melodrama, must not be too incredibly, too diabolically inhuman; the touch of genius in Milton's Satan is that his vengefulness is so distinctly human. Physical and mental frailties may be the underlying fabric of big fiction; but not when they become deformities. The moment a character in fiction becomes so abnormal that the reader finds it impossible to say, Under other circumstances, that might have been I, the author has handicapped himself, belittled his opportunities. The proper study of mankind is not only man, but normal, average man, the man with whom we can sympathise, whose hopes and sorrows we can share; even the cleverest nature fakir in the world cannot deeply interest us in the ponderous gallantries of a pterodactyl, or the volatile flirtations of a luna moth.

"The Heroine in Bronze"

As it happens, the Western review above referred to furnished a most convenient illustration of the points above discussed, by citing, very much to its disparagement, Mr. James Lane Allen's almost faultless little volume, *The Heroine in Bronze,* as representative of the type of fiction to which Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Edwards form a contrast and a protest. It must seem, to any broad-minded stu-

dent of modern fiction, as though the example were a peculiarly unfortunate choice. There undoubtedly is a struggling younger school of what, for lack of a better term, may be called the New Realism: and this younger school has some qualities which the present writer would be among the first to recognise and to encourage. But it happens that Mr. Allen is one of the very few older writers who, either by instinct or choice, has interwoven, through all the woof of his idealism, a strong and tenacious warp of realistic fibre, embodying all that is best of that element which the younger generation flatter themselves that they have discovered or invented. Mr. Allen, when he chooses, can crowd his canvas; he can handle the epic novel with powerful, sweeping, cumulative strokes,—and without losing a single touch of the latent poetry of life. But he knows, just as every really big artist knows, what the smaller type of craftsman will never learn, that great art is independent of size,—that you can paint as noble a picture on a foot of canvas as on ten square yards,—and that there are times when an eternal verity may be conveyed through the communion of two souls alone on a mountain top as it never could amid the rush and turmoil of Piccadilly or the Champs-Elysées. *The Heroine in Bronze,* in mood if not in literal fact, is a case in point. It seems on the surface a delightful bit of literary dexterity, a clever craftsman's exhibition of his mastery of material and methods. It is a tale of youthful lovers: the old, old tale of the remote, unapproachable princess and the humble adorer,—only the princess is a New York multi-millionaire's daughter, the humble adorer is an impecunious and perennially hopeful novelist, and the enchanted palace is an ostentatious city mansion near the precincts of Fifth Avenue, with stately grounds fortified against intrusion, not with drawbridge and moat, but with a friendly hedge, outside of which the hero can linger, murmuring audacious adorations, which the heroine in the garden need not admit that she has heard,—unless she so chooses. At this point, the reader,—if he is a discriminating reader, and Mr. Allen merits no other kind,—will advance his estimate of the volume several degrees, and recognise that here is a new addition to that very slender list of stories of youthful love, seen through the discriminating eyes of maturity, which none the less sympathises and understands the portentous importance of it all. Mr. Howells gave us *April Hopes,* Marion Crawford confessed to having "put a great deal of himself" into *The Three Fates,* William Black achieved some of his best work in his rather wonderful *Madcap Violet.* And to the same class of almost mystic understanding of the glamour of young love belongs this unpretentious little idyll by Mr. Allen. But the turning of a few pages reveals that there is more serious purpose underlying it than at first appeared. The heroine as she looked at graduation, delivering her valedictory address, has lingered in the young novelist's mind as so ineffaceable a figure that little by little he builds up around her a new novel, the first novel that he has ever been quite sure of,—this time he knows that he has a masterpiece. On the eve of her departure for Europe, he tells her the outline of his new story; but, as she listens, she sees nothing of its power and beauty, she sees only that he has used her for the purposes of his craft, stripped her bare, violated her inmost thoughts and hopes, for the purpose of winning public acclaim. With the intuition of love, he understands her; and he is too proud to explain. As a matter of fact, the book he purposes to write is a historical novel, the scene of which lies two centuries back, in a country where she has never been. But they part in anger and sore disappointment; and for weeks he can make no progress, because the girl who has been his inspiration failed him at the moment of need. But one day, one desolate, stifling day in mid-summer, he comes across a little bronze statue at an auction sale. This little statue might almost be a portrait, not of the girl herself, but of the ideal woman whom he had believed her to be. And with the inspiration of this wonderful little figure in bronze before him on his desk, the young novelist toils ceaselessly, all through the suffocating days of a New York August, upon the book that is des-

tined to achieve his first big public recognition. Meanwhile, the girl, through loneliness and heartbreak and dangerous illness, is slowly learning her lesson, slowly coming to a realisation of the fact that each of us builds upon the lives of others, and that the artist achieves fame by giving to the world certain personal joys and hidden beauties that are almost sacredly intimate. And, more than that, she learns the lesson of a woman's joy in sacrifice, and knows that, however hard it may be to see herself, her personality, her very soul stripped bare to the public view, it is a privilege as compared with the pain of seeing her lover owe the same debt to some other woman. Of course, when she reads his book and hears his confession of the inspiration that he has drawn from the bronze statuette, she realises that in a measure she misjudged him, that he would never have consciously flaunted the woman he loved before the public gaze. None the less, she can see only herself in his heroine, and fails to realise that by her earlier misunderstanding of his purpose she has lost something in his eyes: and that the reason why the heroine in bronze inspired him when she failed to do so was because the statuette stood for certain immutable ideals which the living woman could not maintain.

"The Royal Road"

Another recent volume in which the inherent bigness of theme is at first pretty effectually disguised, is *The Royal Road,* by Alfred Ollivant. On the surface, it is merely a glimpse behind the scenes into the lives of the hopelessly poor, the bleak and barren misery of London slums. It is only gradually that we realise that we are witnessing the groping of a human soul to find itself, the slow budding and unfolding of a miraculous flower of hope. In Ted Hankey, the brave-hearted, physically defective little Cockney, we have a typical case of a man who from birth has never really had a chance; he is foredoomed by heredity and environment to failure and premature death. If he could have lived in the open, like all the generations of sturdy farmers who lay behind his father, he, too, might have some share in the joys of living; but fate decreed that he should spend his days as a splitter of hides in the vitiated atmosphere of tanned leather. It is impossible to convey at second hand a tithe of the simple human appeal of Hankey's little home circle, his devoted and heroic wife, Lou, his one little daughter, Meg, and the loving pride that at one time leads him into foolish extravagance, in order that the loved ones shall have everything of the best, and at another drives him to the opposite extreme of parsimony, so that the accumulating gold pieces in the old cracked teapot shall increase more rapidly, as a safeguard against stormy days. The fact bursts upon you suddenly that, in spite of the little cockney's chronic cheerfulness, in spite of his bird-like whistle in sunshine or in cloud, there is ever present, in the back of his mind, a vague yet haunting foreboding, a fear of the grim giant of business competition, the inevitable law of survival of the fittest, that underlies the modern industrial system. Ted Hankey's case is a pitifully common one: the transition from the overheated shops to the chill of London fogs results in an attack of pleurisy; the factory routine fills his place with another and, it happens, a better workman, and red tape keeps him out of work just long enough to dishearten and embitter him. Foolish socialistic arguments among his comrades inflame his awakening sense of injustice, while anxiety and the haunting need of holding his position force him to work beyond his strength. In a few months tuberculosis has claimed him beyond all hope; while a foolish and impotent attack on a London policeman, made under the inflammatory influence of cheap gin, results in some months in jail, from which the kind intervention of the prison doctor sends him home to die. But there is a good deal of life still left in the weakened body of the little Cockney; he is not to win his freedom until he has passed through still darker days and groped his way to a new light. For weeks Ted Hankey sits grim and taciturn, hovering on the brink of madness, recognising his wife and child only long enough to fling an ugly word at them. Then one day, when his wife is out seeking work, the madness she has feared

comes upon him. In the centre of the kitchen floor he heaps all that is left of their pitiful household goods, and sets fire to them. Then he takes his little girl in his arms, leaves a few hastily scrawled words for Lou, makes his way to the Thames and plunges in. This point in the story covers parts I and II, telling respectively of "His Life" and "His Death." The third and last part concerns "His Resurrection." Ted Hankey is not destined to drown. He and Meg are rescued by the big, warm-hearted family physician who has helped his little family through many a trying hour, and who now, by a few charitable lies, saves him from the grip of the law. But there is little that remains for any earthly physician to do. Ted's eyes are already opening upon immortal things. In his last few hours of life the dying Cockney awakens to a sense of peace, a love for his fellow-men, a comprehension and tolerance of the injustices of life that is almost divine in its broad charity. He knows that he is dying, and he is content to go, with his head pillowed on the shoulder of his faithful Lou, and his eyes beholding visions of a radiance that he tries to describe, but cannot. "Lazarus was allowed to come back," Lou tells him, hoping against hope, and Ted replies, "But I won't be allowed to come back; Lazarus didn't tell what he saw, and I have." And with Lou's hand still clasped in his nerveless fingers, the little Cockney slips smilingly and painlessly away into the Great Mystery. It is almost an injustice to this book to review it at all, because of the reader's sense of the baffling difficulty of conveying in any adequate degree the haunting spirit of faith and hope and charity with which this humble death-bed is transfigured.

"The Reef"

In spite of her finished art, the latest volume by Edith Wharton, entitled *The Reef,* leaves the impression of a retrogression, a perceptible falling away from this same author's earlier standards. Although the plot turns upon a made situation, due to a most unlikely coincidence, the underlying theme is not lacking in bigness: it is that of a conflict between two points of honour,—a man caught, through his own folly and weakness, and forced to choose between the loss of the woman he loves and the ruin of the girl who loves him. Any theme which measures our modern social conventions against abstract principles of justice contains the essential elements of bigness; but it is always possible to belittle any theme by the specific handling,—and this is precisely what Mrs. Wharton has happened to do. Her characters are human, so far as they go; they are humanly erring, and humanly helpless in the web of circumstances. But they lack that higher distinction that might have raised them out of the common crowd and have made them the object of the reader's tense and poignant sympathy. Here, in a few words, is the essence of what happens: Darrow, who believes himself deeply in love with Mrs. Leath, is on his way to Paris to see her and make a final definite offer of his heart and hand. But just as he is preparing to cross the Channel, he receives a despatch from her, curtly intimating that his visit is inconvenient and must be delayed for a fortnight. Now, if you happen to be in the diplomatic service and have moved heaven and earth for a brief leave of absence, this sort of swift change of mind, without the courtesy of a word of explanation, produces a pardonable irritation: Darrow, none too sure of her affection, is in a reckless mood; and at the psychological moment he runs across a desolate little female, a certain Sophy Viner, who recognises him joyously and recalls herself as the paid companion of a London society woman at whose house Darrow occasionally dines. Sophy has been undiplomatic and has lost her position at an hour's notice; she is on her way to Paris in search of the only friends she has left in the world; a few pound notes stand between her and destitution, and she is full of unsatisfied longings to see life. Darrow, smarting under his own disappointment, begs to be allowed to give her a couple of weeks of life,—the gay, tinsel life of Paris; the proposition is made without ulterior motive, and is accepted in a spirit of frank comradeship. But before the two weeks are over, Sophy has fallen into his arms out of sheer gratitude; and

when a belated letter from Mrs. Leath arrives, Darrow has awakened to a consciousness of his unworthiness and casts the letter unopened into the fire. All this is the prelude to the main story. Mrs. Leath, who loves Darrow quite sincerely and means to accept him, although she takes her time in explaining to him her motives for changes of mood and of date, waits patiently another six months, and then once more sends for him. When Darrow arrives, he finds that Mrs. Leath has a new governess for the little daughter of her first marriage, and the governess proves to be no other than Sophy Viner. Furthermore, Sophy has so far ingratiated herself into Mrs. Leath's home circle, that the family look without disapproval upon her prospective marriage with Mrs. Leath's younger brother. There we have the whole issue raised with the utmost clearness: what is Darrow's duty, as a man of honour? Must he make public his own share in Sophy's downfall, or must he remain silent and see his future brother-in-law bind himself for life to an adventuress? The situation is dramatically strong: the trouble lies rather in the lack of moral strength on the part of all the characters involved. Everybody guesses the truth; indeed, the perspicuity they all show argues an unclean mind, an abnormal readiness to suspect the worst. But nobody does anything worthy of the situation. Darrow urges the girl to renounce her chance of marriage,—not because she is unworthy, but because "he cannot believe that it is for her happiness;" she finally does make the renunciation, not in a spirit of self-sacrifice, but because she discovers that she really is in love with Darrow; and Mrs. Leath, after forcing Darrow to admit the truth and casting him off, repents and decides to forgive everything and even win Sophy back for her brother's wife, but finds that she is twenty-four hours too late,—Sophy has patched up her quarrel with her former employer and is on her way to India in her old capacity as companion. In a word, the situation is full of opportunities, but the net impression of the actions of the principal actors is that they all savour of the ignoble.

"The Soul of a Tenor"

In *The Soul of a Tenor,* Mr. W. J. Henderson has propounded a theme which, although sorely trite, has given us, in the annals of modern fiction, a number of rather big novels, from the days of George Sand's *Consuelo* downward. That the physically most perfect voice in the world cannot stir human hearts and sway them at pleasure with supreme mastery of smiles and tears until the singer's heart has awakened, until he himself has learned to love and to suffer, is a truism too old and familiar to need argument,—and unfortunately it forms the sum total of Mr. Henderson's underlying idea. The tenor whom he makes his leading figure is a young American, of the type that somehow slips through our American colleges with only a scant veneer of culture. He is consumed with a colossal egotism; he cares nothing for music as an art; symphonies and oratorios bore him to distraction; and even the operas in which he sings the leading rôles mean nothing more than a series of opportunities to display his vocal dexterity,—and any composer who happens to write a passage too difficult for the compass of his voice sinks proportionately in his good opinion. Now, in the course of time, two women come into the life of this foolish and badly spoiled young man; the first of these young women, a born musician who takes him seriously, he makes his wife; the second of them, a passionate Hungarian gypsy, all fire and no illusions, with whom he sings his leading rôles, he makes his mistress. And when his wife awakens to her husband's shallowness; when she grasps his monumental conceit and his total lack of the artistic sense, and at the same time realises that the Hungarian woman stirs him as she, with her less passionate nature, never can stir him, she acquiesces in what amounts to a separation, hoping that her rival may awaken the man's dormant soul and give him the one thing he lacks to make him the world's greatest tenor. No one can say that there is anything amiss with this idea; the trouble with the book is simply that Mr. Henderson fails to convince us that his Hungarian gypsy is the right sort of woman to effect the special kind of

awakening that he depicts. She might, of course, shake him out of self-complacency, through his awakened passion for her; but that she, the temptress, should arouse him to nobler things, fit him mentally and morally to understand and to sing the great Wagnerian rôles that heretofore were beyond his spiritual and vocal powers, is a contradiction in terms. The author draws a comparison between his hero and Tannhäuser, with Venus and Elizabeth standing respectively for the mistress and the wife: and this is all very well to a certain point; but when he attributes his singer's regeneration to the gypsy's influence and shows the wife, rejoicing in her newfound happiness, coming in all contrition and gratitude to give thanks to her husband's mistress, it strikes the impartial reader as grotesque, as though Tannhäuser's Elizabeth herself had undertaken a pious pilgrimage to the Venusberg.

"The Career of Beauty Darling"

It is four or five years ago that "Frank Danby" wrote *The Heart of a Child,* with the avowed purpose of proving that a young girl, born and bred in the slums, could grow to maturity and, without money, friends or influence, go upon the stage and, by her own force of character, keep herself unspotted. Like all of "Frank Danby's" work, this story had a certain undeniable distinction of style and substance, and, although it was quite unconvincing, it gave us a series of pictures of stage life that are unforgettable. The volume was again brought to mind rather forcibly by the reading of Dolf Wyllarde's latest novel, *The Career of Beauty Darling.* The present occasion is not a propitious one for a detailed discussion of this rather exceptional book. Dolf Wyllarde has her faults and her limitations. There are many people who on the whole may be called fairly broad-minded who cannot read a succession of Dolf Wyllarde's novels without admitting a keen sense of physical repulsion. Yet the present writer is free to admit that the author of *The Story of Eden* is one of the very few women novelists now writing in English whom he can read with any real interest, and also one of the few who, if writing for a French or German audience, would long since have received the tribute of serious critical consideration. For the moment, it will suffice to say that *The Career of Beauty Darling* is a better piece of work than "Frank Danby's" kindred novel, in so far as it leaves the impression of literal truth. The heroine, starting with advantages that Sally Snape never enjoyed, none the less found that the handicap of poverty and friendlessness is a fatal one in the theatrical profession, and her artistic success and moral downfall go hand in hand from the opening chapter,—just as any one who is not a rank sentimentalist foresees that they are bound to do. Beauty Darling is the woman of pleasure, the play-toy of man, and nothing else; and her hideously spectacular suicide, perpetrated as the only possible escape from what she regards as the supreme disgrace of maternity, is absolutely in keeping, and artistically the one inevitable final touch to a rare, although remorselessly cruel, piece of technique.

"My Little Sister"

My Little Sister, by Elizabeth Robbins, is a curious combination of an exceptionally tragic situation and a faulty technique, inexcusable from an author of her repute. The errors of construction will undoubtedly escape the average reader; in fact, it is only when a reviewer starts to sum up the substance of this story that he suddenly realises them. The present reviewer had the story outlined to him in advance, somewhat after the following fashion: The central characters are two young girls, two sisters, who for the first time in their lives go away on a visit, at the invitation of an aunt who lives in London. Aside from the fact that the woman who meets them at the station is unexpectedly young, hard-featured, and oddly nervous in manner, there are many little details which strike the older sister as queer, if not alarming; but it is not until the close of the first dinner at her supposed aunt's house,—a dinner that has been a succession of horrors to the delicately nurtured girl, because of the license which the male guests allow themselves in speech and manner,—that her special partner, more decent than the rest,

is prompted to ask her, "Where do you think you are?"—and when she replies, "At my aunt's, of course," naming street and number, tells her ominously, "You are a twenty minutes' drive from there, and at the most infamous house in all Europe." How the older sister makes her escape from this house, too lacking in presence of mind to note its number or location, and how her subsequent frantic efforts to rescue the younger girl result in a permanent and maddening ignorance of her fate, does duty, of course, as the logical and foreseen climax of the book. But Elizabeth Robins's purpose was a higher one than merely to write an ephemeral "thriller"; and she has something more in mind than to utilise for publicity purposes the current catchword of the "white slave traffic." If the book stands for anything, it stands for a powerful protest against the unconscious iniquity of the sheltered-life system of education. And the serious blot on what would otherwise have been easily one of the big books of the current decade, is the fact that the first three-quarters of the story, which pave the way up to the tragedy, are all wrong. The reason why the invalid and widowed mother, who has brought her two little daughters back from India, fears the outside world with a fear that is almost hysterical; why she vaguely hints at some nameless tragedy in her own youth; why she is poor and friendless, and scorned by her dead husband's relatives—all these are just a few of the many confusing details, the meaningless loose ends which the author does not deign to finish off. Furthermore, she has chosen to see the tragedy through the eyes of a young girl, scarcely wiser than the sister who falls a victim. And because of the supposed narrator's youth and ignorance, it is impossible to reach a full understanding of the situation. The book cannot fail to attract attention, in spite of its vagueness; it cannot fail to leave a poignant heartache behind it. Nevertheless, the author has undertaken a task for which she was technically not qualified. It takes a Henry James to write of "What Maisie Knew," and through the indirect medium of a young girl's eyes tell us a thousand things that Maisie herself did not and could not know.

"The Street of the Two Friends"

The Street of the Two Friends, by F. Berkeley Smith, is one of those refreshing little volumes which largely disarm criticism because of their unpretentiousness. It does not lay claim to any very momentous theme; it simply seeks to express the author's personal enjoyment of a certain phase of life, a little circumscribed locality, whose distinctive features, as he knew them, are rapidly passing away. To express it more specifically, he has given us one more volume in praise of the Latin Quarter of yesterday,—not quite the Latin Quarter of Henri Murger, yet still much the same in spirit; the old joyous quarter where social conventions were as little regarded as the Commandments east of Suez; where a man and a woman might be frankly good friends if they did not happen to be something more; where poverty was light-heartedly shared, and a personal windfall of a few hundred francs was blithely squandered in giving a widespread and indiscriminate festival. Mr. Smith may not appeal to a wide audience; but those whom he reaches instinctively reach back to him, as to a kindred spirit.

"Hell's Playground"

There is just one more novel of the month which emphatically demands attention, *Hell's Playground,* by Ida Vera Simonton. The scene of the story is the Congo region of West Africa, and the spirit of the narration, in spite of many crudities of style and immaturities of judgment, inevitably challenges comparison with Joseph Conrad,—the Conrad of a decade ago, the Conrad of *The Heart of Darkness.* Aside from the rather important difference to be expected between a master craftsman and a novice, the striking distinction in method is that Mr. Conrad first, last and always has utilised the suggestiveness of indirection, forcing the reader to imagine for himself countless inexpressible, unprintable things; while Miss Simonton indulges in a Zolaesque frankness of utterance, which must have required some courage on the part of her publishers to reproduce. Her theme is the same, indentical theme that has served Mr. Conrad a dozen times, in *Al-*

mayer's Folly and most of the volumes which succeeded it,—the inevitable, foreseen degeneration of the white man in the tropics, due to three chief causes: the absence of his ordained companion, the white woman, the slow poisoning from alcohol, and the still more pernicious degradation wrought by the native female. Miss Simonton's story is kaleidoscopic in its breadth and depth; there is no question whatever that she has made a highly ambitious attempt, and has largely, if not wholly achieved it. Her specific story shows us a young Englishman who, because his troth is already plighted at home, almost escapes contamination, in spite of the deadly strain of a three years' residence. And then, because a false message is sent to his affianced wife, and she chooses to believe that he has taken a temporary native mate, and to cast him off, the young Englishman throws restraint to the winds and rivals the rest of his resident countrymen in debauchery and ruthless cruelty. Incidentally, it should be noted that Miss Simonton's real interest is not with the individual, but with the system, and that she does not hesitate to attack in unsparing terms the foreign administration in French and Belgian Congo. She pictures the native women as mere chattels, merchandise to be sold or leased by father or husband to the highest foreign bidder. And in the episode of La Gabonnaise, daughter of a tribal chief and as flawless in her physical modelling as an ebony Venus, who, because of her infidelity to her white master, is by his orders literally cut to pieces with whips of hippopotamus hide, Miss Simonton simply wishes to convey one object lesson among many of colonial rule on the African West Coast. This is not a novel to be indiscriminately recommended; but to the thinking class, who are not afraid of blunt phrasing, and who wish to be told the truth, it will furnish food for thought.

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

G. K. Chesterton's "A Miscellany of Men"*

Mr. Chesterton never wearies of attacking the superstitions of the modern "practical" man. We put the word in quotation marks because Mr. Chesterton would uproariously insist that the people generally accounted practical are in reality not practical at all. He would have no difficulty in proving that a poet or a pillar saint is a practical, hard-headed person, and that a politician or "captain of industry" is a dreamer, hopelessly cut off from the realities of life. Mr. Chesterton's premises are perfectly simple and ought to be familiar. If any reader has lost for the moment the key to his argument, he may find it again by turning to the *New Testament*. A few chapters of that neglected work will throw more light on many of the so-called paradoxes of Mr. G. K. Chesterton than the whole mass of criticism and commentary that his writings have called forth. For the source of a large part of Mr. Chesterton's incongruities is quite obviously his Christian faith. Faith itself is a social incongruity. It is absurd, therefore, to blame him for his sort of topsy-turviness, when to the eye of faith society is always upside down. Of course, all this is familiar to the plain, simple, straightforward folk who have no difficulty with the elemental. But to the complex, sophisticated, book-stuffed inebriates of literary criticism he is a problem, or a force, or a congeries of twelve contemporary tendencies, or a mere jester, or an ingenious and audacious mountebank—everything and anything but what he essentially is, namely, a man of simple faiths, great talents and very disorderly mental habits, acquired perhaps, and at all events strengthened, under the journalistic demand. His intellect is an unweeded garden, the horror of tidy minds, but at least it is a garden,

*A Miscellany of Men. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1912. Pp. 314.

not a chair of English literature, not a table of literary weights and measures.

In this volume, as in every other collection of Mr. Chesterton's miscellanies, a good many of the papers are merely essays in mental confusion. Writing, he says, is his trade. "And I would sooner call myself a journalist than an author; because a journalist is a journeyman." He is a reporter, not of the outside news, but of the state of his own mind at short intervals. Now one of the most difficult things to find when in a hurry is one's real opinion. Real opinions are always being mislaid, and a grab for them at the last moment before the presses close brings up a good many things for which the writer himself has no permanent affection—usually the opinions of somebody else, respectable but uninteresting, sometimes, as in Mr. Chesterton's case, little half-thoughts, quarter-thoughts, intellectual demiquavers of his own, little rufflings of the mind caused by the sight of a door knob or a house fly or by repeating the word "Cosmos" three times or "Modern Woman" or "All Mankind." Being more honest than most journalists, Mr. Chesterton reports faithfully his own momentary certitudes, not the certitudes of anybody else. These essays of his are not well-built little stepladders for other people's mental improvement. They are somewhat hasty entries in the diary of his mind.

There is one very valid test, he says, by which we may separate genuine, if perverse or unbalanced, originality and revolt from mere impudent innovation and bluff. The man who really thinks he has an idea will always try to explain that idea. The charlatan who has no idea will always confine himself to explaining that it is much too subtle to be explained. The first idea may be very outré or specialist; it may really be very difficult to explain to ordinary people. But because the man is trying to express it, it is most probable that there is something in it, after all. The honest man is he who is always trying to utter the unutterable, to describe the indescribable; but the quack lives not by plunging into mystery, but by refusing to come out of it.

This is a confession and a defence. It is partly justifying. But at what rate of speed will the really honest man try and "utter the unutterable"? Seven thousand words a week or seven hundred, or seventy? We believe that the ideally honest man would find total silence the best means of expressing the "unutterable" for weeks at a time.

However, when writing is one's trade silence is costly. Moreover, people who read Mr. Chesterton day by day are not seeking counsel but company, and very good company they find. One of the most charming things about him, and at the same time the most absurd, is his attack on human nature under the name of the "modern spirit."

And modern people (with their strange passion for superiorities and inferiorities) do not adequately realise that in this sense most things are done badly, even in the exalted or official spheres to which they look up with awe. They have a hazy idea that members of Parliament are more important, more mentally successful, than their constituents; that Cabinet-Ministers are more brilliant and distinguished than other members of Parliament; that bishops, intellectually speaking, sit in a row on a bench above other clergymen; that judges sit in a row on a bench above other lawyers. But it is not so. We meet a really able man in law or in politics exactly as we meet a really able man in an omnibus or an inn. There is nothing to be said about it, except that we are very lucky. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Birrell are really able men; Lord Morley and Mr. Wyndham are really able men. But one might as well judge all golfers by Mr. Balfour as judge all politicians by him. The ordinary Cabinet Minister, when he can administer at all, can administer simply in the sense that a plain cook can cook or a common soldier shoot. The ordinary statesman, when he can speak at all, can speak in the sense that a stone-breaker can break stones, or a housemaid can light a fire. That is, he is not half-witted; and has learned how the thing is done. And this is law and politics at their best; we shall be lucky if in the near future we do not find that our rulers of both factions have actually become more worthless than the people they rule. Nevertheless, the curious illusion clings; and the people who sniff at amateurs in private life still manage to venerate absolute duffers in public life.

Very reasonable remarks, but why confine to "modern people" the "strange

passion for superiorities and inferiorities"? When Mr. Chesterton begins a passage with "The modern man" you may know that it will end disagreebly. You may also guess pretty safely that it will apply quite as well to the Chaldees.

A sort of dull madness, according to him, overspreads our modern life. People spend their lives arguing in wretched little circles from which actualities are altogether shut out. Typical modern movements are defended not because they are right but because they are typical modern movements. Politics are chiefly concerned with what no one really cares about. Nobody casts a vote for what he really wants. He votes merely to decide a question that is put before him. He has no part in deciding what the question shall be.

The civic mind is not free or alert enough to feel how much it has the world before it. There are at least ten solutions to the Education question, and no one knows which Englishmen really want. For Englishmen are only allowed to vote upon the two which are at that moment offered by the Premier and the Leader of the Opposition. . . . So that the situation comes to this: The democracy has a right to answer questions, but it has no right to ask them. It is still the political aristocracy that asks the questions. And we shall not be unreasonably cynical if we suppose that the political aristocracy will always be rather careful what questions it asks.

Among the many forms of modern imbecility he places the economic interpretation of history which assumes that all the important things in history are rooted in an economic motive—that "history is a science of the search for food." For if man were merely economic he would not have any history at all.

The need for food is certainly universal, so universal that it is not even human. Cows have an economic motive, and apparently (I dare not say what ethereal delicacies may be in a cow) only an economic motive. The cow eats grass anywhere and never eats anything else. In short the cow does fulfil the materialist theory of history; that is why the cow has no history. *A History of Cows* would be one of the simplest and briefest of standard works. But if some cows thought it wicked to eat long grass and persecuted all who did so; if the cow with the crumpled horn were worshipped by some cows and gored to death by others; if cows began to have obvious moral preferences over and above a desire for grass, then cows would begin to have a history. . . . Men are far too much alive to get into the science of anything; for them we have made the art of history. To say that human actions have depended upon economic support is like saying that they have depended on having two legs. It accounts for action but not for such varied action; it is a condition but not a motive; it is too universal to be useful. Certainly a soldier wins the Victoria Cross on two legs; he also runs away on two legs. But if our object is to discover whether he will become a V. C. or a coward the most careful inspection of his legs will yield us little or no information.

Then there are the meaningless phrases invented in our mental sleep but clinging to the mind and hampering it in its relations to all daylight things. Such are "the survival of the fittest," which means only the "survival of the survivors"; and "going on toward Progress," which means "going on toward going on"; and "government by the wise few," "as if they could be picked out by their pantaloons"; and the remark that the "rich have a stake in the country," as if national misfortune made no difference to the poor. But if political speech is meaningless, silence is worse—the "brazen silence" of the politically or socially important. Speechlessness in a financier is taken as a mark of strength. "It should rather be counted a way of being sly." Parliament no longer parleys any more than the Speaker speaks. Editors are more dangerous and despotic for what they do not say than for what they do. "If we wake out of this throttled, gasping, wordless nightmare, we must awake with a yell." It is not the abnormal man who is muzzled.

That is the almost cloying humour of the present situation. I can say abnormal things in modern magazines. It is the normal things that I am not allowed to say. I can write in some solemn quarterly an elaborate article explaining that God is the devil; I can write in some cultured weekly an æsthetic fancy describing how I should like to eat boiled baby. The thing I must not write is rational criti-

cism of the men and institutions of my country. The present condition of England is briefly this: That no Englishman can say in public a twentieth part of what he says in private.

The "decent, discontented citizen" does not desire these literary and æsthetic privileges of indecency. He does not want to go about without clothes, or to spit upon the Bible or to read pages in Zola from the pulpit of St. Paul's. But he does want

to protest against unfair law courts. He does want to expose the brutalities of the police. He does want to make game of a vulgar pawnbroker who is made a Peer. He does want publicly to warn people against unscrupulous capitalists and suspicious finance. If he is run in for doing this (as he will be) he does want to proclaim the character or known prejudices of the magistrate who tries him. If he is sent to prison (as he will be) he does want to have a clear and civilised sentence, telling him when he will come out. And these are literally and exactly the things that we now cannot get.

Now, going mad, he says, is an exceedingly dull process, because the patient does not know that the process is going on.

Routine and literalism and a certain dry-throated earnestness and mental thirst, these are the very atmosphere of morbidity. If once the man could become conscious of his madness, he would cease to be mad. He studies certain texts in Daniel or cryptograms in Shakespeare, through monstrously magnifying spectacles, which are on his nose night and day. If he could take off the spectacles he would smash them. He deduces all his fantasies about the Sixth Seal or the Anglo-Saxon Race from one unexamined first principle. If he could once see the first principle, he would see that it is not there.

This self-hypnotism afflicts not only individuals but whole societies. It is hard to pick out and therefore hard to cure, but he offers the following test:

A nation is not going mad when it does extravagant things, so long as it does them in an extravagant spirit. Crusaders not cutting their beards till they found Jerusalem, Jacobins calling each other Harmodius and Epaminondas when their names were Jacques and Jules, these are wild things, but they were done in wild spirits at a wild moment.

But whenever we see things done wildly, but taken tamely, then the State is growing insane.

He gives this instance of the working of the social conscience from a daily paper:

"At Epping, yesterday, Thomas Woolbourne, a Lambourne labourer, and his wife were summoned for neglecting their five children. Dr. Alpin said he was invited by the inspector for the N. S. P. C. C. to visit defendants' cottage. Both the cottage and the children were dirty. The children looked exceedingly well in health, but the conditions would be serious in case of illness. Defendants were stated to be sober. The man was discharged. The woman, who said she was hampered by the cottage having no water supply and that she was ill, was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment. The sentence caused surprise, and the woman was removed crying, 'Lord save me!'"

Mr. Chesterton challenges any person in his five wits to tell him what the woman was sent to prison for. He concludes that the doctor is "literally and practically mad; and still he is quite literally and practically a doctor."

We have assembled these passages from diverse essays to illustrate the spirit of his crusade against modern man and modern England, and it will be seen from them that essentially his quarrel is with a good many generations of men and a good many countries besides England. It is a characteristic of Mr. Chesterton's writing that time and space will swell or shrink according to the needs of literary emphasis. He will attribute to all mankind what is perhaps true of a few men whom he knows. As to Woman in General, she is often only some esteemed female relative in disguise. On the other hand, he will denounce as modern upstarts types that prevailed in ancient Greece. Sometimes Kensington is Cosmos; sometimes Cosmos is Kensington; according as he wishes to be familiar with Cosmos or kind to Kensington. People who read Mr. Chesterton would be seriously misled if they did not remember that the word modern as he uses it is often in no wise a chronological term. It is an expletive, expressive of

strong personal dislike. If through many passages in Mr. Chesterton's essays the word "modern" were replaced by the word "damned" it would, though no doubt coarsening the style, express far more accurately what was in the author's mind. But probably the cheerful readers of Mr. Chesterton need no warning. They must have learned by this time to allow for his very arbitrary expansion and contraction of Man, Woman and the Modern World. He is obviously fooling with a verbal telescope and describing things as seen by him from either end. And why, after all, should his method mislead? He plainly loves his little whirl with large matters, his bird's-eye views of infinity. He assumes that it will not be mistaken for photography.

But there are highly educated persons whom this and other foibles of Mr. Chesterton so seriously offend that they cannot read him with any pleasure. Conscious of possessing quiet and gentlemanly tastes, they are quite sure that his exaggerations, noise, eagerness, incoherence, audacities, superficialities, and evident desire to astonish the natives mark him off as the kind of person whom they prefer not to know. They feel rather better for that preference. From the vast body of comment on Mr. Chesterton we gather that this class of mental unfortunates is still very numerous, though latterly diminishing, or at least not so often heard from. Nothing can be done for them personally; their case is hopeless. Moreover, we ought no more to desire to take from a man his sense of literary respectability than to rob him of his false teeth. He is dangerous only when he begins urging other people to have their teeth out and replaced, for the sake of facial decorum, by a polished and regular feature like his own. But that is what a good many "cultured" critics have been doing on the subject of Mr. Chesterton for several years past. That is the meaning of their appeal to the "serenity of classic masterpieces," as if many a classic had not been as irregular in his own day as Mr. Chesterton is in his. That is why you hear of "literary tradition" from men whom "literary tradition" has not nourished but has merely stuffed, and why it is so often assumed that because Mr. Chesterton has certain perfectly obvious faults that is the end of him. As if it were not the strongest of literary traditions that now and again one finds in a book a man alive with all his sins upon him. As if it were not also authentic matter of tradition that whenever life is stirring on the literary premises there is always breakage among the dead branches of the Drier Criticism. A living presence whether it appears in politics or in literature, whether it is a Bull Moose or a Chesterton, always makes the "judicious grieve."

C. M. Francis.

II—III

I. Caroline and Charles H. Caffin's "Dancing and Dancers of To-day"*

II. J. E. Crawford Flitch's "Modern Dancing and Dancers"†

For several years, even those lacking an innate worship of rhythm have been intermittently aroused to a consciousness that the younger generation of the Dance was knocking with imperious beauty at the door of the Arts and demanding readmittance to her ancient place. To all who have hearkened and acclaimed her joyously and to all who have doubted her right to enter, J. E. Crawford Flitch's *Modern Dancing and Dancers* and Caroline and Charles H. Caffin's *Dancing and Dancers of To-day* are most heartily commended. Those who have seen and welcomed this return of the Dance will rejoice in these two books, with their many illustrations that recall in fleeting static moments the flowing harmonies which created them. Those who have doubted the right of the Dance to her place among the arts may find here material for a most joyous conversion. The authors of both books have approached the subject with deep understanding and a loving reverence which must leave every reader with a heightened capacity for delight in the Dance. If the books reach the public they deserve they should contribute materially toward the forma-

*Dancing and Dancers of To-day. By Caroline and Charles H. Caffin. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1912.

†Modern Dancing and Dancers. By J. E. Crawford Flitch. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1912.

tion in English-speaking audiences of more discriminating and creative spectators.

Mr. Flitch predicts in his introduction that the art historian of the future will probably point out the renaissance of the Dance as the most remarkable artistic activity of the first decade of the twentieth century. His most earnest wish seems that the reader of his book may, as he expresses it, be "provoked to formulate a serious criticism of his own and to refer his judgment to the abiding principles of Art." As to this right of the dance to be judged by the "abiding principles of Art" he says:

> The root of dancing is one with the root of all the arts—namely, ecstasy. Scorned as it is by the sister arts of Music, Painting and Sculpture, it can boast a longer lineage than theirs, for the dance is more spontaneous than they. All the arts must needs be founded in emotion, but the moment of passion is usually long past before the labour of creation begins.

And here one feels the author has put his pen on the pulse of the vicissitudes in the art of dancing; for the dancer may never, like other artists, recreate the emotion in "recollected tranquillity." The ecstasy whether of joy, "high seriousness" or deep tragedy must be relived and fused into harmony each time. When the dance is ended there is no record beyond the memory of the spectator to keep the tradition of its beauty pure. With the passing of the dancer there is only the grandfathers' simile of a recollected thistledown to furnish a standard of art for the next generation. This suggests why, as the authors of both books point out, the condition of the art of dancing is perhaps a more subtle and sensitive index of the character of a people and of a period than any of the other arts. Mr. Flitch, for example, says:

> When manners decay, the dance becomes decadent also. It is not the dissolution of the dance that poisons the morals of the age; it is the corruption of the age that poisons the dance.

In the brief historical outline which we find in both books as a background to the main discussion of the modern development of the art, there is evidenced this unfailing reflection of contemporary conditions. Mr. and Mrs. Caffin sketch their background in a brief account of the origin of the dance and its main developments through the different periods: Mr. Flitch, on the other hand, makes his approach to modern dancing through a more detailed account of great individual dancers, showing how each reflected in a great degree the feeling of the time.

The art of dancing must have its appreciation at the moment of its creation: it cannot wait for the judgment of future ages. Although at rare intervals a sufficiently great genius may arise to compel and create a new taste in the audience of the day, the full flowering of its beauty depends on the taste of the existing public. In both England and America the art of the dance has had to contend with the puritan inheritance. This may perhaps account for the fact that England has given no great native dancer. For though the English have rendered their homage to the art in the past, it has usually been a genius of foreign parentage who has freed and compelled them to whole-souled worship of beauty in this form. The following letter of Jane Welsh Carlyle illustrates admirably how defiantly, too, her sturdy representatives of this Puritan heritage denied the title of artist to even so great an exponent as Taglioni:

> I saw a very curious sight the other night, the only one I have been to for a long while, viz., some thousands of the grandest and most cultivated people in England all gazing in ecstasy, and applauding to death, over a woman, not even pretty, balancing herself on the extreme point of one great toe, and stretching the other foot high into the air,—much higher than decency ever dreamed of. It was Taglioni, our chief dancer at the opera; and this is her chief feat, repeated over and over to weariness,—at least to my weariness. But the duchesses were flinging bouquets at her feet; and not a man (except Carlyle) who did not seem to feel disposed to fling himself. I counted twenty-five bouquets! But what of that? The Empress of all the Russias, once in a fit of enthusiasm, flung her diamond bracelet at the feet of this same Taglioni! "Virtue is its own reward"

(in the world)? Dancing is and singing and some other things still more frivolous; but for Virtue? it may be strongly doubted (as Edinburgh people say to everything one tells them).

This attitude interprets, perhaps, an underlying reason why, though France, Italy, Denmark and Russia maintain academies of dancing through state aid, England has never made similar provision. Therefore, with no adequate school or recognition at home, when foreign countries ceased furnishing the conquering genius, the art of dancing declined in England. Generally speaking, the ballet everywhere became involved in intricate technicality for its own sake. The great artists were followed by a group of uninspired individuals offering in the name of the dance exhibitions of difficult acrobatic feats. Toward the close of the last century the art of the dance seemed suffocated. Again, however, foreigners aroused and inspired a new appreciation of the Dance in England. It is to Adeline Genée for her pioneer work in re-awakening the English ballet that Mr. Flitch pays the following high tribute:

To Adeline Genée England in particular owes a debt greater than to any other English dancer. It was she who continued, or rather restored, the tradition of the great dancing of the earlier half of the last century. She aroused enthusiasm for the ballet when the ballet had grown cold. She helped put an end to a perverted form of dancing. Her example shone out with a clear light in that thick darkness just before the dawn.

The daylight spread everywhere with the advent of the wonderful Russian ballet and its revolutionary message of deep portent to the general world of art. Mr. Flitch adds:

The colour and design of Leon Bakst's scenes, the provocative gestures of Nijinsky's dancing, the strange and startling patterns of the dancers, have suggested to artists a new source of inspiration, which in Paris, at all events, has already not been without its influence on their work. The ballet is in the van of the artistic movement of the day, and the dance, through the ballet, has attained a position which it has never held since the days of ancient Greece—being once more received into its proper and inseverable fellowship with music and the plastic arts.

Mr. and Mrs. Caffin plead for such a school in America, feeling that it would do more than anything else to cultivate our appreciation of drama and opera as well as the dance itself. As they say:

It would show that it is not numbers, but the harmony of numbers, that counts, not lavishness of detail, but co-ordination of detail that makes for drama. We might even learn that it is not costliness of stage direction, but subtle sense of fitness, that makes for atmosphere; that a well-placed stencilling will sometimes suggest the character of a scene as convincingly as an imported crystal chandelier. The production of such a school would so accustom our eyes to beauty that we would not longer tolerate ugliness.

This group of Russian dancers, who are revolutionists in the sense that they have broken from the set forms of the so-called classical ballet, acknowledge a deep indebtedness to Miss Isadora Duncan for her pioneer service in breaking the chains of technical subservience and relating the dance again to the great fundamental rhythms of Nature. The reader senses that Mr. and Mrs. Caffin and Mr. Flitch feel the contribution of this awakening of the dance is more far reaching than has been realised; it is no fad of the hour—these new artists may be bringing with them a revolution which shall reach far beyond the dance itself, even beyond its contribution to the other arts; that it may find a universal rhythm beneath the broken chaos of our modern industrial world which shall infuse new joy and rhythmic harmony into our common life. The reader feels with them at the close of the book that Miss Duncan's own wonderful prophecy, which Mr. and Mrs. Caffin quote, may one day be realised:

The dancer of the future will be one whose body and soul have grown so harmoniously together that the natural language of that soul will have become the movement of the body. The dancer will not belong to a nation but to all humanity. . . . She will dance the changing life of Nature, showing how each part is transformed into the other. From all parts of her body shall shine radiant intelligence, bringing to the world the message of the

thoughts and inspirations of thousands of women. She shall dance the freedom of woman. She will help womankind to a new knowledge of the possible strength and beauty of their bodies and the relation of their bodies to the earth nature and to the children of the future. Oh, she is coming, the dancer of the future, the free spirit, who will inhabit the body of new women; more glorious than any woman that has yet been; more beautiful than the Egyptian, than the Greek, the early Italian, than all women of past centuries—the highest intelligence in the freest body!

Fola La Follette.

IV

Havelock Ellis's "The Task of Social Hygiene"*

The family table has held its horrors for the reviewer of books as well as for their makers; only within the last few years have the bashful columns of the non-technical review intended for popular consumption shown a tendency to call attention to subjects usually covered with the leaf of mock-modesty. Sincerity of aim and dignity of treatment have slowly won the way in a public already recognising the need of open air and a sense of proportion on the matters of sex, with its institutionalised corollaries such as marriage, divorce, motherhood, wifehood and children. Some measure of the advance which has been made can be easily obtained by contrasting the timid mid-Victorian phrases of a Lecky—courageous as they were at the time—with the frank unconscious assurance in the pages of a Havelock Ellis. This English author, who has done such pioneer work in the pathology of sex, has not become a mere specialist with an *idée fixe;* rather has he, using his profound erudition as a basis, reached upward toward a new social order which shall look beautifully on the root facts of life and, in understanding them, shall culture them into more resplendent men and women. Much of his material lies hidden in the series, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex,* which prudery and a popular tradition that truth is harmful, still keep almost inaccessible—though a knowledge of its contents would prevent or explain many a sex tragedy. In his new volume—*The Task of Social Hygiene*—however, he has placed many of his deductions in a less detailed and technical form, though he has sacrificed none of his courage either in statement or in opinion. The volume bears all the earmarks of a collection of scattered essays brought together and moulded, sometimes a bit laboriously, to fit the general title; but there is clarity of phrase and thought as well as stimulating suggestion which makes it one of the most valuable contributions the brilliant author of *Affirmations* has given us.

Puericulture is one of the steps ahead of eugenics; but betterment by prevention rather than improvement of environment alone is the shibboleth of the social hygienists. Eugenics is the new link with the future, and by the word is meant "the scientific study of all the agencies by which the human race may be improved and the effort to give practical effect to those agencies by conscious and deliberate action in favour of better breeding." The thing which brings this race ideal out of the nebulous region of dreams has been the unusual mass of facts which have been brought together to demonstrate beyond doubt the possible ultimate achievement of this end. But Havelock Ellis agrees with Galton, who suggested his discovery might almost be a new religion, that while much could be done by law in the case of the feeble minded and habitually criminal, yet the great enduring work could only be achieved through subjective education with its voluntarily imposed restrictions and standards. It is here that the scientist blends with the poet, as one must be *au fond* in a matter so tremulous as human instincts. Without following the author's reasoning too closely he shows that the breeding of men is largely in the hands of the women; it is but a step from this to his large survey of the so-called modern woman's movement.

To Havelock Ellis the woman movement is larger than the woman suffrage movement, which is but the vestibule to woman's emancipation from traditional attitudes. His criticism of the militant side is severe, though he admits it has brought a self-consciousness to many

*The Task of Social Hygiene. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1912.

women and been educational. His argument that the women should not have the ballot till all wish it is specious, since he asks more than is expected now of universal manhood suffrage. But we must bear in mind the author's predilection to the doctrines of Ellen Key and the German feminists when he sees it as "a specific object of this agitation as based on the demands of woman the mother and as directed to the end of securing for her the right to control and regulate the personal and social relations which spring from her nature as mother or possible mother." It is not, therefore, in his opinion, so much a cry for political as for emotional rights. Feeling that motherhood should be the experience of every qualified woman it might be well to indicate that Ellis does not necessarily believe this need alone come through marriage: he is insistent on the point that the sex relation, generally speaking, is a personal one and should not be subject to interference by the State until there is a child. Then, indeed, society has a right to ask those responsible for the new citizen that it shall be born right. Woman consequently should have some legal say in the laws which cover these problems. The changing status of woman which the century has witnessed is no effort to imitate men, but to secure woman's claim as a human being rather than as a woman. Industrialism and education have changed society and the woman movement is an effort to meet that change. There need be no fear that love will depart through this new adjustment:

> Reverence is essential to all romantic love. To bring down the Madonna and the Virgin from their pedestals to share with men the common responsibilities and duties of life is not to divest them of the claim to reverence. It is merely the sign of a change in the form of that reverence, a change which heralds a new romantic love.

Nor is the eugenic ideal springing from the altered status incompatible with love:

> It may be, and is very likely to be, a slowly growing conviction—first among the more intelligent members of the community and then by imitation and fashion among the less intelligent members—that our children, the future race, the torch-bearers of civilisation for succeeding ages, are not the mere result of chance or Providence, but that, in a very real sense, it is within our power to mould them, that the salvation or damnation of many future generations lies in our hands, since it depends on our wise and sane choice of a mate.

Love does not laugh at science, for we are beginning to see that there have always been certain definite tendencies in sexual selection: the eugenic ideal must not be an artificial product "but the reasoned manifestation of a natural instinct."

While not due of course to eugenic reasoning, the falling birth-rate all over the world should be a source of joy rather than cause for the lamentation of professional politicians. This alone points the way to larger social health. Statistics prove high birth rates mean high death rates: the greater the number of children, the less likelihood of them coming to maturity. Nor can the same care and interest be bestowed upon the large family, where civilisation and poverty presses, most as upon the smaller family. High fertility is conduced by the absence of social-economic restraints: education, delayed marriage, town life, have all contributed to the gradual decline of the birth rate. Without following in too much detail the author's deductions, we note that out of all this we may gradually realise quality rather than quantity must ever be the ideal. Here, too, will step in a different attitude in the sexual education of children, where truth will be given them early that they may learn the meaning of that which lives in their own bodies as they become conscious of its call; that obscenity is "subjective" and rests only in the mind that views and not in the object looked upon.

The recurrent *motif* in these pages is ever the need of a new personal education. Morality cannot be forced by law; in fact, in a very interesting analysis of the different attempts to regulate it in the different countries, Ellis shows conclusively the hypocrisy back of efforts to enforce regulation which the majority of the population itself thinks it should approve of but does not practise. The pressure of social opinion will do more

than the weak whip of legislation. There is a distinction between vice and crime and no law-givers can make them synonymous.

If a morality cannot by its own proper virtue hold its opposing immorality in check then there is something wrong with that morality. It runs the risk of encountering a fresh and more vigorous movement of morality.

It is with this new morality springing from the subjects discussed so fearlessly in these pages he is concerned; that he has approached it with broad vision backed with scientific facts and logical persuasive deductions as to its possibilities should be sufficient to bring it to the attention of all readers who do not fear to face the facts of life or to put their beliefs and conventions to the acid test of thought. *George Middleton.*

V

Remy de Gourmont's "Une Nuit au Luxembourg"*

Mr. Arthur Ransome's translation of Remy de Gourmont's *Une Nuit au Luxembourg* presents a French critic, novelist, and philosophic *causeur* who is hardly known as yet to English and American readers, but who enjoys an enormous prestige not only in France but everywhere on the Continent and throughout the Latin world. His influence on the rising generation is not lessened by the fact that he has never received any official recognition. The portals of the Academy have never been opened to him and he neither occupies a university chair nor writes for any of the older and more famous reviews. But every fortnight he conducts a department of current events (*actualités*), which he calls *Epilogues,* in the *Mercure de France,* and through these he speaks to the most widely scattered and cosmopolitan audience possessed by any modern magazine. Also he edits a magazine of his own, the *Journal des Idées,* in which he addresses a smaller intellectual elite on the more general tendencies of civilisation, discusses the latest metaphysical problems, and deduces the philosophical consequences from the most recent results of scientific research. He has, in addition, published more than a score of books on such varied subjects as *Le Physique de l'Amour,* the *Esthétique de la Langue Française, Le Probleme du Style* and *Le Latin Mystique.* An artist as well as a thinker, he has experimented with every form, has written poems and prose fiction, and has had a play, *Théodat,* produced on the stage of the *Théatre d'Art* in Paris.

There is a story that when Remy de Gourmont and Anatole France first met —for they had long known each other only through their books—each saluted the other as *maitre,* and acknowledged that he owed to him everything. This, if true, was particularly graceful on the part of the elder man, who had to wait so long for a hearing in a generation of brilliant polemists and novelists whose more strident voices tended to drown his own. For now France already finds himself somewhat eclipsed in intellectual circles, at least, by a concentric writer—one who, if he does not describe a greater arc, yet touches more points upon its circumference. At the same time, M. de Gourmont has himself been somewhat overshadowed by Anatole France, who still holds the ear of the great world—the world of women, included, to whom his peculiar sensibility, echoed in his relaxed, nerveless, yet singularly chaste and tempered style, makes a peculiar appeal—and whose handling of the fictional frame for purposes of philosophic discourse gives him an inestimable advantage over all his rivals in enabling him to attract not only more readers, but more classes of readers by his work. Perhaps M. de Gourmont's perception of this advantage has governed to a certain extent his own occasional attempts to create artistic forms for the presentation of his ideas, though as he was a literary artist even before he became critic and immoralist thinker, it is natural enough for him to combine the two currents of his thought and feeling. *Une Nuit au Luxembourg,* which most directly challenges comparison with such a work as *Thais,* for example, is at all events his most important venture in this field. It

*Une Nuit au Luxembourg. Translated by Arthur Ransome, with Preface and Appendix. Boston: J. W. Luce and Company.

is virtually a long dialogue, introduced into an arbitrary and conventional story setting—there are only a Preface and a Final Note to maintain the fictional interest and illusion—and interrupted by very unconventional amorous episodes.

The principal *dramatis personæ* are an American journalist living in Paris, and an enigmatic personage whom he meets one night in the church of Saint-Sulpice. A strange light shining through the window had tempted him to enter, and had led him to a chapel altar where he found the stranger standing. The mysterious visitant, who "seemed quite ordinary," but whose clothes and personal appearance the author describes with the matter-of-fact fullness, almost the minute professional particularity of a man's fashion note,—we observe that Mr. Ransome has tactfully suppressed the grey gloves, the round hat, and the cane of the original—reveals himself as a god. Not, however, as in Charles Morice's recent novel, which created such a furore in France, an individual god already known to worshippers on this earth, but a kind of Demiurge from whom all the gods in turn have received their inspiration and divine authority. Yet even he has his limitations of knowledge and power, and exists under a kind of Necessity which imposes laws upon the entire universe. Invited to talk, he proceeds to unfold to his chosen interlocutor, as they stroll arm in arm in the gardens of the Luxembourg, a system of Heraclitean and Epicurean philosophy, and to outline a course of conduct, an attitude toward life, calculated to ensure mortals the highest happiness of which they are capable. Meanwhile roses spring up on every hand, a divine light suffuses the gardens, and several charming damsels—young goddesses from another sphere—add an ideal feminine grace to the picture, and supply the motive for the love-interludes which have something of the function and effect of a musical intermezzo.

Mr. Ransome appears, from his preface, to be very much afraid that the English public will be shocked by these episodes, as well as by the blasphemous central conception of the work. But the modern reader is pretty well used to "blasphemy" by this time, and the notion of which M. de Gourmont has made use here, is one already familiar in Nietzsche and, as the translator points out, to any student of comparative religion. As to the *divertimenti*, these differ from similar scenes in the Italian romantic epic, and on the operatic stage—the whole book has something distinctly operatic about it—mainly in being more explicit. Aside from this, they sin rather more sharply in an æsthetic than in a moral sense. The descriptions offend because they are overwrought. Too much verbal art has been consciously bestowed upon them. They display a fastidiousness, an elaborateness, and an artificiality of method which is as remote as possible from that fresh and artless spontaneity, involving at least a semblance of real feeling, which alone can justify a certain license on æsthetic grounds. It is not even frank naturalism. Rather, it resembles eighteenth century French sentimental eroticism, and it strikes one as curious that, with all his virile and unadorned directlessness in dealing with ideas, M. de Gourmont should allow himself to adopt a manner as sensuously over-ornate as that of the most baroque writer of the century he most abhors on the artistic side. Acute physiological critic, child of physicists and encyclopedists, at the same time as a sentimental sensualist, like Diderot, it seems his perverse destiny to represent the revival of the spirit of the eighteenth century at its best and at its worst, at its most robust and at its most effeminate.

Here of course M. de Gourmont falls far below the level of Anatole France, whose imagination is always informed with some depth of moral feeling, and whose most *scabreux* passages are generally redeemed by a note of tender indulgence, of philosophic sadness, of deep irony, or of robust and breezy Rabelaisian humour. None of these specifically human notes is sounded by M. de Gourmont, who, when he is not the acute analyst, is apt to be the precious and affected prose poet. He is the type of writer who wins his way by the naked force of his ideas alone; and if *Une Nuit au Luxembourg* has, as we believe to be the case, gone into more editions than those of his books which are to be preferred as the

more completely characteristic products of his preëminently discursive mind—the *Promenades Littéraires, Promenades Philosophiques, La Culture des Idées,* and *Le Chemin de Velours,* it is doubtless because this book attempts more than the rest to satisfy the inevitable demand made sooner or later upon every thinker, for a systematic exposition of his ideas. Such is *Une Nuit au Luxembourg,* and as such this work, apart from its offences against Anglo-Saxon taste, is, perhaps, the one best suited to serve as a vehicle for the author's introduction to a new public. It will have performed this service satisfactorily if it leads a certain number of English and American readers to desire a closer acquaintance with a writer who, at his best, is one of the most powerful stimulants for all those to whom the life of the intellect appeals as, above every other, a life of romance and adventure.

Cleveland Palmer.

VI

C. Reginald Enock's "The Secret of the Pacific"*

Every once in a while some one strikes a new note in authorship, a note which is so simple and easily struck that one wonders why it was not struck before, just as sometimes one wonders why some simple invention was not made centuries ago. There have been hundreds of discussions of the mysteries presented by the prehistoric ruins found on the two Americas, notably along the west coast from California to Valparaiso, and there have been not quite so many but still a number of discussions on the curious antiquities and monumental remains on the islands of the Pacific. There are a number of different books treating of different localities, but it has remained for Mr. E. Reginald Enock, whose works upon the countries of the American Pacific littoral are most favourably known, to combine in one volume a careful survey of all the evidences of antiquity of man upon this hemisphere and upon the islands that intervene between it and Asia, and to discuss the various theories which endeavour to account for the stages of civilisation which have been arrived at.

The book is one of absorbing interest; its only defect is one that is inherent. Mr. Enock does not settle the question. At the present stage it is probably the question cannot be settled. When enough interest is aroused, enough investigations are made and enough money is in hand, the secret will undoubtedly be brought much nearer its correct solution. The reviewer has looked at some of these ancient hieroglyphs of the past which have never been translated and have wondered what story they would tell when indefatigable man has solved the secret they have so long concealed. At any rate, there are abundant evidences of remarkably high prehistoric civilisation in this hemisphere, and if civilisation is determined by religion, there are evidences also of a highly spiritual worship with a remarkable conception of a great, beneficent unknown god, especially in the prayers of the ancient Peruvians preserved for us by Spanish chroniclers. They are only surpassed by the Psalms of David for intense, spiritual and poetic feeling and the acknowledgment of a Divine Providence which is known by the word Father.

Who prayed these prayers? Whence came they? Who built the temples in the jungles of the Yucatan? Who reared the great fortresses above the vegetation on the heights of the Andes by Lake Titicaca? Who built the huge sacrificial platforms on the islands of the sea? Whence came the marvellous images that have watched over the Pacific from the shores of Easter Island for these many years? For that matter, who were the cliff dwellers of our own land? Here is a great question for a race that likes the answering of such questions. Mr. Enock has clearly set forth the problem, and the solution is up to the world.

T. C. Darby.

*The Secret of the Pacific. By C. Reginald Enock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

DAWN ON THE BOOKSHELF

Children's Books of 1912—In Two Parts—Part II

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



NCE well within the teens, most boys and girls desert the eternal world of fairy and fancy to plunge eagerly into the actualities of the passing moment. The daily events that to us seem trite and tame are fresh and strange to them. They live in a play-a-day world crowded with new experiences, they are forming ties outside their home folk circle, and coming into positive contact with facts and personalities. In their reading they want photographic impressions of this phase of their existence, which to them appears, more important than anything else; in fact, there is no other period in life that looms so vast, since youth is happily lacking in the sense of the proportion.

It is, then, this momentary, everyday world which the books written for children in their teens are concerned in portraying. They are apt to seem commonplace enough to us, but they fulfil their purpose, and they are usually wholesome and normal, sane in the standards they maintain, safe, if not always inspiring guides.

First perhaps in favour come the school stories, in which the hero is a football or baseball player, encountering various difficulties on the certain way to the captaincy of his team. Generally this hero goes on from year to year beginning as a new boy in some preparatory or high school, and continuing his admired adventures till he graduates from college. Then a new hero is started in another school, fated to tread the same path, but to encounter different incidents. The volumes are all well made, with good illustrations and pretty covers, and are decidedly readable.

Ralph Henry Barbour hits the bullseye with this particular kind of book. His boys are natural and manly, and he manages to put plenty of fun into his stories, the sort of obvious fun in which his audience delights. This year he has an entirely new set of characters and a fresh environment (*Crofton Chums.* Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. New York: The Century Company). There is plenty of football and boating and outdoor life in the book, as well as an amusing account of the hazing of a new instructor by the boys in class, and of his final victory over his tormentors.

Another new series has been started by Leslie W. Quirk in his football tale, *The Fourth Down* (illustrated by Henry S. Watson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company). It is a spirited account of freshman life at Wellworth College, and just leads on from one game to another, each described with a loving particularity boys will rejoice in. The hero learns a lesson in the course of the tale, the lesson on which the idea of democracy is founded; but after all, the main business is football, which is quite as it should be.

An excellent Yale story is *Campus Days,* by Ralph D. Paine (illustrated by Herbert Bohnert. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). It has just enough of girls and the otuside world mixed in to give it a University breadth—and of course some football. Then there is an English note struck in *Henley's American Captain,* by Frank E. Channon, whose Henley series has been a success. The English "view halloo" is the first thing that strikes the eye as the American hero and his English chum follow the hounds of the Denbigh meet after the flying fox on the very opening page. There is a kidnapping later on, and the atmosphere of the school life is convincing (illustrated by William Kirkpatrick. Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

Baseball gets its innings in Everett T. Tomlinson's story *The Pennant* (illustrated. Philadelphia: The Griffith and Rowland Press). So does the country boy. It is a story that breezes right along, and the city boy is taught the old

gold-that-glitters truth with no little decisiveness. The dialogue is excellent, and there is a good deal of it to the page.

A plea for track athletics is wound in and out of Arthur Duffey's school story. Mr. Duffey, being the undefeated champion world's sprinter, knows all the attractions of running; knows, too, how to catch a lad's fancy with his pictures of the world of boys, its peculiar laws and strenuous ideals (*For Old Donchester.* By Arthur Duffey. Illustrated by John Goss. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company). Another thoroughly "boyey" book is J. A. Meyers's *The Green C* (illustrated by the Author. New York: Harper and Brothers), a high school story with all the trimmings and a particularly likable hero. The climax here is a swimming race.

A school story that spends most of its time out of school, but which won't be the less liked for that is *Hike and the Aeroplane,"* by Tom Graham (illustrated by Arthur Hutchins. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company). It is a wonderful machine, and Hike's adventures as he crosses the Continent in it, and plays round generally, in Mexico with thrilling desperadoes and elsewhere with moonshiners, refugees and the War Department, only to be hazed when he gets back to school, will keep any boy or girl up after bedtime to see the end of it all.

We will wind up the school yarns with a little book that is as much a village story as a haunt of learning. *Licky and His Gang,* by Grace Sartwell Mason, is busy with the doings of a dozen boys from the moment it opens until, all too soon, it ends. In and out of school, in their cave and their cabin, at home and on the street, those boys are breathlessly engaged in the business of living. It is a serious affair with them, and with the boys and girls who will read it; but it is a deliciously laughable one for the rest of us, and it's one of the all-round books none of the family should miss (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company).

Next to the play and problem of life at school comes personal adventure, be it in camp near home, in hunts far afield, with Indian or Zulu. And books a-plenty describe such affairs. As good a book as a boy can read is Raymond S. Spears's story of a farmer lad who left home to make his own way, tramping through two States and then shanty-boating down the Mississippi (*Camping on the Great River.* Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers). A finer, simpler, more brave and modest a boy it would be hard to find, and his adventures are convincing and interesting. Two good books on Maine, one taking you to the lumber regions in the forests and the other along the rocky coast, are Hugh Pendexter's *The Young Woodsmen* and *The Young Fishermen* (illustrated by Charles Copeland. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company). There is a good deal of plot to these books, villains to be caught and rescues to be made. More frankly a picture of the real wood-life is Elmer Russell Gregor's *Camping in the Winter Woods,* a sound and jolly volume charmingly written (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers). Another book tells of a whole year in the New Brunswick wilds, and it is not only full of information most happily conveyed through the adventures of the young hero and his father, but it is crowded with pictures from photographs made by the author showing moose and deer and caribou and partridge in their wild state; it is the taking of these pictures that provides most of the incidents, some of which are very funny and some dangerous (*Ned Brewster's Year in the Big Woods.* By Chauncey J. Hawkins. Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

Edward S. Ellis has started a new series with two volumes retailing the deeds of derring-do in Maine waters by two or three boys with a launch of their own (*The Launch Boys' Cruise in the Deerfoot. The Launch Boys' Adventures in Northern Waters.* Illustrated by Burton Donnel Hughes. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company). And Elbery H. Clark tells an excellent outdoor story in *The Camp at Sea Duck Cove* (illustrated by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company). For rather younger readers, there is a second Buddy Book, where Buddy spends a gorgeous summer varied by railway wrecks, wolf hunts and camping

in the wilderness for a few days, in the companionship of a boy chum and a nice little girl (*Buddy at Gray Buttes Camp.* By Annie Chapin Ray. Illustrated by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

The West is still the Mecca to which every boy turns in longing, and whose chronicles he reads with unadulterated joy. *With the Indians in the Rockies* is by a Rocky Mountain veteran, J. W. Shultz, and is "real stuff," vivid and exciting, with the value that comes from firsthand knowledge (illustrated by George Varian. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company). If that is not enough, there is Frank H. Spearman's tale of the seventeen-year-old boy who comes as telegraph operator to Medicine Bend back in the days when the town consisted of new pine shanties mostly full of bad men. It is excellently written and cramful of thrilling adventure (*The Mountain Divide.* By F. H. Spearman. Illustrated by Armand Both. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons).

More wild life appears in Zane Grey's tale of a trip through the jungles of tropical Mexico (*Ken Ward in the Jungle.* Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers), and in James Barnes's *Rifle and Caravan* (illustrated. D. Appleton and Company), in which the two young heroes, beginning with a hunt in Maine, soon trek to German South Africa and there do all that doth become a man, what with wild animals and wilder blacks. Of another type is *The Dragon and the Cross,* where an American boy in China organises a football team among the natives (*The Dragon and the Cross.* By Ralph D. Paine. Illustrated by George Varian. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons).

The Lakeport Series is continued in the air this year, and boys will find it quite as enthralling to follow their favourites' adventures among the clouds as on the baseball field or automobiling (*The Aircraft Boys of Lakeport.* By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrated by H. Richard Boehm. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard). While the second volume of the young Crusaders' series takes the boy soldiers to the National Capital, where they have a number of amusing adventures and see everything there is to be seen (*The Young Crusaders at Washington.* By George P. Atwater. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

The very popular series, Little People Everywhere, has two new additions, *Josefa in Spain* and *Donald in Scotland,* both by Etta Blaisdell McDonald and Julia Dalrymple (illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company). Told in a delightful story form, these books are full of accurate information and are charming little volumes in appearance.

It has been stated that the boy is father of the man. Whether they know this or not, boys are apt to be interested in "real work." They like to think they can do it, and they like to be told of boys who are doing it. One great demonstration of this fact is the Boy Scout movement. Almost every boy is interested in this organisation, and even those who are not personally involved with it will probably enjoy any one of these four books. There is *Be Prepared,* by A. W. Dimock (illustrated from photographs by Julian Dimock. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company), with its two adventurous boy scouts in Florida, making their way across the wilds according to true scout methods. And there is *The Boy Scouts of Bob Hill* (by Charles Pierce Burton. Illustrated by Gordon Grant. New York: Henry Holt and Company), which carries on the adventures of the Bob's Hill Braves, and whose scene is that part of Massachusetts overlooked by old Greylock. Or, would you go farther afield, Edwin L. Sabin is ready to take you with him to the Rockies, in *Pluck on the Long Trail* (illustrated by Clarence H. Rowe. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company), and show you what the scouts can do there—it's worth the trip, for the book is thoroughpaced, and there is an excellent appendix of Scout Notes that are brimful of information and suggestions. The fourth volume is by a woman, but it has the boy heart in it all the same, and touches on many things, from slums to camps, in a most readable manner (*The Scout Master of Troop* 5. By I. T. Thurston. Illustrated. New York: The Fleming H. Revell Company).

Two newspaper stories for boys inclined in that direction that are full of firsthand counsel and are good stories to boot are *Donald Kirk: The Morning Record Copy-Boy,* by Edward M. Woolley (illustrated by George Varian. Boston: Little, Brown and Company), and *Fred Spencer, Reporter,* by Henry M. Neely (illustrated by A. A. Blum. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company). In each of these a boy of sixteen or seventeen, employed in the office of a great daily, is ambitious to become a full-fledged reporter. Just how they each succeed is told in a dashing manner, and the two books make excellent companion volumes, pretty well covering the field between them.

In *Dave Morrell's Battery,* by Hollis Godfrey (illustrated by Franklin T. Wood. Boston: Little, Brown and Company), it is the boy inventor who is exploited. Dave is a country boy, but the New York sharps don't outwit him for all that, and he makes good both with his battery and his story. Then to the West again in *The Lucky Chance,* by M. W. Loraine (illustrated by Haydon Jones. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company), which is the story of a silver mine where two boys have all the adventures and hard work the most energetic of the tribe could ask for. Last, tuned to a patriotic note, George Barton writes of the life of a page boy in the United States Congress (*Barry Wynn.* Illustrated by John Huybers. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company). The book is a solid contribution, but it is a lively story too, and boys should like it.

The Wireless Man is the hero of modern seafaring life, and in his book on the actual men who work this magic Francis A. Collins has given us a volume of real interest. He feels the wonder of it and the romance, and takes us out in mid-ocean and to all the great stations to hear and to look on as the viewless messages come and go. The book proves extremely fascinating (*The Wireless Man.* By Francis A. Collins. Illustrated. New York: The Century Company), and it won't be left to the boys of the family alone.

Though the present moment is of such vital importance to our boys and girls, still they enjoy the realisation that there has been a past, and historical stories usually appeal to them with force, particularly where the hero or heroines are of a tender age. The fact that such books are delicately employed in conveying necessary information is gracefully ignored by their youthful readers; who become, for that matter, probably through constant practice, fairly adept at dodging the pill within the sugar.

To begin at the American beginning, there is Molly Elliot Seawell's *The Son of Columbus* (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers). It is a story with plenty of swing and vigour to it, and gives some splendid pictures of the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the stupendous voyage. Next in chronological sequence comes Louise S. Hasbrouck's condensation of Parkman's history of France in the New World, beginning with the Conspiracy of Pontiac. All the various chapters touch upon the Indians, and the selections have been made with intelligence. It is a book as fragrant of the wilderness as is a pine tree (*The Boys' Parkman.* Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company). Another historical Indian book, one of the Among the Sioux series, is Joseph Mills Hanson's *With Carrington on the Bozeman Road* (illustrated by John W. Norton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company). This book pictures with great vividness the life of the cattle-train pilgrims and the earliest settling of the far West.

Revolutionary times are cleverly drawn in *The Lucky Sixpence,* by Emily Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe (illustrated by Arthur E. Becher. New York: The Century Company). Girls will like this story particularly, with its charming touch of romance and delightful little heroine.

Based on stories told "by one who was there," *The Young Minute-Man of 1812* gives an interesting picture of a war too much neglected by our writers of fiction (by Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company). There is plenty of Indian in it, and thrills galore. And since it was a war chiefly won on the sea, Robert B. Duncan's *Brave Deeds by American Sailors* (il-

lustrated. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company) will go with it admirably. The more famous exploits of our ships and men are bravely told in narrative style, and a gay and gallant record it makes.

A happy mixture of travel, history and story is the book by Margaret Williamson, *John and Betty's Scotch History Visit* (illustrated from Photographs. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard). And written in a charming style, come these short biographies of brave and good men and women in the times following the Middle Ages, exquisitely presented by Dean Hodges (*Saints and Heroes Since the Middle Ages.* Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt and Company).

A new idea is a book by Rupert S. Holland, *Historic Poems and Ballads* (illustrated. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company). All the better known historic songs are quoted, accompanied by a short and dramatic account of the event to which they are related. These range all the way from Chevy Chase and Ivry to Dixie and America.

An out and out adventure story will fittingly end these history tales. It is by John Masefield, and it will keep one awake and stirred up from first to last. In a somewhat hurried survey, it impresses one as of the true breed, conveying that unforgettable sense of reality so essential to the complete enjoyment of wild doings (*Jim Davis.* Frederick A. Stokes and Company).

Before turning to a few books distinctly for girls, we must mention one of those capacious catchalls which terrify and disturb a grownup, but into which intrepid youth dives with pleasure, discovering many a pearl of wisdom and beauty among the large and splendid pages, covered with pictures, verse and stories, all decidedly English in style (*This Year's Book for Boys.* New York: George H. Doran Company).

Of course the girls dive with the boys, and publishers realise this agreeable fact. Nevertheless, they appreciate a pond of their own in which to paddle when they choose. School, work and adventure belong to them as well as to their brothers nowadays, they too go camping and shooting. But they are interested in some subjects the boys care nothing for. Social differences, for instance. Here are three books that harp more or less on this topic. One tells how a very rich girl is put by her father into the identical environment from which he took her mother, now dead, so that she may learn the true values of life. Another depicts the fascinating doings at an English school where the daughter of a peer learns her lesson of democracy. The third tells the adventures of a simple little country girl who comes to a fashionable school, giving, as it were, the obverse of the medal struck off by the preceding volumes. Then there is a fourth book that relates how a girl fresh from college adapts herself to her home life and finds work to occupy heart and hand. They are all good stories, excellently told and prettily illustrated (*The Lady of the Lane.* By Frederick Orrin Bartlett. Illustrated by E. C. Caswell. New York: The Century Company. *Curiosity Kate.* By Florence Bone. Illustrated by Treyer Evans. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. *Sue Jane.* By Maria Thompson Daviess. Illustrated by E. A. Furman. New York: The Century Company. *How Phoebe Found Herself.* By Helen Dawes Brown. Frontispiece. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company).

Two Western stories make a direct appeal to girls, one of which is the second volume of the Ranch Girls' series, telling the delightful life led by four maidens in their teens on a Western ranch (*The Ranch Girls' Pot of Gold.* By Margaret Vandercook. Illustrated by Hugh A. Bodine. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company). The other relates how a girl and her brother go into partnership and make a splendid success in an irrigation project, mixing up frolic, danger and human nature most delightfully in the telling (*The Hallowell Partnership.* By Katherine Holland Brown. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons).

There is travel and lovemaking and an energetic aunt in Amy E. Blanchard's *The Four Corners in Japan,* the Corners being the young heroines who see Japan very thoroughly under Aunty's guidance,

helped by various friends of both sexes. The Corners is a well-established series known to most girl readers, and full of a smiling naturalness that is very taking (*The Four Corners in Japan.* Illustrated. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company).

The fairy tales of science and the long result of time are interestingly described for youngsters in Mary H. Wade's *The Wonder Workers* (illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company). Judge Lindsay, Jane Addams, Luther Burbank, Edison and others, with the things they have done being set down in simple language.

Two useful and charming little books describe kindergarten work and the intricacies of housekeeping in a most attractive manner (*Work and Play for Little Girls.* By Hedwig Levi. *Housekeeping for Little Girls.* By Olive Hyde Foster. Illustrated. New York: Duffield and Company). By reading them a child may learn how to make all sorts of pretty gifts, doll's furniture and ornaments for the tree, and to become the neatest, sweetest and cleverest of housekeepers.

And last, a very merry little book that will persuade any little girl into becoming the most successful of cooks. It has a touch of fairyland to it, for all its eminent good sense, and is as entertaining to read as it is precise in its recipes and instructions (*The Mary Frances Cook Book.* By Jane Eayre Fryer. Illustrated in colour by Margaret G. Hays. Decorations by Jane Allen Boyer. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company).

So the bookshelf is full. If there isn't a book to fit every child on it, let him be heard from—and next year there will be a score.

FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

We take pleasure in printing, with warm endorsement, the following letter from the Editor of the *Century Magazine:*

I am sure that your readers will be deeply interested to learn that the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome is now entirely out of debt, the last of its obligations upon the mortgage on the Keats House in the Piazza di Spagna having been liquidated by the proceeds of the distinguished matinées given at the Haymarket Theatre last summer. The income from the rentals of the rooms not occupied by the Memorial Library are depended upon to pay the running expenses.

The Library already includes more than two thousand volumes, one thousand of which are catalogued in the first "Bulletin" of the Association, copies of which, by the way, may be obtained of Dodd, Mead and Company.

I am requested by Mr. H. Nelson Gay, Secretary in Rome, to say that all Americans who may be visiting the Eternal City are invited to visit this interesting Memorial, which at the present time is only second to the British Museum in its resources for the study of Keats and Shelley. A great many additions are being made to this Library, and volumes relating to Keats, Shelley, Byron and others are solicited for that purpose. Mr. Gay, moreover, desires to raise a fund of six hundred dollars each year for the next five years, to be contributed from England, Italy and the United States, as a permanent fund for the purchase of books, and I request the favour of your colunms to say that this would give an opportunity to a great many admirers of the work of Keats and Shelley who did not contribute to the fund for the purchase of the House to testify their interest in what is now one of the great literary memorials of the world.

Contributions for this purpose may be sent to me, and will be promptly acknowledged and forwarded to Mr. Gay.

I am, indeed, Respectfully yours,

(Signed) R. U. Johnson,
Secretary American Committee Keats-Shelley Memorial.

II

From the Harvard Club, of New York:

The author of an interesting article on modern dedications in your December number overlooked two charming ones. I will quote them from memory. One is in Owen Wister's

Dragon of Wantley, and is: "To my former playmates in the Appian Way, for reasons which they will understand." The other, in Mrs. Hugh Fraser's *Letters of a Diplomat's Wife,* although I am told it is bad Italian, is still very beautiful:

"Al dilettissimo compagno me aspettando nella eterna pace."

III

Caustic Comment from the "Colyum" Conductor.

THE EVENING MAIL
NEW YORK

OFFICE OF THE
PUBLISHER

JUVENILES

1. Phœbe and Ernest and Cupid. Gillmore. (Holt.) $1.35.

[*Business of giggling.*] I guess Jean Webster's publishers had the right dope.

F. P. A.

IV

A note from Washington, D. C.:

I accidentally came across a book in the public library of this city just after reading in the November BOOKMAN the comments upon *Trilby.* The book, a small one of few pages, bears upon its title page this:

The Diary of
Moritz Svengali
Translated and Edited
By Albert Welsh
New York:
Henry Holt & Co.
1897.

The book gives Svengali's story of his experience of Trilby from his point of view. The closing paragraph says: "The publication of the foregoing extracts from Svengali's diary has been desired by his friends in view of the popular misconceptions of his character which have been caused by a work entitled *Trilby.*" There was evidently some sentiment which considered du Maurier's characterisation of Svengali a misrepresentation of Jewish character, and to satisfy this was doubtless the motive for the writing of this book, of which I had no knowledge until now, and I suppose not many persons have heard of it.

V

A gentleman in Worcester, Massachusetts, writes:

In your October contribution I note a good letter contributed by Mr. Stewart Edward White, purporting to have been written by one Antonia Dutra, and concerning which you state, "the letter was actually received in the course of a business correspondence."

I have no criticism to make other than to question this comment of yours. I have never clearly understood why it is considered necessary, in telling a good story, to begin by remarking, "this is a *true* story." Yet such is the universal practice in club and railway smoker. If a story is clever and entertaining, why not let it go at that? I believe that editors are not predisposed in favour of contributions accompanied by a letter from the writer of the fiction, stating that their efforts are "based on fact"!

Worcester is inhabited largely by foreigners. We have, I believe, besides the usual varieties, the largest pro-rata Swedish population of any city in the United States. We also have an exceedingly large French Canadian population; most of our leading stores employ French interpreters, we have many French stores, churches and professional men, besides a French newspaper; and we are the headquarters for most of the Canadian dialect stories. It therefore gives us exceeding pain to have White ring in this aged letter as a genuine bit of correspondence, and to have it solemnly vouched for by you.

How old it is I have no idea; I read it at least ten years ago, and have since read it in many forms. The most popular and enduring form is concerned with a bicycle, shipped without handle bars, which are invariably found in the inevitable postscript.

Give us some more, by all means, but let the story, like a proper tub, stand on its own bottom, and do not try to pass it off as a copy from somebody's letter file.

In our business concern we have dealings with customers of probably fifteen nationalities, and some of the letters are really more amusing than the one quoted; but none of them are so improbable. Don't spoil a good story by trying to make rural subscribers believe it is literally true. A good jest doesn't *have* to be true.

Several years ago Mr. White told us the story of a truthful fisherman of his acquaintance who kept a pair of scales for the purpose of refuting any possible accusation of exaggeration. All went well until the day came when the scales were borrowed in order that the weight of a new-born baby might be ascertained.

The baby weighed forty-two pounds. It was a good story, but we later found that it had been attributed at various times to the late Grover Cleveland, General Grant, Napoleon Bonaparte, Julius Cæsar, Philip of Macedon and a few others. In view of these circumstances we refrain from comment, simply referring the above letter to the Jumping Off Place, Santa Barbara, California.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of November and the 1st of December.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
2. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
3. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Reef. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
6. Spring Days. Moore. (Brentano.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Benjamin Disraeli. Monypenny. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. The Epic of Ebenezer. Cox. (Dodd, Mead.) 50 cents.
6. The Fortunes of the Landrays. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art. Fenollosa. (Stokes.) $10.00.
2. Joseph Pennell's Pictures of Panama Canal. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Edinburgh. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Sam Lloyd's Puzzle Book. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse. Field. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
6. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. On Emerson. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Reef. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. Caviare. Richards. (Houghton Hifflin.) $1.30.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Butterfly Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Fourth Down. Quirk. (Little, Brown.) $1.20.
3. Lieut. Ralph Osborn. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
3. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Humanly Speaking. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Colonial Homes. Northend. (Little, Brown.) $5.00.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Seashore Book. Smith. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. Gordon Craig. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. The Brute. Kummer. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. A Wall of Men. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Lady of the Snows. Harrison. (McClurg.) $1.25.
5. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin) $1.75.

3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mountain Divide. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Midlanders. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.50.
2. The Soul and Sex in Education. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
3. Mind Cure. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
4. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3 Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5 The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Daughter of Heaven. Loti. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) 2.00.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inner Flame. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. When Dreams Come True. Brown. (Fitz-Gerald.) $1.25.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.co.
6. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty-Bide-at-Home. Dix. (Holt.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Partners for Fair. Haines. (Holt.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3 The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.

5. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart-Kidd.) $1.50.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Call of the Carpenter. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Provincial American. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Once Upon a Time Tales. Stewart. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. With the Indians in the Rockies. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. King Arthur and His Knights. Radford. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
6. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
2. The Task of Social Hygiene. Ellis. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
3. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Daughter of Heaven. Loti and Gautier. (Duffield.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Billy Popgun. Winter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
2. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Historic Jesus. Lister. (Putnam.) $2.50.
3. A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land. Elmendorf. (Scribner.) $3.00.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse. Field. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Live Doll Series. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. A Man's World. Edwards. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
2. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. The Letters of George Meredith. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Harriet Hosmer. Carr. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. 'Twas the Night Before Christmas. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Book of Baby Birds. Dugdale. (Doran.) $2.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. A Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
4. Child of Dawn. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Phœbe. Deland. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Live Dolls in Wonderland. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. American Girls in Miniature. Fisher. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
4. Milestones. Bennett and Knoblauch. (Doran.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Patty's Butterfly Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. A Wall of Men. McCarter. (McClurg) $1.35.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Do Something: Be Something. Kaufman. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES.

1. Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Mountain Divide. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. London Lavender. Lucas. (Macmillan.) 1.35.
3. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Under the Old Flag. Wilson. (Appleton.) $6.00.

JUVENILES.

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Upas Tree. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.00.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $.130.
5. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Master of the Oaks. Stanley. (Revell.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. New Trails in Mexico. Lumholtz. (Scribner.) $5.00.
3. A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land. Elmendorf. (Scribner.) $3.00.
4. Pictures of Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

JUVENILES.

1. Boy Scouts of Berkshire. Eaton. (Wilde.) $1.00.
2. The Mary Frances Cook Book. Fryer. (Winston.) $1.20.
3. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. London Lavender. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. The Voice. Deland. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.

JUVENILES.

No report.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.

JUVENILES.

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Boy With U. S. Fisheries. Holt-Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Read. (Page.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Venice of To-day. Smith. (Hieuerbauch.) $3.50.

JUVENILES.

1. 'Twas the Night Before Christmas. Moore. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Deering of Deal. Griswold. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. Mrs. Eli and Policy Ann. Olmstead. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES.

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Sanctuary. Potter. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
5. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES.

1. The Scout Master of Troop 5. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
2. The Punky Dunk Books. (Volland.) $1.00.
3. Boy Scouts of America. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. A Woman of Genius. Austin. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.30.
5. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. Mr. Perryman's Christmas Eve. Parker. (Reilly & Britton.) 50 cents.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman in Modern Society. Barnes. (Huebsch.) $1.25.
2. Anatol. Snitzler. (Kennerley.) $1.00.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Red Cross Girl. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Letters of George Meredith. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Motor Boys Seris. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.)$1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. A Wanderer in Florence. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. Sun Yat Sen. Cantlie and Jones. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. The Next Religion. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25

JUVENILES

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Wireless Man. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. Their City Christmas. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Star-Treader. Smith. (Robertson.) $1.25.
2. Woman in the United States. Constant. (Robertson.) 80 cents.
3. San Francisco. Purdy. (Elder.) $2.50.
4. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Little Colonel Series. Johnson. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Betty Wales Series. Ward. (Penn.) $1.20.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

4. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
6. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Bran the Iconoclast. (Herz Bros.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. The Honorable Mrs. Garry. de la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. The Courage of the Commonplace. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
4. Notes on Sunday School Lessons. Peloubet. (Wild.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Dickens' Children. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
3. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. The Loss of the S. S. Titanic. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. Both Sides of the Shield. Butt. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Turkey Doll. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on any	list	receives		10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the forgeoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30	174
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30	164
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30	160
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00	157
5. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30	118
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin) $1.40	110

GREATEST PREMIUM OFFER EVER MADE

FOR eighteen years the publications of The Neale Publishing Company have been counted notable throughout the world. They are to be found in the homes of refinement everywhere; they are to be found in the great public libraries; they are frequently consulted by savants; they are used in the classrooms of important universities. Here are hundreds of books that are read for profit by some, for pleasure by others; here are hundreds of books well written, well printed, and beautifully bound. They are a pleasure to handle as well as to read. They have made The Neale Publishing Company among the important publishing houses of the world.

Take your choice of our entire output—either one book or several—at the low price at which the Neale publications are sold—$1.00 worth of our books for every dollar that you pay to us as subscriptions to

Neale's Monthly

and to

Neale's Essay Magazine

—and this offer—the greatest premium offer ever made—applicable to our entire output—will remain effective until our present stock shall have been greatly depleted, or until the stock of any particular book shall have been exhausted.

All libraries may take advantage of this offer, and so may all persons; but no discount will be allowed to booksellers nor to subscription agents. Make up your order at once. Our present stock of many of our more important publications already is low. Make your choice of our entire output while you may.

NEALE'S MONTHLY. In the first number, January, 1913, six great serials were begun: "The Strategy of Robert E. Lee," by J. J. Bowen, which is the only full account of the military strategy of any of the leaders of the Civil War, either Federal or Confederate, and makes an important contribution to the military literature of the world; "The Scuttlers," by Clyde C. Westover, which is a great story of the sea, a detective story, and undoubtedly the most notable fiction that this brilliant author has written; "Wall Street as Our American Monte Carlo," by Franklin C. Keyes, of the New York Bar, which gives an intimate account of the operations of the greatest gambling structure ever erected; "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," by Ambrose Bierce, by many literary critics of distinction deemed the most powerful figure of American literature. This story is his greatest romance, as it is his longest. "Mrs. Kinney's Italian Reminiscences," edited by Laura Stedman and George M. Gould. Mrs. Kinney, the mother of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman, was the wife of the American Minister to the Court of Victor Emanuel, 1850-1861, and her reminiscences make important contributions to the literature of the period. In them both the Brownings are newly revealed, as are other great personages of literature and of history. "Forerunners of the Republic," by Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, and a historian of distinction. The first instalment of each of these serials, with short stories, poems, articles, important departments, and other literature of the best, make up the first number of NEALE'S MONTHLY.

The serials alone that will be published in this magazine yearly ultimately will be sold as books at something like $15.00 for the output of the year. Other values fully as great will be supplied in historical and biographical articles, in short stories, poetry, and art; articles on science, invention, public affairs, industries, ethics and religion, education, travel and exploration, sports; there are departments such as "The Stage," "Letters to the Editors on Timely Subjects," and "Literature, Its Makers and Its Failures." They make NEALE'S MONTHLY the greatest magazine published in the English language.

NEALE'S ESSAY MAGAZINE, the first number of which will be published in March, will be the first monthly essay magazine worthy the name to be published on this continent. In its mechanical appointments and in other respects it will resemble the great essay magazines that make so conspicuous a part of British literature. Among its contributors will be numbered the more eminent writers of the world.

Terms of subscription: NEALE'S MONTHLY, 25 cents a copy, $3.00 a year; NEALE'S ESSAY MAGAZINE, 25 cents a copy, $3.00 a year; both, on one subscription, $5.00 a year; payable in advance. Foreign postage, $1.00 a year additional for each magazine. One person subscribing to the two magazines, at $5.00 a year for the two, may have them sent to different persons, at different addresses. The subscriber to the two magazines, at $5.00 a year, is entitled to $5.00 worth of books of the entire Neale output, at his selection, under the terms of this great premium offer, the cost of transportation of the books to be at the expense of the subscriber.

For $5.00 it is now possible for the American home to be provided with a year's supply of literature of the highest—perhaps with $50.00 worth of literature, if it were all published in book form, at the price at which many books are sold.

Write for our NEW CATALOGUE, *which contains more than one hundred rare portraits and other rare illustrations.*

Union Square **The Neale Publishing Company** New York

BURR PRINTING HOUSE, NEW YORK

WOODROW WILSON and THE PANAMA CANAL



The biggest question in the foreign policy of the incoming administration will be the Colombian claim for the loss of Panama. The most candid treatment of this subject that has yet appeared is in

"THE AMERICANS IN PANAMA"

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

$1.35 *net*. *Postpaid* $1.47

In addition, this book covers the history of the Spanish and French in Panama, sanitary control of the Isthmus, a vivid portrayal step by step of the nearly finished American canal, the controversy with England, and every other important phase. Attractively bound and adequately illustrated. An ideal gift to a friend going to Panama this winter. From any dealer or

THE STATLER PUBLISHING COMPANY

501 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY



"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged; thoroughly seasoned. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting.

In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used.

Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

AT YOUR DEALER'S.

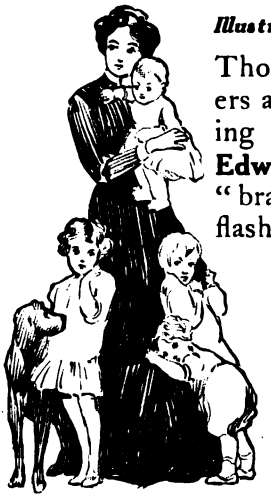
Send 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY,
132 Reade Street, New York.

"A Scuffler is one who struggles to keep that station in life in which God has placed her—a scuffler is absolutely feminine."

SCUFFLES

By SALLY NELSON ROBINS



Illustrated. $1.00 net

Thousands of readers are corroborating **Edwin Markham's** "brave, smiling, flashing story out of the South, good to read and good to own; written with the power of genius touched with love."

THE ALICE HARRIMAN COMPANY

2 West 45th Street, New York



VOSE PIANOS

The **tone, touch** and **magnificent wearing** qualities of the **VOSE** Piano are explained by the exclusive patented features, the **high-grade material and superb workmanship** that enter into their construction. The **VOSE** is an ideal Piano for the home. Over 70,000 sold. Delivered in the United States free of charge. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.

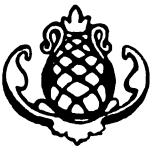
FREE.—If you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalog, that gives full information.

Vose & Sons Piano Co., 150 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

FEBRUARY 1913

THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE & LIFE



DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
NEW YORK



The Postal Life Insurance Company pays *you* the commissions that other Companies pay their *agents*

45% of the first year's premium, on whole-life policies, is the average *Commission Dividend* paid to each POSTAL policyholder on entrance into the Company. Other companies would pay this sum to an *agent*—as *his commission.*

That's for the *first year:* in *subsequent* years POSTAL policyholders receive the *Renewal Commissions* other companies pay their agents, namely 7½%, and they also receive an *Office-Expense Saving* of 2%, making up the


Postal Life Building

STRONG POSTAL POINTS

First: *Old-line legal-reserve insurance*—not fraternal or assessment.

Second: *Standard policy reserves,* now more than $10,000,000. *Insurance in force* more than $50,000,000.

Third: *Standard policy provisions,* approved by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under *strict State requirements* and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Fifth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Sixth: *Policyholders' Health Bureau* arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.

Annual Dividend of 9½% Guaranteed in the Policy

And the POSTAL pays the usual contingent dividends *besides*—ranging up to 20% of the annual premium, in the renewal years.

Such is the POSTAL way: it is open to *you.* Call at the Company's offices if convenient or *write now* and find out the exact sum it will pay *you* at *your* age—the *first year* and *every other.*

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

The Only Non-Agency Company in America

WM R. MALONE, President

35 Nassau St., New York

See How Easy It Is

In writing simply say: *Mail me insurance-particulars for my age as per THE BOOKMAN for February.*

In your letter be sure to give:

1. ***Your Occupation.***
2. ***The Exact Date of your Birth.***

No agent will be sent to visit you: the Postal Life employs no agents.

Assets more than $10,000,000

Insurance in force more than $50,000,000

VOL. XXXVI No. 6

THE BOOKMAN

An ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE *of* LITERATURE *and* LIFE

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY

		PAGE
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT		
That Atlantic "Find"—Terré's Tavern—The Real Home of "Bouillabaisse" (with illustration)—Vanessa's Home (illustration)—More About Richard Dehan (with portraits)—Portraits and Sketches—Edmund Gosse on Andrew Lang, Emerson, Wolcott Balestier and Kipling (with portraits)—Roald Amundsen (portrait)—Two Lights on Tennyson—Rostand and the Number 13—An Apparent Exception (with portraits of Madame Edmond Rostand, Maurice Rostand, and Austin Strong—The Hugo Story—Old Figures Passing—The New "Who's Who"—More About Miss Elizabeth Robins—The Poe Mystery—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Crowborough Home (with portraits)—The Robert Louis Stevenson Originals—Parallel Cases—W. A. Butler and "Nothing to Wear," and Will Carleton and "Betsey and I Are Out"		593–607
SPECIAL ARTICLES		
Old Pigments and New Found Faces	LOUIS A. HOLMAN	608
The Complete Collector (illustrated). In Two Parts Part II. The Poor Collector and His Problems	FREDERICK A. KING	615
Some Modern English Etchers (illustrated)	CLEVELAND PALMER	623
The Ailing Author	BAILEY MILLARD	634
Confidential Communications I Advice to a "Best Seller" in Need of Replenishment of Ideas	JOHN KENDRICK BANGS	650
New Lights on Gissing	GEORGE MIDDLETON	655
EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH		
I Andrew Lang and William Shakespeare	BRANDER MATTHEWS	658
II Andrew Lang's "History of English Literature"	F. G. BETTANY	660
III The Mystery of Edwin Drood	THOMAS SECCOMBE	662
IV The Diaries of Macready	ALGERNON TASSIN	665
V Constance Hill's "Fanny Burney"	GRAHAM BERRY	667
VI Roald Amundsen's "The South Pole"	ANDRÉ THERY	669
VII Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "A Montessori Mother"	MRS. ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE	672
VIII The Girlhood of Queen Victoria	EDWARD FULLER	673
THE NATURE OF EPISODES AND SOME RECENT NOVELS Atlantis—The Happy Warrior—The King Errant—The Lure of Life—Linda—In the Vortex—Christmas	FREDERIC TABER COOPER	675
THE NEW REALISM IN THE DRAMA (illustrated) Chains—Hindle Wakes—Rutherford and Son—Fine Feathers—The Conspiracy—The Argyle Case—Blackbirds—Stop Thief—Peg O' My Heart—Years of Discretion—Racketty Packetty House	CLAYTON HAMILTON	639
VERSE		
Felicitas—From the Italian of Mario Rapisardi	LOUIS V. LEDOUX	638
The Three Fates	DORA SIGERSON SHORTER	649
Constantinople	RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER	654
THE BOOK MART		
James W. McIntyre		681
Books Received		682
Sales of Books During the Month		697
The Best Selling Books		704

Published monthly by DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, New York City.

Copyright, 1913, by Dodd, Mead and Company. *All rights reserved.* Entered at New York Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter. *Manuscripts submitted to* THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editor of* THE BOOKMAN."

Art in Egypt

A New Volume in the General History of Art Series

By G. Maspero

Director-General of Antiquities in Egypt

A series in each of whose small volumes is concentrated the knowledge and appreciation of one of the greatest living authorities on the art of a particular country. The books exemplify one of the most notable feats of literary compression on the part of the writers, and of manufacturing compression on the part of the publishers in the history of book-making. The arts of Egypt are here treated in all their aspects. *Nearly* 1000 *illustrations.* $1.50 *net; postpaid* $1.65

Other Volumes in the Series. *Each* $1.50 *net*

Art in France, by Louis Hourticq, Inspector of Fine Arts in the City of Paris.
Art in Northern Italy, by Corrado Ricci, Director-General of Fine Arts and Antiquities of Italy.
Art in Great Britain and Ireland, by Sir Walter Armstrong, Director-General of the National Gallery of Ireland.

Recent Importations

The Fighting Spirit of Japan

By E. J. Harrison

32 *full-page illustrations.* $3.50 *net*

The author, during a long residence in Japan, has made a special study of the athletic and sporting side of Japanese life, and has given much new and curious information on many aspects of modern Japanese life which have been little touched upon by other authors.

Composers in Love and Marriage

By J. Cuthbert Hadden, author of "Life of Chopin," "Life of Haydn," etc.

With many illustrations. 8vo. $3.00 *net*

Not a single great name in musical creation has been omitted, and the whole volume will be found a human document of the most engrossing interest.

Latin America: A New Volume in the South American Series

By F. Garcia Caldron $3.00 *net*

His pen has a sharp point that stands for the quality of his intellect; it takes agility in thought and expression to bring out so distinctly in an ever-running narrative-exposition the salient strains, in mind and nature, of all these different peoples.

The Malay Peninsula

By Arnold Wright and Thomas H. Reid

With numerous illustrations and map. $3.75 *net*

A comprehensive account of the development of British influence in the middle East from the earliest times to the present day, and the remarkable growth, commercial and otherwise, of the peninsula.

Papua or British New Guinea

By J. H. P. Murray, Lieutenant-Governor of Papua. *Illustrated.* $3.75 *net*

Correspondence of Sarah, Lady Lyttelton, 1787-1870

Edited by her Great-Granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham

With portraits. Demy 8vo. $3.75 *net*

By the daughter of the second Earl Spencer who in 1842 was appointed Governess to Queen Victoria's children. She had unique opportunities of observing distinguished society, and as she possessed much humor, and a singularly happy power of describing the people she met and the events she witnessed, her Correspondence is of unusual interest.

John Forster and His Friendships

By Richard Renton

38 *portraits and other illustrations.* $3.00 *net*

account of the biographer and intimate friend of Charles Dickens, who occupied a commanding position in the literary and artistic world of his day, and was a man of many friendships and associations with the notable people of his time. The volume includes a great deal of interesting Dickens material.

Portraits and Sketches

By Edmund Gosse *12mo.* $1.50 *net*

A volume of entertaining personal recollections and critical estimates of well-known literary personages, including Swinburne, Andrew Lang, Aubrey De Vere, and others.

The Stevenson Originals

By Eva Blantyre Simpson

With numerous illustrations. Thick 12mo. $2.50 *net*

A charming book on Robert Louis Stevenson's heroes and heroines and their counterparts in real life.

Jean Jacques Rousseau

By Gerhard Gran, Professor of Literature in the University of Christiania. $3.50 *net*

A fascinating combination of narrative and criticism.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS  **FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**

Captain Amundsen's Wonderful Book — The South Pole

An Account of the Norwegian Antarctic Expedition in the "Fram," 1910-1912



The World's Last Unknown Place

By ROALD AMUNDSEN

Translated from the Norwegian by A. G. Chater. With 91 Illustrations and 18 Maps and Charts

From the *New York Times*: "The human side of the expedition that placed Norway's flag at the earth's southernmost point is a saga filled with humor and pathos."

In two octavo volumes, 900 pages, handsomely bound in decorated cloth, gilt top. Price, $10.00 net; postage extra.

"Captain Amundsen's own story of his discovery of the South Pole is in every way worthy of his remarkable achievement. The narrative contains scarcely a dull page from first to last," says *The London Times*. The dauntless courage, unflinching perseverance, and wonderful foresight that enabled the Scandinavian explorer and his gallant companions to plant the flag of Norway at the southernmost extremity of the earth is mirrored in Captain Amundsen's modest record.

Polar literature has been enriched by this account of the adventure of this band of hardy explorers who braved the dangers of the Antarctic, and on December 14, 1911, reached the goal.

Dr. Nansen in an introduction pays high tribute to Captain Amundsen and his achievement. Here is a book that should find its place in every library.

Send your order to LEE KEEDICK, Publisher

150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

☞ *Captain Amundsen is now making a lecture tour under the auspices of his American publisher.*

LEE KEEDICK,
150 Nassau Street,
New York.

Dear Sir:

Send me Captain Amundsen's book, "THE SOUTH POLE," two volumes, $10.00 net; postage extra.

Name

Address

NEW NOVELS

TWO NOVELISTS WHO HAVE ARRIVED

LANCHESTER OF BRAZENOSE. By RONALD MacDONALD. Raymond Lanchester is a modern knight of chivalry who, in loyalty to an unfaithful wife and for love of his little son, takes upon his own shoulders the burden of another's crime. Through the clever amateur detective work of his young actress friend, "Divvy-Di," wrongs are righted, and the story has a happy ending. *Cloth, $1.30 net. Postage 12 cents*

THE FIFTH TRUMPET. By PAUL BERTRAM, author of "The Shadow of Power." This novel deals with the 15th century supremacy of the Church throughout Europe. The scenes are splashed with the vivid color of the age, and the mind of the reader falls readily into the period.
Cloth, $1.25 net. Postage 12 cents

JOHN LANE'S TWO DISCOVERIES

TOPHAM'S FOLLY. By GEORGE STEVENSON. The story presents to us incidents in the lives of the various members of the Topham family and their kinsfolk, seen largely through the eyes of Mary Ann, who lives in their tempestuous household as a humble servant—a kind of angel in a print dress. The novel has the curious charm of a tale that our grandmothers might have told us—a genuine homeliness and simplicity.
Cloth, $1.30 net. Postage 12 cents

THE FINGER OF MR. BLEE. (A Tropical Comedy.) By PETER BLUNDELL. The amusing adventures of Harold Blee, a young Eurasian, form the main theme of this original novel. Harold is brought into contact with the two rival factions of the local British Society, and perpetrates many works of mischief to the discomfiture of the rich and pompous Mrs. Gladstone Mortimer, and to the suppressed amusement of her enemies.
Cloth, $1.25 net. Postage 12 cents

JOHN LANE CO. NEW YORK

BY THE AUTHOR OF

The Melting of Molly

FOR EIGHT MONTHS THE

Best Selling Book in America

AN IMPORTANT NEW NOVEL

Andrew the Glad





An old Southern City, rising from its ruins, furnishes a distinctive setting. There is a double portion of romance with two heroines: Caroline, an heiress, Phoebe, society reporter, who insists that her dilettante lover shall do a real work in the world. Atmosphere, bright talk and charm of character mark the story.

By MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

Attractive Pictures by R. M. CROSBY *Price $1.30 Net*

INDIANAPOLIS **THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY** NEW YORK

The Bibelot

A REPRINT OF POETRY AND PROSE FOR BOOKLOVERS, CHOSEN IN PART FROM SCARCE EDITIONS and SOURCES NOT GENERALLY KNOWN

THE BIBELOT is in shape a small quarto (4½x6), choicely printed on white laid paper, uncut edges, and done up in old-style blue wrappers. It is issued monthly, and has from 32 to 40 pages of text, forming a volume of 450 pages, at least, each year.

¶ Subscriptions to all parts of the world for 1913, Volume XIX, are taken for the complete year only at *75c. net in advance, postpaid.* After April 1st, 1913, the rate will be *$1.00 net.*

AMPHORA

A COLLECTION OF PROSE AND VERSE CHOSEN BY THE EDITOR OF THE BIBELOT

AMPHORA anciently signified an earthen vessel made to contain various precious liquids as honey, olive oil or wine. The name carries a beautiful aloofness from usages of to-day. No one in the present age calls for actual amphoræ. In fact the poetry of utensils seems to have vanished. The title may therefore be taken in a purely symbolic sense, and as such I hope and believe contains specimens of noble verse and prose which will surely appeal to more than a little clan of lovers of the book beautiful.

¶ 925 copies, Fcap octavo, Van Gelder hand-made paper, old-style boards, $1.75 net. 50 copies on Japan vellum (numbered), $4.00 net.

A Complete Descriptive Catalogue of The Mosher Books on Request

THOMAS B. MOSHER, Portland, Maine

THE THREE GIFTS OF LIFE

A Girl's Responsibility for Race Progress

BY

NELLIE M. SMITH

Lecturer for the American Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis

With an Introduction by THOMAS DENNISON WOOD, M.D., Professor of Physical Education, Teachers College, Columbia University

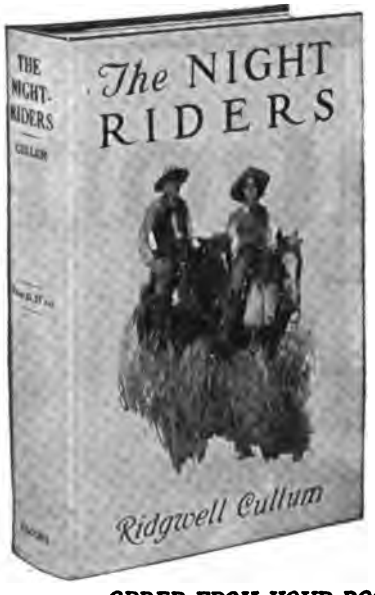
The instruction of the young for the serious duties of life is recognized to-day as a most vital part of education.

HERE is a little book on the origin of life that treats the subject in an entirely new way. Its purpose is not only to give the scientific statement of life's origin, but what is of far greater practical importance, to show the relation between the facts of reproduction and life as a whole. Its aim is constructive rather than destructive; to give a higher interpretation of the meaning and purpose of life, a saner, more wholesome view of the every-day relations between the sexes, and a broader vision of the possibilities of advancement when both men and women work together for the good of the human race rather than the satisfaction of personal pleasure.

Net, 60 cents. Postage, 8 cents extra

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

"The Night Riders will make Ridgwell Cullum famous"



¶Whether or not you have read "The Watchers of the Plains," "The Sheriff of Dyke Hole," "The Trail of the Axe" and "The One-Way Trail,"

By Ridgwell Cullum

you will want to read his latest and *by far* his best story

THE NIGHT RIDERS

A Tale of Early Montana, which sweeps along with a rush and swing, thrilling and intense, compelling the absorbed attention to the last word.

Four illustrations in color by H. J. Soulen. 12mo, cloth. $1.25 net; by mail, $1.40

ORDER FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER OR FROM THE PUBLISHERS

GEORGE W. JACOBS & COMPANY :: PHILADELPHIA

The North American Review

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

For FEBRUARY (On News-stands January 28)

Rational Tariff Revision	A. K. FISKE
Psychology and the Navy . . .	HUGO MÜNSTERBERG
Grain Growing and Canadian Expansion	EDWARD PORRITT
Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff" . .	KURT SCHINDLER
What Is Socialism—II.	A. MAURICE LOW
Phillips Brooks and German Preaching	FRANCIS G. PEABODY
The Life of Benjamin Disraeli	PRICE COLLIER
China's Revolution and Its Effect . .	CHING-CHUN WANG

We shall be pleased to send THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for three months for one dollar

$4.00 the Year *35c. the Copy*

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW PUBLISHING CO.
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

"The best weekly, not only in America, but in the world." James Bryce.

The Nation

"The foremost critical journal of America" contains every week the following departments

Literary Criticism

The important books are reviewed as soon after publication as is consistent with careful examination.

Drama, Music and Art

The significant musical and dramatic events and the best art exhibitions in America and Europe are treated by competent critics.

Editorial Articles

These are careful and temperate discussions of prominent political and social topics.

Finance

This department presents, nearly every issue, an expert view of some important topic in finance or economic progress.

Science

Reviews of important books of science, and articles and notes of scientific interest, are prepared by the best authorities.

Special Correspondence

Articles from all quarters of the globe, written by intelligent and trustworthy observers.

SAMPLE COPIES FOR SEVERAL WEEKS ON REQUEST

TEN CENTS A COPY **THREE DOLLARS A YEAR**

The Nation, 24 Vesey St., New York City

THE PARASITE



By HELEN R. MARTIN

Illustrated in color by James Montgomery Flagg.
$1.25 net. Postpaid $1.37

A startling new novel by the author of "Tillie, A Mennonite Maid," etc.

¶ If any fiction of recent years might be described as "a novel of the unexpected," this story of Joan and Judge Randall, married only in name, might so be termed. The characters are full of human traits and will live in the pages of this book as people you have known intimately. They will endear themselves to you. Mrs. Martin's vigorous and unique treatment of their problems also makes this novel a true and powerful revelation of human character and American social life.

SALLY CASTLETON SOUTHERNER

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

Author of "The Isle of Dead Ships," etc.

Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. $1.25 net.
Postpaid $1.37



¶ In this love story, brimming with action, the principal characters are Sally Castleton, the lovely daughter of a Confederate general, and Frank Radcliffe, a Northern spy, who penetrates the Southern lines on a dangerous mission. Under peculiar circumstances Sally becomes the captor of Frank. Thereafter love and duty struggle for supremacy in the heart of Sally through all of the tense moments and exciting scenes leading up to the climax at the Castleton homestead. The author has written of war times with true art, and has conceived a romance of indescribable charm in vivid contrast to the dark shadows of the Rebellion.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY PUBLISHERS PHILADELPHIA

THE BOOKMAN



STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., OF THE BOOKMAN PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y. REQUIRED BY ACT OF AUGUST 1912

Editor, Arthur B. Maurice, Rahway, N. J.

Business Manager, Ralph E. DeWitt,
139 East 30th Street, New York.

Publisher, Dodd, Mead & Company,
449 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Owners, Dodd, Mead & Company,
449 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Dodd, Mead & Company, by
Frederick W. Tufts, of and for the firm.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1912. (Seal)

HENRY J. DANSER, *Notary Public, New York County.*
(My commission expires March 30, 1913.)

FEBRUARY, 1913.



ELIZABETH ROBINS

AUTHOR OF

MY LITTLE SISTER

IF you read the SHORTENED VERSION of this wonderful story which ran serially in *McClure's Magazine*, you will want to read and to own the LONGER, MORE COMPLETE AND EVEN MORE POWERFUL NOVEL contained within the covers of this book,

If you did not read this astounding serial in *McClure's*, then you cannot afford to miss—**"An epoch-making narrative—a definite contribution to the thinking of the world upon a subject that each succeeding generation has come to regard as THE great problem of civilization."**—*McClure's Magazine.*

360 pages, $1.25 net. Postage, 12 cents extra

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

Leading Spring Novels

THE WEAKER VESSEL

By E. F. BENSON

Author of "Dodo," "The Challoners," etc.

Although E. F. Benson is widely known as a clever member of a remarkable family, and the author of a dozen extremely clever novels, he has never yet done better work than that which has gone into the writing of "The Weaker Vessel." A young girl in a country vicarage, the inmates of which are sketched with a Trollopean fidelity to life, has within her the latent seeds of genius, and of a noble character. In the course of time she escapes from her quiet nest into the outside world; and in the course of time, like many young girls, she marries. Then comes her test. The husband, like her, is lovable, and in his way a genius; but he possesses one fatal defect of character,—drunkenness, which, in the course of time, warps his whole nature. As he sinks lower, his wife rises higher. And when the inevitable catastrophe comes, she meets it with a noble and sunny fortitude which cannot fail to affect even cynical readers; and from the wreck builds up at last an enduring happiness.

$1.35 *net. Postage* 13c. *extra*

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

Author of "The Magnet," "The Closing Net," etc.

Henry C. Rowland has an enormous vogue among the readers of magazine fiction, and deservedly so, for his fiction might well be labelled "the kind that entertains." In "The Apple of Discord," with the brilliant composer, Calvert Lanier, and his floating studio, who obtrudes himself upon the most exclusive summer colony on the Atlantic Coast, and in one morning succeeds, by and with the consent of each, in kissing the three most exclusive and fairest members of the colony, and later, gets all at sea in more senses than one with two of them, Mr. Rowland is at his best. Light and bright and clever and *live*, "The Apple of Discord" is a story that entertains.

$1.25 *net. Postage* 12c. *extra*

THE POISONED PEN

Further Adventures of Craig Kennedy, Scientific Detective

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

Author of "The Silent Bullet"

"Very ingenious and new," said Thomas A. Edison of Mr. Reeve's first book, "The Silent Bullet." In its pages Craig Kennedy, Scientific Detective, stepping close upon the heels of Sherlock Holmes in popularity, is a welcome feature. And in the pages of "The Poisoned Pen" this same Craig Kennedy tracks down criminals by the methods that a scientist would use in ferreting out a germ. How he outwits the Confidence King, is more astute than the Unofficial Spy, and can go as far beneath the surface of things as the Sand-Hog; how he discovers the Germ of Death and sees the Invisible Ray; these are some of the incidents that will attract those who like to analyze and be thrilled, guess and be mystified,—in other words, readers of detective fiction,—to "The Poisoned Pen."

$1.25 *net. Postage* 12c. *extra*

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

Leading Spring Novels

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK

By W. L. GEORGE

Author of "A Bed of Roses," etc.

"Dedicated to the facets of the anarchist mind," says the author in his preface. This is indeed the story of the development of an anarchist, but one of peculiar type and striking personality. As Israel Kalisch grows from the little, fat, mistreated but ever philosophical boy, wanderer in Poland and Hungary, to the hard-working, big-dreaming member of the proletariat of New York and of London, his development is shown step by step. Given such a boy, and such kicks and cuffs from society, he will develop inevitably into such a man, still receiving the kicks and cuffs. But he is not a type, and his story is not told as representative of a type. Kalisch is an individual, clear through, not only in name and belief, but in reality. And as he, among his comrades, men and women, works out the destiny which his character and his environment make inevitable, his story, like himself, develops a remarkable and an arresting personality. Those who look for novels of real merit will not want to miss "Until the Day Break."

$1.30 *net.* *Postage, 13c. extra.*

THE LOST MILLION

By WINTHROP ALDEN

Winthrop Alden is a pseudonym of a well-known author who is testing the effect of anonymity upon the popularity of his novels.

Property worth a million dollars, if lost, will not easily be forgotten. Starting with this basic truth, the story of "The Lost Million" follows the adventurous romance of a beautiful young girl who is heiress to the lost million, if it can be found; a big, ardent, quick-witted and two-fisted young man who stumbles upon a clue to its discovery; and a disagreeable man who wants the million, wants to know where it is, and, as the possessor of a very ominous and deadly agent—new, by the way, in current fiction—makes himself a very unpleasant obstacle to the discovery of the missing wealth and to the true happiness of the two young people.

$1.25 *net.* *Postage 12c. extra.*

COME RACK! COME ROPE!

By ROBERT HUGH BENSON

Author of "Lord of the World," etc.

Taking the reign of Elizabeth as his time, and the persecution of the Catholics as his theme, Father Benson has written a story of the love and devotion and wonderful courage of Robin Audrey, a young country squire; of the maiden who dedicated him; of his playmate, Thomas Babington, not unknown in history for his efforts in behalf of Mary Queen of Scots; and others. There is drama in plenty in this vigorous tale, not omitting that most exciting of all stories, which never fails to thrill, the game of hide and seek when a man is running and hiding for his life.

$1.35 *net.* *Postage 13c. extra.*

Publishers **DODD, MEAD & COMPANY** **New York**

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

THE LIFE OF THE SPIDER

By J. H. FABRE

Author of "Insect Life," etc.

WITH AN APPRECIATION OF FABRE BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

Quite recently both the literary and the scientific world discovered an overlooked genius, a modern one at that. They found a simple old French naturalist, neglected and poor, who had written some of the most interesting, inspiring and remarkable scientific studies that have ever been produced. Maeterlinck calls this man, Fabre, "one of the glories of the civilized world. . . . one of the most profound admirations of my life." Rostand talks of him as the "*savant* who thinks like a philosopher and writes like a poet." Frenchmen of all schools are agreed that Fabre is one of the great naturalists of the world. And not the least of his greatness is the extraordinary interest he contrives to give to his scientific writings. You may know nothing about spiders, for example, and may think you care nothing about them, but Fabre writes a story of the spider that is as thrilling, as dramatic, as intensely interesting as a most exciting novel. And moreover it is all true, which fact gives the last touch to making the reading of a book by Fabre an unalloyed delight.

Illustrated. 12mo. $1.50 net. Postage 15c. extra.

ROYAL AUCTION BRIDGE, UP-TO-DATE

By H. P CLARK

Author of "Condensed Bridge," "Auction Bridge Condensed," "Auction Bridge," etc.

Containing full explanation of the bidding and the play of the new count at Royal Spades (Lilies).

16mo. Flexible covers, bound in basket weave red silk, net, $1.00.

A GENTLE JEHU IN JAPAN

By ETHEL L. McLEAN

Printed on hand made, deckle edged paper, and containing many beautiful illustrations printed in color, and mounted.

Here is a bright, clever description of a trip to Japan that is issued in an edition as dainty and artistic as if it were in truth a bit of Japanese art.

Half Ooze Calf. 8vo. Net, $3.00.

Timely Aids to Travelers

A GUIDE TO FLORIDA — By HARRISON RHODES and MARY WOLFE DUMONT

For Tourists, Sportsmen and Settlers. With the Inland Waterways from New York to Key West. Containing complete information about Resorts, Routes, Sports, Hotels, History, etc., etc. *Handy pocket size, $2.25 net. Postage 13c. extra.*

HOW TO PREPARE FOR EUROPE — By H. A. GUERBER

Maps, illustrations, tables, bibliographies, etc.
Handy pocket size, limp cloth, $2.00 net. Limp leather, $2.50 net. Postage 16c. extra.

A GUIDE TO THE WEST INDIES — By F. A. OBER

Maps, illustrations, lists of all hotels, etc.
Handy pocket size, flexible cloth, $2.25 net. Flexible leather, $2.75 net. Postage 18c. extra.

BERMUDA, Past and Present — By WALTER B. HAYWARD

Map, illustrations, lists of hotels and boarding houses, etc.
12mo. $1.25 net. Postage 12c. extra.

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

SONG POEMS WANTED We pay hundreds of dollars a year to successful song writers. Send us your work to-day, with or without music. Acceptance guaranteed, if available. Large book FREE. **DUGDALE COMPANY, Dept. 739, Washington, D. C.**

The Magazine Maker

Is to the Writer Craft

What "Printer's Ink" is to the Advertising Man

No author can afford to be without it on his desk. When you see a copy you'll understand. It helps you write, rewrite and sell. Send Fifteen Cents for a copy and see.

THE MAGAZINE MAKER
32 Union Square, East, New York City

Sell Your Stories

The Editor of Lippincott's Magazine, Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, in his Short-Story Course of forty lessons, will help you to give your stories the correct form and detail which only training makes possible.



Dr. Esenwein

Story-writers must be **made** as well as **born**; they must master the **details** of construction if they would turn their talents to account.

May we send you the names of students and graduates who have succeeded? And the success their letters prove is **practical**. It means recognition, accepted manuscripts and checks from editors. Let us send you our 250-page Catalogue.

(Mrs.) Sallie P. Harrison of Tazewell, Va., says: "My first effort at short-story construction, done as a part of a lesson in the Home Correspondence Course, was accepted by a leading fiction magazine and I have been asked to do more along the same line. I am greatly indebted to The H. C. S."

We also offer a course in Journalism, taught by Ernest Newton Bagg, formerly literary editor of the Boston Globe; and in all over One Hundred Home Study Courses, many of them under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and leading colleges. 250-page Catalogue free. Please address

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 295, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

TELEPHONES 1823 AND 1824 BRYANT

WILLIAM R. JENKINS CO.

Publishers, Booksellers, Stationers, Printers

FOREIGN BOOKS We have purchased the old established business of F. W. Christern (Dyrsen & Pfeiffer, successors), foreign booksellers of this city, thereby increasing the supply and variety of our books in French, German, Italian, Spanish and other languages, broadening the scope of our already extensive foreign book business.

851 AND 853 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
(N. W. COR. 49TH STREET)

F. M. HOLLY
Established 1905
Authors' and Publishers' Representative
Circulars sent upon request. 156 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

WRITERS

I agree to find a publisher for every manuscript that I deem worthy of publication. Manuscripts are critically read and revised by me, and typed and otherwise properly prepared for the publisher by my experts. Translations in all languages.

MODESTE HANNIS JORDAN
615 W. 136th St., New York City.
Send 10 Cents for Writers' Leaflet of Instruction.

¶ To sell something choice, we would appeal to people who are interested in the refinements of life, and no better list of such people can be found for this purpose than the readers of THE BOOKMAN.

LOUISE E. DEW
LITERARY REPRESENTATIVE
Manuscripts wanted. Criticism, revision, placing. 18 years' editorial experience. Circular upon request. Send 25 cents for
"FROM THE EDITOR'S VIEW POINT"
156 Fifth Avenue New York.

MARIE H. LÖHR
makes a specialty of typing English, French, and Italian Manuscripts, Translations. Accuracy guaranteed.
156 Fifth Avenue **New York**

DOROTHY PRIESTMAN
LITERARY AGENT
27 East 22d Street, New York
Helpful—Reliable—Progressive—Efficient
ASK THE PUBLISHERS or write us for circulars and references

MANUSCRIPTS TYPEWRITTEN
Neatly *Promptly* *Accurately*
RITA J. MACARTHUR
Tel. 2632 Riverside. **310 W. 95th St.**

If your advertisement were in this small space it would be read by a great many people who would be interested. Write us for rates.

HIGGINS'
DRAWING INKS
ETERNAL WRITING INK
ENGROSSING INK
TAURINE MUCILAGE
PHOTO MOUNTER PASTE
DRAWING BOARD PASTE
LIQUID PASTE
OFFICE PASTE
VEGETABLE GLUE, Etc.



Are the Finest and Best Inks and Adhesives Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the *Higgins' Inks and Adhesives*. They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean, well put up, and withal so efficient.

At Dealers Generally
CHAS. M. HIGGINS & CO., Mfrs.
271 NINTH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
BRANCHES: CHICAGO, LONDON

Now that there are so many substitutes remember that

"BAKER'S"

is the



COCOA

OF HIGH QUALITY

Absolutely pure, delicious and healthful

Registered, U. S. Pat. Off.

Trade-Mark on Every Package

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

FOR SALE: This space, with pleasant outlook each month upon an audience of cultivated and discriminating readers and BUYERS. For particulars apply to the Business Manager of the Bookman, 443 Fourth Ave., New York.

HOTEL CUMBERLAND



NEW YORK

BROADWAY AT 54TH STREET

Near 50th St. Subway Station and 53d St. Elevated

"Broadway" Cars from Grand Central Depot pass the door.
Also Seventh Avenue Cars from Pennsylvania Station

New and Fireproof

Best Hotel Accommodations in New York at Reasonable Rates

$2.50 with Bath, and up

Special Rates for Permanent Guests. European Plan
All Hardwood Floors and Oriental Rugs

Ten minutes' walk to 30 Theatres

Excellent Restaurant. Prices Moderate. Send for Booklet.

HARRY P. STIMSON, formerly with Hotel Imperial

Only New York Hotel Screened Throughout

JAN 27 191

VOL. XXXVI FEBRUARY, 1913 No. 6

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

That Atlantic "Find"

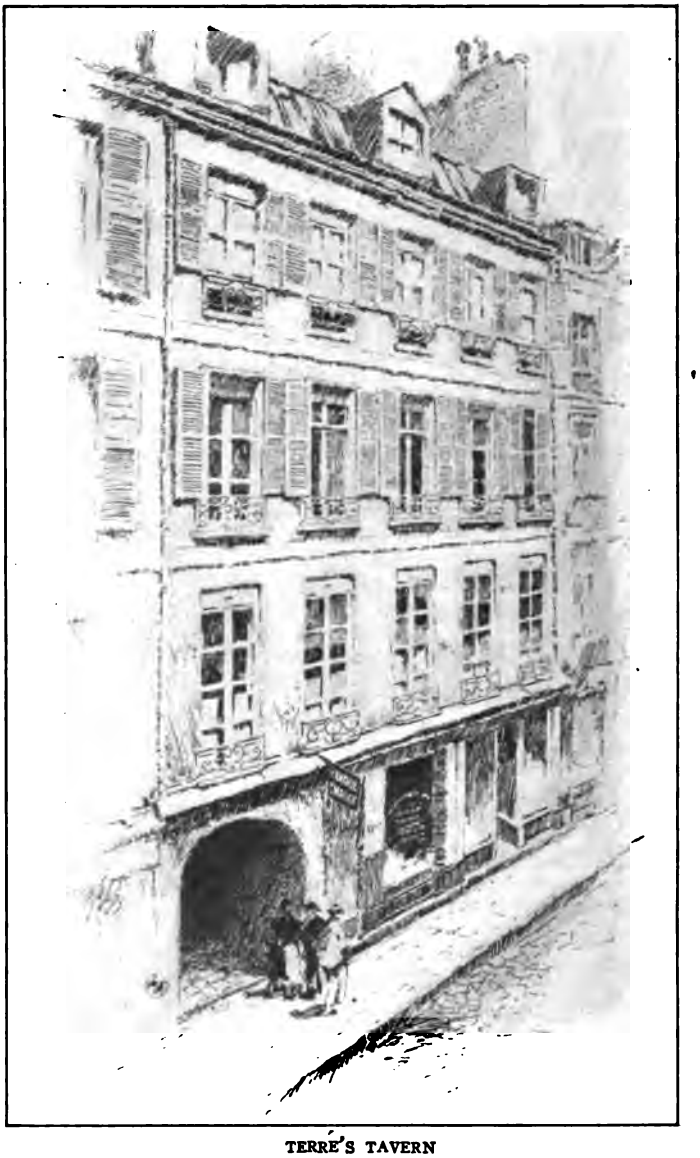
We had planned to devote this little corner of our space to a complimentary paragraph. That paragraph was to extend to the *Atlantic Monthly* our cordial congratulations upon that rare find in their January issue, the hitherto unpublished letter from the pen of Alfred de Musset, in which the poet described a visit to Rachel. We had begun the projected paragraph when a second glance at the newly discovered treasure brought to light certain lines that seemed strangely familiar. That general impression of the Felix family, the mother, the brother, and the sisters, of the great tragedienne. Then the spirited words of Rachel herself, when she described the limitations of her wardrobe at the time of her first appearance on the stage of the Comédie Française. Little by little the *Atlantic* "find" began to assume the lineaments of an old friend. Not only that, but of an old friend with whom we had resumed acquaintance quite recently. So, in order to verify these impressions, we turned, not to the complete works of Alfred de Musset, but to Mr. Francis Gribble's *Rachel: Her Stage Life and Her Real Life,* which appeared a year or so ago from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and there found the "hitherto unpublished letter" quoted almost at full length. Alas, the *Atlantic* has been sadly deceived! But we had left this space for a paragraph, and a paragraph had to be written. Only as congratulations, under the circumstances, seem a little out of the question, we extend to the *Atlantic* our condolences instead.

Terré's Tavern

Some time ago Mr. Julian Street wrote a whimsical and instructive little sketch called *Paris à la Carte,* which unquestionably entertained a great many readers, and is said to have earned for its author many garlic-flavoured curses from the Bohemian clients of a certain restaurant of Montmartre, whose exclusiveness was threatened by hordes of invading American tourists. As Mr. Street succeeded in astonishing the artists, actors, and journalists who had been in the habit of patronising the Restaurant du Coucou, he also succeeds in astonishing us by a statement to the effect that Terré's Tavern, immortalised in the "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse," was situated on the left bank of the Seine, near the Latin Quarter. He writes: "Those who remember Thackeray's 'Ballad of the Bouillabaisse' will find the restaurant therein celebrated a few blocks back of the Café Laperousse, near the Church of St. Germain des Près. I do not know that bouillabaisse may still be had there, but I hope so. Perhaps you will find out."

By some this might be dismissed lightly. But it is a grave matter, of quite as much importance as the exact situation of this or that headquarters of Field Marshal Wellington, for though by no means great poetry, the ballad beginning

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields.
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is,
The New Street of the Little Fields.



TERRÉ'S TAVERN

And there's an inn not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case,
The which in youth I oft attended
To eat a dish of bouillabaisse.

is, and is probably destined to remain, one of the immortal ballades of our tongue, to live for itself, and to be perpetuated in some way in the literature of every new generation. Only yesterday the genial Laird, of Mr. du Maurier's *Trilby,* was lying on a sick bed, while kindly French nurses wept as they listened to his prayers. But these "prayers," strangely enough, invariably ended with allusion to

Red peppers, garlic, roach and dace,
All these you get in Terré's Tavern
In that one dish of bouillabaisse.

As a matter of fact, the site of the real Terré's Tavern, where Thackeray was in the habit of dining about the year 1840, is not on the south side of the river at all, but is almost within a stone's throw of



THE HOME OF THE OTHER WOMAN—VANESSA'S HOUSE

THE LOVES OF CADENUS AND VANESSA YOU MAY PERUSE IN CADENUS'S OWN POEM ON THE SUBJECT, AND IN POOR VANESSA'S VEHEMENT EXPOSTULATORY VERSES AND LETTERS TO HIM; SHE ADORES HIM, IMPLORES HIM, ADMIRES HIM, THINKS HIM SOMETHING GOD-LIKE, AND ONLY PRAYS TO BE ADMITTED TO LIE AT HIS FEET. AS THEY ARE BRINGING HIM HOME FROM CHURCH, THOSE DIVINE FEET OF DR. SWIFT'S ARE FOUND PRETTY OFTEN IN VANESSA'S PARLOUR. HE LIKES TO BE ADMIRED AND ADORED. HE FINDS MISS VANHOMRICH TO BE A WOMAN OF GREAT TASTE AND SPIRIT, AND BEAUTY AND WIT, AND A FORTUNE TOO. HE SEES HER EVERY DAY; HE DOES NOT TELL STELLA ABOUT THE BUSINESS: UNTIL THE IMPETUOUS VANESSA BECOMES TOO FOND OF HIM, UNTIL THE DOCTOR IS QUITE FRIGHTENED BY THE YOUNG WOMAN'S ARDOUR, AND CONFOUNDED BY HER WARMTH. HE WANTED TO MARRY NEITHER OF THEM—THAT I BELIEVE WAS THE TRUTH; BUT IF HE HAD NOT MARRIED STELLA, VANESSA WOULD HAVE HAD HIM IN SPITE OF HIMSELF. WHEN HE WENT BACK TO IRELAND, HIS ARIADNE, NOT CONTENT TO REMAIN IN HER ISLE, PURSUED THE FUGITIVE DEAN: IN VAIN HE PROTESTED, HE VOWED, HE SOOTHED, AND BULLIED; THE NEWS OF THE DEAN'S MARRIAGE WITH STELLA AT LAST CAME TO HER, AND IT KILLED HER—SHE DIED OF THAT PASSION.

AND WHEN SHE DIED, AND STELLA HEARD THAT SWIFT HAD WRITTEN BEAUTIFULLY REGARDING HER, "THAT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME," SAID MRS. STELLA, "FOR WE ALL KNOW THE DEAN COULD WRITE BEAUTIFULLY ABOUT A BROOMSTICK." A WOMAN—A TRUE WOMAN! WOULD YOU HAVE HAD ONE OF THEM FORGIVE THE OTHER?—*Thackeray's English Humourists.*

the great boulevards and the fashionable shops of the Rue de la Paix. Soon after Thackeray's Paris days the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs became the Rue des Petits Champs. It is that to-day and runs from somewhere near the Passage Choiseul, diagonally, as it were, down to the Place Vendome. About ten years ago a sketch of the building in which Terré had his restaurant was made for the Kensington Edition of Thackeray's works. The number was originally 16. But although it is not the tavern of the bouillabaisse, that other hostelry to which Mr. Street refers has also some very decided Thackerayan associations. He dined there often in the years when he was an art student, and to this day there hangs on the wall a portrait of the novelist at table, and an appended note setting forth the facts of his fame and his patronage.

More about Richard Dehan

While the author of *Between Two Thieves* has been quite adequately introduced to American readers, here are some further details of her earlier life which seem comparatively fresh. She was nine years old when her family emigrated to England from their Irish home. She had seen a good deal of barrack life, and at Southsea, where they went to live, she acquired a large knowledge of both services in the circle of naval and military friends they made there, and this knowledge years afterward she turned to account in *Between Two Thieves*. In 1884, Miss Graves became an art student and



MISS CLO GRAVES
at the age of four

MISS CLO GRAVES
at the age of twenty-one

MISS CLO GRAVES
at the age of thirty-four

worked at the British Museum Galleries and the Royal Female School of Art, helping to support herself by journalism of a lesser kind, among other things drawing little pen-and-ink grotesques for the comic papers. By and by she resolved to take to dramatic writing, and being too poor, she says, to manage in any other way, she abandoned art and took an engagement in a travelling theatrical company. In 1888 her first chance as a dramatist came. She was again in London, working vigorously at journalism, when some one was needed to write extra lyrics for a pantomime then in preparation. A letter of recommendation from an editor to the manager ended in Miss Clo Graves writing the pantomime of *Puss in Boots*. Later a tragedy by her, *Nitooris*, was produced for an afternoon at Drury Lane, and another of her plays, *The Mother of Three*, proved not only a literary, but also a material success.

Portraits and Sketches

"He was the fairy in our midst," writes Edmund Gosse of the late Andrew Lang in the recently published *Portraits and Sketches*. "He was the wonder-working, incorporeal, and tricksy fay of letters, who paid for all his wonderful gifts and charms by being not quite a man of like passions with the rest of us. If we can conceive a seraph being funny, it would be in the manner of Andrew Lang." Mr. Gosse recalls an instance of the depressing effect of Lang's wit. He (Gosse) was passing through a phase of enthusiasm for Emerson, whom Lang very characteristically detested, and happened to show the Scotchman the famous epigram "Brahma," which begins with the lines:

> If the red slayer think he slays,
> Or if the slain think he is slain,
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Lang read it with a snort of derision (it appeared to be new to him), and on the spot improvised this parody:

> If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
> Or if the batsman thinks he's bowled,
> They know not, poor misguided souls,
> They, too, shall perish unconsoled.
> I am the batsman and the bat,
> I am the bowler and the ball,
> The umpire, the pavilion cat,
> The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all.

Mr. Gosse devotes a chapter of *Portraits and Sketches* to Wolcott Balestier. Now memories are notoriously short, and we take it for granted that to-day Wolcott Balestier is rather a dim figure in the minds of the average American reader. Balestier! Oh, yes, he was the man who collaborated with Rudyard Kipling in the writing of *The Naulahka*, and Kipling married his sister. When Gosse first met Balestier in 1888, the latter was in his twenty-eighth year. He had studied at Cornell, edited a news-



WOLCOTT BALESTIER

paper in Rochester, New York, worked in the Astor Library in New York City, travelled extensively in the West and South, and finally had gone to England to represent a New York publisher and to open an office in London. Within twelve months, Mr. Gosse tells us, he knew the English book market as, probably, no Englishman knew it. His mind moved with extreme rapidity; he never seemed to require to be told a fact or given a hint twice.

When you saw him a few days later the fact had gathered to itself a cluster of associate supports, the hint had already ripened to action. I may quote an instance which has a pathetic interest now. In the autumn of 1889, fresh from reading *Soldiers Three,* I told him that he ought to keep his eye on a new Indian writer, Rudyard Kipling. "Rudyard Kipling?" he answered impatiently; "is it a man or a woman? What's its real name?" A little nettled, I said, "You will find that you won't be allowed to go on asking questions like those. He is going to be one of the greatest writers of the day."



ROALD AMUNDSEN. A REVIEW OF "THE SOUTH POLE" WILL BE FOUND ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

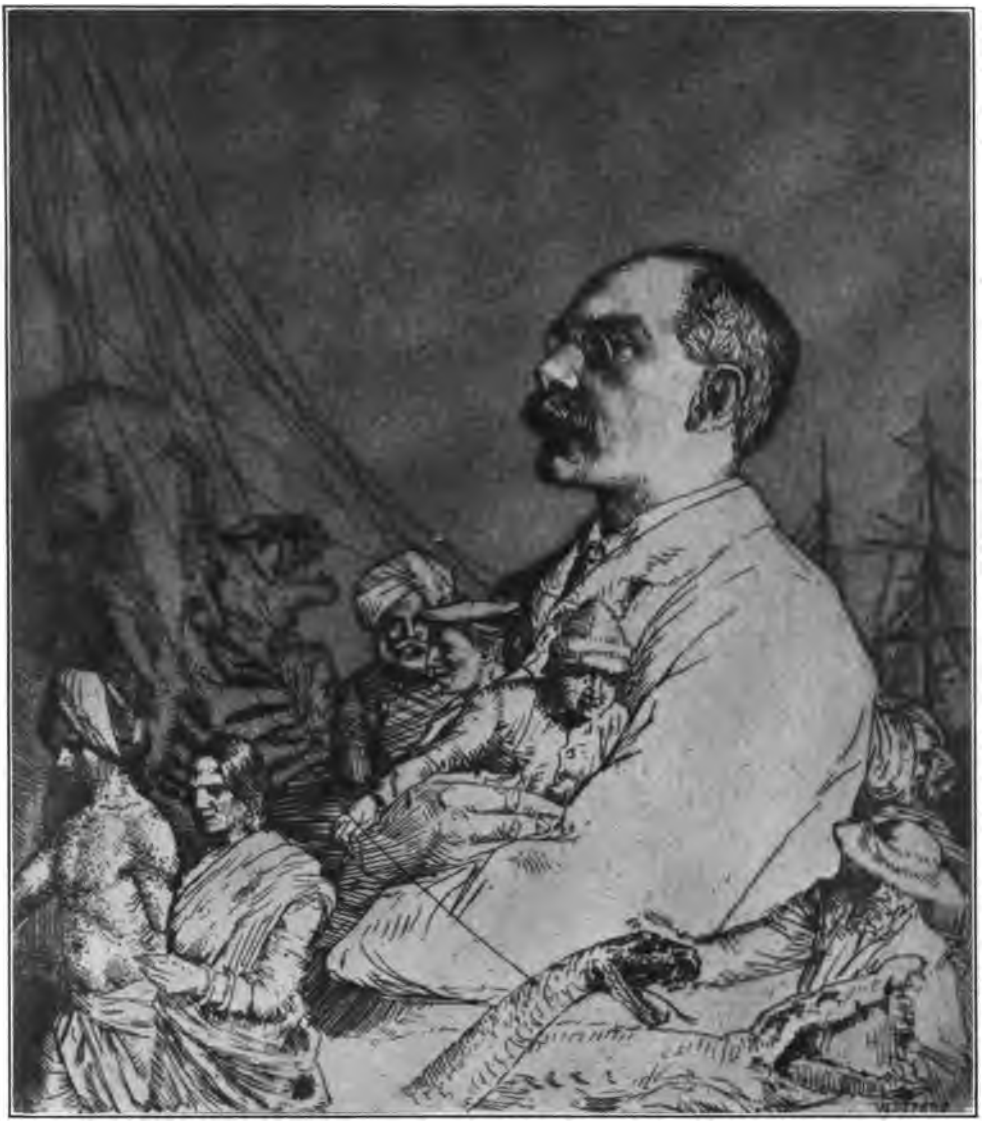
"Pooh, pooh!" Balestier replied, "now you are shouting!" And no further reference was made to the subject. But three days later I found a pile of the blue Indian pamphlets on his desk, and within a week he had added the future collaborator in *The Naulahka* to the troop of what he used to call his "personal conquests."

Two Lights on Tennyson

Edmund Gosse first met Tennyson in 1871. He was led to the introduction in a state of overwhelming excitement, his heart pounding in his chest with agitation. Tennyson was scarcely a human being, he was the God of the Golden Bow. The meeting was in the British Museum.

"It must, I suppose, have been one of those days on which the public was then excluded, since we found Tennyson, with a single companion, alone in what was then the long First Sculpture Gallery. His friend was James Spedding, at whom in other conditions I should have gazed with interest, but in the Delphic presence he was not visible to my dazzled eyes. Mr. Thornycroft's statue of the poet, now placed in Trinity College, gives an admirable impression of him at a slightly later date than 1871, if (that is) it is translated out of terms of white into terms of black. Tennyson, at that time, was still one of the darkest of men, as he is familiarly seen in all his earlier portraits. But those portraits do not give, although Mr. Thornycroft has suggested, the singular majesty of his figure, standing in repose. Ralston, for all his six feet, seemed to dwindle before this magnificent presence, while Tennyson stood, bareheaded among the Roman Emperors, every inch as imperial-looking as the best of them. He stood there as we approached him, very still, with slightly drooping eyelids, and made no movement, no gesture of approach. Somebody suggested that we should examine the works of art, which in that solitude we could delightfully do. Tennyson led us, and we stopped at any sculpture which attracted his notice. But the only remark which my memory has retained was made before the famous black bust of Antinous. Tennyson bent forward a little, and said in his deep, slow voice, 'Ah! this is the inscrutable Bithynian!' There was a pause, and then added, gazing into the eyes of the bust: 'If we knew what he knew, we should understand the ancient world.' If I live to be a hundred years old, I shall still hear his rich tones as he said this, without emphasis, without affectation, as though he were speaking to himself."

Contrast this impression of Tennyson with that given by Frederick Wedmore



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

RUDYARD KIPLING AND HIS CREATIONS. FROM THE ETCHING BY WILLIAM STRANG
(SEE ARTICLE, MODERN ENGLISH ETCHERS)

in his recently published *Memories*. Wedmore first met the poet at a dinner at Stopford Brookes's.

He came into Brookes's drawing-room in his morning jacket: uttering an apology for being, as he said, in "working clothes." His son Hallam—the present Tennyson, was with him. Among the guests—and they were few—were the Walter Cranes.

There had been some difficulty, Stopford Brookes told me, in getting Tennyson to come. The constitutional indolence, of which he was himself well aware, asserted itself continually. And besides, "What was he going to be given to drink?" On its being jocularly promised and arranged that he should have a bottle of old Port—the days were Claret-drinking days, remember, and Tennyson, in the matter of wine, was simply twenty years before his time—he said he would come. He *had* his bottle of old Port, which contained not a drop too



MAURICE ROSTAND AND MADAME EDMOND ROSTAND

much for him—for he became only more and more mellow under its genial influence.

Except his little apology for appearing in morning dress, I heard nothing that was said by him that night till he got down to dinner, when on making an inquiry, natural at the time—the time of certain difficulties with Russia, that were occupying the public mind—Miss Brookes who, in Manchester Square, was at the head of the table, said to him, "Mr. Tennyson, do you like the Russians?" In one of the deepest voices it was ever given to me to listen to, the answer came—"I hate them like the Devil."

Rostand and 13

A writer in *Les Annales* of Paris has pointed out that Edmond Rostand does not share in the general feeling of aversion to the number "13." He occupies in the French Academy Seat No. 13. He is the thirteenth holder of that seat. His name is made up of thirteen letters. Two of his principal works, *Cyrano* and *L'Aiglon*, form a total of thirteen letters. Also thirteen letters long is *La Samaritane*, the work that first made the

name of the poet familiar to the world of letters.

An Apparent Exception.

As a general rule, when the wife, or the son, or the daughter of a famous man of letters produces a novel, or a play, or a poem, we are inclined to regard the achievement (to characterise it politely) with a certain tolerant amusement. But the case of *A Good Little Devil,* the play bearing the names of Madame Rostand and Maurice Rostand, respectively the wife and son of the author of *Cyrano* and *L'Aiglon,* seems to be an exception. At that the literary association does not end with Rostand's wife and son; for the adaptation for the English-speaking stage was made by Mr. Austin Strong, who is known as the author of *The Exile,* and *The Little Father of the Wilderness* (both written in collaboration with Lloyd Osbourne), *The Drums of Oude, The Toy Maker of Nuremberg,* and a new version of *Rip Van Winkle;* and known also because he is the step-grandson of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Hugo Story

A little controversy has been going on in Paris about the memory of Madame Victor Hugo. Jules Claretie has been in the midst of it, and Adolph Brisson has found himself indirectly entangled. Brisson formerly printed certain confidences that he had received from Hugo's publisher, Lacroix. Lacroix, deserted by fortune, grew old philosophically in an apartment on the fifth floor in one of the poorer quarters of Paris. His property consisted of little more than an incomparable collection of autographs that recalled to him his days of glory, letters from celebrated writers whose books he had published. The most curious of all these letters came from Hugo and concerned the publication of *Les Miserables.* Lacroix, very young and full of ardour, learned that the famous novel was finished and decided that it should be the first venture of the publishing house that he had determined to establish. He went to Hauteville House, conquered it by his youthful enthusiasm, declared himself ready to accept any terms. At first these terms seemed a little hard. Victor Hugo demanded three hundred thousand francs for the book, one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs to be paid in advance, in English gold. Although not having the first part of this sum Lacroix signed the contract. Intoxicated with joy, he proceeded to Brussels, procured



AUSTIN STRONG. FROM A SKETCH BY OWEN JOHNSON

the necessary money from a banker, and returned to Guernsey. He carried the precious specie in a leather saddle bag that he preserved, as a relic, until his death. Fearful of being robbed on the road, he watched night and day, pistol in hand. He arrived safe and sound, to take possession of the precious manuscript.

Les Miserables appeared. It won a triumph, not only in France, but throughout Europe. The world devoured it.

Lacroix received the reward of his daring. He became rich. A year later he determined to commemorate the literary event by giving a dinner to M. and Mme. Victor Hugo. He wished to gather the intimate friends of the great man, those who shared in his life, and composed, in a certain way, his court. But if Hugo was punctilious in the matter of social attentions that should be paid to his wife, he was no less exacting in the matter of attentions which should be paid to Madame Drouet, the faithful friend, who copied his manuscripts with so much care, and was as close to him as his shadow. To invite one without the other would not have been possible. To invite them both might be interpreted as an impropriety. Lacroix, in a sad state of doubt, decided to go frankly to Madame Hugo. "Invite Madame Drouet," said she. "But you, Madame? I am counting above all on your presence." "You can count upon me." And here is the point of the controversy. Did Madame Hugo really assist at this love feast? Gustave Simon has discovered a letter proving that at the last moment the legitimate spouse of the poet absented herself. But does this letter refer to this actual dinner? Certainly Madame Hugo witnessed with sadness the affection of her illustrious husband for Madame Drouet. But the years of endurance had blunted her jealousy. She excused his weaknesses, pardoned him, continued to love him despite his faults. At length justice is being done to the memory of Madame Hugo. Light biographies, duped by appearances, have shown her indifferent, distant, of only mediocre intelligence. She did not resemble this portrait at all. She suffered, she wept, but she concealed her tears and never complained, uniting the most touching simplicity with the most perfect dignity.

Old Figures Passing

Within the past few weeks news has come of the death of two men who played parts in Thomas Hughes's famous *Tom Brown at Rugby*. First a dispatch from England reported the death, at a rural vicarage in Bedfordshire, of a venerable clergyman, the Rev. Augustus Orlebar, who is described as the Tom Brown of the fight with Slogger Williams. Mr. Orlebar was captain of the Rugby eleven in the match which was played with Marylebone just before the news arrived of Dr. Arnold's death. It is said that the original Slogger Williams, who is Chancellor of St. Asaph Cathedral in Wales, still survives. A few weeks after the death of Mr. Orlebar came the news of the death of John George Holway, one of the seconds in the same great fight. Mr. Holway, who had been at Rugby with Hughes, was in his ninetieth year.

The New "Who's Who"

The appearance of *Who's Who in America* for 1912-1913 would seem to indicate that there are rather more than twice as many Americans of more or less distinction at the present time than there were thirteen years ago. In other words, the first edition (1899-1900) contained 8,602 names, while the present edition brings the number up to 18,794. This is an increase far out of proportion to the increase in general population. It is not uninteresting to glance back at the changes which have come with the publication of the seven volumes of this reference work. The second edition (1901-1902) advanced the number of names to 11,949. In the third edition (1903-1905) there were 14,443, a further increase of 2,892. The fourth edition (1906-1907) contained 16,216 names, or an increase over its immediate predecessor of 1,773. In the fifth edition (1908-1909), the number grew to 16,395, and the sixth edition (1910-1911) contained a total of 17,546, an increase of 1,151.

In some notes upon the edition of *Who's Who in America* for 1908-1909, in THE BOOKMAN for May, 1908, we called attention to the "Geographical Index" (then included for the first time), pointing out that it showed the emphasis upon the professions, and neglect of commercial and industrial achievements and also (perhaps) a tendency to be impressed by the presumed "culture" of eastern communities. To illustrate these

points, we cited such towns as Paterson, New Jersey, Springfield, Fall River, and Lynn, Massachusetts, and certain cities of the West. We turned to the same towns in the present edition. Paterson in 1908 was represented by thirteen names. It is represented by the same number to-day. Fall River was credited with seven in the fifth edition and ten in the present edition. In both cases all the names are of professional men. Lynn four years ago had eleven, all but two of whom were in the professions. Now the number has dwindled to seven, practically all of whom are professional men. Four years ago we commented that St. Joseph, Missouri, then a thriving city of 118,000 inhabitants, had in *Who's Who* only four individuals, a consul-general, a Roman Catholic bishop, and two authors. The number is the same in the present edition, but while the bishop and one of the authors are still there, the other author and the consul-general have made way for a judge and a clergyman.

More about Miss Robins

Although opinions as to its merits differ widely, there can be no doubt that Miss Elizabeth Robins's *My Little Sister* is far and away the most widely discussed novel of the hour. As a serial it was read by a great many persons who claim that they never read serials; and as a book it is being read by many who are inclined to flout contemporary fiction. While this novel is the first that seems likely to bring Miss Robins forward as a conspicuous literary figure, her books have always had the appreciation of a number of discriminating readers. When the late Mark Twain was in Sweden in the autumn of 1899 he chanced to read *The Open Question*. When he had finished he was moved to write the author as follows:

DEAR MISS ROBINS: A relative of Matthew Arnold lent us your *Open Question* the other day, and Mrs. Clemens and I are in your debt. I am not able to put in words my feeling about the book—my admiration of its depth and truth and wisdom and courage, and the fine and great literary art and grace of the setting. At your age you cannot have lived the half of the things that are in the book, nor personally penetrated to the deeps it deals in, nor covered its wide horizons with your very own vision—and so, what is your secret? how have you written this miracle? Perhaps one must concede that genius has no youth, but starts with the ripeness of age and old experience.

Well, in any case, I am grateful to you. I have not been so enriched by a book for many years, nor so enchanted by one. I seem to be using strong language; still, I have weighed it.

Sincerely yours,

S. L. CLEMENS.

There has been prevalent the curious idea that Miss Robins is an English woman. As a matter of fact, although for the past fifteen or twenty years she has lived most of the time in England, she is by birth a Kentuckian. Although recently she seems to have drifted away from the stage, which was her first choice as a career, her interpretation of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* remains in the memory of many who witnessed it as the one real interpretation ever presented on an English or American stage. Miss Robins has an exceedingly talented younger brother, Raymond Robins, who has been for years conspicuous in political and sociological work in Chicago. From 1902 to 1905 he was the superintendent of the Chicago Municipal Lodging House, and at the same time was the head worker for the Northwestern University Settlement. During the last year or two he has taken an active part in the Men and Religion Forward Movement campaign. Mr. Robins has spent much time in the Yukon, and is believed to have given his sister much of the material that went into the making of *The Magnetic North*. He was talking the other evening about the futility of trying to impress upon the minds of natives of Alaska ideas which originally came from heated Eastern countries. For example, he pointed out that it would be no use to paint the terrors of a torrid hell in the Yukon, for every one who heard would want to go there. To one Esquimau he put the question "What is hell?" The response was: "Hell, him one heap big iceberg—never break up." A few weeks ago Mr. Robins was at a dinner party in Washington, and one of the guests present, a United States Senator, not knowing of

the relationship, began to speak in the highest terms of *My Little Sister*. "Please repeat that," said Mr. Robins, leaning forward. The other did so, but then queried, "Why did you ask?" "Because," said Mr. Robins, "*My Little Sister* was written by my big sister."

The Poe Mystery

Mr. J. H. Whitty, of Richmond, Virginia, a gentleman who has contributed materially to the literature about Edgar Allan Poe, throws a little more light on the problem of the "Naval Officer" in *The Mystery of Marie Roget*. He writes:

I have been reading your comments about Poe's *Mystery of Marie Roget*. I cannot help thinking that Professor Woodberry and yourself are a little astray in this matter. Poe himself traces the crime by his inferences most directly to the "Naval Officer." I never saw it mentioned elsewhere. See the "Virginia Poe" and turn to pp. 42-3: "And here let me call your attention to the fact that the time elapsing between the first ascertained and the second elopement, is a few months more than the general period of the cruises of our men-of-war. Had the lover been interrupted in his first villainy by the necessity of departure to sea, and had he seized the first moment of his return to renew the base designs not yet accomplished—or not yet altogether accomplished *by him?* Who is that secret lover, I ask, of whom at least most of the relatives know nothing?" Then turn to pp. 60-3: "This associate is of a swarthy complexion. This complexion, the 'hitch' in the bandage and the 'sailors' knot' with which the bonnet ribbon is tied, point to a seaman. His companionship with the deceased, a gay, but not an abject, young girl, designate him as above the grade of a common sailor."

The circumstances of the first elopement, as mentioned by *Le Mercure*, tend to blend the idea of the seaman with the "naval officer," who is first known to have led the unfortunate into crime. Let us sift to the bottom this affair of the first elopement. Let us know the full history of this officer, with his present circumstances and his whereabouts at the precise period of the murder. Let us compare the various communications with the known MSS. of this officer. And now let us trace the boat, etc., etc.

Doyle's Crowborough Home

Mr. A. St. John Adcock, writing of the creator of Sherlock Holmes, thus describes Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's home at Windlesham, Crowborough. "In the hall hangs the mud-encrusted cricket-bat, with which he made a century, on a wet wicket, in the very first match he played at Lords; in one room is a beautiful statuette of Lord Roberts, presented to him by the members of the Langman Hospital staff in recognition of the work he did during the Boer War; and in another, again in spontaneous recognition of his national services in South Africa, is the silver bowl subscribed for by Sir Arthur's neighbours (and the grooms and gardeners of his neighbours), when he was living at Hindland; here hangs a blood-smeared banolier taken from a soldier who was killed in battle on the veldt; there, a haversack containing a set of cheap chess-men. This too is a relic of the Boer War. As Sir Arthur was riding with a small party across country, they were stopped by a native who told them a dead or dying Englishman lay some little distance aside, and they found a soldier, dead of his wounds, with one of the pawns out of this haversack of his clasped between a finger and thumb. Trophies of sport are on many of the walls, and pictures of famous prize-fighters and prize-fighting; in one of the windows is a large bust of Sherlock Holmes, modelled in clay and sent to the author by an unknown admirer from Manchester; and, to say nothing of many other similar mementoes, on the floor of the billiard room stand two huge fossil feet of the prehistoric Iguanodon, and on the table above them is the flint head of an arrow that has survived from the Stone Age. It was the discovery of these relics on the downs that stretch for miles before his own door that set Sir Arthur's imagination at work on the period to which they belong and resulted in the creation of the astonishing Professor Challenger, the sending of him and his search party to that almost inaccessible plateau in the wilds of South America which they find still inhabited by men and animals of the prehistoric type and, in a word, in the writing of *The Lost World*,



A SKETCH OF ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE MADE BY HIMSELF AFTER RECEIVING HIS MEDICAL DEGREE

which is at once one of the most realistic and one of the most romantic of his books—its wildest imaginings wearing an air of sheer reality from the Defoe-like, matter-of-fact manner of their narration.

Mr. Adcock makes the following divisions of Sir Arthur Doyle's work: Police or sensational romances—*A Study in Scarlet, The Sign of Four, The Hound of the Baskervilles, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes, The Return of Sherlock Holmes, The Firm of Girdlestone.*

Historical novels—*Sir Nigel,* and its sequel (though it was written first), *The White Company;* these two covering the period between 1340 and 1360; *Micah Clarke* (1679), *The Refugees* (1670), *Rodney Stone* (1804). Then come four novels fashioned round the glamorous figure of Napoleon, *The Great Shadow, Uncle Bernac, The Adventures of Brigadier Gerard, The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard,* and a romance of modern Egypt, *The Tragedy of the Korosko.*

Then there are short novels of modern life and books of short stories, such as *The Doings of Raffles Haw,* and *The Parasite; A Duet, and an Occasional Chorus,* dealing with the domestic humours and emotions of average lives; *The Green Flag; Round the Fire Stories; The Lost Galley;* the collection of medical stories in *Round the Red Lamp; The Stark Munro Letters,* again reminiscent of their author's medical experiences, and vividly and realistically revealing the thoughts and opinions of a young man on life and the world in which he is living; one book of literary criticisms, *The Magic Door;* two of poetry, *Songs of Action* and *Songs of the Road;* and one notable volume of history, *The Great Boer War.* Also, besides the books and pamphlets on *The Crime of the Congo,* the Edalji and Slater cases, and the Boer War, there are the plays: *Halves; A story of Waterloo,* in which Irving made one of his great successes as Corporal Brewster; *The Fires of Fate* (a dramatic version of *The Tragedy of the Korosko*); *The House of Temperley, The Speckled Band* (a Sherlock Holmes adventure) and *Sherlock Holmes,* which was dramatised by Mr. William Gillette, who himself played the title rôle.

The R. L. S. Originals.

A volume entitled *The R. L. Stevenson Originals* has recently been added to the interesting series that was inaugurated with *The Scott Originals* and *The Dickens Originals.* This new volume is the work of Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson, and is the third book about Stevenson which has been published in the last fifteen years by this amiable friend of his early days in Edinburgh. Miss Simpson is the daughter of Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., the famous physician who discovered the use



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. A SILHOUETTE

of chloroform as an anæsthetic, and the sister of the late Sir Walter Simpson, who is remembered by the world at large as the "Cigarette" of *The Inland Voyage* and the "Athelred" of *Talk and Talkers.*

The most valuable chapter in Miss Simpson's recent book is, naturally enough, the one in which she gives an intimate account of the companionship which was closely maintained for a decade between Louis Stevenson and her brother. The public should be all the more grateful for this record since Sir Walter seems to have destroyed or lost all but one of the many letters that Stevenson must have written to him, and, on this account only, could not be fairly represented in Sir Sidney Colvin's edition of Stevenson's collected correspondence. The Simpsons lived at 52 Queen Street, diagonally across "the dark belt of the Queen Street Gardens" from the Stevenson home at 17 Heriot Row. Sir Walter, like the late Andrew Lang, attended the old Edinburgh Academy at the same time as Louis Stevenson; but owing to the fact that he was seven years older than Louis, he did not meet him until later in life, when they were both reading for the bar. Thereafter Louis developed a habit of dashing over to the Simpsons' at all hours of the day and night and chatting in his feverish, fantastic vein as he paced the library and smoked innumerable cigarettes. Miss Simpson has preserved a mellow memory of these old intimacies, and has composed an interesting record of the contrast between the nimble and extravagant Louis and her more sensible and stolid brother.

But apart from this personal record the book has little value. It merely retells the life-story of Stevenson in a manner that is gossipy and inconsecutive, without adding any important items to the mass of material that has already been given to the public, in a more coherent and intelligible manner, by Sir Sidney Colvin and Mr. Graham Balfour. Many exceedingly important facts of Stevenson's biography which have thus far been suppressed for reasons of personal tact remain ultimately to be given to the world by some writer of a younger generation; but since Miss Simpson has confined herself to a pleasant but uncritical review of those facts with which the public has already, for a long time, been familiar, her book adds nothing to the existing sum-total of Stevensoniana. It seems a little surprising that the author has made no attempt to limit her book to the province indicated by its title; and it is even more surprising that she has not even covered that particular province with any thoroughness. A great deal more is known about the Stevenson originals than is expounded in this volume. For instance the author does not mention that Bob Stevenson [the author's cousin, Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson] was the original of that young man with the cream tarts who behaves in so astonishing a manner at the beginning of the story of "The Suicide Club"; and she apparently has never heard that the peculiar mannerisms of Attwater, in *The Ebb Tide,* were copied from those of A. G. Dew-Smith, of Cambridge, to whom Stevenson addressed from Davos the delightful letter in rhyme beginning, "Figure me to yourself, I pray." Neither does Miss Simpson tell us the fairly well-known story of Stevenson's perturbation upon discovering that the man who had served as the original of the Admiral in *The Story of a Lie* actually had a daughter who was still living and who might—he feared—be wounded at his revelation of her father's weaknesses. Such obvious omissions as these, in a volume entitled *The R. L. Stevenson Originals,* give evidence that the author's knowledge of Stevenson and his work is more personal than scholarly.

Parallel Cases.

A few months ago we had occasion to recall the curious charge of plagiarism that was brought against William Allen Butler in connection with his famous poem "Nothing to Wear." The late Will Carleton had a similar experience with "Betsey and I Are Out." That poem was the first of the *Farm Ballads,* and was published in *Harper's Weekly* for May 27, 1871. Before very long another claimant for the verses appeared in the person of a Mrs. or Miss

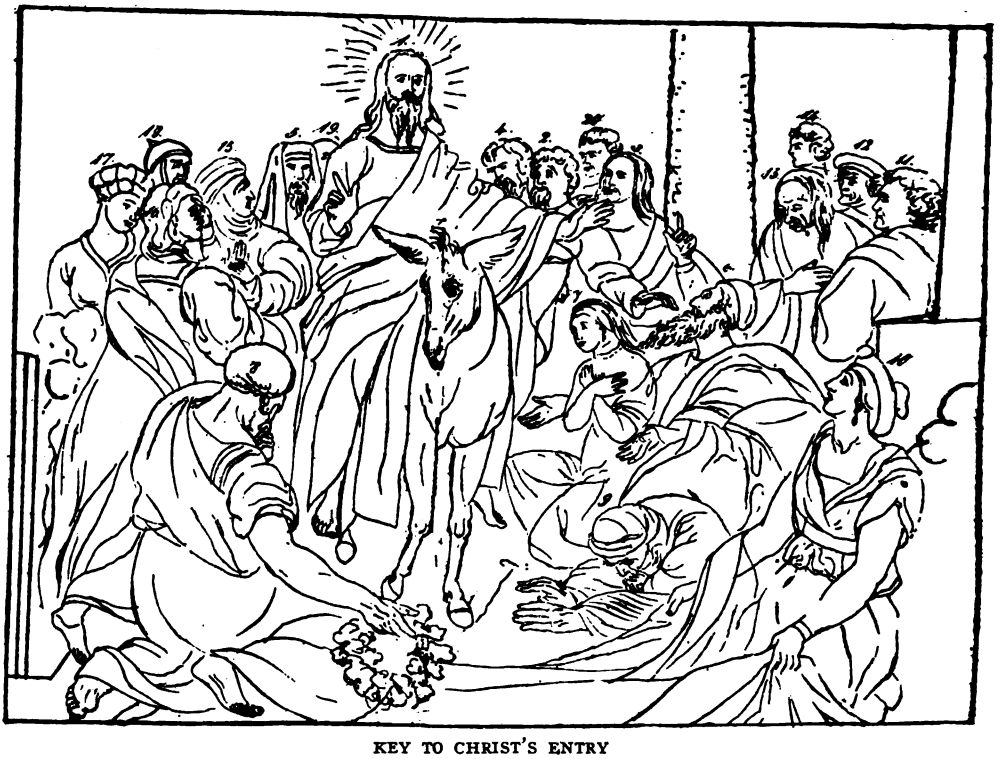
K. S. Emerson, who maintained that she had written "Betsey and I Are Out" in 1869, that she had made several manuscript copies of it, which were passed among her friends, and that Carleton had in some way obtained one of these copies and published the ballad under his own name in a Western newspaper. The charge having been brought to the attention of *Harper's Weekly*, Mr. S. S. Conant, who was then the editor, wrote to Mr. Carleton, suggesting that legal action be taken against the publishing house that had brought out a book of Mrs. Emerson's verses, and in their advertisements countenanced the accusation of "literary piracy."

As is usual in a case of this kind, there were plenty of persons found willing and eager to espouse the cause of the lady, and to profess belief in the accusation against the more widely known writer. These advocates were early in the field, and Mrs. Emerson's case was brought before the public with a great deal of finesse. Soon after the issue of the number for May 27, 1871, a friend of the new claimant called at the *Harper's Weekly* office to ask for a recognition of her authorship. This was met by the offer to examine proofs, if Mrs. Emerson could produce any, and by the request that she should submit other ballads and poems for consideration, for which the same compensation was offered, if her contributions were found to equal "Betsey and I Are Out" in literary merit, as was paid to Carleton. Mrs. Emerson, or, as she then called herself, Mrs. French, subsequently called in person, and asserted that she alone was the author of the ballad. Her story then was, as circulated by her friends, that she had composed the ballad while in a state of trance, she being what is known as a medium, and had sold it to Mr. Carleton for the paltry sum of two dollars, that being the fee for which the lady put favoured mortals into direct communication with the world of spirits.

As a matter of fact, at that time Carleton had never been in New York, and, therefore, must have taken the ballad down from dictation over a distance of several hundred miles. When this was pointed out Mrs. Emerson departed somewhat disconcerted, but promised to send specimens of her poetic abilities. One or two of these specimens were afterward received, but were found to be of far inferior metal. A summing up of the whole case by a writer in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* ended with the following paragraph:

> It will thus be seen that Miss Emerson's claim rests upon her bare assertion, unsupported by a particle of proof, while it is at once disproved, as the New York *Tribune* very justly remarks, "by the fact that not a line in her volume bears the slightest kindred to the ballad she has so coolly appropriated." She has shifted from one story to another, as her position became untenable, and though asserting loudly, through her publishers and friends, her ability to substantiate her claim, she has thus far entirely failed to bring forward a single fact to make her assertion good. . . . The fair inference from all this shuffling and shillyshallying is that her "proofs" are mythical, and that her claims will never rest upon anything more substantial than her unsupported assertion. . . . It is probably not hazarding too much to express the belief that her claim will be soon forgotten or be remembered only in consideration of its impudence.

No one will be likely to dispute the statement that among contemporary American writers of detective fiction the name of Burton Egbert Stevenson should be placed very near the top. Years ago his "Marathon Mystery" and "Holliday Case" won for him deserved recognition, while "The Boule Cabinet," which appeared last winter, was acclaimed as one of the three compelling mystery stories of the past three or four years, the other two being Tyler de Saix's "The Man Without a Head," and Cleveland Moffett's "Through the Wall." In an article in the March BOOKMAN *entitled Supreme Moments of Detective Fiction, Mr. Stevenson will tell of the craftsmanship and of what to his mind are the biggest situations in a field that he has made so much his own.*



KEY TO CHRIST'S ENTRY
Probably engraved for Haydon's exhibition in London. Now in the Boston Public Library.

OLD PIGMENTS AND NEW FOUND FACES

BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN

("Believe me, Haydon, your picture is part of myself."—KEATS.)

I

FOR five and twenty years an oil painting, in good condition, but frameless and poorly lighted, has hung on the staircase of the Art Museum of Cincinnati. Thousands of visitors walk under it annually. A few give it a passing glance; it is unusual for any one to show a greater interest. Yet the time was—some ninety years ago—that tens of thousands crowded to see this picture—Benjamin Robert Haydon's "Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem"—and each one paid a shilling for the privilege. They came to look at it for no sentimental or sensational reasons, but because of its high repute as a work of art. It was considered "a masterpiece," the greatest historical painting that England had produced, a work that would mark an epoch in art. Charles Lamb wrote a poem in its praise; Wordsworth, referring to the six years Haydon had spent upon it, said that it was worth waiting fifty years to get so perfect a picture. Other writers of eminence proclaimed its unsurpassed greatness.

The painting, however, is not a masterpiece. England has produced many a work before and since of far greater merit; it marked no epoch in art. Never-



CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM
Painted by Benjamin Robert Haydon. Now in the Art Museum, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IN TABULAM EXIMII

By Charles Lamb

What rider's that? and those myriads bringing
Him on His way with palms, Hosannas singing?
Hosanna to the Christ, Heaven—Earth—should still be ringing.

In days of old, old Palma won renown:
But Palma's self must yield the painter's crown,
Haydon to thee. Thy palm put every other down.

If Flaccus' sentence with the truth agree,
That "palms awarded make men plump to be,"
Friend Horace, Haydon soon in bulk shall match with thee.

Painters with poets for the laurel vie:
But should the laureat band thy claims deny,
Wear thou thy own green palm, Haydon, triumphantly.

theless, for all lovers of English literature this painting holds an interest which is bound to increase as the facts concerning it become known.

Any inanimate thing that has been associated with such men as Wordsworth, Keats, William Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, and John Howard Payne, is of interest and value. When that thing happens to be a painting which, besides associations, contains portraits of some of these persons, painted from life—as is the case

with this picture—it is, per se, of greater interest and more value. Such a painting demands a consideration denied to many a better work.

The story of Haydon's picture is worth the telling if only for its many associations with Keats, and for the strong interest he manifested in it throughout his whole life as a poet. He frequently referred to it in his letters as "the Picture." While on his way to the Isle of Wight, whither he was going by the advice of Haydon, he wrote:

"I have conned over every Head in Haydon's Picture"; from Teignmouth some time later: "I am nearer myself to hear your 'Christ' is being tinted into immortality. Believe me, Haydon, your picture is part of myself."

There is perhaps nothing extant, outside of Keats's personal belongings, a house at Hampstead and one at Rome—certainly nothing in America, that has so many associations with the poet. He watched its slow growth upon the canvas and rejoiced in the triumph it brought the painter. As Keats died about a year after the exhibition of the picture, before the glory of Haydon's triumph was dimmed, he never suspected how hollow it all was. Although he says that he knew Haydon's faults, he could not have known how the painter's tactlessness and inordinate egotism were to rob him of honestly won laurels and bring into being an animosity which, in one form or another, stalked the misguided man for thirty years, and at last seduced him into taking his own life.

But the clouds had not yet gathered when Leigh Hunt introduced young John Keats to the most conspicuous artist in all England. That they were mutually pleased with each other their letters show. Haydon was happy, hopeful, and well pleased with himself, as was usually the case when he had a large painting, with all its attendant difficulties, well under way. Difficulties were to this energetic, masterful man what hazards are to golf-players—and, for the most part, they caused him about as much anxiety. During an enforced ride in a lawyer's cab he composed his "Crucifixion"; lingering in a friend's room, hoping to avoid arrest, he designed the background for another picture; while playing unwilling host to an officer of the law he constrained his guest to be his model. During a stay in a debtors' prison he met some veterans of Waterloo, and "never passed pleasanter evenings." In this same unpropitious quarter he sketched a bit of horseplay, and afterwards put it on canvas. George IV, that astute critic, saw it, pronounced it "a damn fine thing," and bought it. Haydon grew fat on difficulties that killed other men.

II

He completed the composition for his 13 x 15-foot painting, "Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem," late in 1814. He then made studies of figures in similar poses from the Elgin Marbles, hired his models and made casts of their faces.* This done, he adjusted several pairs of spectacles before his sadly imperfect eyes, and "flew at the canvas," with the living model before him. Through sickness and periods of semi-blindness, enduring poverty, an ever-increasing burden of debt, and the ridicule of thrifty portrait-painters, Haydon, with heroic determination, stuck to his self-imposed task. There were compensations, however. He was happy in his work; he delighted, too, in posing as the apostle-martyr of "High Art"; by judicious—and injudicious—advertising he made the acquaintance of men and women famous in that day and this. His painting-room was visited by "fashion, beauty, and rank, by genius and by royalty, and the expectation was very high indeed." Distinguished foreigners like Canova, Cuvier, Vernet, and Grand Duke Michael of Russia called and complimented him on his great historic picture. Sir George Beaumont—typical of the really noble in the British aristocracy—used to watch by the hour as Haydon plied his brush, and so used honest David Wilkie, the best friend Haydon ever had, and poor John Scott, Tom Keats's friend, whose life was soon to be sacrificed as one result of the detestable "Cockney School" criticisms.

Keats, too, used to sit for hours without speaking, seeing with those "Delphic priestess" eyes the figures emerge from

*To this unique habit of Haydon we undoubtedly owe the life mask of Keats.

the canvas. One day, however, he went to the canvas and stood before the portrait of Voltaire, which had just been put in. "That's the being to whom I bend," he said, bowing low with his hand on his heart. Haydon was a devout, almost fanatical, orthodox Christian. A spirit of mischief often prompted his friends to touch him on this tender spot, as Keats did here, for the pure fun of seeing him jump.

Among others who visited Haydon's studio during the painting of "Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem" was John Howard Payne. His friend, Charles Robert Leslie, the artist, has left an account of a visit to Haydon with Payne, when the American actor told Haydon of the trials he had endured through "the jealousy of English actors, and the illiberality of the English press." To all this Haydon very characteristically replied, "Sir, I regret from my soul the treatment you have met with; I regret it as an Englishman, and am ashamed of my country. . . . The only way in which I can show my sense of the injustice you have suffered is to make you the St. John in my picture." At first glance it would seem that Haydon's impulsive purpose was not carried out, but if any other portrait of Payne in similar pose is compared with the St. John, the likeness at once becomes apparent. The prominence of the historic St. John would forbid making his face an absolute portrait of a well-known American actor, but that Haydon used the actor-poet, slightly disguised by long hair and enlarged eyes, seems quite evident.

Late in 1817 Haydon gave a dinner in the room where the great canvas stood, by way of bringing Wordsworth and Keats together. This was "the immortal dinner" so often lovingly referred to in after years. Among the guests was Charles Lamb, who in a vein of inimita-



DETAIL OF HAYDON'S JERUSALEM
Containing portraits of William Hazlitt (second man from right) and, probably, John Howard Payne ("St. John," foreground, extreme right).

ble humour abused his host for putting Newton into his picture. "'A fellow,' he said, 'who believed nothing unless it was as clear as the three sides of a triangle.' And then he and Keats agreed he had destroyed all the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to the prismatic colours. It was impossible to resist him, and we all drank [Keats's toast] 'Newton's health, and confusion to mathematics.' It was a night worthy of the Elizabethan age, and my solemn 'Jerusalem' flashing up by the light of the fire, with Christ hanging over us like a vision, all made a picture which will long glow

'Upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.'"

Many other memorable gatherings "took place in that painting-room, where the food was simple, the wine good and the poetry first rate. Wordsworth, Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, David Wilkie, Leigh Hunt, Talfourd, Keats, etc., etc., attended my summons and honoured my table."*

After nearly six years the painting was done. A hall was hired and invitations to the exhibition sent out. Haydon worked through the morning of the opening day. He borrowed some money and went out for luncheon. Returning, he found Piccadilly blocked with carriages, while "princes of the blood, bishops and noblemen," foreign ambassadors, "beauties in high life," "geniuses and people of note from everywhere," crowded the great room. When Haydon entered he found Keats and Hazlitt, his two chief literary friends, and David Wilkie and John Jackson, his brother artists, quietly rejoicing in his triumph, while the gorgeously apparelled Persian ambassador was proclaiming loudly "I like the elbow of soldier." Other audible comments were few, for Haydon's departure from the traditional Christ confused the people. Taken at a disadvantage, they were wisely awaiting a cue, when, as if sent of heaven, "with all the dignity of her majestic presence," in walked Mrs. Siddons. An impressive silence followed while the most admired woman in England viewed the picture. "Mrs. Siddons," says one critic, "whom we estimate as the great organ of Nature's deepest sensations, decided from her unerring impulse, that the head [of Christ] was true in expression and character."

"It is completely successful," she said in her deep, impressive voice that carried far. Then as the overjoyed painter was presented, she added, "The paleness of your Christ gives it a supernatural look." Mrs. Siddons had spoken: the people knew what to think; the pen of the ready writers knew what to set forth. Haydon's picture became a national triumph.

*Quoted from *Haydon's Journal.*

III

In Edinburgh and Glasgow it was enthusiastically welcomed. Even Lockhart, who had dubbed Haydon "the Cockney Raphael," now bowed low before him, and Professor Wilson halted *Blackwood's* ridicule to receive him with open arms. In all over fifty thousand persons visited the picture, and a clear profit of ten thousand dollars resulted. Although not sufficient to pay his debts, this gave Haydon courage to add to his expenses by marrying a widow with two children.

But the leopard could change his spots more readily than Haydon could learn thrift. One day his effects were seized and sold to pay his debts. "Christ's Entry" was knocked down for twelve hundred dollars and stored in a warehouse, until in 1831 Cephas Childs, the Philadelphia engraver, and Henry Inman, the painter, bought it. Poor Haydon went to see it off, bewailing its loss to England, and praying for its success in America. The Philadelphia exhibition did not repeat the British successes, and the picture was finally lent to the Academy of Fine Arts. During a fire in 1846 it was cut from the frame and dragged from the building like a wet blanket. It came at last into possession of the Archbishop of Cincinnati, since which time, although exposed for years in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and for a quarter century in the Art Museum of Cincinnati, it has been practically lost to the world.

Let us now glance at the portraits which Haydon introduced into his painting, for, interesting as the picture itself may be, it is the portraits which give the great canvas a real value in our eyes. When first exhibited the identity of the originals of certain faces in the shouting

crowd surging about Christ was generally known. But some of these have been lost in the lapse of years. The identity of two of them is re-established by a "Key" which the writer has recently found in the Boston Public Library. This was apparently engraved for Haydon's exhibition pamphlet.

Wordsworth (No. 13) was never lost, perhaps because of an engraving from a portrait by Haydon similar to the head in this picture. The contrasted faces of Voltaire (No. 12) and Newton (No. 11) are always recognised, but they are unimportant, since death-masks were the best thing the painter had to work from. We should scarcely need the confirmation of the Key to know Hazlitt's portrait (No. 20), were it not that two other faces (No. 4 and No. 2) share the distinction of



DETAIL OF HAYDON'S JERUSALEM
Containing portraits of William Bewick and Keats (top row) and Wordsworth, Voltaire, and Newton (lower row).

being pointed out as his. A romantic legend has it that the Virgin (No. 15) is a portrait of Mrs. Siddons. But the actress was sixty-five years old at the time and, on the authority of the painter himself, it may be asserted that he had never met her until the day his picture was shown to the public. Keats's friend, the artist William Bewick, who was also the intimate friend of Hazlitt, was not at the time of sufficient importance to appear on the Key. But he is in the painting. So, too, in all probability is John Howard Payne, of whom mention has already been made. The eye (No. 19) between Joseph of Arimathea and Christ is, we are soberly informed by the Key, "Sharp the engraver." Whether this was Haydon's joke or the engraver's method of getting some return for his work, we have no means of knowing. The identification of Keats's portrait (No. 14) is happily rendered beyond doubt by the Key.

Let it be frankly stated that Haydon was not a portrait-painter. He looked down on such, and was wont to say: "Portraiture is always independent of art, and has little or nothing to do with it. It is one of the staple manufactures of the Empire. Where the British settle, . . . they carry and will always carry trial by jury, horse racing, and portrait painting." At the same time we must not forget that Hazlitt, the prince of art critics, who himself painted Wordsworth at this very time, has said that Haydon's Wordsworth in this picture "is the most like his drooping weight of thought and expression." Professor William Knight, of St. Andrew's University, in his pamphlet on the portraits of Wordsworth, after considering thirty-eight, selects five as best, and names first the sketch for the "Jerusalem" portrait. (The painting, presumably he never saw.) Judging by other portraits of Hazlitt, this one in Haydon's picture seems to be an undoubted success. The portrait of young Bewick, who was a favourite pupil of Haydon, he himself records is a good likeness. There is then a fair presumption that the face of Keats may be reasonably true to life, and if this is so the square foot of canvas it occupies is worth all the rest.

In his Journal of 1817 Haydon says, "I put Hazlitt's head into my picture looking at Christ as an investigator. It had a good effect. I then put Keats into the background and resolved to introduce Wordsworth." In 1864 Bewick wrote: "In the picture of Christ Riding Into Jerusalem I sat for several heads. One is very like what I was at the time; it is that of a person speaking loud to another, to give an idea of the noise and crowd. That other is John Keats, the young poet." Besides the large, forceful profile of the poet, a study for this picture, Haydon left a little sketch showing Keats's location between the pillars. As will be seen, the Key agrees with Bewick's note and with Haydon's note and sketches. The documentary evidence is interesting, but it is not necessary. The face of the animated young man between the pillars agrees perfectly with Haydon's large sketch and with the life-mask, the finest existing record of the poet's face. Unfortunately it is Keats who is "speaking loud," not Bewick, as after nearly fifty years he recalled the incident. But the face is the face of Keats, and a very attractive one it is in spite of the open mouth.

The known portraits of Keats, done from life, are rare. Joseph Severn made three, two sketches and a finished miniature. William Hilton made a chalk drawing. Some one, perhaps Charles Armitage Brown, cut a remarkably fine silhouette. Haydon left a large outline sketch in his Journal, and he it undoubtedly was who made the life-mask. This completes the list, except for the one in "Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem," now brought from oblivion and published for the first time.



THE COMPLETE COLLECTOR

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II. THE POOR COLLECTOR AND HIS PROBLEMS

BY FREDERICK A. KING

I



HE first part of this adventure dealt so almost exclusively with dazzling figures that the poor man can have little or nothing to do with it save to pay his tribute of cynical or exuberant wonder as the mood takes him. The avowed purpose of the second part is to suggest to this less favoured individual some part or lot that he may have in the game. There will be those to call it a piece of unmitigated folly for any one not rich to have anything to do with such a pursuit, yet if there chance to be one helpless soul who be bitten with the need of surrounding himself with the kind of good company that is prone to gather on exclusive bookshelves he will find he cannot keep away from those places where such gentry, even if reduced to a state of shabby gentility, assemble to await a further stage of their journey toward the everlasting bonfire,—the auction room or the second-hand book-store. The auction room he had better have as little as possible to do with; it is not for "the likes of him" to be drawn into a vortex of competition with fatter purses. He will watch its doings, however, and use it as a guide and counsellor as he goes about snapping up such unconsidered trifles as his cultivated instinct tells him not to pass. When an item is fully described in the auctioneer's catalogue, the chances of securing a bargain are much diminished, for too many eyes among those to whom the catalogue is mailed scrutinise the offerings, and that mysterious individual who is always represented in proxy by the auctioneer himself is a discourager of competition. You cannot gauge the length of his endurance and you fear to give loose rein to your fighting impulses for fear of being made to pay more for your enthusiasm than for your book. There are sometimes nondescript items known as bundles that occasionally secrete unexpected treasures, and if the appearance of the bundle is dingy the treasure may be wholly undetected before safely landed in the astute purchaser's hands. A friend confides that he once secured the delectable *Fanshawe* in such a way. It was in the earlier days of Bangs's, perhaps thirty or more years ago, and in poking among these bundles he pushed aside the formidable clothes line binding one and found that it concealed the magic title. The little grey book was securely buried in the centre of two score more. It was a day, of course, when this Hawthorne brought less than the fancy price now demanded, but it was even then a collector's nugget. The hours intervening before the sale were anxious ones for this Columbus lest others should make the same discovery. But fortune brought no such calamity; the bundle was purchased for $4.50, the nugget extracted and the useless books turned back for resale, so that the actual purchase price amounted to $1.50. Five years passed and that man's book-collecting fever subsided. At the sale of a part of his library in 1886 this copy brought $50. Since then, in the Arnold sale of American literature, it sold for $840. Such opportunities are of the rarest, one is prone to think. The writer begs to speak of one of his own modest finds, which is, indeed, of less intrinsic but of more emotional value. In this case it was a copy of William Winter's *Life of Edwin Booth,* which a dealer passed into his hands at his own price of $1. The previous owner had pasted on fly leaves various newspaper clippings that enlarged the presentation of the subject. Such indignities would ordinarily hurt the soul of the true bibliophile. But one of these clippings was from a West-

ern paper and reproduced an interview with Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander, in which this first player in America of Dumas's *Camille* told of Edwin Booth's performance with her of Armand Duval, when as a youth of eighteen he was serving his apprentice days in San Francisco. The formal biographies know nothing of this episode, but Mrs. Lander's glowing picture gives an impression of the young tragedian worth much to the collector of Boothiana. Besides this



HARRY E. WIDENER

In the history of American book-collecting Mr. Widener will remain the most romantic figure that our times or any time is likely to produce. Cut off in the great sea disaster of last spring in his early thirties, he had seemed to pursue his hobby of book-gathering with the passion of one who foresaw an early end. He collected first editions of Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, Keats, Shelley, Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, and his library boasted an assembly probably unique of books by and about Robert Louis Stevenson. Many of his books are copies personally associated with their authors, some with presentation inscriptions, others with manuscript corrections and annotations. It was these personal enhancements that gave a book its special charm and value in Mr. Widener's eyes. When the *Titanic* carried him down with its other helpless victims, it is said to have buried in the sea a rare volume of Bacon's essays that he had just acquired in London. Friends assert that from the moment of purchase the small volume was carried in his vest pocket, and that he had jokingly told Mr. Quaritch, the London dealer from whom the purchase was made, that if he was lost at sea the Bacon would go down clasped to his heart.

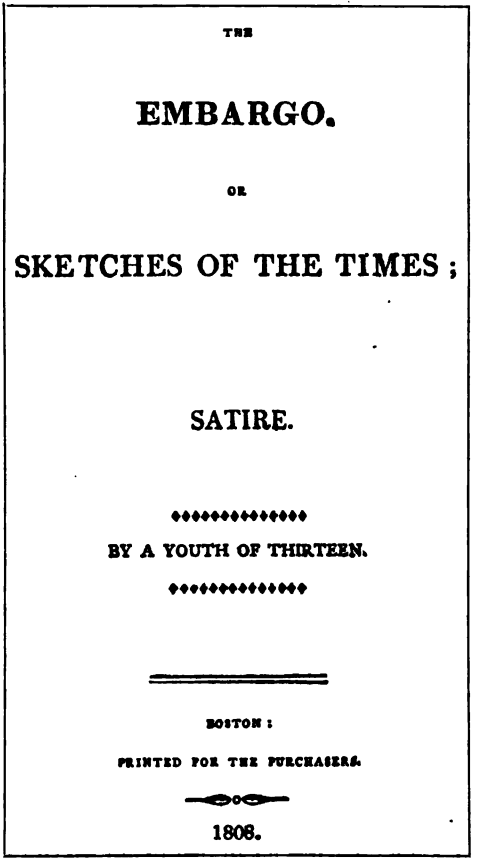
the volume turned out to be a first edition, now out of print, and further examination showed that its back end papers carried a rare portrait inset and an autograph signature of the famous tragedian. All these enhancements had passed the cataloguer, the auctioneer, even the book-seller, who looked his chagrin when the added features of the volume were pointed out to him. It is a book with a history, such as some collectors with a flair for "associational" values go far to find. Its previous owner remains without name, but his tastes and interests are stamped on this volume, and he is a fellow book-lover to whom one stretches out one's hand into the glow of the night lamp.

Alongside it, in its present abode, stands a stiff and starchy aristocrat, come down in the world, alas! This is a work on engraved gems with delicious copperplate engravings, printed at Rome in 1700, on paper that gives an exquisite sensation to the touch, and bound in red levant with gold tooling. The binder has certified to his work, the previous owners have contributed their mark. It was "Vathek," Beckford's copy, and figured in the Hamilton palace sale. Mr. Hoe added not only his book-plate, but his autograph. It accepts with what grace it may the conviction that this world is after all tending toward universal democracy. Having passed its two centuries and more in luxurious comfort along with the best society in the book world it doubtless has a low opinion of starving book-collectors, and wonders if it has bidden farewell forever to those old associates that have dazzled the world with figures. It need not be said that this work, though dedicated to the eminent and reverend prince, Il Signor Cardinale Cesere Destrees, is not in the class of those excessive rarities that the bibliophile may at a moment's notice recite the name and whereabouts of, give you also the pedigree and whatever chapter of romance clings about them, just as the right people know all about race horses and Rembrandts. As it stands to-day it is a frank pledge of that collector's folly so reprehended by money-wiseacres.

Moreover, it is not a work for which a poor book-collector would ever think of going in search. While he appeases his desire for possession with humbler fare he feeds his imagination with even greater things. And he cannot be charged with folly or unwisdom if he has a watchful eye for an early American rarity. He has probably abandoned thoughts of Poe's *Tamerlane,* but recent events quite justifiably turn his dreams toward the earliest *Bryant.*

II

In the Hoe sale Bryant's first poem, "The Embargo," found a buyer so anxious for its possession that he paid $3,300 to win it. This is a hard nut to crack, since Bryant is scarcely regarded within the first rank of American poets. This youthful effort, which flaunts its youthfulness in its subscription by "A Youth of Thirteen," can scarcely yield the political historian valuable reflections on its theme, the anti-Jeffersonian Fed-


THE

EMBARGO.

OR

SKETCHES OF THE TIMES;

SATIRE.

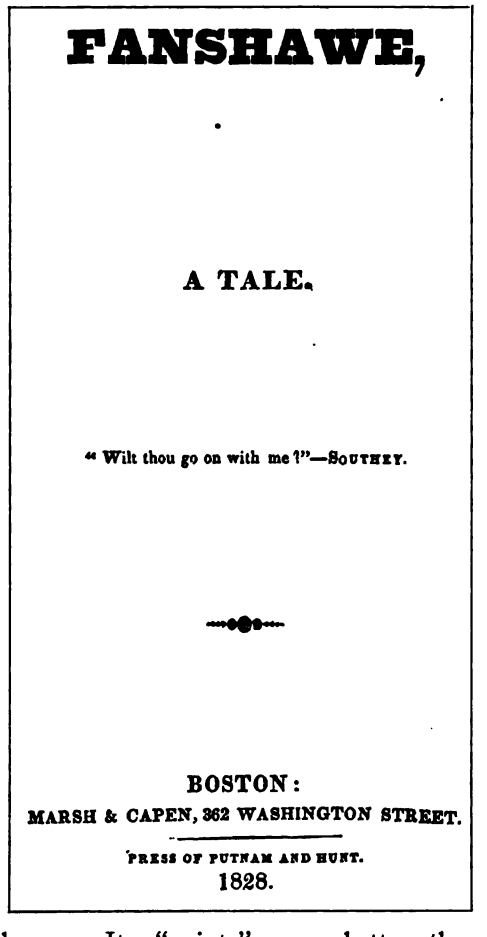
BY A YOUTH OF THIRTEEN.

BOSTON:

PRINTED FOR THE PURCHASERS.

1808.

eralism, prevalent in New England in 1808, the time of its publication. The volume was not even in the best state for a bibliophile, for it was cut down and rebound, yet two men at least drove its price up to the astounding figure here named. Now within a twelvemonth, another copy appears in an auction catalogue and sells for $3,000 to the same



FANSHAWE,

A TALE.

"Wilt thou go on with me?"—SOUTHEY.

BOSTON:
MARSH & CAPEN, 362 WASHINGTON STREET.

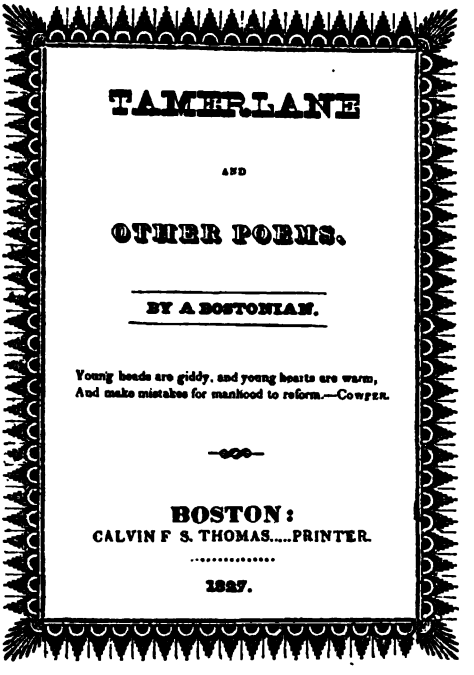
PRESS OF PUTNAM AND HUNT.
1828.

buyer. Its "points" were better than those of the Hoe copy; it was unbound and uncut, in this latter state excelling any hitherto known auction copy. Why may not garrets or old farmhouses of New England shelter more such? If the history of these two books goes broadcast we may see a carnival of searching and sweeping, for unsuspected fortunes often repose in such unlikely places. Mr. Hoe, it may be remarked, paid $24 for his copy. Spring cleanings often sacrifice such treasures to ignorance. And this ignorance crops up in unsuspected places. The other day Sir Herbert Maxwell told the London Authors' Club of some of his own follies. He was dwelling on the need of a periodical weeding for the library as well as for the garden, and confessed that some years ago he wanted to get an *Encyclopedia Britannica* whose cost was $175. So he packed off to the second-hand dealer a complete set, barring two numbers, of *The Sporting Magazine*, from its beginning in 1790 to its demise in 1870. Last year he read that the *Sporting Magazine* Series had sold in London for $4,750. Picture his chagrin! The late Alexander Oswald was a great bibliophile, and when he died his house was found overcrowded with books. Ignorant successors to his possessions gave the order to take away every book without a decent binding. This was done, and several thousand volumes were sold at a shilling apiece, among them a Kilmarnock Burns.

The housecleaning process works in many ways, however, and oftenest brings forth only chaff fit for the burning. Age alone is no gauge of value. Some of the oldest books are the most worthless, for nobody wants them at any price. Yet age is the first sign that strikes the uninstructed as the thing that gives value. Unless an old book represents a valued author, or deals with quaint and curious subjects, or records a bit of local history, or exhibits a fine specimen of printing from a famous press, or is embellished with charming engravings, or is the first issue of a well-known work, it is likely not worth the trouble of carrying it down from the garret. On the other hand, no one should carelessly dispose of a book that suggests a quality of value before consulting the nearest expert. The book fit only for the rubbish heap, in the view of most householders—a quaint old school book, an almanac, a book of laws, a little work that classifies in that multiform lot known as Americana, may outweigh in value the whole "library" carefully stored in the glass-doored "secretary." There is one other discouraging aspect to all this frenzied searching. The more "rarities" unearthed the less their value. They are like antipathetic germs

who prey upon each other. This law works even with books of the most opulent pretensions. At the Hoe sale a Shakespeare folio, sold at $13,000, dropped from its previous recorded auction price of $18,000 (in 1907) because among other reasons, that figure had stimulated search and brought several more from obscurity to be disposed of at private sale.

Along with Hawthorne's *Fanshawe,* Poe's *Tamerlane* is one of the prizes the hopeful book hunter sees, in his dreams, in the five-cent box or among these marked for ten cents, fifteen cents or twenty-five cents. There is a story to the effect that twenty years ago a Boston book clerk really accomplished this feat with the Poe book. Before going out to lunch he read in some print that the British Museum owned the only known copy of Poe's first book, and he said to himself, "I'll make a hunt from this day for a second copy of *Tamerlane.*" The tale is almost too fabulous, but the argument of the tale is that his search ended in one brief half hour. After eating his lunch he turned into Cornhill and stopped at the bookstalls there ranged along the street. Under his very hand lay a thin duodecimo, — *Tamerlane and Other Poems, by a Bostonian, 1827.* The hopeless dealer asked fifteen cents apiece for it and each of its fellows. The clerk slipped his prize among nine others gathered at random, and proffered $1.50 to the dealer, who threw in a cheery reminder that his purchaser had secured "a good lot." It was indeed a good lot. The book soon left the class of possessors represented by the humble book clerk. It passed hands not long after for $1,850, and subsequently, in a binding case so arranged as not to disturb the volume in its pristine form and done by a master craftsman in Paris, was sold for $1,450, and then resold at auction for $2,050, and then again for about $2,400. It spends its future existence in a private collection. The man who originally found the book has had an occasional "look in" upon the career of his one time possession. He was present of course when it was first sold at auction at Libbie's, he was on hand again in 1900 when the book passed from the library of the late Thomas J. Makee for the sum above mentioned. The auctioneer who sold it then had also sold it twice before. By the time this date was reached a third copy had become known, and the possessor of that was the underbidder here. Why should he have wished a corner in *Tamerlanes?* Why should another man wish a corner in "Embargos"? Speculation may run to any flight of extravagance when dealing with the emotions of book-hunters. There is a fearful joy in owning a unique volume, and jealousy


TAMERLANE

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.—COWPER.

BOSTON:
CALVIN F. S. THOMAS.....PRINTER.

1827.

for the integrity of such a reputation in a volume might whisper an incitement to an act of vandalism. We do not charge this; we only like to play with the idea.

When Lord Howe's collection of Shakespeare quartos and folios came upon the market in 1907, there was furnished a clue to the veiled identities in the chapter on "The Barbarians" in Frederick Locker-Lampson's *My Confidences.* His barbarians were the owners of certain coveted rarities and the implication was that morally any act was justifiable that wrested these treasures from people chiefly famous for being "addicted to the Turf." Of course he does not mention

real names, but speaks of "Lord and Lady Tadcaster at Babram, formerly Babraham, near Bosworth, the land of Burton and George Eliot." He calls the roll of their rare books, including the four Shakespeare folios and the Sonnets of 1609 and the rarer quartos, particularly the *Hamlet* of 1604. Now at that time the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Howe and Henry Huth, Esq., were the only people known to Lowndes, the great bibliographer, as owners of the *Hamlet,* and so the Tadcasters became revealed. "Now," writes Mr. Locker-Lampson, in connection with the account of one or two visits, "in cold blood, I ask myself why, in the name of all that's wonderful, have I not appropriated a few of these old books? They would never have been missed, and there would have been some chique in adding the *Hamlet* to one's starved little treasure-house at home—that is to say, if it had been stolen."

There is a famous story of a man, Don Vincente of the convent of Pobla in Aragon, what is told by all writers upon the art of book hunting. This Don Vincente is called by Andrew Lang "the great pattern of biblioclepts." To get the book he coveted he killed its possessor and set fire to his house, so as to cover up his crime. But the man was at last suspected, and the famous book found in his possession to confirm the suspicion. The case against him was argued on the ground that there was but one copy in the world of the book found in his possession, and its previous owner was known to all. Don Vincente had a clever lawyer, who proved that another copy did exist in the Louvre, and since there were two, he argued there might also be more, and so Don Vincente might have come honestly by his. At this Don Vincente gave a great cry and said to the Alcalde, "Ah, Signor Alcalde, my error was clumsy indeed! My copy was not unique."

Mr. Robert Hoe began collecting books when he was eighteen, and it was the passion of his lifetime to make his collection as complete as pains and money would permit. He ordered it dispersed under the hammer, not primarily for the profits that might accrue, for even he could scarcely foresee how great they would be, but because he believed that in this way his books would be insured a future of solicitous care such as he had given to them. Edmond de Goncourt decreed the same disposal of his treasures, to give again to persons of taste like himself the pleasure of acquiring the things that had been so great a joy to him. He would not have them, he said, shut up in museums to be stared at by the stupid and ignorant. Mr. Hoe complained that the custodians of such museums, especially abroad, little understood the value and rarity of things committed to their care, and their neglect was consequently bringing ruin and decay upon works whose loss would impoverish the world. So we should cease to regret the auction-room's dispersal of these libraries that cost a lifetime of effort in building up, for they only obey nature's law of transmutation. The example of Mr. Hoe to inspire a youth of eighteen to begin the assembling of a two million dollar property is nothing, alas! but one of the ironies of our changing age. Mr. Hoe began buying books when a trivial sum secured him many of the treasures that have enriched his heirs. He began not long after the time described by Halliwell-Phillips when black letters were as thick as blackberries upon the stalls of the London dealer. The buyer for the future must simply try to forecast the rarities of twenty, forty, fifty years hence and build carefully upon these foundations. He will not have a library of world literature, but content with simpler acquisitions, he may get a respectable library of nineteenth and twentieth century books that will stand as a worthy life's pursuit.

Indeed, it is already too late, as we have seen, to get the rarest of nineteenth century masters. Who expects to pick up for a song Browning's *Pauline* or Tennyson's *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical,* or books printed and coloured by William Blake, or firsts in Keats, or Shelley, or Rossetti? But these were once as cheap and neglected as the furtive issues of modern poets, despised and rejected beyond anything by the second-hand dealer of to-day. It would not be surprising to see the first books of Alfred Noyes erelong sought by collectors, particularly if this poet fulfils his promise and next

wears the laureate's wreath. There is, too, that puzzling American, Ezra Pound, whose verse struggles so vainly for a wider hearing, yet already the prize of discriminating minds. His earliest issues were three slender paper brochures, one issued in Venice, and of such rarity already that few are they who have ever seen them. Yet these are just the things to fill the rôle of the future nuggets of the bibliophile. This is dealing with a purely speculative reputation, however, that the future may not confirm. One gets a certain gambler's joy in holding for future appraisal a thing in which he believes. Not so doubtful should be the early books of Richard Hovey and Bliss Carmen, for time has bestowed its favouring glance on them, and these might be called safe "futures."

III

For the American collector of contemporary literature, the man who wishes to build for the future, nothing could be more helpful than the second-hand catalogue issued by some of the London dealers. One does not mean the swells in the trade, who range themselves along Piccadilly or Oxford Street or on the Charing Cross Road. There are others, little men, perhaps one should say, to be found in a suburb like Wimbledon or a town like Wrexham, who depend on their catalogues to reach their customers. If one orders from them from this distance one is apt to find himself coming after another whose order has not an ocean to cross. The catalogue if carefully studied will tell how the wind sets in the book-hunting field abroad, and what is found desirable there is very likely to find seekers here after an allowance of time for the vogue to reach us. This is a confession of our literary colonialism, if you wish, but facts are stubborn things, and what they have to teach us is that America is not likely to be producing much at present for the future book-hunter. These book catalogues should be a part of one's constant reading as a check list for appraising the offerings of the miscellaneous tables of our own second-hand dealers. Discretion and knowledge might detect the English dealer in the somewhat cynical occupation of himself manufacturing reputations; but he will not mislead us by his warning to get Maurice Hewlett's *Earthworks,* should one be so fortunate, or any of the novels of George Gissing. His indication that this author's first book, *The Workers in the Dawn,* is now valued at three guineas is sufficient spur to quicken one's search. One reads with interest that not one of this author's works but sells at second-hand for a sum well above the original published price. But our stalls, alas! exhibit but American reprints, and these are worthless for any purpose but the reader's. In any state, of course, one never lets an unread Gissing pass, and one can count upon him as a collector's author. Some time the unexpected will happen; the interchange of residence between London and New York often brings books among the store of household effects removed and the restricted spaces of the ordinary New York dwelling necessitate a cutting down of unnecessary impedimenta, and books are so often among the first sacrifices. The second-hand dealer then comes to the householder's relief. No other way could have brought to the fifteen-cent section and to our humble shelves an early work of that choice writer, Vernon Lee, in fine condition and with the right date. Among American authors no one has shown such a steady tendency to rise as Lafcadio Hearn. *Youma* and *Two Years in the French West Indies,* though published in 1890, have already quadrupled their original price. Wily dealers are culling his copies by whatever hedgerow they find them straggling, and if one of his books chances to be a presentation copy, you will not find it easily dropping into your basket.

By the same token, should you chance to have one to sell your courage in making demands will hardly rise to a point that will balk a dealer in meeting you. The writer was surprised at encountering the venomous enmity of a book-seller for simply giving aid to a friend who had some Hearn note-books and a copy of *One of Cleopatra's Nights,* with marginal notes in Hearn's handwriting, to sell. He was not the dealer either to whom the copy had been offered. One sees how

dark passions may lurk in this dusky business.

Nearly all readers of Henry James are collectors of his first editions, or have been insensibly led into the rôle by going at once for each new book. They may have no others, but they do not part with his. This makes his books infrequently met with in the second-hand stores, though when found, save for *The Princess Cassimassima,* the prices asked are not excessive. Neither does he figure high at auctions. In not a few cases one meets with none but first editions, which shows that his public is not large if devoted, and outsiders have not called for reissues. But the next generation will have its James collectors, and they must be supplied from these hoarded stores, which will then take their revenge for these small editions.

IV

The Irish literary movement has surely furnished collectors' authors. Yeats and Singe are already there, and their case is immensely helped by the charming volumes issued in limited numbers by the Cuala Press at Dundrum, bearing the imprint of the poet's sister. To be placed in this category, however, seems to give no particular satisfaction to the poet himself, for only the other day he wrote in some connection now forgotten by us, about "certain very foolish people known as collectors," and one of this very number who thought to flatter him by telling of the advanced price he had paid for *The Celtic Twilight,* got only the rejoinder: "I'd much rather hear you say you'd bought the last edition." Perhaps the future will take its revenge for his lack of sympathy by paying more for those occasional works, *The Beltane, The Shanachie,* than for the poet's verse.

The group that gave colour and scandal to the failing nineties have their devotees —Symons, Dowson, Beardsley and Wilde, with others less dowered by genius and waywardness. The rare charm of Beardsley's art makes his books less liable to fluctuations, and they are never to be had without a fair outlay. Well-illustrated books are ever a lure to draw on a collector. Changing tastes and feeling leave that noble group of the sixties almost without followers, and one must be poor, indeed, in world's goods not to be able to acquire a portfolio full of the charming woodcuts from Fred Walker, Sandys, Millais and the others.

One such golden opportunity befell the writer. He saw one day a truck unloading a bewildering mass of old magazines, and followed them into a basement shop, where they were stacked to the ceiling in pile after pile. They were of all names and dates, American, English, German and French. The collector had apparently a mania for acquiring that far outran his time or ability to read, for hosts of copies were fresh and uncut. They ran back into old *Edinburghs, Quarterlys,* and *Dublins,* brown with years; into the *Knickerbackers, Mirrors,* what not of early New York days. *Household Words, Once a Week, Good Words, Putnam's, The Argosy, The Riverside* of the mid-century, and all the bewildering congeries of the periodical world of later years. The owner had amassed through a long lifetime, for his name was written on hundreds, and with that tribute he had laid them away to sleep in their pristine freshness until death severed his ownership. Then they came tumbling into the shop of a man too busy, also, to study and classify them. Needless to say the discovery was kept dark and a daily visit paid in the brief leisure of the noon hour. Out of this pile came lovely Fred Walkers, early Du Mauriers, rare and choice Arthur Hughes, Millais in the famous *Parables,* those wonderful La Farges in *The Riverside,* with Boyd Houghton, Pinwell, Small, Lawless, Sandys and Simeon Solomon in practically first impressions, and in the only form the work of many of these men exists, for their drawings were made on the block and perished with the graver's handling. The excitement grew day by day, and from the upper layers of the piles one dug into depths, dislodging strata that sent the whole piles sprawling about the otherwise crowded floors, to the disgust and wrath of the dealer. It took days to bring to light what the writer was convinced would be found, the extremely scarce work of Whistler as an illustrator. Four drawings contributed to *Once a*

Week and two to *Good Words* represent his production in this field. Three of these were the final reward of the search, one other came to the surface on a later day, when we were not at hand, and was snapped up by a chance customer. The dealer in handling his customer went through all the moods of a confident and triumphant, a bored and an exasperated vendor. He made a fair profit on his investment, selling off the numbers for the most part at the rate of two for five cents, and sometimes rising a little in price when mastered by the suspicion that he was not doing the best for himself. Finally, in a desperate mood, he cleared the whole lot out to one customer, and left the humble digger sighing for the prints sacrificed to limited time.

The poor man who goes in for book collecting will be wise if he chooses a limited field and sticks to it, though such advice is more easily given than followed. To many no field is more attractive than the history of the theatre, for there are prints and playbills to enlarge and illustrate his books. The New Yorker is sure to take readily to works that illustrate the changing tides in this ever changing city. Many who have made practically unique collections have formed them as illustrative comment on the professions they pursue. One who is a painter of Indian life has gathered around him a collection of books bearing upon the frontier life of trappers and traders. As they increase in numbers they take on extrinsic values; what is discarded by the many is precious to him, and his collection in time becomes so valuable that a fireproof building is thought no extravagance to house them. The amusing thing about all this business is that the book collector often gradually ceases to be a book reader, and here enters a problem in psychology that proposes altogether another story.

SOME MODERN ENGLISH ETCHERS

BY CLEVELAND PALMER



ETCHING was revived in England in the opening years of the nineteenth century by Turner, who etched the plates for the *Liber Studiorum*—a great work which was planned originally to contain one hundred designs, and, as Mr. A. M. Hind (*A Short History of Engraving and Etching*) says, "to be a monument of the variety and strength of his genius for landscape composition"—and by the Norwich group of painters, Crome, Cotman, Daniell, and others, who formed the first important native school of landscape etching. But Turner's work was not pure etching, since he merely sketched his picture in outline on copper, and left the plate to be finished by the mezzotint engraver. He himself engraved several of them in this style with his own hand, and the process has since been employed by an occasional etcher, notably by Sir Seymour Haden and by Mr. Frank Short, who has applied it with special appropriateness to several of Turner's own drawings not included in the *Liber*.

As for the other artists mentioned, they worked so completely in the spirit of the old Dutch masters that it is difficult to decide whether to regard them as precursors of the present or as belated survivors of the earliest period of etching. Indeed, when Mr. David Keppel made, for *The Print Collector's Quarterly*, a survey of "Landscape Etchings of the Seventeenth Century," he could not resist the temptation to include "Old" Crome, whose close kinship with Ruysdael and Hobbema made him seem quite at home in that company. And yet, though thoroughly imbued with the Dutch spirit of sincerity and of fidelity to nature, neither Crome, nor any other of the early English etchers, ever quite mastered the technique of etching, or learned to recognise the limitations of the medium. Their intention was generally too pictorial, their treatment too positive and complete, for pure line

to compass without some loss, or, at least, some concealment, of its distinctive force and beauty. And so, while a great deal of interesting and attractive work was done in England in the first half of the century, it was not until about 1860, when a new spirit of independence took possession of English etchers, and a new perception of the special province and of the special problem of etching was acquired, that the modern movement really began.

The two men who did most to stimulate this movement in its early stages were Sir Seymour Haden and Alphonse Legros, both of whom have died within the last year or two. With the personality of the former readers of the BOOKMAN are already more or less familiar. It may be remembered also from the writer's preceding article, on American etching, that Haden visited this country at the height of his reputation, and that he exerted nearly as much influence here as in England. The friend of the French etcher Jacque and of Whistler (whose step-sister he married), he came into direct contact with the French movement, and with its underlying ideas. These he appropriated and made his own. It was Haden who, both in his work and in his writings, first vigorously opposed the pictorial ideals of the earlier period, and it was he who, having made a careful study of the Dutch masters, particularly Rembrandt, first insisted on the strictly linear spirit of etching as an art in which not only everything must be achieved through line, but the line itself must be kept free and open. If he thus narrowed the scope of the etcher as compared with the painter or the artist who employs tonal processes—for clearly line handled in this way must suggest rather than try to represent, and must even leave many things unsaid—he increased his capacity for spontaneous and intimate expression and opened to him a fresh and fascinating field for observing and recording subtle and elusive beauties of nature.

Nor was this all. Mr. Wedmore in his latest work* records the response that Haden once made to the English Academician, Leighton: "'*Rassurez vous mon cher, vous ne serez jamais de l'académie,*' Leighton had said to him. And '*Rassurez vous, mon cher, je suis Président de ma propre Académie,*' Seymour Haden—cordial, yet on the war-path—had replied." This response is significant of another and very important phase of Haden's influence. For it indicates the spirit in which, as founder of the Royal Society of Etchers, he demanded, and obtained, public recognition of the etcher as an original and independent artist. Without such recognition no art can survive long. And if to-day there is perhaps a more active interest in etching in England than in almost any other country—if too of recent years more than one etcher has been accorded that honour of an election to the Royal Academy which was refused him—this is in large measure due to the energy and success of his early missionary efforts.

Haden's work was limited for the most part to pure landscape. That of Legros, the second pioneer of the movement, ranged from landscape to portraiture, and aimed largely at the representation of man's life in relation to nature, combining classic restraint of form with a note of modern romantic sympathy in the treatment of scenes of humble toil, poverty, suffering, and even death. This French etcher went to England in 1866, became a naturalised Englishman, and from 1876 to 1894 held the Slade Professorship of Art at University College. Mr. Keppel used to tell a story about Legros which we recently saw printed for the first time in a book entitled *Le Vieux de la Montagne* by that curious writer of Montmartre, Léon Bloy. Legros's friends, it seems, were deeply affronted by his expatriation, and for many years did not encourage him to return to France. Finally, however, they decided to forgive him, and invited him to cross the Channel and make them a visit. He accepted and was cordially received. There was one question, however, that they could not forbear putting to him with profound interest and curiosity: "*Mais, qu'est-ce que c'est que vous avez gagné en changeant votre nationalité?*" they demanded in chorus? "*Eh bien,*" retorted Legros, "*d'abord, en changeant ma nationalité, j'ai gagné la bataille de Waterloo!*"

*Etchings. By Frederick Wedmore. The Connoisseurs Library. E. P. Dutton and Company, 1911.



Courtesy of Arthur H. Hahlo and Company

POPE'S VILLA, TWICKENHAM. DRAWN AND ETCHED BY J. M. W. TURNER



Courtesy of Arthur H. Hahlo and Company

FALLS OF THE RHINE, SCHAFFHAUSEN. FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY J. M. W. TURNER FOR THE TIBER STUDIORUM. ETCHED AND ENGRAVED BY FRANK SHORT

Eh bien, one may add as a commentary to this anecdote, whatever the artist himself gained—or lost—by this exchange, England acquired in Legros a great etcher and a great teacher of etching. Many were his pupils in the art of the needle, and these number some of the best known English etchers of to-day. The one who shows most markedly the influence of his training—though it seems that the resemblance between the two men lies largely on the surface—is Mr. William Strang. This etcher has essayed most of Legros's subjects and employed most of Legros's methods. But it cannot on the whole be said that he has achieved much of Legros's success except possibly in the single department of portraiture. For he has no such delicacy of poetic perception, no such feeling for classic form, as, in Legros, prevent a suggestion of the grotesque from ever degenerating into violent disorder and into brutal insistence on ugliness for its own sake. Mr. Strang, who is, one feels rather literal than imaginative, has a fatal tendency to exaggerate; and even in his portraits, of which there is a whole gallery, while some, like the Hardy, are done with great delicacy and with expressive beauty of line, the facial modelling is often carried too far for the balance of the design, and there is a hard and realistic rendering of the shadows that is painfully photographic.

II

On one side at least, a much younger artist, of quite different intentions, Mr. Frank Brangwyn, whose big architectural compositions are so popular at present, may very possibly owe something to Legros—aside from the courage to etch on a larger scale than most of his important contemporaries. At all events, when Mr. Wedmore writes that, except in avowed ornament, "design has never had the importance that is assigned to it in the art of Brangwyn," one cannot help thinking of Legros's frequent preoccupation with problems of pure design which, even sometimes in those plates where human action is involved, destroys the impression of life-like spontaneity by betraying too obvious an intention to force the attitudes and gestures of the figures into the lines of an arbitrary arrangement. Nevertheless, Mr. Brangwyn's "enhanced attention to design," which is his one point of contact with Legros, is sufficiently unusual, and is what gives their principal value to his plates. These gain nothing in beauty from that exaggerated breadth of style he has adopted to offset the objection that the fine line of etching unfits it for the treatment of large surfaces. There is a demand for big plates on the part of the American and English public which, when it buys a picture, wants one that will cover a good bit of wall space, and Mr. Brangwyn has tried ingeniously to meet this demand without sacrifice of artistic interest and integrity. His aim is decorative rather than pictorial; he does not attempt to compete with the photographer in supplying "views" of buildings and places. But the fact remains that the texture of his work is coarse and unpleasant, and that there is in his plates, as a result of this attempt to gain an "effect" by means that will not bear close inspection, a certain theatrical element suggestive of the art of the scene painter.

Thus one may be pardoned for very much preferring, after all, the work of such an etcher as Axel H. Haig, a Swede who has lived long enough in England to be regarded as an English artist, and who, oddly enough, when one compares their respective techniques, was the master of Zorn. For, while it presents few points of technical interest, and while the medium itself counts for little in the pleasure which it affords, since every attempt is made to lose the individual line in the total effect produced by a close linear mesh, nevertheless it is true etching of a sort, and, besides, represents a long labour of detailed observation and of patient, careful record. The record is mainly of fact, of appearance, but also, to some extent, of feeling, of imaginative mood, especially in that long line of cathedral interiors with which he is most associated; and there is tenderness of atmospheric suggestion in the diffused light that veils the dome above the city in "The Floating Market at Stockholm." The work of Mr. Hedly Fitton, a kindred artist, is more objective, more impersonal, and greater insistence must be placed upon the industry, less upon the charm, in such a plate, "The Rose Window of



Courtesy of Arthur H. Hahlo and Company

ELY CATHEDRAL. BY MUIRHEAD BONE

Notre Dame." Lately more breadth has crept into Mr. Fitton's etching, and both he and Mr. Albany E. Howarth seem, in abandoning the tradition of Haig, to have felt, at a certain distance, the influence of Brangwyn.

All four of the men last mentioned deal principally with architecture, and there are many others who, like them, travel about Europe in search of the picturesque in city streets and buildings. Thus Mr. Andrew E. Affleck, like so many of our own American etchers, visits Venice. Mr. E. W. Synge travels through Spain, sketching Toledo and other towns that once attracted Mr. Pennell. Mr. C. J. Watson goes wherever there is a bit of Gothic to be recorded with a deft and delicate needle. And one etcher, Mr. E. A. Lumsden, has even, quite recently, roved so far afield as India. For the taste of the public for whatever has romantic interest or historic associations is insatiable, and accords well with the fascination which has come to be felt more and more by the etchers themselves in the special problems involved in architectural representations. This has been fostered to a great extent by the present preponderating influence of Whistler and Meryon. It would be difficult to say which of these has had the greater effect upon Mr. D. Y. Cameron, one of the most impressive of those who, not only in England, but elsewhere, have made a specialty of such subjects. In a certain sombreness of imaginative mood with which he invests the monuments of the Middle Ages, in Paris and in Bruges, Mr. Cameron is clearly akin to Meryon. And even in Venice, to which one would say he was guided by the memory of the American artist, certain of his plates, with their envelope of mysterious gloom, and the dark shadows of their doorways, give the fantastic suggestion of a double presence—of Whistler at work, and of Meryon standing close behind and peering over his shoulder.

Reminiscent of Whistler is Mr. Cameron's fondness for showing us the inner or outer world through an open door or window, or down a dark passageway. For he, too, understands the peculiar power of "magic casements" to create a kind of dream atmosphere. This is what fills his finest plates, whether he shows us "The Five Sisters of York" between the clustering columns of the cathedrals, the tall pointed portal of a mosque with dim lights in the dusky interior, or the distant line of hill and plain above the battlements of a Scottish border castle; and it is this that makes us forget what some have called the hardness and dryness of his technique, if, indeed, this should not rather be described as harsh and bitter—the sign of sharp and intense feeling forced into the bitten line, instead of any spiritual aridity. There is certainly little amenity in his manner of working, little concession to mere grace and prettiness. There is no doubt, too, that he forces and falsifies at times if it is necessary to do so in order to express his mood; that he piles on his blacks with inky heaviness to secure the most violent of contrasts with his whites; and that these contrasts are



Courtesy of Arthur H. Hahlo and Company

BROWNING'S HOUSE. BY FRANK BRANGWYN



Courtesy of Arthur H. Hahlo and Company

THE FLOATING MARKET, STOCKHOLM. BY AXEL H. HAIG

themselves sought for the sake of tonal effects that lie outside the proper field of etching. These things are particularly noticeable in his relatively rare landscapes. Most of them are variations upon a single theme—a band of sable shore parting the luminous pallour of sea and sky. But it is remarkable what variety he gets from this one motive by merely raising or lowering the horizontal lines of the composition.

III

Another etcher whose principal subject is architecture, but who has also done some landscapes and river views, is Mr. Muirhead Bone. Otherwise, aside from the fact that both are Scotchmen, and that their work brings almost equally high prices in the market—a proof of Cameron's "The Five Sisters of York" has sold for seventeen hundred and fifty dollars—there is little in common between these two artists. Mr. Bone works almost exclusively in drypoint—that is, he scratches his design directly on the copper without the use of acids—and he draws with a delicacy and an expressive beauty of line that have won him the highest place among modern etchers as a draughtsman. It is for this reason, chiefly, that his prints are so eagerly sought by collectors. But they are scarce, for only a few impressions have been pulled of each plate, and not many have come to this country. The present writer was able to examine, through the courtesy of its owner, Mr. Harris B. Dick, the only important collection of them here. It numbers twelve prints, and includes the wonderful little view of a hilltown, "Osset," which seems as if it might be the work of an early Italian engraver, and the big plate, "The Demolition of St. James' Hall, Interior," which was so definitely inspired by Piranesi's famous series of etchings, the "Prisons." As in those, so in this, frail ladders and wooden scaffoldings introduced into the vast and gloomy interior, heighten the imaginative and dramatic effect by a contrast of which the English etcher, like the Italian, has



From the collection of Harris B. Dick, Esquire

ALBI. BY MISS HESTER FROOD

made the most; while the groups of real workmen whom Mr. Bone actually observed as they moved about in the shadows, or busied themselves at some obscure task high up under one of the arches, have no less the air of fantastic unreality than those whom Piranesi imagined among his instruments of torture. The method of creation was very different in the two cases, but the result arrived at is so nearly the same, that once again one is forced to hesitate before deciding to accept as final the distinction commonly drawn between realism and idealism.

Mr. Bone's brother-in-law, Mr. Francis Dodd, has also done some interesting drypoints, and if his way of working, as in "The New Inn" and the "Piazza Venezia"—the second, a crowded plate on a large scale, being a most ambitious undertaking—the artist nevertheless possesses an individuality of his own. This may be seen clearly in his choice and treatment of such a subject as the figure of a woman, dressed to go out, standing in a doorway, where the various rich and elaborate feminine textures are rendered with remarkable truth and beauty—except possibly in the flesh tints of the face, which seem too dark in relation to the light colour of the gloves she has just elegantly finished putting on. Still a third drypoint artist, of rather recent advent, is



Courtesy of Arthur H. Hahlo and Company

PUENTA EL KANTARA, TOLEDO. BY E. W. SYNGE



Courtesy of Arthur H. Hahlo and Company

THE CANONGATE TOLBOOTH, EDINBURGH. BY D. Y. CAMERON

Mr. James McBey, who is devoting himself largely to landscape, which he treats with a delicate line and with inky accents, as in the shadows under the crest of a curling wave. But he has done at least one figure study—"The Ovation to the Matador," it is called, and it shows a tall bullfighter clad in complete regalia, who, as he stands in profile, cuts a striking line against the background. And, lastly, the newest comer of all, though but one of many women etchers in England—we have seen a vivacious study of a scarecrow by Miss Minna Bolingbrooke, or Mrs. C. J. Watson—is Miss Hester Frood, who is or was a pupil of Mr. Cameron's. Even in her slight earliest work she shows cleverness and freshness of vision, as in that study of the Gothic timbers of "The Tithe Barn," in which she has registered her perception of their kinship to the vaults and rafters of a cathedral. While in such a later plate as that which we reproduce, of the Provençal town of Albi—interesting as having given its name to the religious sect of the Albigensi, and so, to the so-called Albigensian Crusade, which destroyed the flower of Provençal culture in the thirteenth century—there is already a good deal of solid accomplishment.

So it will be seen that when Mr. Wedmore gave to his Twenty-fourth Chapter the title: "Many Good English Etchers," he was not far wrong, though he may perhaps appear to have been rather overgenerous in his allotment of space when he devoted fully one-third of his book, covering the entire history of etching, ancient and modern, to the native school—all comprised, as we have seen, within a century, and, for the most part, within the last fifty years. The American reader will resent this display of patriotic prejudice, all the more when he turns to the chapter on "Other Americans"—other than Whistler, that is—and notes the omission of most of our own etchers of approximately the same rank as many English artists who are included. Even those noticed are rather lightly dismissed, with the exception of Mr. MacLaughlan, who is a Canadian! Still, as Mr. Wedmore says, there *are* many good English etchers. If we have mentioned but a few in his long list, *per contra*, we have touched on several who, strangely enough, seemed to have escaped him. There will be still more to-morrow to be taken account of by any one who essays a complete record. For, as we said at the beginning, there is probably no country in the world at present where the interest in etching is as active. A good deal of this is sheer commercial activity, for England sometimes appears like a great factory for the turning out of pictures, and etching is a medium the very name of which carries with it a certain distinction for the general public. But in addition to all these industrious artisans, there are at least two or three really noteworthy artists, and not a few of considerable ability and charm.

In the March BOOKMAN *will be an article on the Professional Publishers' Reader. Each publishing house has its own special way of handling its multitude of manuscripts and of winnowing out the occasional unsuspected talent hidden in the mass of mediocrity. The nature of these different methods; the number of readings which a manuscript usually receives while being seriously considered; the wide range in authority and influence, from the first reader, whose task is mainly that of weeding out what is obviously hopeless, to the special expert whose far-sighted suggestions for revision have laid the foundation stone of more than one literary reputation:—these are some of the aspects that will be treated in the course of the article. There are many good anecdotes à propos of the adventures and misadventures of manuscripts; there are the big literary prizes which escaped rejection by the narrowest of margins; and there is the occasional tragedy of the lost manuscript, which brings consternation and panic; and still again, there is the seemingly innocent manuscript with its hidden pitfall, involving in the one case a clever advertising scheme, and in another an audacious transcript from real life such as might easily lead to a libel suit.*

THE AILING AUTHOR

BY BAILEY MILLARD



RITING is an unnatural business," says John Muir, who writes so naturally of natural things. "Your head gets hot, your feet get cold and you can't digest your meals."

In talking with Mr. Muir one gains the idea that he looks upon authors as a lot of invalids. If this has been the experience and observation of a hardy mountain-climber, a man who has lived the simplest of simple lives, it follows logically that the sedentary author has a slim chance of escaping the pangs of indigestion, bad cases of "nerves" and the countless other ills which the robust Whitman referred to as "indoor complaints."

That writers always have been preyed upon by such maladies is fully instanced by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy,* and that the world has been given a great many gloomy books because of the cerebral oppression due to diseases of stomach and nerves, as well as to the consumption of grey matter, is a well-known fact.

The case of the carping Carlyle, whose writings, like his conversation, were a succession of scoldings, albeit noble ones, has often been pointed out. Dr. Herman Partsch, a German dietary expert, who studied Carlyle's case very closely, found the seat of his irritability in his diet and chiefly in the fact that he wrote and studied too soon after the ingestion of large quantities of food. This physician declares that the diversion of energy from stomach to brain directly after eating made Carlyle unnaturally low-spirited and pessimistic; furthermore that he did not sufficiently vary his diet, and that, as monotony of food is particularly harmful to writers, it is no wonder that he suffered as he did and made those nearest and dearest to him suffer from his choleric moods.

The present writer has had the fortune to meet many famous authors, and nearly always he has made it a point to ask them how they were affected by their mental labours. In some cases such interrogation was unnecessary, for on meeting a little group of writer folk of more or less distinction some one of them almost invariably would turn the conversation into this channel, and would begin to tell of his particular complaint. In nine cases out of ten it was nervous dyspepsia. One writer, the author of a long string of popular novels, among them a few best sellers, rarely talked for five minutes that he did not refer to his lack of digestion.

"If only I could eat the things that other people eat!" he would sigh again and again. "I'm going to give up this wretched literary game," he would declare. "Wood-chopping beats it all hollow. I'm going to be a woodchopper and have a digestion." But still he toiled away at his stories. A little admixture of axework probably would have done this victim of his own mental intensity a world of good. It is really too bad that the writer or any other craftsman is so prone to one-sidedness.

But before we proceed any further with the ailing authors of the present time let us look back at the cases of a few well-known writers of other days. When an American woman paid a visit to George Eliot in the seventies she found the author of *Middlemarch* stretched out on a divan with one of her acute headaches, the result of overwork and impaired digestion.

"Why don't you take more exercise?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, I walk a little every day," replied the novelist gloomily; "but walking wearies me, and I must feel rested when I write." She had the Balzac theory that writers must have plenty of repose. Balzac made up for his lack of exercise by drinking quarts of coffee, under the inspiration of which "muddy fluid," as Thoreau called it, he could keep his pen swinging for hours. But of course the day of reckoning came. That coffee had to be paid for at the rate of a great many aches a quart. On the other hand, Dickens declared he could not keep his digestion and nervous forces in order unless he took such long walks every day

as to weary him physically. Prescott, the historian, felt it essential to his health that he walk at least five miles a day. For one thing, Prescott was afflicted with partial loss of sight and said he would have been blind had he not taken to pedestrian exercise. As he walked he composed. He could keep long passages in mind until he sat down at his desk and inscribed them with a stylus. Pen or pencil made too small a mark for his one remaining eye to follow.

Writers are peculiarly liable to weak vision. Francis Parkman's sight was so impaired that he could write only fifteen minutes at a time, and yet he turned out a prodigious amount of literary work of rare quality. Emerson's eyes were good, but, like nearly all deep thinkers, he suffered from dyspepsia, which malady probably was not abated by his habit of eating pie for breakfast. He was a strong advocate of the theory that to eat between meals was to invite digestive disaster. Once when a friend offered him some fruit in mid-afternoon he asked in his grave, conclusive way: "Why should I set all the machinery of my digestion at work upon a single cherry?" Now while we may accept the Concord sage's idea of compensation and admire his wonderful essay on "Self-Reliance," it would be hard to convince the majority of us that the assimilation of one little cherry would set in motion all the machinery of digestion, and even if it did, what harm? When Frances Willard, the famous temperance writer and lecturer, became afflicted with dyspepsia and consulted a noted English specialist about her case, the physician asked:

"How many meals do you eat a day?"

"Two," was the reply.

"Eat six," came the ready reply, "and you will be a well woman."

She ate the prescribed six meals a day and her dyspepsia left her.

This treatment doubtless would be of benefit to those writers who suffer from cerebral torpidity after a heavy meal. For it follows that if one eats six meals a day none of them would be other than light and little distress would follow.

The mental and nervous strain of writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came near being the death of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Frequently her overstrained nerves and eyes would not permit her to finish her regular instalment of the serial for the *National Era*. When the story was ended Mrs. Stowe was completely exhausted and was confined to her bed for a long time.

Darwin was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, his case being similar to Carlyle's, for his malady was easily attributable to the continuous diversion of energy from the digestive organs to the brain. So far as his health permitted he devoted his entire life to scientific researches and to the writing of his wonderful books. Had it not been for his sea voyaging he probably would not have lived to study and write so long. Like most great thinkers, he was also a great talker, and his tremendous consumption of energy in conversation, taken along with other calls upon his vitality, sapped his physical powers.

There are authorities who hold that those engaged in heavy intellectual pursuits should eat little. Immanuel Kant went upon this theory. His breakfast consisted of a cup of tea, upon which he worked eight hours. He ate one meal a day and that a light one. But he was never really a well man. The starvation diet for authors has been tried often since his day, sometimes perforce and sometimes as a health fad. Despite glowing testimonials to its efficiency from such authorities as Mr. Upton Sinclair and the man, whoever he was, that wrote the book on the no-breakfast cure, the starvation treatment has not seemed to work successfully. What would you—a gaunt, feeble, ill-nourished body or a well-fed and robust one? Were it not better to cease all mental labour for a season, if it interfere with good digestion, and stoke the human furnace with sufficient fuel to make the engine steam up to full efficiency? There is a rational method of fully feeding the human machine of the mental worker that will make it run easily and steadily for a whole lifetime. Some of the hardest literary workers in the world have known and practised this method of late years, and because Carlyle, Darwin, Dickens and Eliot did not know, or, if they knew, did not practise it, why should it not be employed by every one in what Hamerton calls "the

intellectual life"? It merely consists of not writing longer than two hours at a sitting nor more than four hours a day for five days a week, of never eating too heartily a short time before or after writing and of taking plenty of exercise in the open air.

A well-known novelist who thinks so little of his digestive apparatus as to have his luncheon served on his desk and who plunges into his work immediately after dining, has often expressed his wonder as to why he is ill so much and unable to write. After every meal he takes a dyspepsia tablet in a glass of water. When a friend advised him to write only in the morning and to walk three or four miles every day he said, "Oh, you health faddists make me tired!"

Many eminent writers have been handicapped by chronic diseases. Stevenson suffered from consumption of the lungs for over twenty years, during which time he wrote a long row of books that are among our choicest literature. Often he wrote sitting up in bed when it seemed that the black wings of death were hovering over him. Year after year the struggle with ill-health became more painful to him. He wrote of his illness in 1887 as "an enemy who was exciting at first, but has now, by the iteration of his strokes, become merely annoying and inexpressibly irksome." In his case, though writing wearied him and kept him indoors when he should have been out in the open air, it helped to keep his mind off his malady, which was in itself a great blessing and, without doubt, it prolonged his life.

The attitude of the British man of letters toward his work is vastly different from that of the American. Every English writer has a hobby, generally one that takes him out of doors, and as he nearly always lives in the country he easily can indulge those open-air predilections which are traditional with his race. Rarely will you find an English writer who hurries his work. As a rule they do not write more than two or three hours a day. The novelists are content to turn out one book a year or less. And this is done leisurely and with full regard to sequence, so that there need be little rewriting, though they do not stint themselves in producing what they call "a fair copy." So that, as a rule, there is not so much nervous strain and consequent lack of health as is seen among American authors, most of whom live in cities and, save for short walks in the crowded streets, shut themselves indoors. It is just as Taine has observed about the Englishman of letters: "He lives in the open air, he withstands the encroachments of a sedentary life, which always elsewhere leads the modern man to agitation of the brain, weakness of the muscles and excitement of the nerves."

The beauty of it all is that the Briton takes his healthy condition as a matter of course. If you ask an English author, as the writer once asked the ruddy-faced H. G. Wells, why the writers of his country are such a healthy lot, he is likely to reply as did the author of *Marriage:*

"I don't know, really. Are American writers unhealthy?"

When the writer remarked that he feared many of them were, he said he thought that it might be from the practice of chewing gum while they wrote! And while he was on that subject he said:

"Everywhere I go in America I see people chewing gum—in the street, in the trams, in the motors, in the shops. I have seen well-dressed men and women sitting in hotel parlours chewing while they conversed. How undignified!"

It would have been unwise to take the trouble to assure Mr. Wells that American authors were innocent of the habit ascribed to them, for it would have been a pity to upset such a picturesque idea and hoped he would put it into a book, but he didn't.

Among American writers who have suffered even unto death from the effects of shutting themselves indoors and denying themselves proper exercise may be mentioned Frank Norris, Stephen Crane and O. Henry. The brief life story of Norris, with its long and intense periods of overwork and little play, his persistent disregard for the rules of health, which every man, whether author or auctioneer, must obey, should be a warning to all writers who would see the game through to its logical conclusion; for the author of *The Octopus* dropped out of it at an age when the reading public expected most of him and when, indeed, he promised most.

Dyspepsia in its worst form came near ending the life of David Graham Phillips long before his untimely death. Phillips tried in every way except refraining from overwork at the wrong time to combat the ills of indigestion. For a long time he rose early, ate a few grapes and worked for hours at a standing desk. He thought that this plan suited his particular case, though he once said that he would not recommend it to others. "Writing is hard work at its best," he said, "torturesome work; but to stand up to a desk and dig away with a pencil for four or five hours at a stretch is as hard as galley-slaving." Indeed, he found it in time unendurable, and changed to the less irksome plan of sitting while at work. Also he gave up the idea of early morning work, and just before his death he was writing exclusively at night; but his malady remained with him to the end. "Everything I eat," he said, "distresses me. I suppose it's because of my digging so hard at the desk, but it's only by such infernal means that I can accomplish anything."

The physical basis of the intellectual life has been studied very carefully by Edwin Markham, who has fought off dyspepsia by rational eating and has kept his nerves in a tranquil state by being out of doors as much as possible. For about eight months of the year he sleeps on an upper veranda of his home in Westerleigh, Staten Island. Last year he kept up this practice until the middle of December. During the coldest months he sleeps indoors with the bedroom windows raised high.

"I believe all brain workers would be benefited by outdoor sleeping," he declares. "Many of them are subject to insomnia. The open air would cure that in most cases. One requires less sleep out of doors than in the house. I can do one-third more work by breathing fresh air when in bed than when I shut myself in, which I rarely do nowadays."

Edith Wharton finds relief from the exhausting strain of intense, analytical novel-writing in motoring. Kate Douglas Riggs avoids the nervous reaction of desk work by being out in the open air as much as possible. In the summer months she often writes out of doors, a feat which many writers find impossible because of the effect of too much light on their paper and of the exterior sights and sounds that distract attention. In former years Jack London suffered greatly from insomnia, and is said to have kept a little supply of food at the head of his bed, as he found that eating tended to produce slumber. Of late years he has relied upon riding, yachting and shooting to keep him in good writing trim.

Rex Beach declares that he has no maladies. "I am in better health when I write than when I loaf," he told the writer not long ago. "Fresh air and some exercise are all I need—fresh air in the room and exercise in the open. I am hopelessly normal in my work, my habits, my appetites and my ills. I live like a business man and suffer like one. The only serious suffering I ever underwent was commuting. Now I've cut that out and live in town."

Lloyd Osbourne is another open-air writer. "I have been an author for more than twenty years," he writes, "and I cannot recollect that I have ever suffered from anything very much except lack of money. I did have measles when I was six, and New Guinea fever when I was twenty-five, and recently I lost my appendix, but none of these may fairly be ascribed to literature, except perhaps the last, when, having gotten a little ahead of the game financially, my pocket-book attracted the doctors. I have a light heart, an inextinguishable good-nature, a joy that never tires of the out of doors; I stand six feet, have kept my hair, weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, and am altogether satisfied with this mundane sphere."

And here is the advice of Walter H. Page to authors and other brain workers, penned for the BOOKMAN at the writer's request. It is so good that it shall be used at the end of this paper to clinch the argument, if any has been made, for rational living by writers:

> Do mental work every day hard enough to tire your mind and physical work, preferably out of doors, hard enough to tire your body; live in the country and in the open air as much as you can and don't talk about your health nor write about it.
>
> That's the game as I try to play it.

FELICITAS

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MARIO RAPISARDI

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

High on a granite headland,
 Where endless surges beat,
The white, impassible goddess
 Sits throned on a gleaming seat.

Over the ocean hanging
 The sky is a vault of lead;
Like lava boil the waters
 And far their roarings spread.

The awful night and solemn
 By no new star is rent;
In darkness forever and ever
 The voices of life lament.

The ocean cries in resurging
 To the cliff that above it rears:
"I nourish myself forever
 With human blood and tears."

And the wind round the goddess whirling
 Breaks in with its ancient cry:
"I am the wail of the people,
 Of the ages I am the sigh."

And all that is breathing and loving,
 From the sky, and the sea, and the ground
With the voice of lament is crying,
 Lost in the night profound:

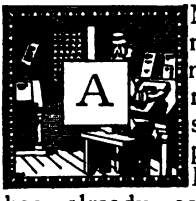
"Wilt thou look from thy mount, O goddess,
 On the wrecked forevermore?
Shall no one, no one forever,
 Be able to touch thy shore?"

If thou art a vain illusion,
 A shape of a dream's impress,
Why more than all do I crave thee?
 Why more than truth dost thou bless?

O thou who above me art gleaming,
 O sphinx of no answering breath,
O white, impassible goddess,
 Art thou, O, art thou death?

THE NEW REALISM IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



N effort to achieve a new realism in the drama has made itself apparent very recently in the works of several of the younger playwrights of Great Britain; and this effort has already assumed such important proportions that it constitutes one of the most interesting movements in the contemporary theatre. Among the writers who have contributed to this new movement are Granville Barker, John Galsworthy, John Masefield, Elizabeth Baker, Macdonald Hastings, Stanley Houghton, and Githa Sowerby. These authors differ markedly from one another in the mood and message of their plays, but they exhibit a surprising agreement in their revolutionary manner of attacking the technical traditions of the stage.

It is apparently their purpose to carry the drama more nearly into accord with actuality than it has ever been before, by the expedient of ignoring the tradition of the well-made play. Instead of attempting further to perfect the pattern of playmaking which has been handed down from Scribe, through Dumas *fils* and Ibsen, to Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, they have chosen to discard the pattern and to adopt a method of construction more closely in accordance with the modesty of nature. They do not build their stories to a climax at the close of the penultimate act; for they disdain the easy emphasis of curtain-falls and desire to avoid any artificial heightening of a single favoured incident. They seem to disagree with the immemorial axiom of Aristotle that a play should have a beginning, a middle, and an end; for they admit only that the drama must exhibit the middle of an action. Their plays begin almost anywhere, and often do not end at all. The final stage-direction of Mr. Barker's *The Madras House* is, "She doesn't finish, for really there is no end to the subject"; and then the curtain falls. We feel—and the author desires us to feel—that he might have stopped an act sooner or written ten acts more. Mr. Galsworthy, in *The Pigeon,* leaves his characters finally in the same dilemma in which he initially discovered them; and the whole point of the play is that nothing has been done—and nothing can be done—to relieve the life-problem of which he has granted us a momentary glimpse. By deliberately avoiding a conclusion, and by starting the story at a point which presupposes innumerable antecedent causes, these authors seek to imitate the drift of life itself—which exhibits no beginnings and no endings, but only an appalling continuity.

Nature is neither selective of events nor logical in the arrangement of them; but without selection and arrangement it is impossible to make a plot. In this dilemma, the apostles of the new realism prefer to side with nature, and are willing, whenever necessary, to get along without a plot. In order to remove attention from the element of plot, they cast entire emphasis upon the element of character. Character is all they care about; and provided that their imaginary people are representative and real, they do not deem it indispensable that they shall reveal themselves in terms of action. They even undertake to extend the province of the drama by including in their plays such unassertive characters as have always been regarded hitherto as undramatic. They refuse to restrict the drama to an exhibition of a struggle between human wills resulting necessarily in action, and often choose instead to exhibit a deadlock between human wills that results in the negation of action. Thus, in Miss Baker's *Chains,* the essential idea is that the characters are so situated that they can accomplish nothing of any consequence upon their own initiative, and that nothing of any vital interest can happen to them. Her play is a study of the hopelessness of thwarted wills.

Such characters as these, when exhibited upon the stage, must reveal themselves mainly through the medium of dialogue. What they think and what they

feel must express itself more through what they are heard to say than through what they are seen to do. The plays of the new realists are therefore less visual, and more auditory, in their appeal than the majority of our contemporary dramas. It appears that these young authors might have taken for their motto that striking phrase of Stevenson's, in a letter to Mr. Henry James—"Death to the optic nerve." By their reliance upon dialogue as the essential factor of their plays, they seem to be seeking what may be called a return to literature. Their dialogue is masterly: it has to be; for their plays appeal so little to the eye that the audience is required to listen closely to the spoken words.

What, now, shall be said concerning these departures from the practice of the greatest playwrights of the elder generation? Much, upon the one hand, may be said against them. The endeavour of the new realists is based upon the assumption that life itself is more dramatic than any theatrical selection and arrangement of events. They therefore exercise their artistry in an effort to conceal the fact that the drama is different from nature. But if this effort were ever perfectly successful, the drama would cease to have a reason for existence, and the only logical consequence would be an abolition of the theatre. It would seem, as a matter of principle, that there can scarcely be a fruitful future for a movement which, if extended to the utmost, would result in a *reductio ad absurdum*.

But, on the other hand, if we judge the apostles of the new realism less by their ultimate aims than by their present achievements, we must admit that they are rendering a very useful service by holding the mirror up to many interesting contrasts between human characters which have hitherto been ignored in the theatre merely because they would not fit neatly into the pattern of the well-made play. And in presenting their unconventional material, these young authors have succeeded in producing an astonishing impression of reality. By suggesting the potential intensity of a static situation, they often achieve an effect that is more profoundly moving than if they had made the stage noisy with alarums and excursions. Even a critic who might disagree with their theories could not fail to recognise and to admire the extraordinary talents of these authors. Because of the sincerity of their respect for life and the seriousness of their endeavour to represent it faithfully, they have already earned a high rank upon the roster of contemporary dramatists.

"Chains"

Miss Elizabeth Baker's *Chains* was reviewed in detail in the BOOKMAN for October, 1910, shortly after its first emergence at the Duke of York's Theatre in London; and the extraordinary merits of this sincere and moving composition are so well known by this time to students of the contemporary stage that it is not necessary to repeat in the present context what was said about it then. The review referred to was concluded with the following sentences: "Mr. Frohman has promised to produce the play in America; and it will probably succeed if it is presented as faithfully as it was done in London. But a single American actor in the cast, for instance, would spoil all of the effect; and if any attempt be made to make the atmosphere of the piece seem less foreign to Americans, the piece will surely fail. It must stand or fall as what it is—a *genre* study, as local as a Dutch interior painting, and just as universal in the hints it offers of humanity at large."

This warning seems to have been prophetic. On December 16, 1912, Mr. Frohman presented a travesty of *Chains* at the Criterion Theatre in New York. Only one performance was given; and this was more than enough. Miss Baker's little masterpiece had been rewritten in American slang by an author whose name was printed in such large letters on the programme that it need not be repeated here. The locality had been shifted to a New Jersey suburb of New York; and by this arbitrary alteration the situation of the characters was robbed of all significance. A fabricated happy ending took the place of the original ironical conclusion. The piece was produced without any atmosphere whatever; and though several of the actors were supposed to embody characters belonging to the same family, some of them

spoke literary English and the others the nasal dialect of the Bowery.

To Charles Frohman must be assigned the credit of having produced Miss Baker's play in London; and to Charles Frohman must be assigned the disgrace of having produced this impudent revision in New York. Can it be that Mr. Frohman considers his fellow-countrymen less intelligent than the public overseas?

"Hindle Wakes"

Hindle Wakes is the first full-length play of a new author, Mr. Stanley Houghton, of Manchester. It is written in the Lancashire dialect; and it presents an analysis of the psychological reactions of eight characters selected from the industrial class of the author's home county. It is a work of extraordinary vividness and truth; and it indicates that Mr. Houghton is richly endowed with the two essentials of creative power—observation and imagination.

"Hindle" is the name of a little factory town; and "the wakes" is the Lancashire term for the midsummer week-end that culminates with the August bank-holiday. During this week-end, the son of a mill-owner and a girl who works in his father's factory happen to meet each other in a holiday resort, and, yielding to a mutual attraction, run away and consort together over "the wakes." Each of them looks upon this escapade merely as a momentary lark. Their mood is mutually irresponsible; they expect their excursion into immorality to remain unknown to anybody else; and since they both are thoroughly aware that they do not really love each other, neither of them desires to renew their adventurous relation in the future.

This is the only incident in Mr. Houghton's story; and this incident is assumed



"HINDLE WAKES"—ACT II

"All these people, being different in character, react in different ways to the shock of the disclosure; and the subtle differences of their modes of thought and feeling are disclosed in masterly details of dialogue."

to have occurred before the play begins. The piece opens with the accidental discovery of this immoral escapade by the parents of the girl; and the purpose of the author is merely to exhibit the effect that the revelation makes upon them, and afterward upon the parents of the boy, upon the girl he is engaged to, and upon her father. All these people, being different in character, react in different ways to the shock of the disclosure; and the subtle differences of their modes of thought and feeling are disclosed in masterly details of dialogue. After a good deal of acrimonious discussion, it is finally decided by a consensus of the three families that the young man must "make the working-girl respectable" by giving her his name. But at this point the girl herself refuses to marry him, because she does not love him, because she considers herself as responsible as he for what has happened, and because she is thoroughly capable of taking care of herself, in Hindle or—if necessary—elsewhere. This unexpected declaration of independence occurs at the close of the play, and gives the audience something serious to think about for many nights thereafter.

"Rutherford and Son"

Rutherford and Son is also the first play of a new author. It was written by Miss Githa Sowerby, a young woman in her early twenties. No better proof could be afforded of the inherent vigour of the new realistic movement in the British drama than the astounding maturity and masculinity of this surprising work.

The piece exhibits the impossibility of any invigorating struggle between human wills in a household whose weaker members are utterly dominated by one man of extraordinary strength. John Ruther-



"RUTHERFORD AND SON"—ACT III

"The old man, undaunted by the human wreckage he has tossed aside, accepts the bargain; and he smiles a wistful and a pleasant smile as he muses that his life-work will be carried on by the little infant to be trained up to the task."

ford is sixty years of age. He has devoted his entire life to building up the business of Rutherford and Son, and he has never allowed himself to think of anything else. He is a stern taskmaster —first of all, for himself, and inferentially, for everybody else whose life he touches. He has never, in his own experience, felt the need of any diversion from his work; and, in consequence, he cannot understand why the members of his family should seek alleviation from the daily round of duties he imperially imposes on them. Hence, in time, his very presence bereaves his household of all joy, and by his dominance of will he crushes the life-spirit out of all the lesser members of his family.

His daughter seeks relief in a clandestine love affair with the foreman of her father's factory; and when Rutherford learns of their relation, he discharges the foreman and casts his daughter out of his house. His elder son rifles his father's cash-box and runs away, because Rutherford has stolen the formula of an invention which the young man has made, in order to apply it to the business advantage of the firm. His younger son seeks refuge in the Church, and dwindles to a useless vicar. His unserviceable sister decays into a scolding middle age. Ultimately, nobody is left in the house of Rutherford except the deserted wife and child of his absconding elder son. This woman, in her hour of need, summons up sufficient spirit to strike a bargain with him. If he will support her and her little son for ten years, she will, at the end of that time, give her child into his hands to be trained up to inherit the business of Rutherford's. The old man, undaunted by the human wreckage he has tossed aside, accepts the bargain; and he smiles a wistful and a pleasant smile as he muses that his life-work will be carried on by the little infant to be trained up to the task.

There is very little action in this play; but the characters are analysed with an overwhelming truthfulness. The dialogue is written in the dialect of the North Country; and by carefully avoiding any literary elaboration of the lines, the author has succeeded in producing a powerful impression of the reality of speech.

"Fine Feathers"

The only recent play of American authorship which may be compared in vigour with these works of the younger British realists is *Fine Feathers*, by Mr. Eugene Walter; and despite its theatrical effectiveness, this piece must be ranked upon a lower level of achievement. The plot is more important than the characters; and though the play develops an interesting theme, the critic cannot help feeling that the author was thinking more of the theatre than of life during the course of the composition.

Bob Reynolds is a young chemist with very little money; and his ambitious wife is bored with their monotonous existence in a Staten Island bungalow. A rich promoter, named Brand, offers him a bribe of forty thousand dollars if he will countenance and conceal the substitution of an inferior grade of cement for the superior grade that is called for in a contract Brand has received to build a certain dam. Reynolds indignantly declines the bribe; but during the course of a month his wife gradually succeeds in persuading him to accept it.

Enriched by forty thousand dollars, Reynolds moves to a comfortable villa on Long Island; but his living expenses increase to such an extent that he takes to speculating in Wall Street in order to increase his fortune. He wins a little, for a time; but afterward he loses all the money that he has, and ten thousand dollars more. He implores Brand to help him out of his difficulty; but the latter merely scorns him. Then the dam bursts; and the resultant flood occasions an appalling loss of life. In utter despair, Reynolds telephones the police to hurry to his house, and then commits suicide.

Fine Feathers is constructed in accordance with the formula of the well-made play. The first two acts seem a little desultory, because the advance of the story is impeded by several passages of comic relief which are dull in themselves and are only slightly related to the plot; but the last two acts reveal a cumulative tensity of structure that reminds the critic of the work of Henry Bernstein. Yet, when the play is over, one feels that the author's achievement has been mainly

technical; for the piece is more remarkable as a fabrication than as a revelation of experience.

The other American plays which remain to be noted in this number look ephemeral indeed by the side of *Hindle Wakes* and *Rutherford and Son,* for in none of them do the authors seem to take the drama seriously as a medium for representing life. The success of *Within the Law* has resulted in a sudden epidemic of melodramas in which criminals are hunted by detectives and police. Several of these fabricated plays of plot have met with the approval of the public; but none of them need detain us in detail.

"The Conspiracy"

The most exciting of the lot is *The Conspiracy,* by Mr. John Emerson and Mr. Robert Baker. The heroine is the sister of an assistant district attorney, and she has been helping her brother to gather evidence against a gang of criminals engaged in the white slave traffic. Cornered by the leader of the gang, she is obliged to kill him in self-defense. In actual life the young woman would immediately have gone to the office of the district attorney and made public the facts of the case; but, in order that there may be a play, the heroine of *The Conspiracy* runs away from the police and hides in an East Side settlement house. She is engaged as a stenographer by Winthrop Clavering, an amateur criminologist who earns his living by writing popular accounts of current crimes for an evening newspaper. Clavering dictates to the heroine an imaginary narrative of the recent murder which approaches so nearly to the facts that she breaks down and confesses that she did the killing. His first impulse is to turn her over to the police; but she soon persuades him that she is innocent of murder, and enlists his help in rounding up the members of the gang.

In writing *The Argyle Case,* Miss Harriet Ford and Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins were aided by the co-operation of the noted detective, Mr. William J. Burns; and their detective-hero, named Asche Kayton, is supposed to employ the methods of the co-operating author.

"The Argyle Case"

The elderly Mr. Argyle has been murdered mysteriously in his library; and Asche Kayton spends four acts in tracking down the murderer. In the course of this endeavour he also discovers and entraps a gang of counterfeiters. The plot is very complicated, and is sufficiently exciting; but very few of the characters reveal any reasonable motives for their actions. Kayton records the finger-prints of nearly every actor in the cast, and employs the dictagraph to secure evidence against the counterfeiters; and these technical devices serve to satisfy the curiosity of an audience that cares more about the theatre than it cares for life.

Mr. Harry James Smith possesses a decided talent for social satire; but in his recent play called *Blackbirds* he seems unable to sustain the mood of melodrama. The heroine has been a professional smuggler for many years; and the hero, with whom she is deeply in love, is also a criminal adventurer, and, at the moment, is eluding the police. The author vitiates his story at the outset by seeking to discover moral motives for what he regards as their revolt against society. Mr. Smith will not be satisfied with a crook who is really a crook; he desires also that the crook should be a highly moral person: and this desire for morality effects the ruin of his melodrama.

"Blackbirds"

The hero and the heroine pass themselves off as European aristocrats, and are entertained as guests by a family of *nouveau riche* Americans. They have planned to steal a forty thousand dollar rug from the house of their unsuspecting hosts and to substitute in its stead a worthless imitation. The heroine accomplishes the substitution; but at this providential moment an old woman named "Grandma" appears in the parlour and talks to her sentimentally about God for what seems a very long time. The heroine is so deeply moved by this conversation that she subsequently replaces the stolen rug, even though in doing so she realises that she is condemning the man she loves to almost certain capture. This moralising and immoral scene is so ab-

surdly false to life that the play falls to pieces then and there.

But in the earlier acts there are several amusing passages of comedy in which the author satirises the social ambitions of the family of climbers. This material is so entertaining that it seems a pity that it should have been wasted in a play whose serious plot is so far from satisfactory.

"Stop Thief"

Stop Thief, by Mr. Carlyle Moore, is another play in which criminals are hunted by detectives and police; but the story is developed in the mood of farce. Into a certain household the author introduces a couple of professional thieves; but when several articles of value have disappeared and the police have been sent for, the search for the real criminals is complicated by the fact that two thoroughly honest members of the family secretly suspect themselves to be afflicted with kleptomania, and consequently do all that they can to embarrass the investigators. This farcical idea is developed with an astonishing fertility of invention. The plot becomes more and more complicated as the play proceeds, and with each new complication the farce becomes more funny than before.

"Peg O' My Heart"

Peg O' My Heart is a conventional fabric of the theatre by Mr. J. Hartley Manners. By the will of a rich uncle, a poor, uncultivated Irish girl is left to be educated by a family of aristocratic English cousins. They are so offended by her lack of manners that they continue to maintain her in their house only to secure the monthly stipend allotted to them in her uncle's will. They make her life miserable with con-



"THE CONSPIRACY"—ACT III

"Clavering dictates to the heroine an imaginary narrative of the recent murder which approaches so nearly to the facts that she breaks down and confesses that she did the killing."

tinual reproofs; but, in spite of her crudity, she is at heart a much more wholesome person than her snobbish relatives. She proves this ultimately by preventing her cousin from eloping with a married man and tarnishing the family name with scandal. At the end of the play she marries a fine gentleman with a title, who has fallen in love with her because she has no manners.

This sentimental comedy reveals little reference to life, either in its plot or in its characters. In the theatre it is interesting only as a vehicle for the talents of a very charming actress.

"Years of Discretion"

Another conventional comedy which tells a more than twice told tale is *Years of Discretion,* by Mr. Frederic Hatton and Mrs. Fanny Locke Hatton; but the piece was produced by Mr. David Belasco, and therefore enjoys the great advantage of superlative acting and exemplary stage-direction.

Mrs. Farrell Howard is forty-eight years old. She has been a widow for many years, and has led a very quiet life in her charming little home in Brookline, Massachusetts; but she now resolves to break out and have one final fling before settling down forever. She makes up as a young woman, equips herself with several Paris gowns, and dashes down to New York to pay a visit to her friend, Mrs. Brinton. She flirts violently with all the bachelors on Mrs. Brinton's string; and before long three of them are desperately in love with her. After many amusing adventures, she herself succumbs to one of them—a fascinating man of fifty named Christopher Dallas—and agrees to marry him. But on her wedding day she is deeply troubled by a fear that her husband will be disappointed when he discovers that she is not so young as she



"PEG O' MY HEART"—ACT I

"A poor, uncultivated Irish girl is left to be educated by a family of aristocratic English cousins."

has pretended. It happens also that Dallas is troubled by a similar fear upon his own account; for in the eager period of their courtship he had not admitted the actuality of middle age. But these fears are ultimately dispelled by a mutual confession; and the belated lovers settle down together to enjoy the coming on of age.

"Racketty-Packetty House"

With funds that were generously furnished by Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Mr. George C. Tyler has built a little theatre especially for children on the roof of the Century Theatre Building. The initial entertainment at this Children's Theatre is a pleasant little play by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett entitled *Racketty-Packetty House.*

There are two dolls' houses in Cynthia's nursey. One of them—which used to belong to her mother—is shabby and old-fashioned. Cynthia calls it "Racketty-Packetty House" and disdains to play any longer with the ragged dolls that inhabit it. The other—which is Cynthia's favourite—is a new and splendid edifice called "Tidyshire Castle"; and it is inhabited by a family of dolls who wear noble names and are magnificently dressed.

When Cynthia leaves the nursery, the



"BLACKBIRDS"—ACT I

"The heroine has been a professional smuggler for many years; and the hero, with whom she is deeply in love, is also a criminal adventurer, and, at the moment, is eluding the police."



"YEARS OF DISCRETION"—ACT I

"She flirts violently with all the bachelors on Mrs. Brinton's string; and before long three of them are desperately in love with her."



"RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE"—ACT II

"When Cynthia leaves the nursery, the dolls of Racketty-Packetty House come to life."

dolls of both these houses come to life. The rollicking Rackety-Packetties are treated very disdainfully by their snobbish and aristocratic neighbours of Tidyshire Castle; but love is stronger than social prejudice, and the charming Lady Patricia Vere de Vere scandalises all her relatives of Tidyshire by eloping with Peter Piper, the ragged leader of the Rackety-Packetties. They have a splendid wedding in a toy church; and by this agreeable eventuality, the airish Cynthia is taught to look with equal favour on both houses.

THE THREE FATES

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

Up in the cave of the wind,
 Bent and crabbed with their years,
In endless chatter they sit,
 Old Distaff, Spindle and Shears.

And they heard a mother's song
 Go by them on the breeze,
As she hushed her pretty babe
 To slumber on her knees.

"Oh, you shall be great and proud,
 You shall be strong and fleet,
And fame for your call will come
 And Captive love to your feet.

"And life for you shall be long,
 Full of your heart's desire"—
She sang as she rocked her babe
 Beside the golden fire.

Up in the cave of the wind,
 Bent and crabbed with their years,
In mocking laughter they sit,
 Old Distaff, Spindle and Shears.

The problem of the cost of living is not a matter of to-day or yesterday. Just about the time Shakespeare was born all England was in a turmoil over the same problem, for the prices of the necessities of life had been doubled, probably on account of the flooding of the country with gold brought back from Mexico. This condition was naturally serious to the poor scribe of Elizabethan London, who, receiving from four to six pounds for a play, was confronted by the exactions of the landlord of his humble lodging, the keeper of the tavern at which he dined—when he did dine—and the questions of expense for the occasional journey. To the March BOOKMAN *Algernon Tassin will contribute the first paper in the series, The Grub Street Problem, the Daily Life of a Man of Letters in Many Periods, which will deal with Shakespeare's England.*

CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION

I. To a Best Seller in Need of Replenishment of Ideas

Cape Neddick, Maine,
September 22, 1912.

My Dear Barrowdale: I hope you have not failed to read in a recent issue of the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. Henry James's very brilliant exposition of the possibilities of Browning's *The Ring and the Book* in the field of novel-writing. It has been the habit of a "short-cut" reading public of late years to jeer at Henry James, and I must confess that in a small way I have aided and abetted the attempt to insinuate into that gentleman's mind a sense of the desirability of a greater clarity of expression, and a less mystical manner of meandering, as it were, in the byways and hedges of collateral, if not wholly concurrent, concepts in the explication of an already sufficiently complicated concatenation of subcutaneous realities which he has chosen to analyse for the benefit of those who find in his writings that precise, though somewhat delitescent, interest which proves them to be part and parcel of an as yet undismayed, though gradually evanishing, group of readers who love literature for its own sake. Nevertheless, we must all recognise the fact that his service to American literature is a great one, and admit that while his later efforts may fail of a strong popular appeal, for the lasting charm of his earlier work we owe him a debt in gratitude which we shall never be able to repay. And surely with that past achievement behind him to back him up as an authority, perhaps his greatest literary crown will be that which is worthily placed upon his brow by his fellow-craftsmen, whose discriminating judgments as to what literature really should be are more deserving of respect than are the verdicts of the man who no longer "runs and reads," but "speeds and skims." Just as the greatest lawyers are those whose victories won have made them Counsel to the Bar, so is it fair to say that, even though lacking in popular favour, he ranks among the greatest writers to whom his fellows bow down as before a recognised Master in the Arts of Poetry and of Prose. It is not to be denied that, judged by some such standard as this, Henry James fairly and squarely takes his place as one of our immortals, and for that reason what he says as to this possibility or that in literature ought to be regarded as *ex cathedra* by those who to-day regard letters as a serious pursuit; and who write books not that they may out of their profits leave behind them on the highways of life a scented trail of gasolene fresh from the tanks of their newly achieved motor-cars, but a fragrant memory in the hearts of readers who have been helped by what they have written.

So, when Mr. James comes to us with a statement of the possibilities of *The Ring and the Book* as a novel, it behooves men of your stamp to pay heed to what he says, and to gather from it such benefit, professional or personal, as may arise from a respectful consideration of his theory. It has seemed to me that one of the "by-products" of his suggestion is likely to appeal with especial force to yourself, who recently observed to me that you found "the literary pace killing," not because you found yourself unable to turn out the ten- or twelve-thousand words daily which your publisher demands of you in order to supply the requirements of your hard-won market, but that you were beginning to feel like a bottle, whose contents had been over liberally spilled; and you said you feared the day was coming when the bottle would be found standing on its head, the demands upon it still going on, and so drained of lees, dregs and other contents that not even the suggestion of a drop of anything could be discerned within. I remember that I advised you to quit writing for a year or two; to take up some really useful occupation for a little while, and give the bottle a chance to fill up again; to which you replied that you could not afford to stop; that unless you continued to produce the two books a year your public demanded people

would think you had died and would turn to others—the sad truth of which under modern literary conditions I was forced reluctantly to recognise. But now comes one of the real Masters of Letters with a hint as to how you may refill bottles from possibly forgotten fountains. Surely, my dear Barrowdale, if one of assured position like Henry James dares make such a suggestion, a lesser light, like yourself, may dare act upon it. Wherefore, be you early in this new movement whereby ancient waters may be turned into new wines.

Let us suppose, for instance, that your familiarity with poetry—classic poetry—like that I fear of most people these days is confined solely to the immortal productions of Mother Goose. I have tried to recall the possibility of having talked with you on the subject of Poetry, and cannot for the life of me remember whether or not you have ever betrayed any familiarity with, or interest in it, so you will forgive my assumption that beyond Mother Goose, and Fluffy Ruffles, you have not gone very deeply into the lyrical and epic treasures of the past. The conclusion may not be as true of you as it is of the vast majority of writers in the new Go-As-You-Please School, but in any event it will do us no harm to go back to our earliest tastes in poetry, and, as Henry James has done with Browning, ourselves select Mother Goose as the fount from which our fast evaporating contents may be replenished.

What could be more simple then than that you should do for—well, suppose we choose at random from all those lovely lyrics of the nursery—let us say, *Jack and Jill*, what Mr. James would do for *The Ring and the Book*. You of course recall the lines—

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

I have paused a moment to laugh, my dear Barrowdale, for I can see your ever expressive upper-lip curling scornfully over what you doubtless consider the absolute inanity of my notion that *Jack and Jill* could possibly be turned into a novel having the slightest human interest, but let us look the field over and see just how worthy of bedlam I am. Let us make what the Stage Carpenters of the Day call a Scenario.

Dividing the jingle up into certain natural divisions, so natural indeed that they instantly suggest themselves, we get the following:

I. Jack.
II. Jill.
III. They climb a hill.
IV. Their object turns out to be a pail of water.
V. Jack falls down.
VI. He breaks his crown.
VII. Jill comes tumbling after.

With this skeletonised nucleus for a story we may now set about the construction of a tale in which we show our hero, Jack, and our heroine, Jill, in the somewhat sordid surroundings of a newly rich parentage. Several chapters devoted to the early struggles of the Jack family and the Jill family in securing the wealth in which they are at present uncomfortably revelling will open up a rich lead into mines of political corruption and financial opportunism, both of which are very live topics at the present time. You would of course make Jill the high-minded, but socially ambitious, daughter of a socially impossible father—let us say an Easy Boss who has won his name and fortune in ways that are dark, and by tricks that are vain, for which the Heathen Chinee is no longer peculiar. On Jack's side let there be an equally impossible mother, impossible not because of any shortcomings in character, but for sheer every-day commonness, inability to learn, much less to speak correctly, the English language; having terrible taste in matters of dress and home decoration; but as kindly of soul as she is oleaginous and demonstrative in her expression of her rude sympathies. Here you would have the ground-work for the study of two types of American character which have always been interesting, and from a contemplation of whose manners, customs, points-of-view, and so on, you could derive much in the line of humour, pathos, satire, and here and

there, perhaps, the deeper heart-interest of tragedy.

Then comes the beginning of the romance. Naturally Jack and Jill fall in love with each other, and we may let them wed early in the game for the purpose of bringing them into the real centre of interest when to gratify their ambitious desires they begin to "climb the hill," the Hill, of course, being Society. They are both painfully aware of the social limitations of their parents. The second generation always is so. Society cannot receive Jill's father, and will not receive Jack's mother, but for Jack and Jill themselves there is still some social hope. Jack has been to college, and Jill, after a considerable course in the non-essentials of life at an expensive girl's school, has acquired a certain amount of *savoir faire*. Between them they manage to make a social start and begin "to climb." Now like all climbers of this particular sort they choose the wrong set. They make the sad, but all too common, error of supposing that the so-called Smart Set is the *summum bonum* of Society, instead of being, as it really is, the *omnium gatherum*, not to say the *quid pro quo*, thereof. The slow process of getting there will give ample scope to your pen. The complications which beset them on the way up: the parental handicaps with their attendant mortifications at critical moments; the heart-breaking snubs they encounter at the hands, and through the lorgnettes, of the snobs; the selfish favours bestowed upon them because of their wealth by the needy but undesirable rich; indeed all the thousand and one trials confronting them at every step will provide you with chapter after chapter of absorbing interest, involving all your talents in the line of social analysis in a test which you will find pretty thorough. And then when triumph comes, and their money has at last succeeded in getting them into the haven of their desires, they find what? Merely "A Pail of Water!" What real savour has it all, now that it is attained? The heights won, what is there here of the wine of true happiness and lasting satisfaction? Nothing but just so much water as their pail will hold, tasteless, without flavour, its freshness and spring-like sweetness lost.

As a natural sequence Tragedy now enters. The pace is set and to remain where they are they must keep the pace, and in trying to keep it Jack "Falls Down." Ah, what a chance lies here for your pen, Barrowdale! The Fall of the man who has Climbed! All the arduous labour of that upward struggle gone for nothing, and in the twinkling of an eye! How? Well perhaps your difficulty will come here in choosing the precise instrument by which the Fall of Jack is brought about. Their name is legion. It may be that the new life involves him in financial ruin. To keep the pace he strains his purse, and endeavours to refill it by speculation, and a morning comes when he who has basked in the smile of the Smart Set finds himself clutched by the writhing tentacles of the octopus of ruin, a pauper, his energies sapped by the life he has been leading, and not a soul to help him out of the wreck of his fortunes. Or it may be that it is a case of The Other Woman—it is often so. In any event, a crisis comes in the affairs of Jack, and for one or another of a thousand reasons "Jack Falls Down and Breaks His Crown!" Society turns away from him, not perhaps because he is really at fault, but because he seems to have been so; not because he is intrinsically bad, but because he has been found out in some small peccadillo; not because Society dislikes him any more than it ever did, but because he has been "squeezed dry" either in possessions or in reputation.

Whereupon we come to the Eternal Feminine undiluted. "Jill Comes Tumbling After!" The grand climacteric is reached in your handling of The Woman. Nothing is more interesting to men and women to-day than Woman, especially the Woman Who Is Tumbling. This section of your story you will find to be susceptible to two methods of treatment, viz.: the inexorably tragic, the morbid and depressing; or the uplifting. It all depends upon how you decide to have Jill Come Tumbling After.

The public, I fear, would prefer the inexorable tumble in which Jill, by this time used to the luxuries of a pampered

existence, her moral standards weakened by her association with the vain, the selfish, the frivolous, the easy-going, finds herself a prey to the vulture in Man, and rather than give up the so-called joys of the butterfly existence maintains her position outwardly by *sub rosa* affiliations of a questionable nature. The story thus ends in sordid disaster. The loss of Jack's physical crown may be brought about by a six-shooter, perhaps, or, if you desire to introduce a motor-interest, it may be stove in in an automobile accident; and Jill's tumble may become one of those things of which everybody is aware, but of which nobody speaks above a whisper; the whole story becoming a moral document in the sense that the tragedy of it serves as a warning to others similarly placed *not* to go and do likewise. This method, I say, I fear the modern reader would prefer, and the book would probably become a "seller" from which you might hope to acquire a motor-car quite as aromatic as the tale itself.

But for myself, my dear Barrowdale, I should prefer the other ending—the ending of uplift—even though it resulted in diminished sales. That other ending would be the touching story of Woman's Fidelity, and Man's Redemption. Jill in Tumbling After would merely be found insisting that whatever Jack's weakness might be she was still the partner of his woes, even as she had been the sharer of his joys, coupled with a determination to stick by him whether he had lost his crown or not, Tumbling After even to the bottom of the hill whence they had started long before. After all, despite the popular impression to the contrary, that is the way with most women, thank God, and such a sequel to the Man's Fall would be truer to the life that we live and see about us every day, and surely such a climax would leave a sweeter taste in the mouth than the inexorably tragic eventuation outlined above. You could draw an idyllic picture of that dawn of ruin in which Jack stands face to face with the consequences of his fall, and this woman standing eye to eye with him sees behind his tears, his remorse, nothing but the lineaments of the man she has loved, and that vision completely satisfies her soul. She now realises that all the allurements of the Smart Life are as nothing to the joys of a perfect comradeship, and that better far than the prizes of Bridge, superior by much to the laurels of social distinction, full of the ephemeral pleasures of an artificial happiness, are the bays placed upon the brow of one who by means of an unselfish, everlasting love, has brought peace to a troubled spirit, hope to a broken heart, and strength to rise again to one who has "fallen down and broke his crown."

Think this over, Barrowdale, and if you still feel yourself in the position of that empty bottle, see if replenishment may not be found in the Poets of other days, simple though they may be, even as the great mind of Henry James has found vast opportunity in a poem that owed its being to another brilliant spirit in the realms of romance. You may ask me why if I think so well of the scheme I do not do the thing myself, and my answer is that I would if I could, but I cannot. Off here on this magnificent coast of the Pine Tree State, with the great reaches of blue sky overhead, the granite rocks at my feet, and the everlasting seas spread like a great iridescent carpet between me and the infinite, I cannot bring myself either up or down, as the case may be, to meet the modern demand for the only kind of literature a madly speeding reading public will care for. I am neither strong enough nor mushy enough to do the thing acceptably. To be successful these days one must be either very very good, or very very bad; and I have a sufficient line upon my own talents, now that in peaceful surroundings I am able to see myself "in perspective," to know that I am neither the one nor the other. Wherefore do you take the story of "Jack and Jill" and do it. I shall consider myself amply repaid when the novel has gone into its four-hundred-and-sixty-fifth car-load to be able to tell people in confidence that it was I who gave you the idea.

Cordially yours,

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CONSTANTINOPLE

ANN. DOM. 330: 1453: 1912

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

Constantinople! Wise indeed the man
Who chose the Golden Horn to sound his name:
Though muffled by muezzin and Koran,
His echoed prowess stirs the West to shame.

Six thousand hundred times this gyrant earth
Has swung your glories to an eager sun
Since he gave thanks to God for your fair birth,
He the first emperor to Christ's service won.

Six score have ruled you since he graced that seat
Which crowned the vastness of your Hippodrome—
Europe and Asia mingling at his feet—
Great symbol of terrestrial greatness . . . Rome!

Six score have ruled you since that golden day,
Armenian, Macedonian, Frank and Greek—
Lip-serving God mid glittering decay—
And last the Turk: God could not save the weak!

Who has not, Queen of Cities, paid you court,
Fawning to win you for imperial bride;
Fighting to hold you that he might consort
With envied power and beauty till he died.

Haroun-al-Raschid once beheld the site
Where Chrysostom the Saint made golden speech;
Peter the Hermit prayed with many a knight
On shores where Persian bones were left to bleach.

Peasants have grasped the purple to your gain,
Your law their will to distant Caspian Sea;
Nobles have shown your sceptre's magic vain
Without the force of true nobility.

Slowly the eagles that proclaimed your rule
From Carthage to the Euxine Chersonese
Homed to your gates, O soon-to-be Stamboul,
Screeching stale triumphs caged in terror's peace.

And thus though Saracens and Goths and Huns
Surged to your walls to foam in broken ire,
Mohammed scorned your carnage-dealing guns
And breached your citadels with living fire.

Fearless your conqueror, fear-proof his host—
Who die for Islam, earn delights divine—
Yet bravest twofold Rome's expiring boast
Who fell last Cæsar and last Constantine.

Ironic thrust of Time that pricks all power!
A Constantine could rear you strong to God:
A Constantine must fall that darkling hour
When crescent 'clipsed His Emblem . . . Ichabod!

Yet mark the prophecy: "The Golden Gate
Shall stand to arch our Lord's returning cross!"
If true, thank God's unvenal headsman Fate:
God's chosen wheat shields Allah's tares from loss.

Yea Christian kings, when Christendom was young,
Gave ease and life to wrest their Saviour's Tomb
From that same Turk their seed with gold-warped tongue
Guard as their souls against his easy doom.

NEW LIGHTS ON GISSING

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

I



HEN George Gissing died and several articles by H. G. Wells, Harold Frederic and Thomas Seccombe appeared it was whispered about literary London that the real story had not been told; and with a writer so autobiographical as the creator of *The Unclassed* it was natural that curiosity about the more intimate details of his life should be fed. His closest friend from early schooldays was Morley Roberts, and to him many looked to write the biography. Exactly what motives prompted him to present it in its present disappointing form* is hard to realise, for, lacking the courage to tell it as a straight narration, he has put it in a fictional form with such a laboured attempt to disguise the subject that one almost suspects him of sensationalism. Certainly there is no mistaking the various novels, as they are mentioned, and the main facts of the life as we have grown to suspect it. Yet it is revealed without any veils, though its fictional form leaves a loophole for misstatements. His justification he derives from an alleged consent of Gissing who saw the full value of his very unusual life to any one seeking a subject. A question of ethics is involved which need not concern us; and since the book has been published and its nature recognised it is best to see what it reveals of a man whose life seems such a failure. And in glancing over some of the main outlines one may keep in hand the new critical study of Gissing written with discrimination and insight, which has just been imported.† It is significant that Frank Swinnerton has given few details of Gissing's life, anticipating by his own admission this intimate narration of Morley Roberts.

For the first time we know the reason of Gissing's sudden departure to America in the late seventies. He had become entangled in an affair with a prostitute and was caught stealing by the college authorities. After he was released from prison, friends gave him sufficient money to leave the country. His experiences in America are described in *New Grub Street*—that remarkable study of literary life where real genius is swamped and mere cleverness succeeds. What is most important is to discover how he first began to write fiction. The files of the *Chicago Tribune* hold his earliest stories which were written because he was starving and it was the only thing the paper would accept. When he returned to London after terrible hardships he continued his literary work and eked out a living by tutoring. Harold Frederic, however, has supplied us with the details of this, as he placed his two sons under Gissing's care. He had in the meantime married the prostitute, who became an habitual drunkard. It is rather ironical the contrast between his real life moving from house to house, as they were persistently turned out, with his other life in

*The Private Life of Henry Maitland by Morley Roberts. Hodder and Stoughton. 1913.

†George Gissing. A Critical Study by Frank Swinnerton. Mitchell Kennerley. 1913.

literary London. Once he was even asked what his experience was in the management of butlers, and he replied that he strictly refrained from men servants. His wife died shortly afterward, much to his relief, yet it was not long before he married again into further unhappiness. It appears that being lonely, he went out into the street and asked the first girl he met to marry him. She was "respectable," yet she married him, and bore him two children. It was but a few weeks after the ceremony that her tyrannical habits began and only his deep sense of honour—with its strange manifestations—prevented him from leaving her. Exactly what her side of the question was we have no way of knowing. He stood it a number of years and finally broke away. Mr. Roberts has given many intimate details of this period, which will please the seeker in morbid matrimonial psychology unless he suspects it is dressed up to justify the desertion. And then the third woman came, and with her some happiness for the first time.

When the present writer was in Paris some years ago he heard of this "Mrs. Gissing." Few of her friends knew that she was not married and there lies a little comedy of conventions back of their "arrangement." Gissing told her quite frankly that he was married, and for a time made inquiries about an American divorce. But the lady in question could not stand the long separation, and taking the case to her mother the latter felt the circumstances were such that she was justified in protecting them. The few years which followed were spent on the Continent, where he died in 1903. Mr. Swinnerton makes no mention of this *liason,* but in connection with this lady the present writer came across a curious fact which may serve to show her influence upon his tired spirit. Readers of *The Crown of Life,* which Mr. Swinnerton calls "inflated and very nearly conventional," may recall that it contains a note of sentiment which differs from any of his other novels. It deals with love, not marriage, and shows with rare insight, in spite of its crudity of construction, the influence of an ideal upon a life. The explanation of this is found to lie in the fact that it was written during the time he was waiting to begin life with the French lady in question. A further reading of the books which followed in their short time together will show a change in mood which included the quiet grey peace of the *Ryecroft* papers.

At the time of Gissing's death a story was circulated to the effect that in his last moments he had embraced the Catholic faith. Whatever grounds there were for this false story sprang from two details, not without interest. It appears in the loneliness with which he was surrounded that his friend felt he would welcome the sight of an English face and, as the chaplain was an Englishman, she called him in. Further, at the time of his death he was working on his novel *Veranilda,* which dealt with the time of Pope Gregory. In his delirium he spoke of the *Te Deum,* and this, no doubt, gave some colour to the story which was published in London and not denied. Gissing had not the slightest intellectual sympathy with any creed, though at one time, as Mr. Swinnerton points out, he came under the influence of Compte and the Positivists.

II

Since we are mainly concerned in his casual comment with the personal side of Gissing, how far, in the light of these two volumes, do his books reveal the man and his experiences? He was at his best when dealing with his own personal moods and in picturing a temperament at war with its environment. And he seemed always to be out of place. If, as Mr. Swinnerton feels, his loves also are too mental in that, with several exceptions, there is no complete surrender, it is because in the two marriages he showed the same trait of not being blinded to the tragedy which lay waiting. While his personal experiences in America, as mentioned, are outlined in *New Grub Street,* in the latter part may be found a premonition of the way his own marriage would end. Mr. Swinnerton's keen analysis detects the unusual capacity which the author of *The Workers in the Dawn* had for depicting two natures at war with each other's point of view, and one suspects this was Gissing's sad lessons of experience. This novel also reflects the dia-

lectic quality of his mind as well as narrating episodes of his life in Germany. The *Whirlpool* undoubtedly recorded his changed attitude toward children when he had achieved paternity, and there are many other paragraphs in this largely conceived but rather dull novel which reveal his personal characteristics—certainly his weakness in coping with obstacles. The episode in *The Unclassed,* too, in which the hero meets Ida Starr, was strangely anticipated in the motives which led to his second marriage. The theme of *Isabel Clarendon* suggests an experience of his own when a woman in high social standing sought him out in his retirement—if we are to rely on Morley Roberts's knowledge. That he had achieved some philosophy from his experiences with women is found in several passages of *The Odd Women,* that brilliant and little read novel, not without timeliness in our present feministic movement. His own lack of domestic felicity, due to the habits of his two wives, finds bitter expression in that chaotic story *In the Year of Jubilee,* and all his desires for domesticity gave colour to many passages in *The Emancipated.* But for a generally accepted photograph of his temperament and experiences one must turn to *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft,* which some rank as his best production, though, in spite of its greater simplicity of style, Mr. Swinnerton feels is below *Eve's Ransom* and *Thyrza.* One passage, alone, will reveal its intimacy:

> I had in me the making of a scholar. With leisure and tranquillity of mind, I should have amassed learning. Within the walls of a college I should have lived so happily, so harmlessly, my imagination ever busy with the world. . . . Through all my battlings and miseries I have always lived more in the past than in the present.

This paramount love of the past was his one great enthusiasm, and we find it scattered throughout all his novels. Indeed his pathetic struggle to finish *Veranilda* is not without its ironies, since all his life he had wished to write of the classical age, which was so removed from the spirit in which he was compelled to live. Casti, in *The Unclassed,* though drawn from a personal friend, no doubt voiced Gissing's early longing to write of Rome. *Sleeping Fires* contains some slight reference to his travels in Greece—but it was the spirit of Greece that he admired, as expressed in its literature. *Ryecroft,* as Mr. Swinnerton adds, summed up in one passage his feeling: "Our heritage of Greek literature and art is priceless; the example of Greek life possesses for us not the slightest value." The charm of Gissing is best found in his travel book, *The Ionian Sea,* which betrays a little suspected side in his habitual demeanour.

Perhaps we have grown to understand Gissing better: we shall never quite love him. There was so much smallness mixed with bigness which made him very human—but not of that humanity which we love to dwell upon in our musings of men who have moved us. His industry was unfailing and it deserves our approbation partly because of what it accomplished but mainly for what it aimed. That he was supremely ambitious there is no doubt; that he felt his own failure to measure up to his wish is equally evident. There was, on occasions, an assurance that he had contributed something to the English novel, and time alone will tell whether his analysis of certain abnormal temperaments truly reflected our feverish civilisation. To those who have read deeply into his novels there is a reward, for they have dignity and sincerity combined with scholarship. A critical study, such as Mr. Swinnerton has given us, will do much to place him where he belongs: that he was of sufficient importance to inspire so penetrating a book is not without its significance. Few artists are able to detach themselves from their productions, and art would lose greatly if Flaubert's wish was always gratified. Certainly some understanding of the temperamental limitations as expressed in his reactions from the facts of his life will do much to explain Gissing's work; for he saw life through his own misery and mal-adjustment with his environment. And here, indeed, his own life was not unlike many who must fail in the process of change which is taking place with such rapidity in all our social planes.

EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

ANDREW LANG AND WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE*

Andrew Lang was the most multifarious author of his era,—in fact, he was probably the most versatile writer in the long history of English literature on both sides of the Atlantic. He united two qualities never before conjoined: he was a genuine scholar, recognised as an equal by scholars everywhere, and he was also a working journalist of indefatigable industry and of unprecedented variety. As a serious scholar he won to the front in widely separated fields,—in Greek literature, in old French literature, in folklore and anthropology, and, of late, in history and in biography. With Butcher, Leaf and Myers he translated the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad,* and in so doing he set an unsurpassable standard for translation from a dead language. Without collaborators he rendered into nervous and pellucid English the *Homeric Hymns,* the idylls of Theocritus, the song-story (*chante-fable*) of *Aucassin and Nicolete* and a score or more of the lays of old France.

A long contemplated translation of Herodotus he seems never to have accomplished; and a biography of Molière, projected more than thirty years ago, was also abandoned after he had thoroughly investigated all the sources, the sole result of this research being the article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* revised for his admirable Clarendon Press edition of the *Precieuses Ridicules.* As a folk-lorist he was instrumental in discrediting, not to say demolishing, the sun-myth theory of Max Müller; and as an anthropologist he did more than any one else to elucidate the secret of the totem. As a historian he gave us what is certainly the most readable book on the intricate story of his native Scotland; and as a biographer he dealt with characters as dissimilar as Mary Stuart and John Knox, Lockhart and Stafford Northcote. He had a special fancy for attacking the obscure puzzles of history and he displayed a Scotch shrewdness in unravelling the tangled skein which led to the centre of the labyrinth.

As a journalist he was incessantly active in dailies and in weeklies, in monthlies and in quarterlies. When I first had the pleasure of meeting him, now thirty-two years ago, he was contributing five or six times a week an editorial article, as brilliant as it was brief, to the London *Daily News;* and only too few of these charming essaylets have been recaptured from the swift oblivion of the back number in the little volume entitled *Lost Leaders.* At the same time he was writing two or three articles every week for the *Saturday Review,*—minute investigations into the problems of folklore, reports of cricket matches, essays on literary and social themes and on topics of the times, and reviews of books in widely separated fields of literature. A little later he wrote for an American weekly, the *Independent,* his charming *Letters on Literature,* and for an English daily his ever delightful *Letters to Dead Authors*—which bids fair to survive as his indisputable masterpiece. A little later still he undertook the monthly department entitled "At the Sign of the Ship" in *Longman's Magazine.* And all through these busy years he was pouring forth in magazines, British and American, a heterogeny of essays on all sorts of subjects, only a few of which have been replevined in *Books and Bookmen* and *Adventures Among Books,* in *Angling Sketches* and *Essays in Little.* The fascinating papers on *Shakespeare's Comedies,* which he composed to accompany Abbey's exquisite illustrations in *Harper's,* are still uncollected.

He wrote one long narrative poem, *Helen of Troy,* and he gathered his many scattered lyrics into half a dozen volumes, of which the best known is *Ballades in Blue China.* He not only wrote poetry and translated poetry, but he wrote about poetry; he was the foremost authority in England on the ballad,

*Shakespeare, Bacon and the Great Unknown. By Andrew Lang. With eight illustrations. New York and London: Longmans, Green and Company. 1912.

following loyally in the footsteps of Child; and he contributed the required articles on this subject to Ward's *English Poets* and to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Moreover, he adventured himself in prose-fiction; he collaborated once with Sir Rider Haggard and once with Mr. A. E. W. Mason; and he wrote without any partner tales as dissimilar as the *Mark of Cain*, the *Monk of Fife* and the *Disentanglers*. Finally, he undertook a school history of *English Literature from Beowulf to Swinburne*, a sincere, frank, individual and unhackneyed book, illumined by flashes of insight and rich in appreciative criticism. It is to be noted that this history of English literature is unique among all the manuals of literary history prepared by British writers in that it does not neglect the American authors who have contributed to the literature of our common language. No British critic has been more cordial or more acute in his recognition of the special gifts of Poe and of Longfellow.

For versatility and for variety of accomplishment such as this a heavy price is always exacted. We are loath to believe that any man, however gifted he may be, can be an expert in widely separated fields. We are still more unwilling to accept the working newspaper man and the fecund magazine writer as also a man of letters. Andrew Lang's activity as a journalist in periodicals of every kind, ranging from *Punch* to the *Hibbert Journal*, from the *Illustrated London News* to *Mind*, could not but interfere with his reputation as a scholar. The bull's-eye of fame is more likely to be hit by a single rifle-shot than by successive discharges from a shotgun, no matter how accurate the aim or how abundant the ammunition. But those of us who knew him and who cherish his memory need not be discouraged. Time will do him justice, for posterity with its unerring judgment will select out of Lang's immense miscellany the half dozen volumes or the single book which cannot be permitted to perish. If an individual speculation may be hazarded, the suggestion must be made that the most likely to endure are the translations of Homer and Theocritus and of *Aucassin and Nicolete*, a handful of lyrics, and above all, the incomparable *Letters to Dead Authors*.

His characteristic qualities are exhibited in this posthumous book which deals with the Shakespeare-Bacon myth. Here we find his searching common sense, his customary shrewdness, his lively wit and his abundant humour, which was always good humour. He disavows any special acquaintance with Elizabethan literature, but he brings to the discussion of the authorship of the Shakespearian plays a wide acquaintance with literature ancient and modern, which allows him to adduce parallels and to provide satisfactory explanations for certain of the puzzles propounded by those who deny that Shakespeare was the author of Shakespeare's works. His special opponent is Mr. Greenwood, who maintains that the actor Shakespeare is not the author Shakespeare and that the actual author of the plays and poems is a Great Unknown,—possibly Bacon. This absurd belief Lang riddles with ridicule, showing it up in all its inadmissible assumptions and in all its illogical inconsistencies. The Baconians and the other anti-Shakespearians are so persistent, so vociferous, so intolerant,—and at bottom so ignorant,—that there is advantage in having their pretensions and their assertions examined from time to time by clear-eyed scholars possessed of that simple common sense which seems sometimes to be so uncommon. This needful task was performed a score of years ago by John Fiske, in a paper reprinted in his volume called *A Century of Science;* and it has been accomplished again in this more ample examination by Andrew Lang.

The result of Lang's analysis is that there is no reason to doubt Shakespeare's authorship of the plays attributed to him, however inexplicable may be the mystery of genius whereby a Warwickshire lad of doubtful schooling developed into the greatest dramatic poet the world has ever seen. At bottom the mystery here is but slightly greater than that which veils the development of the illiterate Illinois lad into the Abraham Lincoln who wrote the Gettysburg Address. But the Baconians and the anti-Shakespearians

in general will not be converted by Lang's logic; thev are immune to argument, since they have been bitten by the microbe of prejudice. That which gets into the head without the aid of argument cannot be got out by the aid of argument. Indeed, when prejudice has captured the mental citadel, argument spends itself in vain, even if it is as acute and as courteous and as convincing as is Lang's argument in the present volume.

Perhaps, therefore, there is no profit in my adding my missile to the weapons of assault that Lang has here collected and sharpened. But I have always found keen satisfaction in the fact that Shakespeare's authorship of the Shakespearian plays has never been questioned by any one really familiar with the theatre,—that is to say, by no actor, by no manager, by no dramatist, by no dramatic critic, by no historian of the drama. And the reason for this unanimity on their part is simple; they know, as experts in stage-technic, in dramatic construction, in the dramaturgic craft, that Shakespeare's plays must have been written in the theatre itself, so to speak. The author of Shakespeare's plays was no outsider, no mere man of letters not intimately associated with the stage, but a man of the theatre, availing himself of every device of the theatre of his time and familiar with every theatrical tradition of that epoch. In other words, the author of Shakespeare's plays was not only the greatest dramatic poet of the world, he was also the Sardou and the Belasco of the Elizabethan theatre.

Brander Matthews.

II

Andrew Lang's "History of English Literature"*

For some while past the student who desired a compendious and authoritative history of English literature had but one sure resort—he could turn with confidence and pleasure to that marvellously compact storehouse of facts and impressions in which Professor Saintsbury had garnered for him the results of a lifetime's reading and judgment. It is doing no injustice to other manuals to assert that the *Short History* held the field from the very day of its publication, if only because of the breadth of its survey, the thoroughness of its author's knowledge and the catholicity and soundness of his taste. That monument of learning which is gradually being built up by Cambridge scholars and their colleagues will accomplish in detail a task which one man's labours could only attempt in outline; but as a summary and a convenient work of reference, the little Saintsbury volume will still be consulted. On the smaller scale none of our critics has seriously challenged the professor's supremacy till the current year; now comes a rival history in miniature from Mr. Andrew Lang, and there must be general regret that its kindly and accomplished writer was not spared to see it in print. Perhaps to his death may be set down certain repetitions in the text, not to mention occasional misprints, which should not have missed the proof-reader's eye. That the name of Sir Walter Scott should turn up like a veritable King Charles's head periodically through the various chapters is a matter of idiosyncrasy, which should merely amuse; that Mr. Lang should reiterate his favourite quotations—thus Jonson's remark on Shakespeare, "sufflaminandus erat," mentioned five times at least—need not offend anybody save your pedant; but it certainly seems a pity that information already given in one place should be reproduced in another, for it argues a lack of skill in dovetailing the book's material. Indeed it is largely on account of Andrew Lang's lack of architectonic sense that I am sure his history, while it may serve as a "second string" to Mr. Saintsbury's book, can never hope to replace it, though it travels just a tiny distance further afield into modern times. Delightfully as he always gossiped on literary topics, full of scholarship and refreshing allusiveness as were his causeries, Mr. Lang never had the knack of making even his newspaper articles run with easy consecutiveness; his readers were expected to supply the connections of his rather rambling thoughts; form was

*History of English Literature: From "Beowulf" to Swinburne. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

never a strong point with him as a journalist. He was the last man therefore to be able to cover up signs of scaffolding and to effect smooth joints in a work such as a history of a nation's literature which makes severe demands on constructive ability. It is ominous that a list of authors, equipped with dates of their birth and death, precedes his text instead of being reserved for the end; his book is but too nearly a reasoned catalogue, or rather to be quite fair, it resolves itself much too often into a series of biographies and appreciations. Far too rare, save in the opening sections, is any study of tendencies, any bird's-eye view of the directions our literature was taking at particular periods. I search in vain for equivalents to Professor Saintsbury's inter-chapters, in which he analysed the progress of English prosody or the developments of style. Mr. Lang cannot be said to neglect these points, though he does not deal with them altogether adequately, but his treatment of them at best is in detail. And so from the time of Shakespeare onwards we seem jostling here with a procession of individual authors, and are scarcely ever permitted Pisgah glimpses; the sign-posts are few, and we are too infrequently carried to the hill-tops to see the lie of the land. Undoubtedly Mr. Lang's undertaking was one of difficulty, yet the arrangement he adopts cannot escape the reproach of clumsiness. Thus a consideration of Spenser's place in English poetry is tucked away in a chapter headed "Prose of the Renaissance"; Milton is grouped with Crashaw, Herbert, Herrick, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, Cowley, Waller, Marvell and Butler, as one of a batch of "Caroline Poets," and his prosodic achievements are far too little insisted upon; Dryden, the reformer of our numbers, is dealt with under the heading of the "Restoration Theatre." I know how embarrassing is the business of mapping out so thick a jungle as is that of English letters, but I am sure it is best to let the big trees show clear above the bracken, and I am conservative enough to think this result might be more successfully effected by such chapter titles as the "Age of Spenser," the "Age of Milton," the "Age of Dryden." So, at least, the masters are not swamped in the crowd of smaller men, though it is true enough, as Mr. Lang maintains in his preface, that each of the former springs from an underwood of the thought and effort of authors less conspicuous.

It is a thankless job to traverse the ground of the Anglo-Saxon beginnings of our literature, but Andrew Lang pushes his way bravely over this stony soil; though he must have heaved a sigh, as his readers will, on coming in sight of the "matter of Arthur" and the morning-star of song, Chaucer. On the rhyme romances and on Chaucer and Piers Plowman he writes with obvious signs of relief and pleasure, and one can easily understand what a labour of love were his chapters on early Scottish literature and ballads and popular poetry. Here he is at home and at his ease, but he devotes far too small a space to the rise of the drama, and his accounts of the miracle-play, the morality and the interlude would have been all the better for amplification. His study of Spenser concludes with a pretty Homeric metaphor:

> "As Hephæstus," says the prose translator of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, "when he fashioned the arms of Achilles, melted bronze and gold and silver in his furnace, so Spenser combined the wealth of Greece, Italy, France, Rome and England in the great crucible of his genius."

That would be very well did not Mr. Lang proceed to amplify his metaphor and talk of the Corinthian bronze formed at the burning of Corinth from the molten gold and silver and copper of the temple vessels and images, thereby applying in another connection an historical reference he has already used *à propos* of the Arthurian romances. I may add that Homer is only less frequently alluded to in his pages than Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Lang makes short work of Mr. Frank Harris's theories of *Shakespeare the Man*. He brushes aside "nonsense about Shakespeare as a sensual, sycophantic snob, mad with jealousy and foiled desire," and has no patience with the idea that the poet must have been irresolute because in the cases of Hamlet, Brutus and Macbeth he gave us heroes irresolute in a crisis. But his æsthetic criticism of

speare might have been more thor-, and in reaction from Mr. Swin-rne's ultra-enthusiasm he does rather less than justice to the merits of the Stratford man's play-writing contemporaries. To follow him through the labyrinth of Caroline and Georgian literature would mean only saying ditto, for the most part, to his verdicts and admiring his scholarship. I would only point to his little essays on Burton and Sir Thomas Browne, and Milton, as illustrating capitally any strictures of mine on his curiously disconnected style. There is too much narrative in his history, too much quotation without quotation marks, too much paraphrase insufficiently disassociated from the critic's own comments, which are generally as pointed as they are quaint. Incidentally I may remark that Pepys is dismissed very cavalierly, that Mr. Lang, himself an authority on Homeric translation, pays a fine compliment to Pope's version of the *Iliad,* that he thinks poorly of Swift's *Tale of a Tub,* and of Fielding's *Jonathan Wild.* With a tartness that occasionally adds piquancy to his pronouncements he declares, "If irony is to be openly and noisily unveiled on every page, then *Jonathan Wild* may be a masterpiece of irony." On the leaders of the "romantic movement" his decisions are uniformly just; he only shows any prejudice when he approaches quite modern days. Thus he talks of a lack of "natural magic" in Browning's poetry, and repeats the old charge of obscurity. He is ferocious on Meredith's verse, especially *Modern Love,* and tells us his manner is "not of the centre," he is frigid in any praise of Rossetti, his admiration of William Morris does not go much beyond the *Defence of Guenevere* volume, he is almost contemptuous of Disraeli's stories, he treats rather inadequately the Brontë sisters—especially Emily Brontë, and he writes in a bored way about the Meredith novels; nor is he very happy on Newman. On the other hand, he remains faithful to Robert Louis Stevenson, and he protests very rightly against the stupid modern practice of under-rating George Eliot; "there has been no better novelist," he asserts roundly, "than she, since the death of Dickens."

If I may seem to have spoken in too friendly a way of Mr. Lang's *History of English Literature,* I hope it will not be supposed that I am not conscious of the toil and thought that have gone to the making of this volume, nor that I fail to appreciate the wide reading or the taste which are the indispensable preliminaries of any such enterprise. Equally willing am I to recognise that in carrying his work through Andrew Lang has given of himself at every pore. The book is thoroughly individual and characteristic of him, and not merely in its constant allusions to Scott, Homer, Thackeray, Joan of Arc, Mary Queen of Scots, Charles Wogan, and psychical research. My criticisms, such as they are, are but directed to the architectural weaknesses of his scheme, the happy-go-lucky character of his style, and a petulance never revealed save in his treatment of modern topics; in fact if his history is disappointing, it is only so by comparison.

F. G. Bettany.

III

The Mystery of Edwin Drood*

Sir William Robertson Nicoll has broken out in a new place in the volume that he has just published on *The Problem of Edwin Drood.* The first sentiment of many, perhaps the majority, of those who scan the title will be surely this subject might be allowed to take a long-earned rest. Its place is in the mausoleum of literary curiosities along with speculations as to the dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets, the authorship of the *Eikon Basilike,* or the identity of Junius. A large number of keen, detective minds have exercised themselves upon the problem as upon a sharpening strop. Most of them have written books or pamphlets on the subject, and their lucubrations would fill a fair-sized dwarf bookcase. A few fanatical Dickensians may welcome any pretext for poring over the moiety of *Edwin Drood* once more. But the reader who does not take an active part in the Dickensian fellowship

*The Problem of Edwin Drood: A Study in the Methods of Dickens. By Sir W. Robertson Nicoll. New York: Doran and Company.

may well regard with some coldness the appeal of a book which makes the reperusal of a fairly long and difficult, though unfinished, work a prior condition of complete understanding. If the general reader is dissuaded by these *prima facie* considerations from the discussion of Sir William Nicoll's latest work, let us say at once that he will incur the risk of missing not only one of its author's most interesting productions, but also one of the most considerable critical performances of recent years. The book's great achievement, indeed, is that it does not depend for its interest by any means exclusively upon the discovery of *x* in the matter of the specific solution of the Edwin Drood mystery. The present deponent, at any rate, found an interest of no secondary kind in its pages as an investigation of the testimony as to all the circumstances attending the production of Dickens's latest work. It abounds in documentary evidence, it reveals with singular suggestiveness the evolution of Dickens's latest manner, it brings us nearer "Dickens—the last phase" than any book we can remember to have read. With Mr. Lehmann's admirable book on *Dickens as an Editor* it goes far to vindicate the reality of national gratitude to the great novelist, now in his hundredth year. Battered by life, and worn by the many leagues of print which he had traversed, Dickens had indeed journeyed far from "pou sto" of *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist*. One may not be able to agree with the writer that *Edwin Drood* is one of the best of his works. An analogy is employed between some elements in *Drood* and in *Hunted Down*. The parallel is rather damning to the unfinished work of 1870! A more melodramatic, theatrical and unsatisfactory short story than *Hunted Down* would be hard to discover among the works of the reprinted. The bloom and the flush of Dickens's wonderful morning had evaporated long before the day of *Edwin Drood*. His style had lost every scrap of that wonderful simplicity and eighteenth century rotundity so remarkable in his first great successes. The marvel is that it should have acquired so many new qualities of distinction. The opening passage in the second chapter of *Edwin Drood*, for instance, is a far more elaborate piece of prose than Dickens could have possibly imagined in his impressionable youth. Yet how bright that wonderful eye still is, how little undimmed that marvellous vision, and that amazingly vivid power of portrayal. For sheer writing power, in mere force of description, how many authors are there of any age who can stand up against it?

If a descriptive critic of to-day wants a new subject, a *terra incognita*, let him write about the early and undiscovered plots of Dickens. Nobody marks them at the time of reading. *A propos* of his inquiries here our author makes a few remarkable discoveries about them. The plots of most of the novels indeed, from *Barnaby Rudge* to *Our Mutual Friend*, are fearful and wonderful things. A monograph might be written (we cannot asseverate that it would be read) about each one of them. But the plot of *Edwin Drood* stands apart, it seems, from most, if not all of them. It is a thoroughly lurid and melodramatic plot; but it does possess a certain interest of its own, and it does reflect a considerable amount of interest upon the characters. For Dickens this is a novelty with a vengeance! In most of his books the plot appears like some malignant parasite draining the life blood of the parent stem of character. In *Drood* the plot has an independent life of its own. Faith in Wilkie Collins, which had germinated a dozen years ago, had now borne ripe fruit.

Without professing in the least to be an expert on this thorny question, I must say that Sir William's solution seems to me eminently sane and satisfying. In the first place, it is extremely tentative and unaggressive. In the second, it is based broadly and unmistakably upon the irrefragable testimony of Forster. Forster, with all his faults, remained to the very end Dickens's chosen biographer and confidant. The suggestion that the great man deliberately misled Forster as to the general tendency of the tale is inadmissible. Forster's hints, therefore, must form the nucleus of any really judicial summing-up of the matter. The first object of the Bench is to cut away

ıgled and luxuriant overgrowth of .ss theory. When this is done and w careful qualifications cautiously made, it seems to me that we have a solution approximate enough for the purposes of any reasonable curiosity. The testimony of the illustrator, Sir Luke Fildes, so far as it goes, is absolutely corroborative of the biographer. Everything points to the conclusion that the villain, Jasper, tried to murder his nephew, Edwin, by strangling him with a black scarf. That Dickens intended that the wicked uncle should have succeeded in his intention seems to me equally certain. Jasper had premeditated and rehearsed the murder in the opium den. The motive was the fierce and wolfish passion for Edwin's betrothed. This passion, revealed finely in one of the original illustrations, was cloaked by a most revolting duplicity. Jasper, says our author, was "an unredeemed villain; he was anything but a fool. He drugged Drood; he strangled him; he put his body in quicklime; he had time to rob the victim of his jewellery [but for one unknown, recently acquired ring which was ultimately to prove the pièce de conviction]; he maintained a threatening and defiant attitude. He had done his business." We are to imagine him working with a Hyde-like malevolence, suggested by his ebullitions against the urchin Deputy, in a night of the wildest tempest. He is a new type of villain rather for Dickens, and a far more successful one than the typically Dickensian, wholly incredible, Carker. His passion, too, is a new element, revealing a considerable change as it seems to us in Dickens's moral perspective. The gradual determination to criminal motives, which set in only after the first efflorescence of his genius, seems to arrive at its climax in the lurid plot of *Edwin Drood*. The theory that Edwin, after all, was not dead and was to appear in the eleventh or twelfth part *redivivus*, seems to me untenable. There is no iota of evidence to support it, and the only two pleas in its favour are first, that it was rather contrary to Dickens's method to destroy a "title"; secondly, the suggestion conveyed by the design at the foot of the original green wrapper. Our author is not at his happiest, I think, in his description and elucidation of these designs. But he makes the essential point, namely, that they are not to be taken too closely or literally. They are rude hieroglyphics, and like Zadkiel's, are to be interpreted with the eye of faith. After taking immense pains to construct and conceal an elaborate mystery, it was hardly likely that Dickens was going to give it away on the cover. As to the mode of death, there seems to me no evading the express statement made by Dickens to his illustrator that he must have a long black scarf for Edwin to be strangled with. As regards Jasper's ejaculations in the opium den—"Look down, look down"—too much importance need not be attached to them. Miss Stoddart's suggestion on this point seems quite adequate. The idea of flinging Edwin from the tower may have occurred to Jasper and been abandoned. Highly probable, too, is her speculation that the Sapsea monument was to be the destination of the murdered man's remains. Jasper may have conveyed some quicklime into *that* spacious receptacle before depositing the body there. There was ample opportunity for such operations in the midnight solitude of the precincts. These outlines seem fairly meritable, but the precise manner in which the discovery was to be worked out must remain Dickens's secret. The ring, the opium woman, Princess Puffer, Durdles, Datchery and the Deputy, and finally the suspicions of Mr. Grewgious were evidently to be the main instruments of conviction. Grewgious, whose first appearance is so impossibly grotesque, but who improves so steadily upon acquaintance, was in my opinion, to play a most conspicuous part. Tartar, of course, marries Rosa, and Crisparkle, Helena. Neville, it seems, was to be spirited away, probably killed in the act of bringing the "wicked man" to justice. All this part of his thesis Sir William appears to prove to our complete satisfaction. Far more than any of his predecessors he has gone into the question of manuscripts, interlineations and erasures. As he recapitulates these we cannot help repeating: What *is* he going to make of all this? Nothing, however, could be more satis-

factory than the way in which every ounce of this evidence is made to fit into its place, and to tell upon the volume and weight of the converging mass of proof. This part of the book is an admirable illustration of the judicial method.

When it comes to the question of "Who is Datchery?" the case is altered. Dickens left no clues here of an external kind. Everything depends upon the ingenuity of the commentators and much, if not most, of this ingenuity seems to us hopelessly misplaced. Nor can we wholly exempt Sir William from this indictment. His theory that Datchery is Helena is certainly one of the best and the best sustained. It is far more plausible, for instance, than the incredible proposition that Datchery is Drood himself. Both suppositions seem to me to impugn the sanity of Dickens as an artist. Our interpreter uses the erasures and interlineations here with an almost uncanny cleverness. Yet, after all his exertions, the case seems to us less than "not proven." That an artist of Dickens's calibre should be reduced to such a pitiable artifice as a male-impersonator is, to us, a thing too painful to contemplate. The explanation of Datchery saying (to himself be it remembered): "I like the old tavern way of keeping scores" is a marvel of literary gymnastic, but, after all, "it will not do." I am inclined to think that Datchery was a new character and an emissary of Grewgious, probably some sort of relation, and no more. He is a melodramatic figure at best. That is enough, without representing him as a young and beautiful woman masquerading as an amateur detective, and consuming brown sherry and mutton chops! Our author himself, I'm inclined to think, has a slight revulsion of feeling from the strain of such a conjecture. At any rate, he refers to it not at all in his concluding chapter, which is a most admirable drawing together of the various lines of evidence, conjecture and parallel, in what will prove, we are convinced, to the multitude of readers one of the most repaying books on the subject of Charles Dickens that the century of his fame has yet produced.

Thomas Seccombe.

IV

William Toynbee's "The Diaries of William Charles Macready"*

These two large volumes afford enjoyment of a rare kind. They make you thoroughly acquainted with a man's soul, his art, and the world he lived in. With a tone of absolute sincerity, the diarist speaks the truth of himself and his times as he sees it; and the consequence is a perfect illusion of reality. By no means did the stage limit Macready's horizon—indeed he found little there to feed his inquiring and impatient mind. Scornful of sycophancy, he reacted violently upon the politics and religion of his day. The record he leaves of himself here is intimate, but its intimacy is, fortunately for the reader, rarely purchased by the usual trivial commonplace. It is a full record of a passionate and embittered spirit striving systematically to take the kingdom of heaven within him by violence, and ever urging himself to lofty endeavours. It is pleasant to remember that after his retirement from public life, the bitterly-regretted ungovernableness of his temper wore away—eased doubtless by the cessation of his conflict for the impossible—and his true nobility was able to assert itself more continuously.

The editor has done his work unobtrusively and well (even if he does remark, in a footnote, that Webster was *the United States President!*). Macready, he says in his introduction, was never a favourite with actors, for in addition to a violent temper (for which he expressed all his days a poignant contrition) he never tried to conceal his hearty contempt for his calling. With little sense of humour to lighten matters, he was coldly ceremonious to them when in good temper and fiercely abusive when in bad; and always on the watch for slights. His disposition to manufacture grievances caused temporary estrangements everywhere, Dickens being about the only member of his circle who escaped. The period at which the diaries open is socially and politically one of the most interesting. Disraeli was desper-

*The Diaries of William Charles Macready. Edited by William Toynbee. In two volumes. New York: G. Putnam's Sons.

coquetting with democracy; Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, and Browning had barely come of age; Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, and Southey were almost resting on their laurels.

The intolerance of an honourable nature and of a religious cast of mind find constant outlet in a sonorous and high-flown strain, not uninfluenced by a lifetime of stage declamation but perfectly sincere. Macready, it would seem, wore his tragic stilts always. "It is very hard," he says "(query, is it possible?) for a person on the stage to preserve a well-regulated mind. *Virtue is impossible in a theatre.* Nowhere is there so much to be said in palliation of frailty as on the stage; and therefore it should be shunned, for *purity cannot live there.* What mind of common decency but must feel pain at listening to asseverations of purity and sentiments of delicacy from a wanton's lips!" In his diary he constantly put on sackcloth and ashes. The stumbling block of my life, says he with a heartfelt cry, has been passion, and its consequent evil, precipitation. My mind is chiefly employed in self-discipline and weak endeavours to make itself better. I have not the necessary power to express those thoughts which pass through my mind; what understanding I have is scarcely communicable.

Of his art as well as of his nature, he was an exacting and on the whole a just critic. And it is only necessary to read one after the other his comments on his performances to know that he had a critical faculty rare for any time, but especially so in a day when a tempestuous declamation was deemed all-sufficient. In almost every entry he complains bitterly of the wretchedness of his support. Nor can one put this down to a captious spirit of superiority, for his chief complaint is of slovenliness. ("Palmy days of the drama," how as time goes on do we behold thee for the bluff thou wert!) Even worse, he thinks, were his American companies. His American entries are very circumstantial, especially those concerning the New York riots incited by Forrest's friends; and are as interesting as they are humiliating.

As is usual with diaries which record literary impressions, there are many glimpses of Time's little ironies. "Finished Miss Austen's *Emma* with a high opinion of her powers. But Mrs. Brunton's books have a far higher aim. The necessity and comfort of piety is continually inculcated in her works—which never appears in Miss Austen's." "Read in Wordsworth's volume, wherein I can find nothing to reward my time and attention. I wonder at the depth of thought and feeling which mark all of Mrs. Hemans's writings; with deep interest I read all this extraordinary woman's poems." His opinion of Fanny Kemble is more in accord with that of posterity. "Her Journal is a confirmation of my original opinion of her presumption, conceit, vulgarity of mind, and quackery. Besotted with the flattery of the ignorant, what has she to support the reputation she arrogates as belonging to her! Yet you see evidences of thought and a superior intellect." And some of his opinions which were in the face of general critical estimation of the time we have come round to. "Leigh Hunt's play is hopeless; he cannot write a dramatic word." "Went to Carlyle's lecture, which I cannot recollect though I listened with the utmost attention and was greatly pleased."

The diaries shed much light on the famous Macready-Browning controversy, and it is difficult to imagine Macready anything but fair to the poet throughout their intimacy—abruptly terminated for a long period by Browning. Macready met him with eagerness. He looks and speaks more like a poet than any man I ever saw, he wrote; his enthusiastic manner engaged attention and won opinions from all present. When Browning said he thought of writing Macready a play, he wrote that it would indeed be some recompense for the miseries, the humiliations, the heart-sickening disgusts endured in his profession, could he but awaken a spirit of poetry whose influence would elevate, ennoble, and adorn our degraded drama. Browning was much pleased with his opinion of *Strafford* when the manuscript was finally delivered, agreed in his objections, and promised to do everything needful for the play's amendment. Later Macready

found that he had been too much carried away by the truth of character to observe the meanness of plot and occasional obscurity. Later still comes this entry: "Read three acts of *Strafford*. Clever but——." Again, "After reading the trash of two plays submitted to me, read *Strafford*, which restores one to the world of sense and feeling once again. I fear it is too historical. But how admirably is the policy of the man and its consequence on him portrayed! I must confess my disappointment in the management of the story and I doubt its interest." Again, "Read over the play with the alterations, noting my objections. The suggestion of the children's voices being heard in the pause following the announcement of Strafford's death, Browning was quite *enraptured* with. He took the book and promised to work hard." Another day Macready went over the play with Forster, altered, omitted and made up one new scene. After the play was accepted by the management, he read it aloud in the green-room, but it did not produce the impression he had hoped—the actors were oppressed by its want of action and lightness. Later he records that he was anxious to find some of the actors restive about their parts, in order to furnish Browning with a decent excuse for withdrawing the play, but was disappointed by their general acquiescence. Browning first insisted upon going on with the play, then equally upon withdrawing it. The next day another entry—Miss Faucit thinks her part very bad, and wants me to ask her to do it. But I would not, for I wish she would refuse it; that even at this late point of time the play might be withdrawn. *It will do no one good.* I should be glad of any fair occasion to withdraw it, yet *coûte que coûte* Browning shall not have the power of saying that I acted otherwise than as a true friend to his feelings." There can be no doubt that Macready ate and slept with the play for weeks and fought for it in the face of apathy. When it was produced he wrote, "I am gratified to find the papers lenient and even kind to Browning. After all that has been done for him with the painful apprehension of failure before us, it is very unreasonable and indeed ungrateful for him to write as he does."

The *Blot on the Scutcheon* seems at first to have made little impression on him, since he merely records having received it. After reading it, he handed it to the prompter to read. That worthy on returning it said the actors laughed at it. Browning came to the theatre in a state of great excitement, his dignity mortally wounded. Macready suggested alterations in the second act, said that he could not take the leading part and do his other work too, and gave the rôle to Phelps. Within a week the play was in rehearsal. Two days afterward he records that Phelps was too ill to play that night and that he would understudy the Browning part. The next day at rehearsal he said he would act it if Phelps continued ill. Three days later Phelps said he would do the part if he died for it. Macready wrote that when he offered to give Phelps and Browning the benefit of his study, Browning in the worst taste, manner and spirit declined any alterations, expressing himself perfectly satisfied with the way Phelps played *Tresham*. The next day Macready directed the rehearsal and felt that he made many valuable improvements. He says that Browning seemed desirous of explaining his temper of yesterday and laid much blame on Forster for irritating him. The play was badly acted, records Macready. It certainly had a short life.

Algernon Tassin.

V

Constance Hill's "Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte"*

This book presents extracts from the diaries of Fanny Burney during her Court life. It devotes itself to the Royal Pair with singular exclusiveness, and from it one might imagine Windsor to be as parochial and unpeopled as Brunswick. The King and Queen disclose upon the closer view nothing but the amiable heaviness inseparable from their names; and throughout her duties Fanny displays herself as shrinking and as exemplary as an Edgeworth heroine.

*Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte. By Constance Hill. New York and London: John Lane Company.

If the "little dark thing" had charm and gaiety, one must not go to her short and simple annals of the Court for proof of it. Possibly these graceful little tendrils did not dare to frisk in such proximity to that imposing vegetable, the Queen.

The first time Fanny ever met the King he frightened her out of her wits by plumping at her "How came you? How happened it? Your publishing, your printing? What? What?" The Queen had fallen in love with her at sight; and shortly afterwards, waiving the ordinary etiquette of precedence, offered her the position of Second Keeper of the Robes. Fanny accepted it (as well she might) with internal reluctance and fear. It proved by no means a purple existence—except, indeed, for cold. "Don't go to early prayers in the winter," an equerry privately advised her. "Not a soul goes but the King, the parson, and myself, and we three freeze it out together." But early prayers must have been better than unending placidity. "The only trial of their peaceful and united life was the conduct of the Prince of Wales," writes Fanny. One sympathises with the poor French authoress whose highest dissipation on visiting the Court was to be shown Miss Burney and Dr. Herschel. Let us hope that a few things went on which the gentle modesty of Fanny's demeanour allowed to escape her eyes. One night in the Royal box she was almost overcome with embarrassment and hid her face with her fan the rest of the evening, only at hearing wholly unprepared her name mentioned in the epilogue of the piece. "I try, as bound in common sense, to cast aside my unfortunate shyness," she writes, "but I cannot draw out anybody that is not forward to come forth." This probably is the more human way of looking at it, for certainly nothing could be as dull as the Court of Charlotte seems.

But Miss Burney's account of the trial of Warren Hastings—though still to the last degree maidenly—is very interesting. She shuddered and involuntarily drew back when Mr. Burke made his solemn entry, his brow knit with corroding care and deep labouring thought. "How did I grieve to behold him the cruel Prosecutor of an injured and innocent man!" She feared lest Mr. Burke and Mr. Sheridan might recognise her for she would not have offended either by declining their notice, yet she could not endure to have Mr. Hastings perceive her associate with them. "All that I had heard of the eloquence of Mr. Burke and all I had conceived of his great abilities was more than answered by his performance. Nervous, clear, striking, was almost all that he uttered. His language had a charm for my ear and my attention wholly new and perfectly irresistible." Yet as he proceeded with his comment and declamation in all the violence of personal detestation, there appeared to her more of study than of truth in his speech, more of invective than justice. She began to lift up her head, and before she became aware of the declension of his powers over her feelings, she found herself merely a spectator in a public place, looking all around with an opera-glass. The five-hour oration of Fox was monotonously violent, and she felt less disposed to pardon it than any extravagance of Mr. Burke's, whose excesses seemed at least to be unaffected. The instant he finished he wore the same careless and disengaged air he had before he began.

Nowhere is Fanny more correct than in her attitude toward the publication of Johnson's letters. An early copy of Mrs. Piozzi's correspondence had reached the Court, and Fanny was so definite in her disapprobation that it led to a breach in her friendship with the former Mrs. Thrale. "These letters," she wrote, "have not been more improperly published in the whole than they are injudiciously displayed in their several parts." What shocked her was that her revered and beloved friend should be exposed, as it were, in his dressing-gown. Her friend Hannah More not only hit the truth of the matter but said something that modern editors of letters much need to bear in mind. "Every dose of physic he took is recorded," she wrote. Boswell himself seemed sensible of the fact that some of the letters needed justification for their lack of variety if not for their triviality. "I want your Johnson letters for my book," he cried, cornering her in the Park. "Grave Sam

and great Sam and solemn Sam and learned Sam—all these he has appeared over and over. I want to show him as gay Sam, agreeable Sam, pleasant Sam, by the aid of his beautiful billets to yourself." But Fanny felt that she could not consent to print private letters, masterpieces of eloquence and kindness as they were.

While owning a high and constant veneration for her Royal Mistress, who showed to her a peculiar kindness, still Miss Burney found the life wearing and distasteful. So did all her friends. Horace Walpole was beseeching her to return to the world, and the Literary Club was for writing a round-robin to Dr. Burney to recall his daughter. Horace said she was shut up like a nun in a royal monastery, and Boswell told her she was not born to be immured like a tabby cat in an august cell. When Fanny finally plucked up courage to resign, the Queen was so unwilling to have the girl depart that the poor Second Keeper of the Robes often doubted if she had preserved any portion of her good opinion since the abortive attempt at resignation. Not until her health had seriously given away would the Queen deign to listen. So Fanny went back to her world of white stockings and blue, and one closes the book with a renewed sense of the monumental dulness of Queen Charlotte's Court. Perhaps the most important impression which she confides to her diary during her entire stay there is of Mrs. Siddons in *Rosalind.* "Her gaiety is more like disguised gravity; and my admiration for her tragic powers is so great that I feel in a degree mortified to see her so much fainter success in comedy."

Graham Berry.

VI

Amundsen's "The South Pole"*

"It was the man that mattered," says Nansen in his introduction, "and Amundsen's luck was that of the strong man who looks ahead—for he made his victory armed only with the ordinary tools of Norwegian peasant and sailor." So the reader feels as he follows this unsophisticated account without pose or heightening of effect; yet an account well worthy of its unique subject. There have been occasions when he was unwilling to have it so, but this book displays throughout a generous and attractive nature.

Warmly human is this "strong man who looks ahead," even to pleasantly commonplace reflections fondly designed to keep the W. C. T. U. from flying at his throat. "Mighty men of their hands, the smiters and the builders and the judges," says Stevenson in a lovely passage in that cluster of lovely things, *A Christmas Sermon*—"have done sternly and yet preserved the character of the childlike, of those who are easy to please, who love and give pleasure." Here the boyish gentleness and cheerfulness of a strong man strike the reader forcibly. An artless gayety rollicks through this entire narrative—the gayety, robust and unsubtle, of the healthy, active person who holds simple laughter an essential part of both success and failure. You are not surprised to find that this sort of man refuses to withdraw from his companions on the last lap to snatch the coveted honour alone. There are phrases of unhackneyed poetry also, momentary glimpses of a soul that sees and seeks to communicate unparalleled beauty and majesty—but these, too, are as simply given as the rest. These two volumes, translated easily and idiomatically, tell of an adventure that must always stand alone in the annals of discovery, and tell it so well that one would scarcely suggest a change.

Amundsen had equipped his expedition for the Arctic, but the news that the North Pole had been reached, received after he had started, made him at once face South. On the way, so well did he plan his expedition that in no important detail did he alter it. He fixed upon the Bay of Whales as winter station, because he could take his ship farther South there than at any other point. His plan was to build a hut there, carry his supplies as far into the field as possible, and the next year use his southernmost depot as the actual starting-place of a sledge-journey due South.

*The South Pole. By Roald Amundsen. Translated from the Norwegian. By A. G. Chater. In two volumes. New York: Lee Keedick.

The saloons on his ship, the *Fram*, were very handsomely fitted. "Is this really a Polar ship?" people asked. There were three thousand volumes in the library, a piano, a gramophone, and many games. Besides, all the world had sent contributions: firms had contributed elegant stationery, wines, cigars, bonbons, fruit syrups. For sterner equipment, there were a portable hut built for the purpose, containing two rooms and a loft; fifteen tents for temporary housing; ten sledges and twenty pairs of ski. Also, there were many cases of pemmican and chocolate, for a grocer's shop cannot be taken along when sledging and food must be reduced to lightest and simplest terms. Lastly, there were a hundred Greenland dogs (who considerably increased their number on the five months' voyage). All but two survived the trip, for the watchword on board was "dogs first and all the time."

The Bay of Whales is the only opening in the Barrier, a wall of ice one hundred feet high. Into this they sailed, and moored at the fixed ice-foot within. Their first exploration was to find where the sea-ice met the Barrier. Here they found a place for their hut within sight of the ship and—at that season—amid plentiful flocks of seal and penguin. Then they divided into two parties, the land and the sea party. The latter after unloading all provisions was to sail away to winter at Buenos Aires and return the following year.

In ten days the land-party had erected their portable hut and transferred and stored all the provisions. When they entered the door of their future home, they received a cosy and cleanly impression—bright new linoleum everywhere, and the gramophone to welcome them. The smoke arose gaily from a shining black chimney, just as if it were not the most startling of novelties in that land. Often the seal and penguin came to the hut out of sheer curiosity—which made easy filling for the soup-pot. An Emperor penguin sat before the door and bowed and bowed, as if he had come simply to pay his respects; it seemed discourteous to conduct him to the frying-pan. The *Framheim* with its increasing storerooms and tent out-houses began to look an important place. The settlement completed, the next work was to plant the depots on the line south. Getting up the Barrier with the sledges was a hard climb. On the ridge they halted for a last look at the *Fram*, framed in shining white-blue ice. What lay between that moment and the next time they should see her, on her return from a year's voyage? Her flag floated them a last adieu, as she went North and they took what seemed their first definite step South—through a calm, mild day of grey haze like a younger sister of fog.

The poles and staves with which they marked their way finally gave out, and they pegged it with dried fish. At latitude eighty degrees they erected a depot twelve feet high, photographed it, and started *Framheim* ward. The dried fish proved a brilliant success as guide-posts, and later, on the second homeward journey, were eaten one by one as they were overtaken. As the fight for the Pole was entirely dependent on this autumn work—in laying down large supplies of provisions as far South as possible, in such a way that they would be certain to find them again—this depot-journey which had turned out so well, filled them with rosy expectations. Each dog had accounted for his 170 pounds triumphantly; furthermore the surface had been so easy that they saw they could reduce their heavy outfit by at least one-half on the second journey. This planted fourteen cases of dog's pemmican at latitude eighty-one. Beyond this point, the going became more difficult and treacherous; the dogs grew terribly emaciated; and eighty-two degrees was the utmost they could manage. Too much, indeed—and this overtaxing of his fine and willing animals is now Amundsen's only dark memory of his trip. They had to force the skeletons to start the heavy loads, and one morning even to lift them up and set them on their feet. The return, for both men and dogs, was full of excessive hardship. But after a rest in the hut they set out again on the last depot journey—this was to store at the nearest station fresh seal meat to restore their husbanded strength on the final homeward trip. The total weight of the three storehouses of provisions was over three tons.

Wintering in their snug home amid the surrounding storm and blackness gave one an indefinable sense of comfort and well-being. There was plenty to occupy mind and hand. For one thing, the entire feminine population had thought fit to appear in a condition usually termed interesting, but which they by no means regarded in that light. Maternity-hospitals and manifold arrangements must be made for them—and singly, if the occasion were not to end in a terrible scene and the devouring of each other's pups. Besides this, there were the daily household chores, already considerable, and the perfecting of the outfits for the coming sledge-journey. New storerooms and work-rooms had to be vaulted through the ice. Outside, the aurora glowed strangely upon ridge and peak with inconceivable beauty; but within all was familiar and homely, with even unusual comforts—buckwheat cakes in American style for breakfast and a folding American vapour bath in a snow-hut of its own. By day every man had his work, but in the evening he was free. Occasionally there was a concert from the gramophone—not too often lest the delight should wear off—and then the voice of a prima donna rang soft and clear on the dark winter's night in a wilderness of ice thousands and thousands of miles away from her opera house, while the men listened over their cigars and their nip of punch. As the winter wore away, the outfits increasingly demanded ingenuity and skill. The success of their expedition depended on their ability to foresee every difficulty (even to that of the dog's devouring their own harness) and to take precautions to meet or avoid it!

In the last week of September came the first tidings of spring, and they began to limber up and harden themselves with practice trips. In mid-October they got away. There were five who went, with four sledges and thirteen dogs each; and as they left the last thing they heard was the cranking of the cinematograph by those who stayed behind. All of the company, says Amundsen in one of his many glowing heartfelt tributes to his men, all of them—those who stayed in the *Fram* and those who stayed in the *Framheim*—discovered the Pole: all had their appointed places in the expedition, and without the bravery, endurance, and loyalty of all, nothing could have been accomplished. When the party reached the third depot, they found their flag flying as if it had been up only one day instead of eight months. At each stop beyond, a new depot was built and their load of food constantly lightened. Ridge after ridge, mountain after mountain, glacier after glacier they painfully climbed 20,000 feet above sea level. Beyond the last glacier, they could see that a smooth and apparently unbroken plain extended. This was the Plateau; and this reached, the distance to the Pole and back was 683 miles. There they selected provisions and equipment for sixty days and left the remainder in depot. As they had decided upon beforehand, there, too, they slaughtered twenty-four of their forty-two dogs; and of the eighteen that remained six had still to go in order to bring the rest back to this point. They had so habituated themselves to the approaching butchery that when the time came it seemed less horrible, but it was horrible enough. It was a long while before they were in a humour for dog cutlets, but their appetite for fresh meat eventually prevailed—to such an extent, indeed, that in vain they looked in the pot for more. On the Plateau they could travel rapidly, except for the big snow-waves. These were very troublesome, especially as at that altitude one gasped for breath at every exertion.

When the reckoning showed that they had come further south than Shackleton, they hoisted the Norwegian flag. Every step was now bringing them rapidly toward the goal. The night before they were to reach it a feeling of intense expectation prevailed—like that of a little boy the night before Christmas. At three in the afternoon of December 14th a simultaneous "halt" rang out from the drivers as the sledge-meters registered the full distance. It was the Pole. Even if they had miscalculated, they could be only a mile or so out of the way. The most solemn act of the whole journey then took place, says Amundsen—the planting of the flag. Five frost-bitten fists grasped the stick, and five voices said in unison, "Thus we plant thee, belovèd flag,

gled and luxuriant overgrowth of ss theory. When this is done and w careful qualifications cautiously made, it seems to me that we have a solution approximate enough for the purposes of any reasonable curiosity. The testimony of the illustrator, Sir Luke Fildes, so far as it goes, is absolutely corroborative of the biographer. Everything points to the conclusion that the villain, Jasper, tried to murder his nephew, Edwin, by strangling him with a black scarf. That Dickens intended that the wicked uncle should have succeeded in his intention seems to me equally certain. Jasper had premeditated and rehearsed the murder in the opium den. The motive was the fierce and wolfish passion for Edwin's betrothed. This passion, revealed finely in one of the original illustrations, was cloaked by a most revolting duplicity. Jasper, says our author, was "an unredeemed villain; he was anything but a fool. He drugged Drood; he strangled him; he put his body in quicklime; he had time to rob the victim of his jewellery [but for one unknown, recently acquired ring which was ultimately to prove the pièce de conviction]; he maintained a threatening and defiant attitude. He had done his business." We are to imagine him working with a Hyde-like malevolence, suggested by his ebullitions against the urchin Deputy, in a night of the wildest tempest. He is a new type of villain rather for Dickens, and a far more successful one than the typically Dickensian, wholly incredible, Carker. His passion, too, is a new element, revealing a considerable change as it seems to us in Dickens's moral perspective. The gradual determination to criminal motives, which set in only after the first efflorescence of his genius, seems to arrive at its climax in the lurid plot of *Edwin Drood*. The theory that Edwin, after all, was not dead and was to appear in the eleventh or twelfth part *redivivus*, seems to me untenable. There is no iota of evidence to support it, and the only two pleas in its favour are first, that it was rather contrary to Dickens's method to destroy a "title"; secondly, the suggestion conveyed by the design at the foot of the original green wrapper. Our author is not at his happiest, I think, in his description and elucidation of these designs. But he makes the essential point, namely, that they are not to be taken too closely or literally. They are rude hieroglyphics, and like Zadkiel's, are to be interpreted with the eye of faith. After taking immense pains to construct and conceal an elaborate mystery, it was hardly likely that Dickens was going to give it away on the cover. As to the mode of death, there seems to me no evading the express statement made by Dickens to his illustrator that he must have a long black scarf for Edwin to be strangled with. As regards Jasper's ejaculations in the opium den—"Look down, look down"—too much importance need not be attached to them. Miss Stoddart's suggestion on this point seems quite adequate. The idea of flinging Edwin from the tower may have occurred to Jasper and been abandoned. Highly probable, too, is her speculation that the Sapsea monument was to be the destination of the murdered man's remains. Jasper may have conveyed some quicklime into that spacious receptacle before depositing the body there. There was ample opportunity for such operations in the midnight solitude of the precincts. These outlines seem fairly meritable, but the precise manner in which the discovery was to be worked out must remain Dickens's secret. The ring, the opium woman, Princess Puffer, Durdles, Datchery and the Deputy, and finally the suspicions of Mr. Grewgious were evidently to be the main instruments of conviction. Grewgious, whose first appearance is so impossibly grotesque, but who improves so steadily upon acquaintance, was in my opinion, to play a most conspicuous part. Tartar, of course, marries Rosa, and Crisparkle, Helena. Neville, it seems, was to be spirited away, probably killed in the act of bringing the "wicked man" to justice. All this part of his thesis Sir William appears to prove to our complete satisfaction. Far more than any of his predecessors he has gone into the question of manuscripts, interlineations and erasures. As he recapitulates these we cannot help repeating: What *is* he going to make of all this? Nothing, however, could be more satis-

factory than the way in which every ounce of this evidence is made to fit into its place, and to tell upon the volume and weight of the converging mass of proof. This part of the book is an admirable illustration of the judicial method.

When it comes to the question of "Who is Datchery?" the case is altered. Dickens left no clues here of an external kind. Everything depends upon the ingenuity of the commentators and much, if not most, of this ingenuity seems to us hopelessly misplaced. Nor can we wholly exempt Sir William from this indictment. His theory that Datchery is Helena is certainly one of the best and the best sustained. It is far more plausible, for instance, than the incredible proposition that Datchery is Drood himself. Both suppositions seem to me to impugn the sanity of Dickens as an artist. Our interpreter uses the erasures and interlineations here with an almost uncanny cleverness. Yet, after all his exertions, the case seems to us less than "not proven." That an artist of Dickens's calibre should be reduced to such a pitiable artifice as a male-impersonator is, to us, a thing too painful to contemplate. The explanation of Datchery saying (to himself be it remembered): "I like the old tavern way of keeping scores" is a marvel of literary gymnastic, but, after all, "it will not do." I am inclined to think that Datchery was a new character and an emissary of Grewgious, probably some sort of relation, and no more. He is a melodramatic figure at best. That is enough, without representing him as a young and beautiful woman masquerading as an amateur detective, and consuming brown sherry and mutton chops! Our author himself, I'm inclined to think, has a slight revulsion of feeling from the strain of such a conjecture. At any rate, he refers to it not at all in his concluding chapter, which is a most admirable drawing together of the various lines of evidence, conjecture and parallel, in what will prove, we are convinced, to the multitude of readers one of the most repaying books on the subject of Charles Dickens that the century of his fame has yet produced.

Thomas Seccombe.

IV

William Toynbee's "The Diaries of William Charles Macready"*

These two large volumes afford enjoyment of a rare kind. They make you thoroughly acquainted with a man's soul, his art, and the world he lived in. With a tone of absolute sincerity, the diarist speaks the truth of himself and his times as he sees it; and the consequence is a perfect illusion of reality. By no means did the stage limit Macready's horizon—indeed he found little there to feed his inquiring and impatient mind. Scornful of sycophancy, he reacted violently upon the politics and religion of his day. The record he leaves of himself here is intimate, but its intimacy is, fortunately for the reader, rarely purchased by the usual trivial commonplace. It is a full record of a passionate and embittered spirit striving systematically to take the kingdom of heaven within him by violence, and ever urging himself to lofty endeavours. It is pleasant to remember that after his retirement from public life, the bitterly-regretted ungovernableness of his temper wore away—eased doubtless by the cessation of his conflict for the impossible—and his true nobility was able to assert itself more continuously.

The editor has done his work unobtrusively and well (even if he does remark, in a footnote, that Webster was *the United States President!*). Macready, he says in his introduction, was never a favourite with actors, for in addition to a violent temper (for which he expressed all his days a poignant contrition) he never tried to conceal his hearty contempt for his calling. With little sense of humour to lighten matters, he was coldly ceremonious to them when in good temper and fiercely abusive when in bad; and always on the watch for slights. His disposition to manufacture grievances caused temporary estrangements everywhere, Dickens being about the only member of his circle who escaped. The period at which the diaries open is socially and politically one of the most interesting. Disraeli was desper-

*The Diaries of William Charles Macready. Edited by William Toynbee. In two volumes. New York: G. Putnam's Sons.

the artless fashion to be expected of a young girl. Victoria's mother, the widowed Duchess of Kent, not without reason fearing the influences of the Court, brought her up quietly and strictly. Her life was much like that of other English girls of the period. She had the simple education and the simple pleasures of the time. Much attention was paid to accomplishments—drawing, music, and embroidery in particular—and in these she excelled many; she could sing and play respectably, and her water-colours and other sketches were beyond the ordinary, as the reproductions in these volumes show. Her love for music was sincere and not undiscriminating, although it was chiefly displayed for the older Italian operas and the works of Mendelssohn. The young Victoria was enthusiastic over the great singers of her day, especially Grisi, whom she considered much more beautiful than Malibran. She heard a performance of Rossini's *Otello,* at which her idol "looked BEAUTIFUL and sung MOST EXQUISITELY and acted BEAUTIFULLY."

If the *Journals* had nothing more than this to offer they would be but moderately entertaining. But as the memorable scene in which she was to play so great a part approaches, there is increased seriousness and dignity in her self-communings. She begins to reveal that independence of disposition—sometimes becoming obstinacy—which gave colour to the acts of her maturer years. She was never blindly reliant upon any one. A single passage, written on the morning of King William's death, is most illumining.

> Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty toward my country; I am very young and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real good will and more real desire to what is fit and right than I have.

Yet she was but a girl of eighteen. How would it have been with her had she found a less sage and loyal counsellor than Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister? It is he who is the hero of these pages down to the time the Queen meets and falls in love with Prince Albert. "He is indeed," she writes, when she has known him but a few weeks, "a most truly honest, straightforward and noble-minded man and I esteem myself most fortunate to have such a man at the head of the government, a man in whom I can safely place confidence. There are not *many* like him in this world of deceit!" The world knows that Melbourne never abused this confidence. Familiar with courts, he was no courtier. He gave the Queen honest advice, without regard to his personal advantage. He praised her when she was right and blamed her when she was wrong. And he did all this with a single eye to the welfare of both sovereign and nation. He smoothed the way for Peel when it came time for Peel to succeed him. Even the Tory leaders had perfect confidence in his honour. The situation was assuredly unusual. Lord Melbourne was at this time nearly sixty—a man of the world, still handsome, and with the most charming manners. The Queen was an impressionable girl, fascinated, as any girl would be, by the consideration bestowed upon her by one so much older and more experienced. An insincere or unscrupulous politician would have seized the opportunity to make her *reine fainéanté* and himself *matre du palais.* Such a thought would have been hateful to the mind of Melbourne.

It has often been said that Victoria owed much to her husband, that his sound advice saved her from many errors. It is certain that after her marriage she consulted him constantly and in most cases, despite her self-will, followed his counsels implicitly. Might she not have avoided more than one serious difficulty had Melbourne been by her side instead? It may be doubted if the popular judgment of the Prince is altogether justified. A man of many virtues, he never understood the English character. Coming from a petty German court, he could not sympathise with the democratic English idea of royalty. He was, in fact, a pedant; and the English have never loved pedantry. In the dispute with Palmerston we see him at his worst. Again, it was largely owing to his influence that the Court was persistently on the wrong side in the days of revolu-

tion on the Continent and the beginning of Italian unity. The Victoria of these *Journals,* however, is still a gracious figure. There is a fascination about her which those who knew her only in her later years will hardly understand. Much of this was inherent. But it was Melbourne who, more than any other man, made her what she was. No reader of these pages can doubt that.

Edward Fuller.

THE NATURE OF EPISODES AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



NE of the commonest mistakes made by young writers is to mistake a mere episode for a story. And when their error is pointed out; when they are told: you have not written a story, you have written nothing but an episode, they ask, in a puzzled tone, "What is the difference?" And curiously enough, a good many people, who instinctively feel the difference, find it very difficult to put into words. Fiction, of course, is built up from episodes, just as language is built up from syllables; and for the sake of being epigrammatic one might almost say that sometimes a single episode is a story, just as a single syllable sometimes is a word. But that is one of those dangerous half truths that are more misleading than a falsehood. Or, again, one might say that an episode was like a boat drifting with the current of a river; when suddenly a person in that boat sits up, takes the oars, and begins vigorously to propel the boat either up or down the stream:—and then the episode becomes a story, the story of results following human endeavour. This form of statement almost expresses the idea; in fact, for ordinary working purposes it is enough to remember that while any simple happening in life, even if it be pure accident, is an episode, it does not acquire the dignity of a story in the technical sense unless the person whom it concerns finds himself at the end of it in altered circumstances or conditions, physical or mental, as the result of his own character reacting upon his environment. Yet even this definition, carefully hedged in with qualifying clauses, contains something of a fallacy. It sounds plausible in theory, but if you try to illustrate it with specific cases, you will encounter the practical difficulty, amounting almost to an impossibility, of finding any occurrence in life that does not leave one or more people in altered circumstances, as a result of their own share in it. Let us take a very simple case: a long stretch of country road, a runaway horse forging madly onward, dragging a buggy in which a frightened young woman is tugging desperately at the reins. So far, we have obviously an episode and nothing more. Presumably the young woman was unaware that she was driving a vicious or dangerous horse; so she is not responsible for the beginning of the episode; and it is apparent that no reaction between her character and her environment is likely to alter her destiny. But let us suppose further that a man, walking along this same road sees the runaway horse approaching, makes a bold dash, grasps the reins,

Atlantis. By Gerhardt Hauptmann. New York: Huebsch.

The Happy Warrior. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The King-Errant. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Lure of Life. By Agnes and Edgerton Castle. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Linda. By Margaret Prescott Montague. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

In the Vortex. By Clive Holland. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

Christmas. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

and after a breathless moment brings the runaway to a standstill. Have we even yet anything more than an episode? Let us study the question somewhat carefully. Has the man done anything which produces a radical alteration in himself, or is likely to affect his future? Apparently not, so far as the case is stated. Has the girl done anything which has contributed to her rescue? Not at all; so far as she was concerned, a thunder-bolt or a sudden stumble would have been just as little within her control, and just as effectual as the man's strong arm. Does the episode as a whole, involving a violently dramatic introduction of a young man and a young woman to each other, open up the possibility of a permanent alteration in their destinies? Here at last we get a point of view from which the episode, without ceasing to be merely an episode, shows that it contains the nucleus of a story.

And this brings us to the one missing element, and a vital one, in our earlier definition. The whole question of distinction between an episode and a story depends upon the point of view. Every imaginable human occurrence must necessarily alter the circumstances of some one or more persons through their own instrumentality, the part they played in it. But the novelist is not concerned with the world at large; his interest is focussed on just a few characters, often on one individual man or woman. To go back for a moment to the case of the runaway horse, let us suppose that the writer's concern is solely with the man; the young woman does not count; she comes suddenly from out of the unknown, is rescued, breathes a word of thanks, and passes again into oblivion. From the man's point of view the whole thing is merely an episode; he has done his duty as a brave man, and that is all there is to it. But let us suppose that this particular man is of the morbidly introspective type; perhaps, as a boy he was a coward; and for years he has suffered from self-distrust, convinced that if a big emergency was ever thrust upon him involving physical bravery, his cowardice would betray him. And all of a sudden, this woman in dire peril flashes into view, and instead of stopping to think about himself, he simply acts from impulse; and when it is over he realises that he is not the coward he has believed himself and is permanently rehabilitated in his own eyes. That is unmistakably a short story, living up to our definition in every detail, and yet, excepting for the point of view, outwardly identical with what we agreed a moment ago was nothing but an episode. And while we are indulging in suppositions, let us see the episode from the girl's point of view; let us suppose that she is a tempestuous, madcap type, recklessly acting on impulse, without stopping to count the cost. She sees the man from far down the road; perhaps he has piqued her pride in the past by being unaware of her existence. So, bent upon attracting his notice at all hazards, she lashes her horse to break-neck speed and dashes toward him, shrieking for help. And then comes a hideous moment when she sees him dragged, almost under the horse's hoofs, and stares down white-lipped and conscious-stricken, realising that her folly might have cost a life. And in such a case this episode, with its outward details unchanged, is from the girl's point of view a true and complete story, whose effects will abide with her permanently.

This question of the point of view cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Take, for instance, something purely accidental, the "act of God or the public enemy," as the legal phrase runs,—a shipwreck will serve as well as any other disaster. Now, however tragic the sinking of a ship may be, the impotent struggles of a few hundred drowning men and women, or the equally fortuitous rescue of a few score others are episodes, and nothing more; but the man who, by some amazing act of foresight, saves himself from almost certain death, converts the episode into a masterpiece of fiction. And that is why the second canto of Byron's *Don Juan,* for all its tragic vividness, remains episodic, while Poe's "Descent into the Maelstrom" is one of the world's great short stories. But take a shipwreck like that in the first book of the *Æneid,* where the point of view is not that of the human victims, but of contending deities pursuing their private quarrels, and once again the change in point of view has added the needed factor of a story.

And it makes no difference how much

of a story there may be in the episode when seen through the eyes of some other person. For instance, one of the greatest of Shakespearian tragedies may be in course of performance: if your narrative concerns a man in a box, witnessing the play, and you fail to let us see inside that man's soul and witness the change wrought in him, then regardless of the mimic story on the stage, your narrative remains an episode. But if the play's the thing with which to catch the conscience of king or commoner, there is no danger of any one raising the question whether that constitutes a story or not. The mere fact that the hero of a narrative witnesses a story or a score of stories does not make the chronicle of his own adventures a story. The *Iliad* is an epic novel in verse, and the *Odyssey* is a picaresque novel in verse; but the *Divine Comedy,* albeit perhaps the greatest epic of the three, is technically not a story at all, because the narrator remains merely the passive mirror of the innumerable tragic stories that he glimpses, and that affect him only episodically.

This whole question of episodes was brought to mind afresh by reading Gerhardt Hauptmann's most recently translated novel, *Atlantis.* Frankly, it is a disappointing book to have come from a writer of such established reputation; and its main fault is precisely that of a purely episodic connection between the hero and a majority of the things which happen to him. Frederick von Kammacker is a physician who has specialised in bacteriology, and at the opening of the story is bearing three heavy burdens: his epoch-making work on germ-cultures has met with ridicule, his young wife has become incurably insane, and he himself has conceived an apparently hopeless passion for a young Swedish dancer, Ingigerd Halström, who has startled Europe with the daring suggestiveness of her most recent dance. In short, on the day when he rushes in mad haste to catch the Atlantic steamer on which he has learned that Ingigerd is to sail, his professional career and his family life are both blighted, and his moral reputation is wavering in the balance. The greater part of the book is a minute hourly chronicle of the voyage across the Atlantic, during which almost every imaginable phase of human life, including birth and death, comes under Frederick's eyes, touches shoulders with him, and yet leaves him unawakened from his pessimistic conviction that life is empty and vain. But this morbid hopelessness does not in the least prevent him from paying eager court to the dancer, who impresses the reader as being a physically precocious and mentally prurient child, with bad manners and a vulgar tongue. As a further offence against elemental decency, while she is ostensibly travelling under the protection of her father, the expenses of both are paid by a "pale and chilly" and altogether objectionable person by the name of Achleitner, whose relations toward her are explained with insistent euphemism. The voyage is suddenly and violently interrupted by a shipwreck, in the course of which von Kammacker and about a dozen other persons, men and women, with whom he has become well acquainted, find themselves miraculously gathered together in the single life-boat that escapes destruction. The horrors of this disaster, which reads like a belated Sunday "Special" of the *Titanic,* does in a measure rouse Frederick from his lethargy; he imagines that he must have been saved for some useful purpose, and plans to devote the remainder of his life to the protection of Ingigerd, who is the same wicked little baggage that she always has been, but whom he insists upon seeing in a halo, purified by the perils through which she has passed. So in an ineffectual way he undertakes to manage Ingigerd's complicated enfanglements with New York theatrical agencies, vaudeville managers, the Gerry Society and the City Mayor,—and in doing so makes a general mess of it all. Incidentally, he meets an English sculptress, whose clear-cut classic features teach him, first, that Ingigerd is not the little beauty he has imagined her, and secondly, that bacteriology is not half so interesting as modelling in clay, and, since his insane wife has accommodatingly poisoned herself, life might be made really worth living if the sculptress would consent to become a second mother to his three orphan

"Atlantis"

children and settle down in Florence, where he too would learn the art of creating beautiful things. The whole book leaves the impression of being the chronicle of a man moving in a dream, a man without volition, a man who reacts sluggishly or not at all from his environment. Nothing of what happens to him is the result of his own acts,—with the single exception of his one impulsive movement in catching Ingigerd's steamer. It is true that he does finally reach a healthy frame of mind; and presumably the author means us to infer that this happy result is effected by the slow buffeting of fate. But there is a lack of logical connection; the reader's private conviction is that von Kammacker got his second wife and his Florentine villa, not because of his previous harrowing experiences, but in spite of them, and that consequently the author has made us waste a needless amount of time in reading them.

"The Happy Warrior"

It is pleasant, by way of contrast, to turn to a volume of such unalloyed delight as *The Happy Warrior*, by A. S. M. Hutchinson, already favourably known as the author of *Once Aboard the Lugger*. The plot, while well constructed, is not an easy one to relate at second hand, without unduly accenting its romantic features. It all hinges upon a secret marriage contracted by the young heir to an old title,—ninth generation in an unbroken line. The young man's love for his proud old grandmother rivalled that for his pretty but humble little wife, who is only the sister of the village post-mistress. So when his regiment is ordered to India, he leaves with the confession still unmade; and when three months later the news of his death is flaunted in the stricken young wife's face from newspaper headlines, the shock very nearly costs her her life. Meanwhile, the new heir, a distant cousin, of middle age and frail health, has come into possession; so when the young widow goes to see the grandmother, to break the news of the marriage and the early prospect of an heir, she is confronted, not by the grandmother, but by the selfish, arrogant wife of the cousin, who, upon hearing the girl's story, refuses to credit it, brands her with cruel names, and drives her from the door, and by doing so practically causes her death. All this is by way of prelude; the story itself deals with the son and rightful heir, whose birth cost his mother her life, and whose aunt, the post-mistress, brings him up in ignorance of his parentage and his rights, biding her time until he comes of age, in order that the belated disclosure will fall as a heavier punishment upon the woman whom she blames for her sister's death. But in planning her revenge, the old aunt makes just one miscalculation; she allows a friendship to ripen between Percival, the rightful heir, and his cousin Roland, of almost the same age; and since this friendship meets with the approval of Roland's mother, who little suspects Percival's identity, the two boys grow up together, sharing the same tutors in study hours and the friendship of the same little girl in playtime,—the little girl whom in later years they are both destined to love. And because of this lifelong affection for his cousin and for the girl whom his cousin wins, Percival not only refuses to claim his rights when he learns the truth, but in attempting to silence another man who for personal reasons would have divulged it, goes to his death as nobly as his father did before him on the battle-field. This brief summary has an unfortunate and misleading tone of melodrama, which is not felt at all in the book itself. The plot is of secondary importance; what really counts is the personality of the central character, the sturdy, manly, loyal little boy, who year by year so plainly foreshadows the splendid specimen of strong, clean British manhood that he is destined to become. He is a born warrior in the finest sense, a fighter for justice and honour; not averse to a man-to-man encounter with bare fists, for adequate cause, but delighting primarily in an honest trial of strength. The book contains many subordinate matters which are a sheer joy in themselves; there are two years of life in the open, following the Gypsy trail; there is one old Gypsy in particular, with a fine, true, home-spun philosophy of life, plucked from the heart of nature; and there is the unforgettable episode of the midnight fight between "Kalthro's Gentleman and Foxy Pinsent," which must take

its place among the few really memorable battles of the ring in fiction. If there were nothing else in the volume, this fight alone, narrated with almost flawless art, would serve as a substantial cornerstone for a reputation; but it happens to be only one out of a score of memorable incidents in a volume which inevitably suggests comparison with a volume which it easily out-classes, *The Broad Highway.*

"The King-Errant"

The King-Errant, by Flora Annie Steel, is another book which is not easily epitomised. It is a sixteenth-century story of Northern India, in the days when the Empire of the Great Moguls was established at Delhi. The career of Babar, the conquering invader, from the time when, a mere boy, he has leadership thrust upon him through the untimely death of his father, down to the day when he himself, a veteran of many battles and of many loves, succumbs in turn to death, affords opportunities for a brilliancy of spectacular effects, an orgy of dazzling colour, a kaleidoscopic panorama of clashing customs and warring creeds, of fanaticism, treachery and self-sacrifice, all of which Mrs. Steel is peculiarly fitted to picture. And she has done something more than to catch and mirror back the mere colour and brilliance; she has gone beneath the surface and interpreted an alien race, one separated from us by wide gaps in time and space and civilisation. The Mahometan religion, the plurality of wives, the barbarity of ethical standards all become right and fitting, because for the time being we are seeing life through oriental eyes, listening to the embroidered imagery of Eastern speech, imbued with the mystery and the witchery of remote, barbaric splendours with which a rare *tour de force* has for an hour brought us into kinship. Mrs. Steel at her best is something of a verbal hypnotist.

"The Lure of Life"

The Lure of Life, the latest joint production of Agnes and Egerton Castle, might be reviewed from any one of half a dozen points of view. But for the reader who takes his fiction seriously, there is just one character in the volume which calls for more than a passing word: the Comtesse Aglæ de Braye. The other characters are all more or less colourless, uneven, inadequate; Sir Ughtred Maxwell, student and woman-hater, is a combination of a prig and a fool; Annibal de Braye, Aglæ's husband, comes very near being the conventional jealous husband of French comic opera; and his daughter, Solange, is too plainly a hoyden ever to have won Sir Ughtred's love, after her mother's indiscretions have forced Sir Ughtred to placate Annibal by a reluctant marriage with the daughter. But in Aglæ herself we have an unusual bit of portraiture, the unmistakable presentment of a type luckily not too common, the woman who demands all and gives nothing. She is the "juggler with men's honour," the woman who will lure a man on by the promise in her eyes, a promise that she never means to redeem; she scorns love, yet cannot live unless love is perpetually proffered; curiously cold herself, she must, if only for vanity's sake, know herself to be desired; and to each man who comes within her lure she gives the illusion that he is the only man who stirs her pulses; to each she consecrates some special piece of music, some syren song, that henceforth is to constitute a secret bond between them. And never does she pay, and never for a moment does she mean to pay; but feeds, vampire-like, on men's unsatisfied passions. In the end, she suffers a fitting punishment for the lives she has wrecked, by knowing the same misery that she has so wantonly inflicted on others. Her heart at last awakens; but the man to whom she would gladly have surrendered no longer cares, and no longer has the right to care; and her death comes when her last urgent appeal remains unheeded. The book is uneven, the characters, as already said, are unconvincing, the mood is often morbid; but in Aglæ de Braye we have a rather remarkable presentment of "the juggler with men's honour."

"Linda"

There are any number of technical flaws in *Linda,* by Margaret Prescott Montague, yet one cannot help confessing to a very genuine liking for it. Linda Stillwater, growing up in ignorance in her southern mountain home, knowing nothing of the

big, outside world beyond her horizon, but instinctively loving every flower and bird and butterfly, because she is as big-hearted as nature and as optimistic as sunshine, is a character that you cannot help loving, even while you know that nothing quite like her ever existed outside the pages of fiction. Her sacrifice in marrying Armstrong Decker, patient, generous and middle-aged, simply because old Stillwater threatens to vent his wrath on her frail, timid little mother unless she consents, is sufficiently plausible; and when, a year later, Stillwater suddenly appears at Decker's cabin and demands his daughter's instant return because he has learned that Decker has another wife living, even this is within the bounds of possibility; but when Linda, in the face of her husband's solemn oath that it is a lie, chooses to believe the statements of a scheming woman, and goes away alone, to wander homeless through the mountains, then begins the part of the book that is too fantastic to be true. The miraculous way in which everybody befriends Linda and smoothes away her difficulties; the ease with which the birth of her child is managed, without scandal and without awkward questions; the manner in which she finds her way to Boston, is adopted by a kindly old lady, is educated, brought out in society, and receives two proposals of marriage from members of conservative old Boston families,—all this savours too much of a Grimm's fairy tale to fit its up-to-date, realistic setting. None the less, *Linda* is a book which compels a certain friendliness of treatment, because the character of the heroine is so consistently sweet and true and unspoiled; a type of character so infrequent that one can well afford to pardon a good many technical faults because of it.

"In the Vortex"

In the Vortex, by Clive Holland, is one more story laid in the Paris Latin Quarter, which one reader privately defined as picturing "a sort of electro-plated Bohemia, unnaturally cleaned up and polished." The theme of the story may be most conveniently and briefly summed up as a sort of revised edition of *Trilby*, in which Little Billee's mother withdraws her opposition and the curtain falls to the tune of wedding bells. The Little Billee of this particular story is a young New England lad, whose antecedents are distinctly humble. His mother has made many sacrifices to send her son and daughter to college, and is disappointed and a good deal scandalised when the boy insists upon going to Paris to pursue his study of art. His first plunge into the *vie de Bohème*, his scruples at his own great daring in entering into conversation with an unknown young woman on the street at night, his sensations at his first glimpse of a cabaret, are all just a little bit too naive to ring quite true of a college graduate, even if he does come from New England. Of course, the young man does not remain naive for any great length of time; equally of course, the pretty model whom he has picked up so daringly in the streets of Paris succeeds in getting sadly between him and his work; but she happens to be a good little soul, and nurses him through a dangerous illness; so their eventual marriage is perhaps as lucky a fate as this not over-wise young man really deserves. A readable little book, if you don't take it too seriously.

"Christmas"

Christmas, by Zona Gale, is a tender little study of the intricacies of human nature, done with that wise and clear-eyed understanding that made the Friendship Village stories memorable. This new story has its scene laid in Old Trail Town, a town which is undergoing a temporary period of financial depression, because the Ebenezer Rule Factory Company has been obliged to shut down for the time being, and Abel Ames's Granger Company Merchandise Emporium is in straitened circumstances, owing to the failure of about half the towns-folk to settle their bills for last year's Christmas presents. So the church committees and the town meeting and other official bodies get together and vote that this year, for the good of the community at large, no one shall give presents,—and despite a few feeble protests from mothers who foresee heart-aches and tears for the little ones, the measure is carried with general approval. But it happens that a certain maiden lady, Mary Chavah, receives

word that her sister has died, leaving a little orphaned boy, who is to be sent on to her, and will arrive just before Christmas. And it is the Christmas spirit brought by the advent of this little child into the house of Mary Chavah that sets at nought all the wise economical forethought of the worldly minded Abels and Simeons and Ebenezers. There is a good deal of symbolism lurking behind the simple surface narrative, making an effective little parable, embodying much indulgent criticism of human frailty and shortsightedness.

Years ago William Dean Howells recognised and expressed his appreciation of the novels and tales of Leonard Merrick. But until very recently Mr. Merrick's name was almost unknown to American readers. An occasional American, travelling on the Continent, picked up one of the books in the familiar, paper-bound Tauchnitz edition, and straightway fell under the spell of "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," or "The Man Who Understood Women," and now and then a short story found its way into the pages of some American magazine. But in a general way the name of Leonard Merrick meant nothing. At present, however, the interest in Merrick in this country is growing by leaps and bounds, and for this reason several pages of the March BOOKMAN *will be devoted to an appreciation of the man and his work.*

THE BOOK MART

JAMES W. MC INTYRE

An active factor in the book world passed away when James W. McIntyre of the old-established Boston firm of Little, Brown and Company, died of pneumonia at his home in Newton (Massachusetts), on January 9th, at the age of sixty-four. For nearly half a century he had been associated with bookselling and book publication, and, with the exception of one year which he spent in the West, he was identified with Little, Brown and Company.

Born in Boston, November 1, 1848, the son of William Henry McIntyre, he inherited the best traits of his Scotch ancestors. Endowed with a rugged physique, an abundance of nervous energy and a great capacity for knowledge, but with only a common school education, he entered the employ at the age of sixteen of the firm whose destinies later in life he was in part to direct, and by his industry, perseverance and ability he progressed step by step until he had won the confidence of his employers and the warm friendship of all those with whom he came in contact in the bookselling trade. It was an excellent schooling that he received under Charles C. Little (who with James Brown purchased the business of Hilliard, Gray and Company, in 1837, and changed the name to Little, Brown and Company) and subsequently under Augustus Flagg, John Bartlett, author of *Bartlett's Quotations*, and John Murray Brown. This old Boston publishing house that traces its origin back to 1784, when Ebenezer Batelle kept a little bookstore on Marlborough Street, then a part of Washington Street, had high ideals, and these inevitably became the ideals of this young Boston boy, who maintained those high standards of honesty, integrity and fair-dealing with his associates, customers and authors alike down to the last.

As he became proficient he was promoted, and hence he passed through one department after another until he acquired a thorough knowledge of retail bookselling, wholesale selling to the book trade, the choosing of manuscripts and the editorial supervision of standard works.

When he was in charge of the old familiar retail book store of Little, Brown and Company, at 254 Washington Street, where famous authors and even more famous lawyers and jurists were wont to gather, he was the authority on the value of old and finely bound books. As travelling salesman for the house, he was one of the ablest and best beloved. By his square dealing and his good nature he made friends with a host of representative booksellers throughout the United States, and that warm friendship existed down to the day of his death, and will ever be a pleasant memory. As chief of the book publishing department, he was instrumental in arranging for the publication of Alexander Dumas's works in sixty volumes, which became the standard edition in the English language, and also the publication of Jeremiah Curtin's translations of the historical romances of Henryk Sienkiewicz. It was his faith in the ultimate recognition of the literary worth of the famous Polish novelist that led to the issuing of book after book, until finally the public awoke to Sienkiewicz's power in *Quo Vadis*.

Admitted in 1897 to a partnership which at that time consisted of John Murray Brown and Charles W. Allen, he assiduously maintained the high traditions of the house and co-operated with them in widening and broadening its scope. The valuable publishing business of Roberts Brothers was acquired in 1898, and Little, Brown and Company thus came into possession of books of widely recognised literary worth, including the Louisa M. Alcott books, and became associated with many additional authors of established reputation. From that date Mr. McIntyre laboured unceasingly to develop the publication of books in general literature, but at the same time not neglecting the legal publications which for half a century had made the house famous.

He had a great admiration for Daniel Webster, and his zeal in searching out and editing the uncollected letters of the statesman for a new edition of Webster's Works was unbounded. A lover of the best literature himself, it has been his endeavour to provide the public with acceptable editions of the standard authors, in addition to lighter forms of fiction. For a period covering ten of the later years of his life he exercised general editorial supervision of a new edition of the Richard Grant White Shakespeare, and this work, happily completed some time before his death, stands as a monument to his memory.

As the publishing business increased the necessity for larger quarters led, in 1909, to the removal of the firm from 254 Washington Street to 34 Beacon Street, overlooking historic Boston Common, where a fashionable residence was transformed into ideal offices. There he continued to plan and work in the most favourable surroundings, and if the work in hand was not finished at the end of the day it was invariably completed in the seclusion of his comfortable home in the suburbs of Newton. Having few outside interests, the details engrossed a large portion of his time outside of his office. Whole-souled and generous, he was beloved by his business friends and his employees. His relations with his partner, Charles W. Allen, covering a period of forty-four years, and with Hulings C. Brown, who was also admitted to the firm in 1897, were most intimate, and both feel keenly the loss not only of a business associate, but of a close personal friend.

Mr. McIntyre's home life was most happy, and he had the supreme satisfaction of watching his only surviving son, Alfred, pursue his course through Harvard College, enter the employment of the firm as a beginner and be admitted to partnership. To the bereaved wife and mother, who was his helpmate in every sense of the word, and to his sorrowing son go the heartfelt sympathy of his host of friends and acquaintances.

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

Columbia University Press:
Greek Literature. A Series of Lectures Delivered at Columbia University.
The Commedia Dell' Arte: A Study in Italian Popular Comedy. By Winifred Smith, Ph.D.
The Classical Papers of Mortimer Lamson Earle, with a Memoir.

George H. Doran Company:
Books and Bookmen and Other Essays. By Ian MacLaren.

Duffield and Company:
Cligés: A Romance. Now Translated by L. J. Gardiner, M.A., from the Old French of Chrétien de Troyes.
Stories for Pictures. By Dugald Stewart Walker and Helen Mackay.
Studies and Appreciations. By William Sharp. Selected and Arranged by Mrs. William Sharp.

Henry Holt and Company:
On Some of Life's Ideals: On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings—What Makes Life Significant. By William James.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
Time and Change. By John Burroughs.
The Provincial American and Other Papers. By Meredith Nicholson.
The American Mind. By Bliss Perry.
Americans and Others. By Agnes Repplier, Litt.D.
The Inn of Tranquillity. By John Galsworthy.
A Doctor's Table Talk. By James Gregory Mumford, M.D.
Humanly Speaking. By Samuel McChord Crothers.

B. W. Huebsch:
Venus. To the Venus of Melos. By Auguste Rodin. Authorised Translation from the French by Dorothy Dudley.

John Lane Company:
A Tragedy in Stone and Other Papers. By Lord Redesdale.

Longmans, Green and Company:
History of English Literature. From "Beowulf" to Swinburne. By Andrew Lang, M.A.

John W. Luce and Company:
The Introduction to a New Philosophy. Introduction a La Métaphysique. By Henry Bergson.

The Macmillan Company:
A Little of Everything. By E. V. Lucas.
The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Now First Put into Modern

English by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy Mackaye.

Oxford University Press
A History of American Literature. By William B. Cairns, Ph.D.
Philostratus in Honour of Apollonius of Tyana. (2 volumes.) Translated by J. S. Phillimore.
Tacitus, The Histories. Translated with Introduction and Notes. By W. Hamilton Fyfe. (2 volumes.)

G. P. Putnam's Sons:
Outlines of the History of German Literature. By J. G. Robertson.
Thy Rod and Thy Staff. By Arthur Christopher Benson.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
Gateways to Literature, and Other Essays. By Brander Matthews.
The Dickens Originals. By Edwin Pugh.

Sherman, French and Company:
Solitude Letters. By Mary Taylor Blauvelt.

Stewart and Kidd Company:
The Hamlet Problem and Its Solution. By Emerson Venable.

Yale University Press:
A Journey to Ohio in 1810, as Recorded in the Journal of Margaret Van Horn Dwight. Edited with an Introduction by Max Farrand.

RELIGION

American Baptist Publication Society:
The Holy Bible, Containing the Old and New Testaments. An Improved Edition (Based in Part on the Bible Union Version).

American Tract Society:
Where Heaven Touched Earth. By Rev. Cortland Myers, D.D.

D. Appleton and Company:
Democracy and the Church. By Samuel George Smith.

Broadway Publishing Company:
Christ in Ethics. By S. P. Jacobs.

George H. Doran Company:
The Preacher: His Life and Work. Yale Lectures. By Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D.
The Ordinary Man, and the Extraordinary Thing. By Harold Begbie.

Eaton and Mains:
The Gift of Suffering, or Meditations on the Mystery of Pain. By Bishop H. S. Hoffman, D.D.

Forbes and Company:
Lame and Lovely: Essays on Religion for Modern Minds. By Frank Crane.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:
Suggestions for the Spiritual Life: College Chapel Talks. By George Lansing Raymond.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
The Holy Christian Church, From Its Remotest Origins to the Present Day. By R. M. Johnson.
Intimations of Immortality in the Sonnets of Shakespeare. By George H. Palmer.

A. C. McClurg and Company:
The Illumined Life. By Helen Van Anderson-Gordon.

The Neale Publishing Company:
A Layman's Life of Jesus. By Major S. H. M. Byers.

New-Church Board of Publication:
Right and Wrong Unveilings of the Spiritual World. By Rev. John Goddard.
The Bible That Was Lost and Is Found. By John Bigelow.

The Pilgrim Press:
"Unto Me." By Walter Rauschenbusch.
What Can Jesus Christ Do With Me? By Wilfred T. Grenfell.
Back to Religion. By Rudolf Eucken.
A Guide for Teachers of Training Classes. By Margaret Slattery.
The Ladder of Christ. By Reginald J. Campbell.
The Masculine Power of Christ. By Jason Noble Pierce.
The Problem of Religion. By Emil Carl Wilm, Ph.D.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
An Outline of the History of Christian Thought Since Kant. By Edward Caldwell Moore.
International Theological Library: The Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ. By H. R. Mackintosh, D.Phil., D.D.
The International Critical Commentary:
A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians. By James Everett Frame.
A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Johannine Epistles. By Rev. A. E. Brooke, B.D.
The Religious Forces of the United States, Enumerated, Classified and Described. Returns for 1900 and 1910 Compared with the Government Census of 1890. Conditions and Characteristics of Christianity in the United States. By H. K. Carroll, LL.D. (Revised and Brought Down to 1910.)

Sherman, French and Company:
Bethlehem Bells. By J. B. Headley.
The Pilot Flame. By Kelley Jenness.
Intellectual Religion. By Thomas Curran Ryan.
Was Christ Divine? By William W. Kinsley.
A Race's Redemption. By John Leard Dawson.
Mountains of the Bible. By J. J. Summerbell.
Christianity and the Labor Movement. By William Monroe Balch.

John C. Winston Company:
The International Bible Dictionary. Based on Wm. Smith's One Volume Work. Edited by F. N. Peloubet, D.D., Assisted by Alice D. Adams, M.A.

The Young Churchman Company:
The Church Triumphant. By Rev. Lucien Adelbert Davison, B.P., A.M.

MUSIC, ART AND DRAMA

American Book Company:
Masterpieces of the English Drama: William Congreve. With an Introduction by William Archer.

Richard G. Badger:
Practical Reflections on the Figurative Art of Singing. By Giambattista Mancini. Translated by Pietro Buzzi.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:
A Young Man's Fancy. By Coles Phillips.
Rosebuds. By Henry Hutt.

The Cambridge Press:
Love in Umbria: A Drama of the First Franciscans. By Lucy Heald, A.M.

The Century Company:
Prints and Their Makers. Edited by Fitzroy Carrington.

Clarendon Press, Oxford:
Early English Classical Tragedies. Edited with Introductions and Notes by John W. Cunliffe, M.A., D.Litt.

Dodd, Mead and Company:
Maidens Fair. By Harrison Fisher.
Dancing and Dancers of To-Day. Modern Revival of Dancing as an Art. By Caroline and Charles H. Caffin.

George H. Doran Company:
The Adventures of Kitty Cobb. Pictures and Text by James Montgomery Flagg.

Duffield and Company:
The Daughter of Heaven. By Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier. Translated by Ruth Helen Davis.

Paul Elder and Company:
The Heritage of Hiroshiga: A Glimpse at Japanese Landscape Art. By Dora Amsden, with the assistance of John Stewart Happer.

Henry Holt and Company:
American Graphic Art. By F. Weitenkampf.
Engraved Gems. Signets, Talismans and Ornamental Intaglios, Ancient and Modern. By Duffield Osborne.

John Lane Company:
Tapestries: Their Origin, History and Renaissance. By George Leland Hunter.
History of the Philharmonic Society of London. 1813-1912. A Record of a Hundred Years' Work in the Cause of Music. Compiled by Myles Birket Foster, F.R.A.M.

J. B. Lippincott Company:
Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal: Reproductions of a Series of Lithographs Made by Him on the Isthmus of Panama, January-March, 1912, Together with Impressions and Notes by the Artist.
Modern Dancing and Dancers. By J. E. Crawford Flitch.

The Macmillan Company:
The Next Religion. A Play in Three Acts. By Israel Zangwill.

A. C. McClurg and Company:
The Artists' Point of View. Embraced in a Series of Letters on Landscape Painting and Kindred Topics. By Royal Hill Milleson.
Little Books on Art. General Editor, Cyril Davenport:
Benvenuto Cellini. By Robert H. Hobart Cust, M.A.
Rodin. By Muriel Ciolkowska.

Princeton University Press:
Della Robbias in America. By Allan Marquand.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:
Greek and Roman Portraits. By Dr. Anton Helker.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
Plays: Uncle Vanya, Ivanoff, The Sea-Gull, The Swan Song. By Anton Tchekoff. Translated by Marian Fell.
Dickens's Children. Ten Drawings by Jessie Willcox Smith.
The Mortal Gods and Other Plays. By Olive Tilford Dargon.
The Eldest Son. By John Galsworthy.

Stewart and Kidd Company:
Easter (A Play in Three Acts) and Stories by August Strindberg. Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:
American Types. By Clarence F. Underwood.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

D. Appleton and Company:
Under the Old Flag: Recollections of Military Operations in the War for the Union, the Spanish War, the Boxer Rebellion, Etc. By James Harrison Wilson. (2 Volumes.)
Social Life in Old New Orleans. Being the Recollections of My Girlhood. By Eliza Ripley.

The Century Company:
Everybody's St. Francis. By Maurice Francis Egan.
Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln. By Helen Nicolay.

George H. Doran Company:
Things I Can Tell. By Lord Rossmore.

Dana Estes and Company:
Little-Known Sisters of Well-Known Men. By Sarah G. Pomeroy.

R. F. Fenno:
A Study of Oscar Wilde. By Walter Winston Kenilworth.

Harper and Brothers:
Mark Twain: A Biography. The Personal and Literary Life of Samuel Langhorne Clemens. By Albert Bigelow Paine. (3 vols.)
In the Courts of Memory. 1858-1875. From Contemporary Letters. By L. de Hegermann-Lindencrone.

Henry Holt and Company:
Village Life in America (1852-1872). Including the Period of the American Civil War, as Told in the Diary of a School-Girl. By Caroline Cowles Richards.
Leading American Inventors. By George Iles.
Some English Story Tellers. A Book of the Younger Novelists. By Frederic Taber Cooper.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
Charles Eliot Norton. Two Addresses by Edward Waldo Emerson and William Fenwick Harris.
Life and Letters of John Rickman. By Orlo Williams.
Modern Biographies:
Lafcadio Hearn. By Edward Thomas.
J. M. Synge and the Irish Dramatic Movement. By Francis Bickley.
When I Was a Child. By Yoshio Markino.
The Autobiography of an Individual. By James O. Fagan.

John Lane Company:
Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

J. B. Lippincott Company:
Cheiro's Memoirs: The Reminiscences of a Society Palmist, including Interviews with King Edward the Seventh, W. E. Gladstone, C. S. Parnell, H. M. Stanley, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Oscar Wilde, Professor Max Müller, Blanche Roosevelt, the Comte de Paris, Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Russell of Killowen, Robert Ingersoll, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Langtry, "Mark Twain," Mlle. Janotha, and Others.
The Empress Josephine. By Baron de Meneval. Translated from the French by D. D. Fraser.
Literary Hearthstones of Dixie. By La Salle Corbell Pickett.
William T. Richards. A Brief Outline of His Life and Art. By Harrison S. Morris.
Old Time Belles and Cavaliers. By Edith Tunis Sale.

Little, Brown and Company:
John Hancock: The Picturesque Patriot. By Lorenzo Sears.
Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III. Personal Reminiscences of the Man and the Emperor by the late Baron D'Ambès. Edited and Translated by A. R. Allinson, M.A.
Lords and Ladies of the Italian Lakes. By Edgecombe Staley.

Longmans, Green and Company:
The Life of William Morris. By J. W. Mackall. (New Edition.)

McBride, Nast and Company:
Forty-five Years of My Life (1770-1815). Princess Louise of Prussia (Princess Anton Radziwill). Edited by Princess Radziwill, née Castellane, and Translated by A. R. Allinson, M.A.
Cardinal De Richelieu. By Eleanor G. Price.
Cæsar Borgia: A Study of the Renaissance. By John Leslie Garner.

The Macmillan Company:
Carmen Sylva and Sketches from the Orient. By Pierre Loti.
The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, Volume II. 1837-1846. By William Flavelle Monypenny.

Mother Earth Publishing Company:
The Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist. By Alexander Berkman.

The Neale Publishing Company:
Our Presidents and Their Office: Including Parallel Lives of the People of the United States and of Several Contemporaries, and a History of the Presidency. By William Estabrook Chancellor.
The Soldier Bishop, Ellison Capers. By Walter B. Capers.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:
George Palmer Putnam: A Memoir. Together with a Record of the Earlier Years of the Publishing House Founded by Him. By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D.
Letters of Ulysses S. Grant to his Father and His Youngest Sister, 1857-78. Edited by His Nephew, Jesse Grant Cramer.
The Last Leaf. Observations, during Seventy-five Years, of Men and Events in America and Europe. By James Kendall Hosmer, LL.D.
Washington and Lincoln: Leaders of the Nation in the Constitutional Eras of American History.

Fleming H. Revell Company:
Sun Yat Sen and the Awakening of China. By James Cantlie, M.A., and C. Sheridan Jones.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
Anson Burlingame and the First Chinese Mission to Foreign Powers. By Frederick Wells Williams.
German Memories. By Sidney Whitman.
Letters of George Meredith. Collected and Edited by His Son. (2 volumes.)
The Love Affairs of the Condées. (1530-1740.) By H. Noel Williams.
Scenes and Memories. By Wallburga Lady Paget.
Jean Jacques Rousseau. By Gerhard Gran. Authorised Translation by Marica Hargis Janson.
Byron. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. (2 volumes.)

Whitcomb and Barrows:
The Life of Ellen H. Richards. By Caroline L. Hunt.

HISTORY, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Richard G. Badger:
Saint Anne of the Mountains: The Story of a Summer in the Canadian Pilgrimage Village. By Effie Bignell.

Butler and Tanner, London:
Brazil in 1911. By J. C. Oakenfull.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company:
A Mexican Journey. By E. H. Blichfeldt.
Through South America. By Harry Weston Van Dyke.

George H. Doran Company:
Castles of England and Wales. By Herbert A. Evans.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
The Land of Footprints. By Stewart Edward White.

Gordon Publishing Company:
The Women of the Debatable Land. By Alexander Hunter.

Harper and Brothers:
Your United States. By Arnold Bennett.
On Hazardous Service. Scouts and Spies of the North and South. By William Gilmore Beymer.

Parallel Source Problems in Medieval History. By Frederic Duncalf, Ph.D., and August C. Krey, M.A., with an Introduction by Prof. Dana Carleton Munro.

Henry Holt and Company:

Germany and the German Emperor. By Herbert Perris.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Gateway of Scotland. East Lethian, Lammermoor and the Merse. By A. G. Bradley.

Merchant Ventures of Old Salem. A History of the Commercial Voyages of a New England Family to the Indies and Elsewhere in the Eighteenth Century. By Robert E. Peabody.

Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages. By Sidney Heath.

Through the Heart of Africa. Being an Account of a Journey on Bicycles and on Foot from Northern Rhodesia Past the Great Lakes, to Egypt, Undertaken when Proceeding Home on Leave in 1910. By Frank H. Melland, F.R.G.S., and Edward H. Cholmeley.

The Path of the Conquistadores. Trinidad and Venezuelan Guiana. By Lindon Bates, Jr.

Our House and London Out of Our Windows. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

A History of the Presidency, from 1897 to 1909. By Edward Stanwood, Litt.D.

Egyptian Days. By Philip Sanford Marden.

Belgium, the Land of Art. Its History, Legends, Industry and Modern Expansion. By William Elliot Griffis.

Around the Clock in Europe. A Travel Sequence. By Charles Fish Howell.

Italy in the Thirteenth Century. (2 volumes.) By Henry Dwight Sedgwick.

George W. Jacobs:

The Charm of London. An Anthology by Alfred H. Hyatt.

The Charm of Venice. An Anthology by Alfred H. Hyatt.

The Jewish Press Publishing Company:

History of the Jews in America. From the Period of the Discovery of the New World to the Present Time. By Peter Wiernik.

The John Lane Company:

The Journal of a Sporting Nomad. By J. T. Studley.

In Portugal. By Aubrey F. C. Bell.

Gates of the Dolomites, with a Chapter on the Flora of the Dolomites by F. M. Spencer Thomson. By L. Marion Davidson.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Our English Cathedrals: Their Architectural Beauties and Characteristics and Their Historical Associations Popularly Described, Together with Chapters on the Cathedral in Mediæval and in Modern Times, and in English Poetry and Prose. Two Volumes: Volume I. The Northern Cathedrals. Volume II. The Southern Cathedrals. By Rev. James Sibree.

The Flowing Road. Adventuring on the Great Rivers of South America. By Caspar Whitney.

Traditions of Edinburgh. By Robert Chambers. LL.D.

Wild Life and the Camera. By A. Radcliffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S.

Little, Brown and Company:

Historic Summer Haunts from Newport to Portland. By F. Lauriston Bullard.

A History of Roman Law. By Andrew Stephenson, Ph.D.

Romantic Days in the Early Republic. By Mary Caroline Crawford.

McBride, Nast and Company:

The Crime of 1812 and Its Retribution. From the French of Eugene Labaume. Rendered into English by T. Dumas Pillans. With an Introduction by W. T. Stead.

Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan. Leaves from the Diary of Baroness Albert D'Anethan, with an Introduction by H. E. Baron Kate.

China's Revolution, 1911-1912. A Historical and Political Record of the Civil War. By Edward J. Dingle.

Along Spain's River of Romance. The Lure of the Real Spain in Andalusia—Its Personality, Its People and Its Associations. By Paul Gwynne.

African Shores of the Mediterranean. By Cyril Fletcher Grant and L. Grant.

Picture Towns of Europe. By Albert B. Osborne.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Winning the Southwest. A Story of Conquest. By Glenn D. Bradley.

Russia in Europe and Asia. By Joseph King Goodrich.

The Macmillan Company:

South America. Observations and Impressions. By James Bryce.

A Wanderer in Florence. By E. V. Lucas.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Marken and Its People. Being Some Account Written from Time to Time Both During and After Visits Covering Some Considerable Space of Time Upon This Most Curious and Comparatively Unknown Island (Unknown in Spite of the Fact that Thousands of Tourists Visit It Each Year—but of the Character or of the Life of these Strange People They Know Little or Nothing). Now Set Forth and Pictured by George Wharton Edwards.

The American Mediterranean. By Stephen Bonsal.

Noted Speeches of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun. Edited with Biographical Sketches by Lilian Marie Briggs.

The Neale Publishing Company:

When the Ku Klux Rode. By Eyre Damer.

Essays and Addresses, with Explanatory Notes. By Roger A. Pryor.

The Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army: An Examination of the Argument of the Hon. Charles Francis Adams and Others. By Randolph H. McKim, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

One of Jackson's Foot Cavalry. His Experiences and What He Saw During the War, 1861-1865. Including a History of "F" Company, Richmond, Va., 21st Regiment Virginia Infantry, Second Brigade, Jackson's Division, Second Corps, A. N. Va. By John H. Worsham.

The Pilgrim Press:

On the Way to Jerusalem. By William Allen Knight.

James Pott and Company:

A Winter Holiday in Portugal. By Captain B. Granville Baker.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Kings and Gods of Egypt. By Alexander Moret.

The Japanese Nation: Its Land, Its People, and Its Life, with Special Consideration to Its Relations with the United States. By Inazo Nitobé, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D.

Heroes of the Nations Series:

Roger of Sicily, and the Normans in Lower Italy. 1016-1154. By Edmund Curtis, M.A.

Canute the Great. 999 (circ.) -1035. And the Rise of Danish Imperialism During the Viking Age. By Laurence Marcellus Larson, Ph.D.

Bismya, or The Lost City of Adab: A Story of Adventure, of Exploration, and of Excavation among the Ruins of the Oldest of the Buried Cities of Babylonia. By Edgar James Banks, Ph.D.

The Story of the Bronx, from the Purchase Made by the Dutch from the Indians in 1639 to the Present Day. By Stephen Jenkins.

Personal Recollections of the War of the Rebellion: Addresses Delivered Before the Commandery of the State of New York, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States. Fourth Series. Edited by A. Noel Blakeman.

The Indians of the Terraced Houses. By Charles Francis Saunders.

The Hoosac Valley: Its Legends and Its History. By Grace Greylock Niles.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

Twice Around the World. By Edgar Allen Forbes.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Causes and Effects in American History: The Story of the Origin and Development of the Nation. By Edwin W. Morse.

The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands. A Hunter's Experience while Searching for Wapiti, Bears and Caribou on the Larger Coast Islands of British Columbia and Alaska. By Charles Sheldon.

New Trails in Mexico: An Account of One Year's Exploration in North-Western Sonora, Mexico, and South-Western Arizona. (1909-1910.) By Carl Lumholtz, M.A.

A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land. By Dwight L. Elmendorf.

The Cathedrals of England and Wales: Being a Fourth Edition of English Cathedrals Illustrated. By Francis Bond.

American Beginnings in Europe. By Wilbur F. Gordy.

Paris and Her Treasures. By Ethel E. Bicknell.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Pope's Green Island. By W. P. Ryan.

The Statler Publishing Company:

The Americans in Panama. By William R. Scott.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Lighter Side of Irish Life. By G. A. Birmingham.

The Annals of the Strand, Topographical and Historical. By E. Beresford Chancellor.

The Annals of Fleet Street. Its Traditions and Associations. By E. Beresford Chancellor.

The Young Churchman Company:

Travel Pictures. By "Presbyter Ignotus."

NEW EDITIONS

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Arabian Nights. Illustrated by René Bull.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by J. L. Kipling.

Duffield and Company:

William Sharp (Fiona MacLeod). Compiled by His Wife, Elizabeth A. Sharp. (Volumes I and II. Uniform Edition.)

Papers Critical and Reminiscent. By William Sharp. Selected and Arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. (Volume III. Uniform Edition.)

Literary Geography and Travel Sketches. By William Sharp. Selected and Arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. (Volume IV. Uniform Edition.)

Vistas, The Gypsy Christ and Other Prose Imaginings. By William Sharp. Selected and Arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. (Vol. V. Uniform Edition.)

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Success. By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Poems and Poetic Dramas of William Vaughan Moody, with an Introduction by John M. Manly. Volumes I and II.

John Lane Company:

Coke of Norfolk and His Friends. The Life of Thomas William Coke, First Earl of Leicester of Holkham, Containing an Account of His Ancestry, Surroundings, Public Services and Private Friendships, and Including Many Unpublished Letters from Noted Men of His Day, English and American. By A. M.

Longmans, Green and Company:
The Collected Works of William Morris. With Introductions by His Daughter, May Morris.
Volume XIII. The Odyssey of Homer, Done into English Verse.
Volume XIV. The House of Wolfings. The Story of the Glittering Plain.
Volume XV. The Roots of the Mountains.
Volume XVI. News from Nowhere. A Dream of John Ball. A King's Lesson.
Adventures Among Books. By Andrew Lang.

The Neale Publishing Company:
The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce. Volume XI. Antepenultimata.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
The Works of Gilbert Parker. (Imperial Edition):
I. Pierre and His People.
II. A Romany of the Snows.

VERSE

Published by Author:
Pocahontas and Other Sonnets. By Philip Alexander Bruce.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:
All the Year Round. By James Whitcomb Riley.

Broadway Publishing Company:
A Harp of the Heart. By Charles Cole Woods.

Thomas Y. Crowell:
Meistersinger: A Dramatic Poem by Richard Wagner. Freely Translated in Poetic Narrative Form by Oliver Huckel.

George H. Doran Company:
Jack—One of Us. By Gilbert Frankau.
The Wind on the Heath. Ballads and Lyrics. By May Byron.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
Songs from Books. By Rudyard Kipling.
In Other Words. By Franklin P. Adams.

Harper and Brothers:
The Buccaneers. By Don C. Seitz.

Henry Holt and Company:
The Home Book of Verse. American and English. 1580-1912. With an Appendix Containing a Few Well Known Poems in Other Languages. Selected and Arranged by Burton Egbert Stevenson.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
Pike County Ballads. By John Hay. With Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth.
Poems and Ballads. By Hermann Hagedorn.
A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass. By Amy Lowell.
Romance, Vision and Satire. English Alliterative Poems of the Fourteenth Century. Newly Rendered in the Original Metres by Jessie L. Weston.
Villa Mirafiore. By Frederic Crowninshield.
The Unconquered Air, and Other Poems. By Florence Earle Coates.
Uriel and Other Poems. By Percy Mackaye.

B. W. Huebsch:
The Vaunt of Man and Other Poems. By William Ellery Leonard.

John Lane Company:
The Iscariot. By Eden Phillpotts.
Oxford Poems. By H. W. Garrod.
The Poems of Rosamund Marriott Watson.
The Voice of the Garden. Compiled by Lucy Leffingwell Cable Bikle, with a Preface by George W. Cable.
A Study of Francis Thompson's Hound of Heaven. By Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J.
Ballads Weird and Wonderful. With Twenty-five Drawings by Vernon Hill.

David McKay:
Madrigali. By T. A. Daly.

The Macmillan Company:
The Poetical Works of William B. Yeats. Volume II. Dramatic Poems. (New and Revised Edition.)
The Overture and Other Poems. By Jefferson Butler Fletcher.
The Green Helmet and Other Poems. By William Butler Yeats.

Maunsel and Company, Dublin:
New Poems. By Dora Sigerson Shorter.

Neale Publishing Company:
Desultory Verse. By LaTouche Hancock.
Idylls of the South. By Bettie Keyes Chambers.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:
The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond. With an Introduction by Louis Frèchette, and an Appreciation by Neil Munro.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
The Mythological Zoo. By Oliver Herford.
The Call of Brotherhood and Other Poems. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson.
The Poetical Works of George Meredith. With some notes by G. M. Trevelyan.

Sherman, French and Company:
The Poet, the Fool and the Faeries. By Madison Cawein.
Cowboy Lyrics. Roundup Edition. By Robert V. Carr.
Rhymes of Eld. By Herbert Ferguson.

Stewart and Kidd Company:
Three Visions and Other Poems. By John A. Johnson.
Songs Under Open Skies. By M. Jay Flannery.
June on the Miami. An Idyl. By William Henry Venable.
The Dance of Dinwiddie. By Marshall Moreton.

Sturgis and Walton Company:
Poems of Country Life: A Modern Anthology. By George S. Bryan.

Walker Lithographing and Publishing Company:
The Image Makers and Other Poems. By Charles C. Ely.

Yale University Press:
Yale Book of American Verse. Edited by Thomas R. Lounsbury.

EDUCATION

D. Appleton and Company:
Twentieth Century Text Books:
Select Poems of Robert Browning. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Hugh C. Laughlin, A.M.
Principles of Educational Practice. By Paul Klapper, Ph.D.

Columbia University:
Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University:
Progress and Uniformity in Child-Labor Legislation. A Study in Statistical Measurement. By William F. Ogburn, Ph.D.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company:
A Valiant Woman: A Contribution to the Education Problem. By M. F.

Harper and Brothers:
Helping School Children. Suggestions for Efficient Co-operation with the Public Schools. By Elsa Denison.

D. C. Heath and Company:
Lessons in the Speaking and Writing of English. Book I. Language Lessons. Book II. Composition and Grammar. By John M. Manly and Eliza R. Bailey.
Old English Ballads. Selected and Arranged for Use in Elementary Schools. By John A. Long.

Hinds, Noble and Eldridge:
Studying the Short-Story. Sixteen Short-Story Classics, with Introductions, Notes and a New Laboratory Study Method for Individual Reading and Use in Colleges and Schools. By J. Berg Esenwein, A.M., Litt.D.

Henry Holt and Company:
A Montessori Mother. By Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
American Science Series: The Elements of Geography. By Rollin D. Salisbury, Harlan H. Barrows and Walter S. Tower.
Molière. Les Précieuses Ridicules and Les Femmes Savantes. Edited with Introduction, Remarks and Notes by John R. Effinger.
La Hermana San Sulpicie. Por Armando Palacio Valdés. Edited with Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary by J. G. Gill.

Home Correspondence School:
Short Story Masterpieces. Volumes I and II. French. Done into English and with Introduction by J. Berg Esenwein.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
Ralph Roister Doister, with Introduction and Notes. (The Riverside Literature Series.) By Clarence Griffin Child.

Sturgis and Walton:
Story-Telling in School and Home. A Study in Education Æsthetics. By E. N. and G. E. Partridge.

FICTION

American Tract Society:
The Worst Boy. By Edward S. Ellis.
The Gordons. By Hope Daring.

D. Appleton and Company:
Faith Brandon. Henrietta Dana Skinner.
The Favor of Kings. By Mary Hastings Bradley.
The Maker of Opportunities. By George Gibbs.
The Mystery of the Second Shot. By Rufus Gillmore.
The Sins of the Father. A Romance of the South. By Thomas Dixon.
A Woman Alone. Anon.
The Streets of Ascalon. Episodes in the Unfinished Career of Richard Quarren, Esq. By Robert W. Chambers.
George Helm. By David Graham Phillips.
The Soldier from Virginia. By Marjorie Bowen.
The Outpost of Eternity. By Cosmo Hamilton.
Where the Heart Is: Showing That Christmas is What You Make It. By Will Irwin.
Mrs. Budlong's Christmas Presents. By Rupert Hughes.
The Going of the White Swan. By Gilbert Parker.
Blue Bird Weather. By Robert W. Chambers.
Billy Fortune. By William R. Lighton.
The Rise of Roscoe Paine. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

Richard G. Badger:
The Contralto. By Roger M. Carew.
Cupid En Route. By Ralph Henry Barbour.
The Story of Swan-Like. By Antoinette E. Galvin.
The Garden of Luzon. By Julian Scott Bryan.
Deynard's Divorce. By Edna Goodrich.
A Loyal Love. By Eleanor Atkinson.
Hoof Beats. By Philip Hichborn.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:
The Broken Bell. By Marie Van Vorst.
His Worldly Goods. By Margaretta Tuttle.
The Just and the Unjust. By Vaughan Kester.
The Marriage of Captain Kettle. By C. J. Cutliffe Hyne.
The Melting of Molly. By Maria Thompson Daviess.
The Fall Guy. By Brand Whitlock.
The Minister of Police. By Henry Mountjoy.
The Place of Honeymoons. By Harold MacGrath.
The Elected Mother. By Maria Thompson Daviess.
The Fortunes of the Landrays. By Vaughan Kester.
The Valiants of Virginia. By Hallie Erminie Rives.
Old Time and Young Tom. By Robert J. Burdette.
The Four Men. A Farrago. By Hillaire Belloc.

Brentanos:
The Nets. (Scenes from Paris Life.) By Stuart Henry.

Broadway Publishing Company:
Love and Lure, or the Heart of a "Bad" Man. A Romance of Arizona. By Cornelius Shea.
Confessions of an Innocent Widow. By the Widow Herself.

The Echo of Union Chapel. A Tale of the Ozark Low Hill Country. By Clarence E. Hatfield.
Luda, the Occult Girl. A Romance. By Julia Webb Mays.

Cassell and Company:
Open Trails. By "Janey Canuck" (Emily Ferguson).
Rory of Willow Beach. By Valance Patriarche.
The Strong Hand. By Warwick Deeping.
The Man at Lone Lake. By Virna Sheard.

The Century Company:
Captain Martha Mary. By Avery Abbott.
Daddy-Long-Legs. By Jean Webster.
A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. By Alice Hegan Rice.
Smoke Bellew. By Jack London.
Mrs. Launcelot. A Comedy of Assumptions. By Maurice Hewlett.
The Lady and Sada San. A Sequel to the Lady of the Decoration. By Frances Little.

Chapple Publishing Company:
The Minor Chord. A Tale of the Middle West in the Early '70s. By Joe Mitchell Chapple.

Christian Press Association:
The Woman Hater. By John Alexander Hugh Cameron.

Edward J. Clode:
The Moccasins of Gold. By Norman Way.
Mirabel's Island. By Louis Tracy.

Cosmopolitan Press:
Stephen Mulhew, The Making of a Gentleman. By Howard B. Seitz.
The Siege. A Novel of Love and War. By John S. Williams.
The Caverns of Crail. By Thomas Sawyer Spivey.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company:
Kirstie. By M. F.
The First Church's Christmas Barrel. By Caroline Abbot Stanley.

G. W. Dillingham Company:
Bat. An Idyl of New York. By Edward Marshall.
The Red Nights of Paris. From the "Coup Double" and "Policiers et Rastas" by Goron. English Version by Florence Crew-Jones.
The Talker. From the Play of Marion Fairfax by Arthur Hornblow.
King of the Camorra. By E. Serao. Translated by Baron Bernardo Quaranta di San Severino.
The Irresistible Mrs. Ferrers. By Arabella Kenealy.

Dodd, Mead and Company:
The Squire's Daughter. By Archibald Marshall.
Miss Philura's Wedding Gown. By Florence Morse Kingsley.

George H. Doran Company:
Blinds Down. By Horace Annesley Vachell.
The Nobel Rogue. A Cavalier's Romance. By Baroness Orczy.
Fame-Seekers. By Alice Woods.
The Simpkins Plot. By G. A. Birmingham.
A Bachelor's Comedy. By J. E. Buckrose.
A Health Unto His Majesty. By Justin Huntly McCarthy.
Priscilla's Spies. By G. A. Birmingham.
Tamsie. By Rosamond Napier.
Mis' Beauty. By Helen S. Woodruff.
Valserine and Other Stories. By Marguerite Audoux.
The Fall of Ulysses: An Elephant Story. By Charles Dwight Willard.
Dan Russell the Fox: An Episode in the Life of Miss Rowan. By E. Oe. Somerville and Martin Ross.
Just Boy. By Paul West.
Meadowsweet. By Baroness Orczy.
The Keynote (Monsieur des Lousdines). By Alphonse de Chateaubriand. Translated by Lady Theodora Davidson.
Roddles. By Paul Neuman.
As He Was Born. By Tom Gallon.
The Long Patrol. A Tale of the Mounted Police. By H. A. Cody.
The Lost World. By A. Conan Doyle.
Corporal Camerson of the North-West Mounted Police. By Ralph Connor.
Cobb's Anatomy. By Irvin S. Cobb.

Dana Estes and Company:
Ebb and Flow. By Mrs. Irwin Smart.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
Mrs. Ames. By E. F. Benson.
The Soddy. By Sarah Comstock.
Object: Matrimony. By Montague Glass.
Madame Mésange. By F. Berkeley Smith.
Left in Charge. By Victor L. Whitechurch.
The Street of the Two Friends. By F. Berkeley Smith.
The Heather Moon. By C. M. and A. M. Williamson.
Elkan Lubliner, American. By Montague Glass.
Brotherly House. By Grace S. Richmond.
The Bust of Lincoln. By James Francis Dwyer.
The Man Who Bucked Up. By Arthur Howard.
The Lure of Life. By Agnes and Egerton Castle.
Knocking the Neighbours. By George Ade.

Duffield and Company:
Marriage. By H. C. Wells.
Sonica. By Vicente Blasco Ibenez.
The Perfect Gentleman. A Guide to Social Aspirants. (Compiled from the Occasional Papers of Reginald Drake Biffin.) By Harry Graham.

E. P. Dutton and Company:
The Arrival of Antony. By Dorothea Conyers.
The Flaw in the Crystal. By May Sinclair.
The Junior Partner. By Edward Mott Woolley.
The Pilgrim Kamanite. A Legendary Romance. By Karl Gjellerup. Translated by John E. Logie.

R. F. Fenno and Company:
The Three Knaves. By Saul R. Greenleaf.
A Blot on the Escutcheon. By May Wynee.

Forbes and Company:
In the Dark. By Donald Richberg.

Harper and Brothers:
A Captain Unafraid. The Strange Adventures of Dynamite Johnny O'Brien. As Set Down by Horace Smith.
The Bantam. By Brewer Corcoran.
The Man in Lonely Land. By Kate Langley Bosher.
As Cæsar's Wife. By Margarita Spalding Gerry.
Aurélie. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy.
"Charge It." By Irving Bacheller.
For Love of Mary Ellen. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainard.
The Olympian. By James Oppenheim.
The Voice. By Margaret Deland.
The Woman of It. By Mark Lee Luther.
The Yates Pride. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.
Tangles: Tales of Some Droll Predicaments. By Margaret Cameron.
The Honourable Miss Moonlight. By Onoto Watanna.
Artemus Ward's Best Stories. Edited by Clifton Johnson, with Introduction by W. D. Howells.
The Net. By Rex Beach.
Home Place: A Story of the People. By G. W. Ogden.
The Pictures of Polly. By Mary King Courtney.
Paul Rundel. By Will N. Harben.
Beauty and the Jacobin: An Interlude of the French Revolution. By Booth Tarkington.

Henry Holt and Company:
The Fighting Blade. By Beulah Marie Dix.
The Flight of Faviel. By R. E. Vernede.
Martha-by-the-Day. By Julie M. Lippmann.
Phœbe and Ernest and Cupid. By Inez Haynes Gillmore.
Making a Business Woman. By Anne Shannon Monroe.
My Dog and I. By Gerald Sidney.
The Collectors. By Frank Jewell Mather.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
Alexander's Bridge. By Willa S. Cather.
High Bradford. By Mary Rogers Bangs.
Caviare. By Grant Richards.
Concerning Sally. By William John Hopkins.
Forfeit. By Clara Lathrop Strong.
Less Than the Dust. By N. A. Hamilton.
A Picked Company. By Mary Hallock Foote.
The Preliminaries and Other Stories. By Cornelia A. P. Comer.
Prudent Priscilla. By Mary C. E. Wemyss.
Linda. By Margaret Prescott Montague.
The Inner Flame. By Clara Louise Burnham.
Cease Firing. By Mary Johnston.
Gutter Babies. By Dorothea Slade.
The Children of Light. By Florence Converse.

W. B. Huebsch:
The Mission of Victoria Wilhelmina. By Jeanne Bartholow Magoun.
The Record of a Silent Life. By Anna Preston.
Atlantis. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Trans. by Adele and Thomas Seltzer.

George W. Jacobs:
Rhody. By Frances S. Brewster.
The Right to Reign. A Romance of the Kingdom of Drecq. By Adele Ferguson Knight.

Mitchell Kennerley:
Multitude and Solitude. By John Masefield.
Unclothed. By Daniel Carson Goodman.

John Lane Company:
Beggars and Sorners. By Allen McAuley.
My Actor Husband. Anon.
The Lure. By E. S. Stevens.
The Shadow of Power. By Paul Bertram.
The Knightly Years. By W. M. Ardagh.
The Story of a Ploughboy. By James Bryce.
An American Girl at the Durbar. By Shelland Bradley.
At the Sign of the Reine Pédaque: A Translation by Mrs. William Jackson. By Anatole France.
Clara: Some Scattered Chapters in the Life of a Hussey. By A. Neil Lyons.
The Face of Air. By George L. Knapp.
Grit Lawless. By F. E. Mills Young.
The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. By William J. Locke.
The Last Resort. By H. F. Prevost Battersby (Francis Prevost).
The New Humpty-Dumpty. By Daniel Chaucer.
Pansy Mears. The Story of a London Shop Girl. By Horace W. C. Newte.
Sunshine Sketches. By Stephen Leacock.
Perpetua Mary. By Dion Clayton Calthrop.
The Bountiful House. By Marion Fox.
Hoffman's Chance. By William Caine.

J. B. Lippincott Company:
A Chain of Evidence. By Carolyn Wells.
The Last Try. By John Reed Scott.
A Jewel of the Seas. By Jessie Kaufman.
The Lady Doc. By Caroline Lockhart.
The Harbour of Love. By Ralph Henry Barbour.
The First Hurdle. By John Reed Scott.
The Ordeal. By Charles Egbert Craddock.
The Four Gardens. Handasyde.
Cupid and the Sphinx. By Mrs. George McClellan (Hartford Flemming).

Little, Brown and Company:
The Lighted Way. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.
Her Word of Honor. By Edith Macvane.
The Mainspring. By Charles Agnew MacLean.
The Sunken Submarine. By Captain Danrit.
The Under Trail. By Anna Alice Chapin.
A Cry in the Wilderness. By Mary E. Waller.
The Tempting of Tavernake. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.
Pride of War. By Gustaf Janson. Translated from the Swedish Original "Lognerna."
Myths of the Modocs. By Jeremiah Curtin.

F. M. Lupton:
The Last of the Puritans: The Story of Benjamin and His Friends. By Frederic P. Ladd.

McBride, Nast and Company:
Träumerei. Leona Dalrymple.
The Second Deluge. By Garrett P. Serviss.
My Escapes. By A. Bachelor.
The Green Overcoat. By Hilaire Belloc.
The Girl with the Rosewood Crutches: She Tells Some Chapters of Her Life. Anon.
Uncle Noah's Christmas Inspiration. By Leona Dalrymple.

A. C. McClurg and Company:
Buck Peters, Ranchman: Being the Story of What Happened When Buck Peters, Hopalong Cassidy, and Their Bar-20 Associates Went to Montana. By Clarence E. Mulford and John Wood Clay.
Hiram Blair. By Drew Tufts.
Little Corky. By Edward Hungerford.
Molly McDonald: A Tale of the Old Frontier. By Randall Parrish.
Red Revenge. A Romance of Cawnpore. By Charles E. Pearce.
The Time Lock. By Charles E. Walk.
The Locusts' Years. By Mary Helen Fee.
Pancho McClish. By Herbert Coolidge.
Which One. By Robert Ames Bennett.
A Wall of Men. By Margaret Hill McCarter.
The Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith. Written by Himself and Edited by D. M. Moir.
The Lady of the Snows. By Edith Ogden Harrison.
The Garden of Dreams. By Clarice Vallette McCauley.
Gordon Craig, Soldier of Fortune. By Randall Parrish.
The Daughter of David Kerr. By Harry King Tootle.
The Enchanted Burro and Other Stories as I Have Known Them from Maine to Chile and California. By Charles F. Lummis.
The Passin'-on Party. By Effie Graham.
When the Forests are Ablaze. By Katharine B. Judson.

The Macmillan Company:
The House of Pride and Other Tales of Hawaii. By Jack London.
White Ashes. By Kennedy-Noble.
London Lavender. By E. V. Lucas.
A Man's World. By Albert Edwards.
The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. By Kathleen Norris.
The Drifting Diamond. By Lincoln Colcord.
Christmas. By Zona Gale.

McBride, Nast and Company:
In the Vortex. By Clive Holland.

Moffat, Yard and Company:
The Blind Road. By Hugh Gordon.
On the Trail to Sunset. By Thomas W. and Agnes A. Wilby.
The Sentence of Silence. By Reginald Wright Kauffman.
A Christmas Honeymoon. By Francis Aymar Matthews.
Her Soul and Body. By Louise Closser Hale.
The Wind's Will. By Albert Britt.
Why I Left My Husband. By Virginia T. Van De Water.
The Seer. By Perley Poore Sheehan.
Melindy. By Stella George Stern Perry.
Hell's Playground. By Ira Vera Simonton.

Neale Publishing Company:
Tame Animals I Have Known: With Apologies to Such Wild Animals as May Feel Aggrieved by Comparison. By William J. Lampton.
Sara. A Romance of the Early Nineteenth Century. By Frances Stocker Hopkins.
Nisi Prius. By J. C. Browder.
The Dragon's Daughter. By Clyde C. Westover.
The Forelopers. A Romance of Colonial Days. By I. N. Phipps.

Penn Publishing Company:
Grandma. By Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.
Rosemary for Remembrance. By Helen Sherman Griffith.
Blue Anchor Inn. By Edwin Bateman Morris.

The Pilgrim Press:
The Even Hand. By Quincy Germaine.
Mrs. Mahoney of the Tenement. By Louise Montgomery.
At the Crossing with Dennis McShane. By William Allen Knight.
The Green Devil. A Romance of Thornton Abbey in the days of John Wyclif. By Arthur Metcalf.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:
Through the Postern Gate. By Florence Barclay.
The Devil's Wind. By Patricia Wentworth (Mrs. G. F. Dillon).
Eve Triumphant. From the French of Pierre De Coulevain by Alys Hallard.
The Child of the Dawn. By Arthur Christopher Benson.
The White Shield. By Myrtle Reed.
Who? By Elizabeth Kent.
With the Merry Austrians. By Amy McLaren.
Shenandoah: Love and War in the Valley of Virginia, 1861-5. Based on the Famous Play of Bronson Howard. By Henry Tyrrell.
Palmer's Green. By Stewart Caven.
The Blackberry Pickers. By Eveleyn St. Leger.
The Upas Tree. A Christmas Story for all the Year. By Florence L. Barclay.
Bubbles of the Foam. By F. W. Bain. Translated from the Original Manuscript.

The Reilly and Britton Company:
Mr. Perryman's Christmas Eve. The Story of a Life of Faithful Service. By Francis S. Porcher.

Fleming H. Revell Company:
Eastover Parish: A Tale of Yesterday. By Margaret E. Sangster.
The Master of "The Oaks." By Caroline Abbot Stanley.
Mis' Bassett's Matrimony Bureau. By Winifred Arnold.
The Penny Philanthropist. By Clara E. Laughlin.

Avanti! A Tale of the Resurrection of Sicily. 1860. By James M. Ludlow.
The Best of a Bad Job. A Hearty Tale of the Sea. By Norman Duncan.

William Rickey and Company:
The House of Chance. By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James.

F. J. Schulte and Company:
The Upas Tree. By Robert McMurdy.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
Over the Pass. By Frederick Palmer.
The Bachelor Dinner. By Olive M. Briggs.
Wide Courses. By James Brendan Connolly.
Scientific Sprague. By Francis Lynde.
The Unknown Quantity. A Book of Romance and Some Half Told Tales. By Henry Van Dyke.

Sherman, French and Company:
The Book of the Serpent. By Katharine Howard.

Small, Maynard and Company:
The Secret of Frontellac. By Frank K. Scribner.
Herself. By Ethel Sidgwick.
Le Gentleman. An Idyll of the Quarter. By Ethel Sidgwick.
Promise. By Ethel Sidgwick.
Mary, Mary. By James Stephens.
Whippen. By Frederick Orin Bartlett.
Zebedee V. By Edith Barnard Delane.

F. A. Stokes and Company:
Between Two Thieves. By Richard Dehan.
The Bride's Hero. By M. P. Revere.
Eve's Other Children. By Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke.
Lifted Mask. By Susan Glaspell.
The Long Portage. By Harold Bindloss.
Miss Wealthy, Deputy Sheriff. By Elizabeth Neff.
Out of the Wreck I Rise. By Beatrice Harraden.
King Errant. By Flora Annie Steel.

Sturgis and Walton:
Jaconetta Stories. By Fannie Heaslip Lea.
The Cahusac Mystery. By K. and Hesketh Prichard.
The Cost of It. By Eleanor Mordaunt.
The Moon Endureth. Tales and Fancies. By John Buchan.
The Moonlight Sonata. By Johan Nordling.

Sturgis and Walton Company:
The Man Who Came Back. By John Fleming Wilson.

The John C. Winston Company:
The Gulf Between. By Anna Costantini.
A Living Legacy. By Ruth Underwood.

JUVENILE

D. Appleton and Company:
The Border Watch. A Story of the Great Chief's Last Stand. By Joseph A. Altsheler.
Bucking the Line. By William Heyliger.
Bud and Bamboo. By John Stuart Thomson.
Rifle and Caravan, or Two Boys in East Africa. By James Barnes.
Behind Dark Pines. By Martha Young.
Helen Ormsby. By Belle Moses.

Beckley-Cardy Company:
Nixie Bunny in Manners-Land. By Joseph James Weber Linn.
C. Sindelar.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:
Live Dolls in Wonderland. By Josephine Scribner Gates.
The Wondeful Bed. By Gertrude Knevels.

The Century Company:
Crofton Chums. By Ralph Henry Barbour.
Jataka Tales. Re-told by Ellen C. Babbitt.
The Knights of the Golden Spur. By Rupert Sargent Holland.
The Lady of the Lane. By Frederic Orin Bartlett.
The Lucky Sixpence. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Arthur Alden Knipe.
Sue Jane. By Maria Thompson Daviess.
The Wireless Man: His Work and Adventures on Land and Sea. By Francis A. Collins.
Russian Wonder Tales. With a Foreword on the Russian Skazki. By Post Wheeler, Litt.D.

W. and R. Chambers, Ltd., London:
Stories from the Old, Old Bible. By L. T. Meade.

Thomas Y. Crowell:
Pluck on the Long Trail, or Boy Scouts in the Rockies. By Edwin L. Sabin.

George H. Doran Company:
The Peek-a-Boos at Play. By Chloë Preston.
The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. In Story and Pictures by Rose O'Neill.
The Book of Baby Beasts. By E. J. Detmold.
The Mongrel Puppy Book. By Cecil Alden.
Merry and Bright. By Cecil Alden.
The Children's Longfellow: Stories from the Poet's Works. Told by Alice Massie.
This Year's Book for Boys.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
Peter and Polly. By Elizabeth Hays Wilkinson.
Gulliver's Travels (Golden Books for Children Series, Edited by Clifton Johnson). By Jonathan Swift. Edited by Anna Tweed.
Princess Rags and Tatters. By Harriet T. Comstock.

Duffield and Company:
The Lower Depths. A Play in Four Acts. By Maxim Gorki. Translated from the Original Russian by Laurence Irving.
Housekeeping for Little Girls. By Olive Hyde Foster.
Work and Play for Little Girls. By Hedwig Levi.
Ten Girls from History. By Kate Dickinson Sweetser.
Old Songs and Rounds for Little Children. Arranged for Charles M. Widor.
The Poor Little Rich Girl. By Eleanor Gates.

R. F. Fenno and Company:
Uncle Wiggily's Adventures. By R. Garis.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:
Health and Happiness: A Message to Girls. By Eliza M. Mosher, M.D.
Chats with the Children of the Church. By James M. Farrar, D.D.

Ginn and Company:
The American Short Story. By C. Alphonse Smith.
Heimatlios: Two Stories for Children and for Those Who Love Children. By Johanna Spyri. Translation by Emma Stelter Hopkins.
Quaint Old Stories to Read and Act. By Marion Florence Lansing, M.A.

The Griffith and Rowland Press:
The Pennant. By Everett T. Tomlinson.

Harper and Brothers:
Ken Ward in the Jungle. By Zane Grey.
The Son of Columbus. By Molly Elliot Seawell.
"Wanted" and Other Stories. By James Otis.
Bold Robin Hood and His Outlaw Band: Their Famous Exploits in Sherwood Forest. Penned and Pictured by Louis Rhead.
Camping on the Great River. The Adventures of a Boy Afloat on the Mississippi. By Raymond S. Spears.
Prayers for Little Men and Women. By John Martin.
The Maker of Rainbows and Other Fairy-Tales and Fables. By Richard LeGallienne.
The Rocket-Book. By Peter Newell.
Camping in the Winter Woods. Adventures of Two Boys in the Maine Woods. By Elmer Russell Gregor.
The Green C. A High School Story. By J. A. Meyer.

Henry Holt and Company:
Bill the Minder. Written and Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson.
Gulliver's Voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag. Written by Jonathan Swift and Illustrated by P. A. Staynes.
The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill. By Charles Pierce Burton.
Saints and Heroes. Since the Middle Ages. (Second Series.) By George Hodges.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
The Camp at Sea Duck Cove. By Ellery H. Clark.
Licky and His Gang. By Grace Sartwell Mason.
The Seashore Book. Bob and Betty's Summer with Captain Hawes. By E. Boyd Smith.
The Turkey Doll. By Josephine Scribner Gates.
How Phœbe Found Herself. By Helen Dawes Brown.
'Twas the Night Before Christmas. A Visit from St. Nicholas. By Clement C. Moore. With Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith.
Their City Christmas. By Abbie Farwell Brown.
The Castle of Zion. Stories from the Old Testament. By George Hodges.
The Young Minute-Man of 1812. By Everett T. Tomlinson.
With the Indians in the Rockies. By James Willard Schultz.
Billy Popgun. By Milo Winter.
The Gorgon's Head. Told to Children by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
The Golden Touch. Told to Children by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

George W. Jacobs:
The Four Corners in Japan. By Amy E. Blanchard.
Brave Deeds of American Sailors. By Robert B. Duncan.
Historic Poems and Ballads. By Rupert S. Holland.

John Lane Company:
The Goldfish. By Julien Street.

Little, Brown and Company:
The Wonder-Workers. By Mary H. Wade.
Ned Brewster's Year in the Big Woods. By Chauncey J. Hawkins.
Henley's American Captain. By Frank E. Channon.
The English History Story-Book. By Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball.
Donald Kirk, the Morning Record Copy-Boy. By Edward Mott Woolley.
Dave Morrell's Battery. By Hollis Godfrey.
The Bunnikens-Bunnies and the Moon King. By Edith B. Davidson.
Buddie at Gray Buttes Camp. By Anna Chapin Ray.
Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow. By Edmund B. D'Auvergne.
The Boys' Parkman: Selections from the Historical Works of Francis Parkman. Compiled by Louise S. Hasfrouck.
Cherry Tree Children. By Mary Frances Blaisdell.
Curiosity Kate. By Florence Bone.
Folk Tales of East and West. By John Harrington Cox, A.M.
The Fourth Down. By Leslie W. Quirk.
Little People Everywhere Serious: Donald in Scotland. Josefa in Spain. By Etta Blaisdell McDonald and Julia Dalrymple.
Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. By Thornton W. Burgess.
When Christmas Came Too Early. By Mabel Fuller Blodgett.
The Young Crusaders at Washington. By George P. Atwater.
The Fir-Tree Fairy Book. Edited by Clifton Johnson.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard:
Nobody's Rose. By Adele E. Thompson.
Next-Night Stories. By Clarence Johnson Messer.
Mr. Responsibility, Partner: How Bobby and Joe Achieved Success in Business. By Clarence Johnson Messer.
Little Queen Esther. By Nina Rhoades.
Jean Cabot at Ashton. By Gertrude Fisher Scott.
Hester's Wage-Earning. By Jean K. Baird.
Four Boys on Pike's Peak: Where They Went, What They Did and What They Saw. By Everett T. Tomlinson.

Dorothy Dainty's Holidays. By Amy Brooks.
For Old Donchester, or Archie Hartley and His Schoolmates. By Arthur Duffey.
John and Betty's Scotch History Visit. By Margaret Williamson.
Prue's Little Friends. By Amy Brooks.
On the Trail of the Sioux. By D. Lange.
Dave Porter on Cave Island. By Edward Stratemeyer.
Classroom and Campus. By Warren L. Eldred.
The Children in the Little Old Red House. By Amanda M. Douglas.
The Aircraft Boys of Lakeport, or Rivals of the Clouds. By Edward Stratemeyer.
The Boy with the U. S. Fisheries. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler.

The Macmillan Company:
The Secret of the Clan. By Alice Brown.

McBride, Nast and Company:
"Tell Me Why" Stories. By C. H. Claudy.

A. C. McClurg and Company:
The Courier of the Ozarks. (Young Missourians Series.) By Byron A. Dunn.
Life Stories for Young People Series. Translated from the German by George P. Upton:
The Argonauts Expedition and the Labors of Hercules.
General ("Chinese") Gordon, the Christian Hero From the German of Theodore Kübler.
David Livingstone. From the German of Gustav Plieninger.
Ulysses of Ithaca. From the German of Karl Friedrich Becker.
Emin Pasha. Translated from the German of M. G. Plohn.
Gods and Heroes. From the German of Ferdinand Schmidt and Carl Friedrich Becker.
Achilles. Translated and Abridged from the German of Carl Friedrich Becker.
Stanley's Journey through the Dark Continent. From the German of Richard Roth.

Moffat, Yard and Company:
The Freshmen. By James Hopper.
The Mystery of the Grey Oak Inn. By Louise Godfrey Irwin.

The Pilgrim Press:
Story Telling Time. Compiled by Frances Weld Danielson.
Johnny Blossom. From the Norwegian of Dikken Zwilgmeyer. Translated by Emilie Poulsson.

The Reilly and Britton Company:
Bunty Prescott at Englishman's Camp. By Major M. J. Phillips.
Azalea: The Story of a Girl in the Blue Ridge Mountains. By Ella W. Peattie.
Sky Island. Being the Further Exciting Adventures of Trot and Cap'n Bill After Their Visit to the Sea Fairies. By L. Frank Baum.

Fleming H. Revell:
The Scout Master of Troop 5. By I. T. Thurston.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
The Mountain Divide. By Frank H. Spearman.
The Dragon and the Cross. By Ralph D. Paine.
The Sampo. Hero Adventures from the Finnish Kalevala. By James Baldwin.
Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse. By Eugene Field.
The Hallowell Partnership. By Katharine Holland Brown.

Small, Maynard and Company:
Barry Wynn. The Adventures of a Page Boy in the United States Congress. By George Barton.
The Young Woodsman, or Running Down the Squawtooth Gang. By Hugh Pendexter.
The Young Fisherman, or The King of Smugglers' Island. By Hugh Pendexter.
Fred Spencer, Reporter. By Henry M. Neely.
Floor Games. By H. G. Wells.
The Lucky Chance. By M. W. Loraine.

F. A. Stokes and Company:
Jim Davis. By John Masefield.

John C. Winston Company:
The Launch Boys' Cruise in the Deerfoot. By Edward S. Ellis. (Launch Boys Series.)
The Ranch Girls' Pot of Gold. By Margaret Vandercook. (The Ranch Girls Series.)
The Mary Frances Cook Book, or Adventures Among the Kitchen People. By Jane Eayre Fryer.

MISCELLANEOUS

Published by Author:
For Our Mothers. Compiled by Nell Andrews.
Pearls at Random Strung, or Life's Tragedy from Wedding to Tomb, including the Scientific Causes of All Diseases, Poverty, Premature Death and Longevity. By C. H. Piggott, A.A.I.

D. Appleton and Company:
Newspaper Reporting and Correspondence: A Manual for Reporters, Correspondents, and Students of Newspaper Writing. By Grant Milner Hyde, M.A.
The New Competition: An Examination of the Conditions Underlying the Radical Change that is Taking Place in the Commercial and Industrial World—the Change from a Competitive to a Co-operative Basis. By Arthur Jerome Eddy.
The New City Government: A Discussion of Municipal Administration Based on a Survey of Ten Commission Governed Cities. By Henry Bruère.

Richard G. Badger:
The Story of a Bank: An Account of the Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Second Bank of the United States, with a Preliminary Sketch of the First Bank. By William Horace Brown. Including an Introduction by George E. Roberts.

Poetry and Dreams. By F. C. Prescott.
Progressive Hints. By Clement Carpenter.

Broadway Publishing Company:
Our Reformation: An Exposition of the Modern Politician's Methods, and Results. By James H. Bolithe.
Debate Outlines on Public Questions. By Oliver Clinton Carpenter, LL.B.

The Century Company:
The New Industrial Day. A Book for Men Who Employ Men. By William C. Redfield.
American City Government: A Survey of Newer Tendencies. By Charles A. Beard.

Published by The Church:
The House of the Lord. A Study of Holy Sanctuaries Ancient and Modern. By James E. Talmadge.

The Cosmopolitan Press:
Masterpieces of the Masters of Fiction. By William Dudley Foulke.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
Chasing the Blues. By R. Goldberg.

George H. Doran Company:
The German Emperor and the Peace of the World. (The Nobel Prize.) By Alfred H. Dried.

Duffield and Company:
Sex Education. By Ira S. Wile, M.S., M.D.
Sunday Suppers, Being Fifty-four Chafing Dish Receipts, Old and New. By Alice Laidlaw Williams.

Funk and Wagnalls:
Conversation: What to Say and How to Say It. By Mary Greer Conklin.
The Leather Bound Pocket Series:
The Misfortune of a World Without Pain. By Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., LL.D.
The Conservation of Womanhood and Childhood. By Theodore Roosevelt.
The Latent Energies in Life. By Charles Reynolds Brown, D.D.
The Signs of the Times. By William Jennings Bryan.
The Call of Jesus to Joy. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D., L.H.D.

Harper and Brothers:
The Ways of the Planets. By Martha Evans Martin.
Armaments and Arbitration, or The Place of Force in the International Relations of States. By A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D.

Norman W. Henley Publishing Company:
The Modern Gasoline Automobile: Its Design, Construction, Maintenance and Repair. By Victor W. Pagé, M.E.

Henry Holt and Company:
Why Women Are So. By Mary Roberts Coolidge, Ph.D.
Dictionary of German and English: English and German. By Max Bellows.
The Home University Library of Modern Knowledge:
47. The Colonial Period. By Charles McLean Andrews, Ph.D., L.H.D.
48. Great American Writers. By W. P. Trent.
49. Political Economy. By S. J. Chapman, M.A.
50. The Making of the New Testament. By Benjamin W. Bacon, D.D.
51. Master Mariners. By John R. Spears.
52. Ethics. By G. E. Moore.
53. Electricity. By Gilbert Kapp.
54. The Making of the Earth. By J. W. Gregory, F.R.S., D.Sc.
55. Missions. Their Rise and Development. By Louise Creighton.
56. Man, A History of the Human Body. By Arthur Keith, M.D., LL.D.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
The Children's Reading. By Frances Jenkins Olcott.
Citizens Made and Remade: An Interpretation of the Significance and Influence of George Junior Republics. By William R. George and Lyman Beecher Stowe.

George W. Jacobs Company:
Prophetical, Educational and Playing Cards. By Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer.
That Reminds Me Again: A Second Collection of Tales Worth Telling.

J. B. Lippincott Company:
The Advance of Woman. By Jane Johnstone Christie.
Photography of To-Day. A Popular Account of the Origin, Progress and Latest Discoveries in the Photographer's Art, Told in Non-Technical Language. By H. Chapman Jones.
The Conservation of the Child: A Manual of Clinical Psychology Presenting the Examination and Treatment of Backward Children. By Arthur Holmes, Ph.D.
The Dixie Book of Days. By Matthew Page Andrews.
A Book of Beggars. By W. Dacres Adams.

Little, Brown and Company:
A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets. By Eliza Calvert Hall.
Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings. By Mary H. Northen.
The Party Book. By Winifred Fales and Mary H. Northen.
Woman in the Making of America. By H. Addington Bruce.

McBride, Nast and Company:
Where Socialism Failed: An Actual Experiment. By Stewart Grahame.

A. C. McClurg and Company:
My Little Book of Life. By Muriel Strode.
Patience, Perseverance, Endurance. Compiled by Grace Browne Strand.
Possibility, Purpose, Endeavor. Compiled by Grace Browne Strand.
Priest and His People. By Irvin S. Cobb.
The Mother Book. By Margaret E. Sangster.
Our Country Life. By Frances Kinsley Hutchinson.
Electricity. Its History and Development. By William A. Durgin.

How to Get Your Pay Raised. By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr.

The Macmillan Company:

The Business of Being a Woman. By Ida M. Tarbell.

Increasing Home Efficiency. By Martha Bensley Bruère and Robert W. Bruère.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Helping Hand Cook Book. By Marion Harland and Christine Terhune Herrick.

The Hysteria of Lady Macbeth. By Isador H. Coriat, M.D.

Munn and Company:

Scientific American Reference Book. Edition of 1913. Compiled and Edited by Albert A. Hopkins and A. Russell Bend.

Oxford University Press:

The Ability to Converse. By Stanley M. Bligh.

The Pilgrim Press:

Man or Machine—Which? An Interpretation of Ideals at Work in Industry. By Al Priddy.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of December and the 1st of January

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land. Elmendorf. (Scribner.) $3.00.
4. Humanly Speaking. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Texan Star. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Batter Up. Williams. (Appleton.) $1.25.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Reef. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
3. The Financier. Dreisser. (Harper.) $1.40.
4. Spring Days. Moore. (Brentano.) $1.35.
5. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. When I Was a Child. Markino. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Æsop's Fables. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Ten Girls from History. Sweetser. (Duffield.) $1.60.
3. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.20.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Dickens's Children. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse. Field. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. My Robin. Burnett. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
3. On Emerson. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Everybody's St. Francis. Egan. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. Memoirs of a Diplomatist's Wife. Fraser. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Night Before Christmas. Moore. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Æsop's Fables. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50
3. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Humanly Speaking. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Life of Benjamin Disraeli. Monypenny. (Macmillan.) $3.00 per vol.
4. Memoirs of Francisco Crispo. (Doran.) $7.00.

JUVENILES

1. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Stories to Tell Children. Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Boy Scouts of Berkshire. Eaton. (Wilde.) $1.00.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Art. Rodin. (Small, Maynard.) $7.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.

6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. A Wall of Men. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. With Carrington on the Bozeman Trail. Hanson. (McClurg.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Midlanders. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.50.
2. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
3. George Bernard Shaw. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Chatterbox for 1912. (Estes.) $1.25.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Knocking the Neighbors. Ade. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.

JUVENILES

1. Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse. Field. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Æsop's Fables. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Dickens's Children. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.00.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
3. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. A Miscellany of Men. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of Camp Woodcraft. Burgess. (Penn.) $1.00.
2. Nancy Lee. Ward. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

2. Joseph Pennell's Picture of Panama. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
2. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. The Glenlock Girls at Camp West. Remick. (Penn.) $1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Provincial American. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Time and Change. Burroughs. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
2. An Artist in Egypt. Tyndale. (Doran.) $5.00.
3. The Modern Reader's Chaucer. Mackaye and Tatlock. (Macmillan.) $5.00.
4. The Land of Footprints. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Bill the Minder. Robinson. (Holt.) $3.50.
2. Billy Popgun. Winter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
4. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. A Wanderer in Florence. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Humanly Speaking. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Tale of Mr. Tod. Porter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Trails, Trappers and Tenderfeet. Washburn. (Holt.) $3.00.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Last Leaf. Hosmer. (Putnam.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Billy Pop-gun. Winter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
3. The Kewpies and Dottie Darling. O'Neil. (Doran.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Woodcraft. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
6. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Maidens Fair. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.50.
3. Just So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
4. Rubaiyat. (Doran.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Roger Paulding, Gunner's Mate. Beach. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. Pewee Clinton, Plebe. Stevens. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Wall of Men. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. For Conscience' Sake. Corkey. (Forward Pub. Co.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. If. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Palgrave. (Duffield.) $2.50.

4. Poems of Eugene Field. (Scribner.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Bird Children. Gordon. (Volland.) $1.00.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. This Year's Book for Boys. (Doran.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. The Upas Tree. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.00.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Mary Frances Cook Book. Fryer. (Winston.) $1.20.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Tales of Mr. Tod. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. London Lavender. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
4. Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings. Northend. (Little, Brown.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Building an Air-Ship at Silver Fox Farm. Otis. (Crowell.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori System. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
4. Fifty Years in Oregon. Geer. (Neale.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Chatterbox. (Estes.) $1.25.
2. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Bird Children. Gordon. (Volland.) $1.00.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Scuffles. Robins. (Harriman.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Humanly Speaking. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.25.
2. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.20.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Star-Treader. Smith. (Robertson.) $1.25.
2. Baldy of Nome. Darling. (Robertson.) $1.00.
3. San Francisco. Purdy. (Elder:) $2.50.
4. Woman in the United States. Constant. (Robertson.) 80 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30
6. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Wilderness of North Pacific Coast Islands. Sheldon. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) 75 cents.
4. Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) $1.20.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Milestones. Bennett and Knoblauch. (Doran.) $1.00.
2. How to Cook in Casserole Dishes. Neil. (McKay.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. Black Creek Stopping House. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.00.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.35.
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Frowde.) $1.25.
6. Sunshine Sketches. Leacock. (Bell & Cockburn.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Service. (Briggs.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. (Herz.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. Smoke Bellew. London. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Dickens's Children. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. Tell Me Why Stories. Claudy. (McBride, Nast.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. Historic Summer Haunts. Bullard. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Mr. Tod. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on any			list receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1.	Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30	195
2.	Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25	179
3.	The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00	134
4.	The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	119
5.	Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40	116
	The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50	116

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Dickens's Children. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. Tell Me Why Stories. Claudy. (McBride, Nast.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. Historic Summer Haunts. Bullard. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

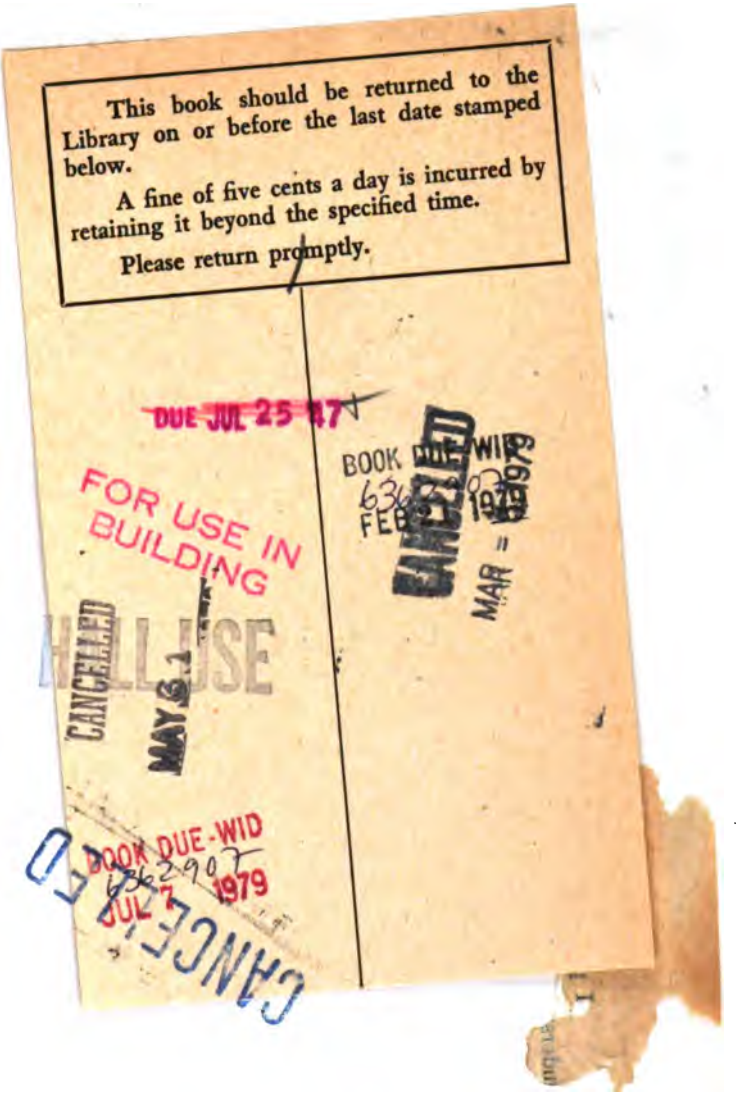
1. The Tale of Mr. Tod. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on any			list receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1.	Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30	195
2.	Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25	179
3.	The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00	134
4.	The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	119
5.	Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40	116
	The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50	116


This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

DUE JUL 25 '47

FOR USE IN BUILDING

CANCELLED

MAY 6 1

BOOK DUE-WID

6362907

JUL 7 1979

CANCELLED

BOOK DUE-WID

6362907

1979

CANCELLED

MAR